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NAPOLEON AS FIRST CONSUL.

THE FORTUNES OF THE BONAPARTES.

ABOUT ninety years ago a great trouble, as of a strange and unearthly sunrise, was moving over the face of France. The evils of despotism had grown intolerable precisely at the moment when despotism had grown too weak to defend itself. Aristocratic privilege had attained a development which seems almost incredible, and yet the aristocracy had lost all real power in the state. There was a glittering and splendid court, without the means of paying for its expenses. There was a great army, commanded by the most accom

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plished nobility in the world, and composed of a soldiery the most mutinous in history. The system of taxes was the most onerous ever known, but the treasury was forever empty: the most powerful utterly ignorant. The purest democrat in the cabinet was the King. "It is only you and I," he said to M. Turgot, "who love the people." When Joseph II. of Austria visited France, he was amazed at



CARLO BONAPARTE, FATHER OF NAPOLEON.

forcing-pump can do nothing after a vacuum is attained. During the last two or three reigns the misery of the people had increased in direct proportion with the splendor of the court. Occasional insurrections and riots had been promptly punished by the gallows or a volley of musketry, and the wild people had gone back whipped to their wretchedness. But now all this was changed. A growth of philosophers and lovers of men had arisen, peculiar to the country and the age. An odd sort of cultus—the Religion of Humanity—had taken the place of other forms of worship, and was working singular results. It began among solitary dreamers in squalid garrets, and had at last spread to palaces, and infected thrones. The unhealthy dreams of Rousseau had turned the heads of dukes and princes. The visit of Dr. Franklin to Paris was one long homage of privilege to democracy. These amiable aristocrats, these innocent tyrants, were playing with the lightning, of whose properties they were this delirium. He had democratic tendencies himself, but knew where to draw the line. When his sister, the Queen, wanted him to meet Franklin, he replied: "Madame, the trade I live by is to be a royalist."

Among the high and the low the age of fable had returned. The aristocracy of birth and of learning had caught from the philosophers the habit of considering the people good and gentle, to whom all things must be yielded. The people had taken philosophy their own way, with a difference, and considered the aristocracy bloody-minded robbers, deserving of pillage and death. Even the Queen and the court loved the people—and the people believed the filthiest calumnies on the Queen and court. But over all, rich and poor alike, there floated this strange dream of a better time which was soon to come. The way in which it was to be realized differed according to the imaginations of individuals and classes. Some believed in an idyllic return of Saturnian reigns,

where the only law was to be Liberty, Equality, and Brotherly Love; others, like M. Marat, the farrier of Monseigneur D'Artois, thought the first specific was the taking off of "260,000 aristocrat heads." The pass, as the result and consequence of those horrible atrocities which dismayed the world a few years afterward.

The profit to the world at large of this vast upheaval is, however, not the matter



LETIZIA RAMOLINO, MOTHER OF NAPOLEON.

scheme of this great revolution will always remain the warning and the amazement of the world. It pursued its remorseless course without human let or hinderance, and apparently also without human aid. The loftiest virtue, the most extraordinary talents, produced scarcely any effect upon it. The innocent enthusiasts went softly bleating of Liberty and Fraternity to their doom. The most ferocious scoundrels followed their own victims to the Place de la Révolution. Anarchy raged, all-devouring, until, aliment lacking elsewhere, it turned and devoured itself, and the exhausted and agonized land was ready again for a master. Great things were certainly accomplished for France in the midst of that terror and destruction. No event in the world's history so dwarfs and belittles all criticism and comment; and the most marvellous thing about it all is that many of the objects seen in the rosy mist of fancy by the dreamers of 1789 have actually come to which we propose just now to consider, but rather its effect upon the fortunes of a single family of poor estate in Corsica. When the mob burst into the Tuileries on the memorable 10th of August, and the monarchy of France looked its last out of the palace windows before betaking itself to the cruel protection of the Legislature, the eyes of poor Louis XVI. might have beheld in the street, among the crowd of curious spectators, the man for whose advantage the throne of St. Louis was crumbling into dust. He was a captain of artillery, off duty at the moment, who had come to see the riot with those intelligent eyes of his, and whose name was Napoleon Bonaparte. He was rather a fierce patriot too, in those days, and sympathized strongly with the mob, so far as death to tyrants and liberty to the people were concerned. But his love of orderly and efficient fighting was more natural to him than his passion for the people, and when he saw the gallant Swiss of the palace



JOSEPH BONAPARTE, BROTHER OF NAPOLEON.

making their brave defense against overpowering numbers, he could not help saying to himself, "If I commanded those fine fellows, I would make short work of all that *canaille*." But there was no one to command them, and the monarchy fell to pieces, and the Swiss were murdered, and waited many years for Thorwaldsen and Carlyle to make them immortal. The time came quite soon enough for the artillery officer to justify his confident estimate of himself and a mob of Paris.

The family of Bonapartes were of pure Italian race; there was not a drop of French blood in any of them. Their ancestors had come from the main-land in the early history of Corsica, and their names are found in the remote annals of Ajaccio. Carlo Bonaparte was a poor gentleman of excellent breeding and character, who married in his youth a young and romantic girl named Letizia Ramolino, who followed him in his campaigns up to the moment of the birth of Napoleon. It is impossible to say how much the history of Europe owes to the high heart and indomitable spirit of this soldierly woman. She never relinquished her authority in her family. When all her children were princes and potentates, she was still the severe, stern Madame Mère. The beauty and grace of Josephine Beauharnais never conquered her; the sweet Tyrolese prettiness of Maria Louisa won from her only a sort of contemptuous indulgence. When her mighty son ruled the continent, she was the only human being whose chidings he regarded or endured. She was faithful in her rebukes while the sun shone, and when calamity came, her undaunted spirit was still true and devoted to the fallen. Her provincial habit of economy stood her in good stead in her vigorous old age; she was rich when the Empire had passed away, and her grandchildren needed her aid. It must have been from her that Napoleon took his extraordinary character, for Carlo Bonaparte, though a brave soldier and an ardent patriot in his youth, was of an easy and genial temper, inclined to take the world as he found it, and not to insist too much on having it go in his especial way. After the cause of Corsican liberty was lost by the success of the French arms, he accepted the situation without regret, and becoming intimate with the conquerors, he placed as many of his family as possible on the French pension list. His sons Napoleon and Louis were given scholarships at Brienne and at Autun, and his eldest daughter, Élise, entered the royal institution at St. Cyr. While yet in the prime of life, he died of the same deadly disease which was to finish Napoleon's days at St. Helena; and the heroic mother, her responsibilities becoming still heavier by this blow, lived for eight years longer amid the confusion and civil tumult which had become chronic in Corsica; and then, after the capture of the island by the English in 1793, she made her escape with her children to Marseilles, where she lived several years in great penury.

Her family of five sons and three daughters would have been a heavy burden upon her resources if they had been children of

the ordinary sort. But the two elder sons rapidly made their way, and always evinced a parental interest in their juniors. The oldest, Joseph, had been educated at the seminary of Autun and the university of Pisa, through the friendly patronage of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The year after the family moved to Marseilles he made a happy and brilliant marriage, gaining the hand of one of the greatest heiresses of the South, Mademoiselle Marie Julie Clary. Her father, whose destiny it was to have two kings for sons-in-law, and to leave behind him for many generations a royal posterity, was a Marseilles merchant. Four years after the wedding of Joseph Bonaparte, a younger sister, Mademoiselle Désirée, was sought in marriage by the dashing and magnificent soldier Bernadotte, who, after serving with distinction under Custine, Kleber, and Bonaparte, had been sent as ambassador to Vienna, and for whom still higher honors were in store—minister, marshal, and King of Sweden. But in spite of Joseph Bonaparte's learning and wealth, and the success of his matrimonial venture, the head of the family was the second son, and all the house acknowledged his supremacy from the first. This is of itself enough to show how powerfully his personality impressed itself upon those around him, for there is no principle more firmly fixed in the minds of the people of Corsica and Southern France than the dignity and authority of the first-born son of the house. No mere material success of a cadet ever disturbs this natural precedence; one of the most touching passages of M. Daudet's great romance is the scene where the millionaire brother acknowledges his allegiance to the worthless vagabond who was born before him. But it does not seem that from early youth any one disputed the claim of Napoleon to be the head of his family; though disobedience sometimes rose to rebellion, it was always felt to be such on both sides. He was not, on the whole, an ungentle patriarch to those of his blood; and when they were all young and poor together, he was self-sacrificing, generous, and kind to his brothers and sisters. It was little in the way of money that he could spare from his scanty wages as a subaltern of artillery, but he spared what he could, and where it was possible he spent much of his time with them, and superintended their studies. He was able to give them a good deal of care, for in those years of utter disorganization of society the discipline of the army was shamefully lax, and the young officers spent as much time at home and in their debating clubs as they did at their barracks. Joseph and Lucien were by their age somewhat removed from his active control, but over Louis and Jerome and his sisters he exercised an authority which was justified by his affection and his care. Never was careful training more needed in any family in the world, for every one of these children was to govern remote and distant principalities and kingdoms, and to mingle with the



LUCIEN BONAPARTE, BROTHER OF NAPOLEON.



LOUIS BONAPARTE, BROTHER OF NAPOLEON.

purple-born monarchs of immemorial descent as equals and as superiors.

No family in history was ever raised to such lofty fortunes so suddenly; and few families that ever existed could have sustained themselves at such altitudes with so much of ability, cleverness, and dignity.

The first great opportunity offered to Napoleon Bonaparte was on the 5th of October, called in the fanciful calendar of the Revolution the 13th Vendémiaire—the month of the vintage. He had previously distinguished himself by a remarkable exploit at the siege of Toulon, and had shown great capacity in a short campaign in Piedmont. But achievements like those only commended him to the notice of soldiers. He had now an opportunity to bring artillery into politics, and he did it with terrible effect. The Convention was confronted with the armed mob which had placed it in power, and which proposed to direct it, as the Jacobin mobs had directed its predecessors. The moment was critical. The victors of Thermidor would have been outcasts and fugitives in another day, had Barras not thought of his young friend Bonaparte, who "could handle artillery better than any man in France." Napoleon was in the gallery, and heard his name mentioned, and retired in great disturbance of mind to consider what he should do. Honor or the guillotine was in the throw. By the next sunset he would be either a prisoner condemned to speedy death as a traitor, or a man necessary to the Directory. He decided —as such a man must decide— for action. He instantly dispatched his adjutant, Murat— a young officer who knew how to ride—to Sablons for the artillery. He got there just in time, with not a minute to spare: the sections were on his heels. The guns were posted in the night at every available point, and the next day, after several hours of threatening demonstrations, the contest began, and in an hour the guns of Bonaparte had blown to the four winds a far more formidable attack than any of those before which the monarchy had gone down. The Convention was saved, but the sallow, silent young man whose cannon had made peace in the streets had a claim for salvage which would be presented in due time. This was the true beginning of his career, and also the beginning of the end of the short-lived Republic. Public opinion had risen against the government; the government had blown public opinion in pieces with artillery; and the young man who could handle artillery in that way was sure of his future. When his time should come, he could no doubt serve the government as he had served its assailants.

The flight of the eagle was taken, and there was no longer any check or pause in his career until all was over. His success in Paris gave him access to the best official society, and he there met the lovely and accomplished widow of one Vicomte de Beauharnais, who was one of the brightest ornaments of the Thermidorean circle. His wooing was as abrupt and energetic as that of a young lion. The lady of his love was bewildered and alarmed at the violence of his devotion, and by the extraordinary assurance with which he promised her to win glory and power with his sword. She was six years his senior, and naturally distrusted this

youthful arrogance. But her indolent creole temperament yielded to his impetuous suit, and Barras's wedding present was the command-in-chief of the Army of Italy. The honey-moon was of the briefest; the wedding was on the 9th of March, and a few days afterward he was at his head-quarters at Nice.



JEROME BONAPARTE, BROTHER OF NAPOLEON.

From this time began that marvellous career which seems already fabulous. In a fortnight after crossing the frontier he had won four victories, and conquered Sardinia, and he kept up in the same colossal fashion the series of conquests thus begun. It is to be hoped the world will never see again such a spectacle of prodigious ability. His treachery, his rapacity, his cold-blooded selfishness, his duplicity and cruelty, are as marvellous as his unending success. He treated the Directory with utter contempt, and sent them such loads of treasure that they pardoned his insults. He flattered the prelates of Rome with words which they still quote with pleasure, and he spoke of them at the same time as "babbling dotards." He never lost an opportunity to laud the Italian people in his proclamations; but not content with plundering and betraying them, he called them, in a letter to Talleyrand, "an indolent, superstitious, buffoonish, cowardly population." What he said in his own speeches and proclamations he admits "is mere romance." He was utterly cynical in his orders to his officers. When he commanded Perrée to seize the navy of Venice—a power with which he had no cause of quarrel whatever—he wrote: "Seize everything; but take care to call it always the Venetian navy, and constantly have on your lips the unity of the two republics!" But he was regal in all his qualities and crimes. When he had established himself at Montebello, near Milan, and Madame Bonaparte had joined him, he kept the greatest court in Europe. Only a year before, he was a poor unfriended officer on the Paris pavement, cramped in his circumstances, uncertain of his livelihood. But even his enemies admit that he kept his court at Milan like a king. He surrounded himself with savans and artists, with generals and beauties. He dined in public, like sovereigns of the ancient régime, and received the homage of the people as if

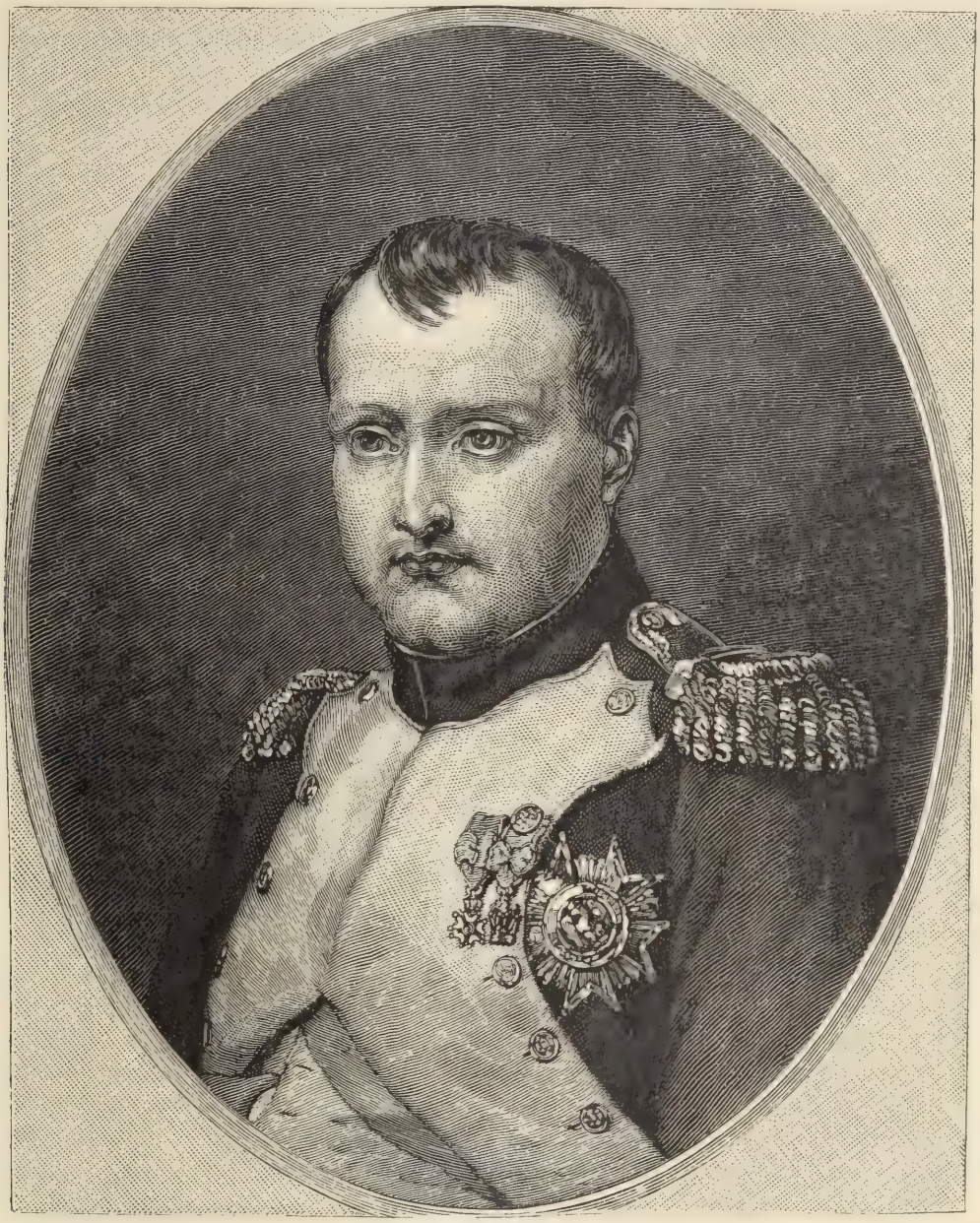
his ancestors had been demigods. He never had to learn the trick of royalty. It was not the ermine or the crown that gave him in after-days his "motions and habitudes kingly." He was an imperator —a commander—long before the Pope anointed him Emperor of the French.

His interests at home were jealously and intelligently guarded by his brothers Joseph and Lucien, who had become men of importance in the government before his return from Italy; and when he was absent in Egypt it was his brother Joseph who dispatched the wily Greek Bourbaki in hot haste to warn him that the fullness of time was come for him to make an end of the Directory. The success of the 18th Brumaire was due in great part to the fact that the three allies upon whom he most implicitly counted inside the government were his own brothers, bound to him by every tie of affection and interest. Joseph had declined the mission to Berlin, to remain in Paris as a member of the Council of Five Hundred; Lucien was President of it, and young Louis was also a member. His brothers were his principal go-betweens in that drama of unparalleled treachery by which the Directors were divided and disarmed. On the final day at St. Cloud, when Napoleon had failed in his attempt to intimidate the Assembly, and had been borne fainting from the hall, it was Lucien who, mounting on horseback, presented himself to the troops as the representative of the law, and commanded them to disperse by the bayonet the Assembly he had betrayed. He showed on this occasion far greater courage and presence of mind than Napoleon, and roused the soldiers to enthusiasm by a piece of comedy which now seems absurd enough. He seized a sword, at the end of his harangue, and cried: "I swear to thrust this through the heart of my brother if he should ever strike a blow at the liberties of France." The soldiers applauded; Murat hurried them forward at a quick step. The drums beat a charge, to drown the voices of the outraged legislators, and the liberties of France were at an end for many long years.

In the recently published memoirs of Madame De Remusat some curious details are given of the social life of the Tuileries after the Bonapartes had taken possession of the palace. It made a singular impression upon this high-born lady —the swarms of uneducated and rough-riding soldiers, mingled with the few noblemen who, like Talleyrand, adhered to the new régime for the place and power it afforded them, and the crowds of pretty women with whom the First Consul loved to be surrounded. Something of this incongruity seems to have struck Napoleon himself. He liked fine dresses for his court and his officers, but was best pleased when he himself was dressed shabbily. He said, one day of ceremony, to Madame De Remusat, "The right to be simply dressed does not belong to everybody." At another time, while his marshals were squabbling for precedence, he said, "It is very convenient to govern Frenchmen by vanity." He seemed, then as always, to regard himself as a man apart, not subject to the laws which governed the rest of the human race. After the death of his nephew and presumptive heir, the son of King Louis of Holland, when Talleyrand proposed he should show some signs of mourning, he said, abruptly, "I do not amuse myself by thinking about the dead." In reply to some remonstrance from his wife about his too open immoralities, he said, with perfect calmness, "I need distractions. I am not a man like other men, for whom laws are made."

Lucien, with all his adroit devotion, was the only brother of Napoleon who did not become a king. He was, it is true, Minister of the Interior during the early years of the Consulate; but his independence soon embroiled him with the First Consul, and after a short but brilliant service as ambassador and tribune, he married the divorced wife of the great broker Jouberthon, against his brother's positive prohibition, and encountered his bitter and malignant hostility for the rest of his days. He never surrendered his dignity and manhood; and after the Consulate had blossomed into the Empire, and Napoleon was disposing of crowns and thrones among his family with a lavish hand, Lucien alone had the courage to refuse these glittering bribes which were offered as the price of his honor. The Emperor knew his value, and wished to employ him: he offered him a crown —the crown was not specified, but he always had a supply on hand, or made them when he wished—a princely husband for his daughter, and a duchy for his wife if he would divorce her. But Lucien declined; and the Emperor, in a

whirling rage, struck his name out of the imperial almanac—"strangering him with his curse." Misfortune united them



NAPOLEON I., EMPEROR.

only for a moment, after Waterloo, and Lucien, whom the Pope had made Prince of Canino, passed the evening of his life tranquilly in archæological studies in Italy, where he died in 1840, leaving a numerous and amiable family, many members of which became famous in the world of literature and science, and married with members of the highest aristocracy of Italy. The celebrated Madame Ratazzi was his granddaughter; and the shooting by his son Prince Pierre Napoleon of a small and sufficiently worthless journalist named Victor Noir contributed powerfully to shake the popularity of the Bonaparte dynasty in 1870. Pierre afterward went to England, in straitened circumstances, and his wife, the daughter of a blanchisseuse of the St. Antoine quarter, opened a millinery shop in the British capital, not of the first class, where English tradesmen's wives could enjoy the luxury of scolding a princess if their gowns did not fit, which was more than probable.

It may be said that none of the brothers were especially happy in their thrones. Joseph had the capacity to make a very respectable king in quiet times. He had a happy gift of pleasing, and sufficient dignity and ease of manner to fulfill with credit and distinction the sort of duties which devolve on kings at ordinary peri-

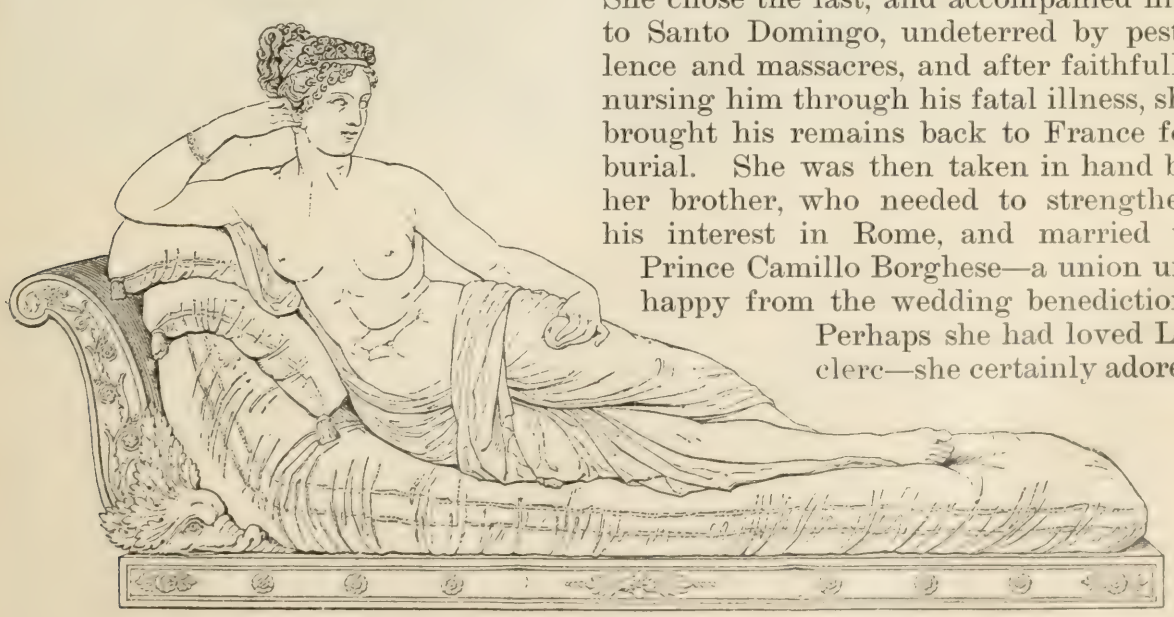
ods. He was the most finished diplomatist of the family, and conducted many difficult negotiations with credit and success. He was the safe and vigilant guardian of his brother's interests in Paris while he was spreading his conquests over the world; and when the Emperor returned from Austerlitz, radiant with the intolerable glory of that prodigious victory, and, as it seemed afterward, with his head a little turned with a success too great for a mortal brain to bear, in the first batch of kings that he made to celebrate his triumph, he gave Joseph the crown of Naples. He went reluctantly to his kingdom, but soon came to like its soft air and pleasant people, and regretted it when, two years later, he was forced to leave them to go to Spain. His royal robes were little more than a livery, after all, for he must go wherever his fraternal tyrant bade him, and he went with a heavy heart to take his new post in the monarchy of Pelayo and Isabel the Catholic. It is related that when the brothers stood together at the foot of the grand staircase of the Palace del Oriente, with its massive steps of white and black marble, its balusters adorned with the twined collars of the Golden Fleece, and its alabaster lions guarding the landings, above which flame the frescoes of Giacinto representing the monarchy of Spain rendering homage to Religion, the Emperor laid his conquering hand upon the sculptured mane of one of the lions and cried, in exultation, "At last I hold thee, my Spain!" And then turning to Joseph, he said, in a tone half of pleasantry and half of envy, "My brother, thou wilt be better lodged than I." It is probable that the Emperor had more gratification in that fleeting moment than his brother during his whole troubled kinghood. Three times in five years he was driven from his rebellious country; and finally, when misfortunes were thickening fast about the imperial standard, he hastened to Paris once more, and offered, in a vain impulse of brotherly affection, to take Napoleon's place as a prisoner—as if the finest cat that ever lived could possibly be mistaken for the royal Bengal tiger! The brothers parted with *au revoir en Amérique*, and Joseph, under the name of the Comte de Survilliers, sailed for America, where, after years of patient waiting, he heard the fatal news from the African seas that he should never meet again his loving and imperious master and idol. The time he spent in America, partly at Bordentown and partly in the Adirondack woods, was the happiest and most tranquil of his troubled life; but he wearied of its monotony at last, and hearing that the Duke of Reichstadt was rapidly failing in health, he hurried off to Europe again; and after a dozen years more of journeys, and protests, and wranglings, and nerveless intrigues for a cause in which his heart was no longer enlisted, he died in Florence at a good old age.

Still more unhappy was the lot of Louis. In his youth he was a gay and dashing soldier, yet fond of books and the society of women, with tastes and habits that promised happiness. But the baleful shadow of his brother's greatness blasted his life. He was early raised to heights too giddy for him, and he was forced to marry Hortense Beauharnais, for whom he had neither sympathy nor respect. When the crown of Holland was given him, his evil star seemed to culminate, for while the Emperor was making the farewell speech which informed him, with little pretense of concealment, that he was to govern the Dutch as a French satrap rather than as an independent sovereign, the cold eyes of Admiral Verhuel were regarding him, and the injury which was to defile two thrones was already plotted. He endeavored loyally to be a good king to Holland and a good husband to Hortense, but his intentions in either direction met with no appreciation, and it was only after he had lost both wife and crown that he found some measure of comfort in life. He parted finally from Hortense the year before Louis Napoleon was born, and betook himself to a sentimental sort of literature and philosophy. His first-born son died in infancy. His second son, for the possession of whom he had a bitter litigation with Hortense, died in the bloom of his early manhood at Forli, in Italy, and he had little pleasure in Louis Napoleon, whom he at first refused to recognize as his son, but whom later he took to his heart with the senile fondness of an unhappy man.

Jerome, the Benjamin of the family, had, first and last, the easiest and most satisfactory life, in spite of the vicissitudes inseparable from a fate so exceptional. He grew to adolescence in the full blaze of his brother's successes, was carefully educated, and became a lieutenant in the

navy at seventeen years of age. At nineteen he committed the escapade of marrying Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, and after a year or so of wedded felicity he went home with her, doubtless expecting a wigging from his august elders, but imagining that her beauty and grace would commend his wife to them as soon as she was seen. But they never gave her the opportunity—Madame Mère had already filed her legal protest against the marriage, and Napoleon ordered his sister-in-law back to England without granting her audience. Jerome, like the great Gibbon, sighed as a lover, perhaps, but he obeyed like a son and a soldier, and never saw his young wife again until long years afterward, when, walking in the Pitti gallery with his second spouse, Caroline of Würtemberg, he came across this ghost of his adventurous youth. No words were exchanged between them, and he hurried away from Florence. His obedience was rewarded by rapid and repeated promotions to general, marshal, prince, and finally King of Westphalia, and the heirship of the Empire, although by his will the Emperor changed this arrangement in favor of the children of Hortense. Jerome never took his monarchy very seriously, and annoyed the Emperor by his frivolities at his little capital of Cassel. But on the day of trial he showed good qualities, and after his prowess at Ligny and Waterloo, Napoleon embraced him and said, "My brother, I have learned to know you too late." His life was a quiet and undistinguished one until the Empire was re-established by his nephew, when he became once more Prince, Imperial Highness, and Marshal of France, and died in state at the Invalides. He was, in spite of his few days of creditable fighting, an unheroic personage. A good deal of romance has been wasted upon his relations with Miss Patterson. There was nothing remarkable in a boy of nineteen making an imprudent marriage, or in being bullied and bribed to desert his wife afterward. Her part of the play was scarcely less sordid. Her recently printed letters show that she married him for his name and rank, and that after he had cast her off she got a divorce, because the attentions she had received from people of rank in England inspired the idea that she might marry advantageously again.

The sisters of Napoleon were too valuable as counters in his game to be allowed to give their hands where they liked. Élise, it is true, chose for herself before his period of omnipotence, and became the wife of young Bacciochi, a poor Corsican officer, who lived to share with her a throne which was scarcely wide enough for two. She was made Princess of Piombino and Lucca, and Grand Duchess of Tuscany, and left a family who afterward held positions at the court of Napoleon III. The life of Pauline, the second sister, if written as only herself or the recording angel might have done it, would probably have surpassed anything that the Sieur De Brantôme has left for the wonder and the scandalized amusement of mankind. While she was yet little more than a child her hand was disputed by Junot, Duphot, Fréron, and Leclerc. She chose the last, and accompanied him to Santo Domingo, undeterred by pestilence and massacres, and after faithfully nursing him through his fatal illness, she brought his remains back to France for burial. She was then taken in hand by her brother, who needed to strengthen his interest in Rome, and married to Prince Camillo Borghese—a union unhappy from the wedding benediction. Perhaps she had loved Leclerc—she certainly adored



CANOVA'S "VENUS VICTRIX."

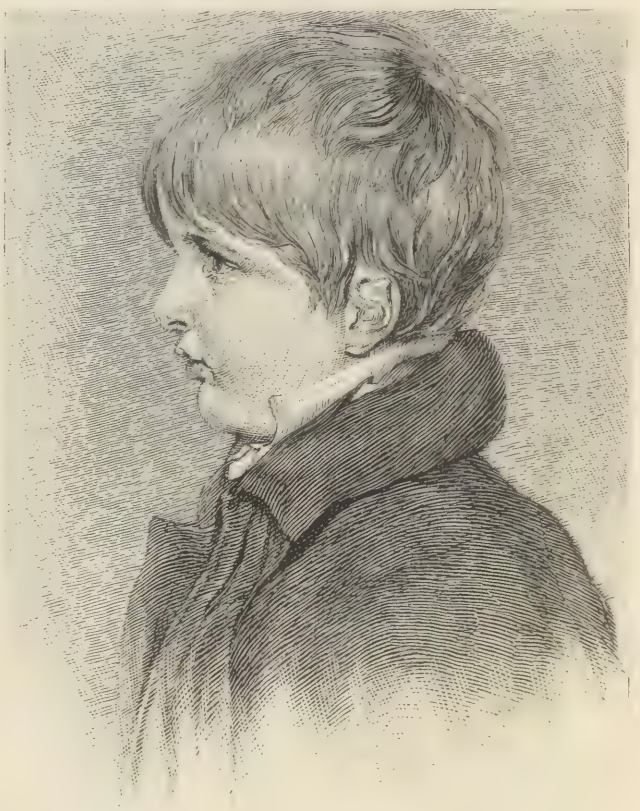


EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, WIFE OF NAPOLEON I

her brother—but the rest of the world of men, with the exception of poor Borghese, seemed to her alike creatures of her conquest and her insatiable curiosity. She was one of the most beautiful women of her time. She posed to Canova for his "Venus Victrix," and the great sculptor was reported to have said that, with such models, statues could be made by journeymen. She had many virtues: she was amiable, generous, enlightened, and intelligent; she loved letters and art, and, as Duchess of Guastalla, kept a brilliant and popular court. The ablest politician of the three sisters, and the least personally interesting, was Caroline, who married Murat, and became successively Duchess of Cleves and Queen of Naples. She was splendidly educated, brave as a lioness in battle, and possessed of a singular administrative ability; but she betrayed her brother too readily when fortune frowned, and she married General MacDonald too soon after her husband's tragic death.

The marriages of the Bonapartes play an important part in the story of their fortunes, and none of them were so significant and important as those of the Emperor. To one who, like him, looked upon the world as made for him, and upon laws merely as something which were good for him to impose upon others, it must have appeared that his two wives were admirably planned for his use. Joséphine de Beauharnais was an ideal wife for a young and rising man of genius. She had everything which would appeal to a fancy like his, at once selfish and passionate. She had beauty, rank, the power of pleasing, and a certain indolent grace that promised an obedience reasonably free from jealousy. Up to the time that he mounted the imperial throne and seated her by his side, she was all that his narrow heart and boundless ambition could desire. But after the marvellous victory of Wagram had opened up to his fevered imagination still wider perspectives of dominion, he looked for another style of wife, and found her in Maria Louisa of Austria. Her blonde beauty, formed of pink and white color and roundly curving lines and the golden floss of a child's hair, appealed strongly to his jaded taste. He was not old, but, as he said to the Directory, "one ages fast upon the field of battle," and he wanted some such solace as this soft, unintellectual beauty (somebody has called it the Alderney style of prettiness) in his home, if such a word may be used of the Tuileries. Besides, he doubtless felt that an emperor should have an emperor's daughter to wife, and this was a young girl who had a hundred monarchs for her ancestors, and yet she would be gentle and obedient, and not argue with him or answer him, and would give him heirs. He was genuinely attached to her, and if he knew nothing about her, and had no premonition of Count Neipperg, it was all the better for him. She also was quite taken by storm with him, and for a while the novelty of being loved by an ogre—for such she had always considered him—was agreeable to her. But his tumultuous glory was quite too much for the daily food of such a human small being as the Empress, and she was doubtless relieved when the indignant soul left his body at Longwood, and she was free to follow her ignoble little heart and marry Neipperg.

Josephine would have had her revenge if she could have foreseen the course of history for even a few years. It is she, and not the pretty Austrian, who will be known forever as the wife of Napoleon. It is her statue that rises in marble in the public places of Paris. It is her name and those of her children that mark the great avenues of the metropolis—Avenue Joséphine, La Reine Hortense, Boulevard du Prince Eugène. Though she was ousted remorselessly from a throne to make room for Maria Louisa, it was her children—the children of the creole proscript—who should become the tenants of palaces, and not those of her rival. The Duke of Reichstadt was to pass a youth of inglorious pleasure, and was to die before his prime, and leave no son to inherit his claims to empire; while the Beauharnais line was to stretch out like the swarm of kings seen by the Thane of Cawdor in his vision. Eugene, her heroic son, after the fall of the Napoleons, returned to the court of his father-in-law, the King of Bavaria, and became Prince of Eichstädt, Duke of Leuchtenberg, and first nobleman of the kingdom. His daughter, united to the son of Bernadotte, became Queen of Sweden; another became a prin-



NAPOLEON II., DUKE OF REICHSTADT.



EMPRESS MARIA LOUISA.

cess of Hohenzollern, and a third Empress of Brazil. His oldest son won the hand of the Queen of Portugal, and the younger married a daughter of the Czar Nicholas of Russia. And whatever doubt might be thrown on the purity of the Napoleonic descent by which the Emperor Napoleon III. claimed the throne, he was unquestionably the son of Hortense, and was Beauharnais and Tascherla-Pagerie beyond challenge. The grandson of Josephine, Louis Napoleon, ruled France in peace and with a sort of splendor for the space of twenty-two years, while the period of the first Napoleon's reign, counting Consulate and Empire together, was but fifteen—though so powerful was the personal imprint made by the uncle, and so vague was the individual character of the nephew, that the shorter reign seems like an age, and the longer like an episode.

The exiles which followed their respective reigns were singularly in keeping with their different characters. The part of Louis Napoleon's career which followed Sedan was scarcely less happy than that which preceded it. He grew stout at Wilhelmshöhe, and when removed to Chiselhurst he led the tranquil life of a bourgeois retired from business, until his peaceful end. But for Napoleon, the imprisonment on that bleak rock in a distant sea was the fitting close of a tragedy more vast than human annals ever before recorded. The great myth ended in darkness and mystery, and the hero, unseen by Europe, preserved to the last the fabulous character with which friend and foe had alike invested him. To the French people he was their Prometheus chained to a thunder-blasted rock on the vague limits of the world, tormented by vultures, but still godlike in his pains. To England he was an enemy of preternatural force and treachery, who could only be kept from harmful activity by the inviolable bars of thousands of miles of sea. His exile and death are therefore among the most picturesque and moving scenes of his history, and the English artist Haydon painted the most fortunate of his portraits in that famous picture which represents the imprisoned conqueror looking out from his rocky realm, with unutterable thoughts, upon the dreadful and implacable sea, which even he could never tame nor conciliate.

For pictures, as for men, there are advantages and disadvantages in being copies. They can never have the fire and spirit, the brilliancy and charm, of the original, but they can be more correct; they can profit by criticism, and avoid the errors of the creating genius. Louis Napoleon came into the world with his work marked out for him—to be as nearly as possible like his uncle in fate and achievements. He had scarcely any natural qualifications for the part; he was of a gentle and dreamy nature, not fitted, one would say, for war or government. But he had his name, his share in the infatuation of France for the Napoleon legend, and an obstinate though quiet will to be Emperor. He studied artillery because his uncle did. He wrote a socialist book because his uncle had written *Le Souper de Beaucaire* in his youth. He parodied the descent from Elba with the ridiculous attempts of Strasburg and Boulogne. Because his uncle had carried the eagles of France in triumph over three continents, he taught a tame eagle to swoop down on his hat for fresh meat. But he was not always ridiculous in his imitations. He managed his first election as President, in 1848, with admirable skill and cunning. He swore oaths of allegiance with the same imperturbable and treacherous coolness which were so remarkable in the founder of the family. One who reads the story of the 18th Brumaire and the Coup d'État of December is startled with the absolute similarity of conditions and processes by which the two usurpers gained the supreme power. There was the same pretense of a conspiracy, the same accusation of the legislature, the same corruption of the army, the same outrage upon the civil authorities; and to make the resemblance still more remarkable, the actor who played the part of first assistant in the treason was in the one case Lucien, and in the other case De Morny. The candid reader must admit that the nephew had bettered his instructions. The Coup d'État was a much more perfect and workman-like performance than the 18th Brumaire. The great Napoleon was lamentably weak before the Assembly, and his nephew, hiding himself in the Élysées, and pulling the strings of the plot, made a more satisfactory piece of work than the original which he followed. The wonder is that the same net, spread in the same way, in the sight of the same bird, should have twice secured its prey, unless we conclude that they were both "providential" men, and that France had need of such discipline.

The resemblance in their marriages was not so strong, though in this respect also Napoleon III. pretended to follow copy. Eugénie de Montijo, Countess of Téba, was a beautiful woman of twenty-seven, who had had a youth of vicissitudes, and was well known in many capitals for her beauty, grace, and rank, which, having no fortune to support them, gained her and her mother only the undeserved title of adventuresses. The malice of party has raged fiercely against this lady's name, but there is not a particle of proof to sustain it. Her ability, her affectionate devotion to the interests of her family, and her religious fervor are, so far as the world knows, as unquestionable as her beauty and her personal charm. No



NAPOLEON MUSING AT ST. HELENA.

queen in history has better fulfilled a queen's duty as leader of the fashions; and while she reigned, the dress of women was at once beautiful, decent, and convenient. Hers was the prettiest face, the most graceful bearing, the most winning smile, in all that dazzling court of the Tuileries. But she had a Spaniard's love of political intrigue, and an Andalusian's bigotry, and she contributed powerfully to engage her husband in the evil way that led his policy to Rome and his army to Sedan. There is a story told by Arsène Houssaye—certainly no unfriendly chronicler—that at the cabinet council called to decide the question of peace and war, after the final interview of Benedetti with King William at Ems, the peace party carried the day, and the Emperor went to bed. But the Empress, being left behind with the council, won over to her warlike views the gallant De Grammont and the absurd Lebœuf, and reversed the decision, and then went in triumph to the Emperor's chamber, where he was sleeping the sleep of the just, and gained his assent to the fatal declaration which was made next day by the jaunty De Grammont, with his hands in his pockets, and by Ollivier, with his *cœur léger*.

The Empire attained its most resplendent bloom the year before its fall. In 1869 occurred the centennial anniversary of the birth of Napoleon, and the grand fête of the 15th of August was celebrated that year with extraordinary glare and tinsel. The Champs Élysées were like a region of fairy-land at night. The spout-

ing fountains of the Place de la Concorde, played upon by vari-colored lights, seemed in turn of gold, of diamonds, and of blood, like the legend they were celebrating. The grand sweep of the avenue to the Place de l'Étoile was one sea of glimmering radiance, and the Arch of Triumph at the crest of the hill was transfigured by the magic of lime light into a vast dome of porcelain and mother-of-pearl, a temple standing in the midst of the opulence and art of new Paris, dedicated to the worship of the material splendor of Napoleonism. There were peace and plenty in the land, a submissive majority in the legislature. The old nobility had greatly overcome their hostility, and as for the people, when they were asked if they were content with the Empire, seven millions of them said *Yes!*



NAPOLEON III.

Only a year later, the writer of these pages was in Paris on the Fête Napoléon again. There was no celebration of the day. A few servants of the edility were tearing down the pipes and gas-fixtures which had been planned to celebrate the entry of the French army into Berlin. At every corner panic-stricken groups were reading the bulletins, in which a false coloring was given to terrible defeats. A beaten army was rolling back toward Paris, shouting, as beaten armies always shout, "Treason," and the Emperor, stunned and helpless, abandoning the command to others, was muttering with the iteration of idiocy: "I have been deceived! They also have mitrailleuses!"

A few days later the Empire was at its end. Dr. Evans, the famous American dentist, was entertaining some friends at



EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, WIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

dinner—for one must dine, though kingdoms are crashing like potsherds. A servant enters and announces a lady, who insists on seeing him. He at last rises and goes out, somewhat petulantly, to see this importunate, and when her veil is raised it discloses the beautiful face of the Empress, convulsed with grief and agitation. The mob is in the Tuileries again, after its old habit, and the Empress owes her life to two foreigners—an American, Evans, and an Italian, the Chevalier Nigra. The latter displayed a marvellous presence of mind. On entering a carriage near the Tuileries a street gamin recognized the Empress, and cried, "*Voilà l'Impératrice!*" Nigra cuffed him and said, "You little scoundrel, I'll teach you to say *Vive la Prusse!*" Others followed his example, and before the astonished urchin could get his breath and insist on his story, the carriage was out of sight.

Napoleon III., in surrendering to the King of Prussia, began his note with the words, "Having been unable to die with my troops." It is a strange fact that of all this race of warriors, the only one to whom a soldier's death has been allotted was the gentlest of them all, who was slain by savage enemies in a quarrel not his own. Except in its tragic close, his life ran in curious parallelism with that of the Duke of Reichstadt. Both were born in the purple, their advent heralded

by the booming of cannon and the flutter of a thousand banners. Both lost in their tender youth father and empire alike; both found in a foreign monarchy the education and practice in arms denied them in France. Both possessed, with their fathers' claims to a chimerical royalty, their mothers' gentleness and grace. Both died in the morning of life, one at twenty-three and the other at twenty-one, having known nothing of the common joys of life. They stand, as Napoleon II. and Napoleon IV., the visionary simulacra of emperors, in a line in which they dreamed of usefulness and glory. The beginning of their lives might well have inspired the envy of the world, and the end claims no sentiment but that of tender pity. Even the soldierly death of poor Prince Louis, the only Bonaparte who has died on the field, had in it nothing glorious. He pined and chafed in inaction at Chiselhurst. His very virtues, his studiousness, his gentle obedience to his mother, though they were the natural expression of his delicate and sensitive nature, seemed to grow irksome even to himself. He felt he must do something to prove that he was a Bonaparte—a man of action and of war. There have been wars enough in Europe of late, but he could not enlist under the flag that pleased him, like any other young soldier of fortune. He must observe all national susceptibilities, because of the great political future before him. At last the victory of Cetywayo at Isandula gave him his opportunity. The doughty savage had no friends whose hostility could embarrass any Emperor of France. Prince Louis says, in a letter recently published, "I took counsel of no one, and came to the decision in forty-eight hours." The poor lad imagined he was a person of



THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL, NAPOLEON IV.

great energy for deciding so important a matter so promptly, and dwells upon it. "Nothing could make me hesitate for a moment—a fact which will not astonish those who know me. But how many people know me?" It is pitiful to see this gentle, tender soul deceiving itself in this way. "I am truly ashamed of having to speak thus of myself," he continues, "but I desire to dispel the doubts which have on some occasions been manifested concerning the energy of my will. .....When one belongs to a race of warriors, it is only with the steel in your hand that you can prove what you are." And so he went away, after seriously making his will, and confessing his little sins, and embracing the mother who loved him. He had letters from the Duke of Cambridge to Lord Chelmsford telling him in effect to let the Prince amuse himself, but not run any risks; and to the common eye his holiday was no more dangerous than a game of polo. But in his first skirmish he fell, hacked to swift death by Zulu spears. The whole world was sorry for him, and England was quite nervous in her grief; and in her eager desire to punish somebody for it, she seems to have made a scape-goat of the young Lieutenant Carey, who, in the hurry of mounting, thought more of his own life and his own mother than he did of the life of Prince Louis and the grief of an empress. Would her Majesty the Queen have been better pleased if, in addition to the Prince, she had lost the whole squad? It appears that she would.

We have two recollections of this unfortunate Prince, to which his cruel fate has given a pathetic significance. One was the opening of the Legislative Body in the year 1866, when the Emperor first associated his son with him officially. The splendid Throne-Room of the Louvre was crowded with the most brilliant company of Christendom, with the great officers of state, of the army, and the imperial household. The Emperor entered and took his place on the raised dais; at his left sat the stout Prince Napoleon Jerome, and in an episcopal robe of violet silk the young and Apollo-like ecclesiastic, since Cardinal Bonaparte, son of the Prince of Canino; while on his right sat the little Prince, then ten years of age —as sweet and gentle a child as ever delighted a mother's heart. A year or two afterward, on the reserved terrace of the Tuileries, we saw two boys playing with their velocipedes, and keenly enjoying the air and the exercise. One of them was the Prince Imperial, and the other Don Alfonso of Spain; the former seemed secure in the prospect of the most conspicuous throne in the world, the other had just been driven, finally as it seemed, from a land which had decreed eternal banishment to his race. We can not fathom the immutable will that rules the event of human fortunes: who could have dreamed that in these few years the one of those boys would be lying dead in an African corn field, and the other, we know not how firmly, established in the palace of his ancestors?

The shadow of the imperial crown—of which it is not wise to speak contemptuously, for no one knows in what shock of elements the shadow may become substance—now rests upon the brow of Prince Napoleon (Jerome), who is in many points of view the most interesting and picturesque character of all the Bonapartes. He is the only one with royal blood in his veins, that is to say, with that especial kingly ichor which dates from beyond the *culbute générale* of 1789. He is the only orator among them all, if we except Lucien. He is a brilliant and able speaker, and his talent was so marked in the Senate that his detractors asked, "Who writes his speeches?" until one day, in a running debate of an hour, which was from its very nature impromptu, he surpassed himself, and unhorsed every assailant. He enjoyed that day his one sweetest taste of popularity. The students of the Latin Quarter crowded to the gates of the Palais Bourbon, and cheered him wildly as he left the hall. He had another oratorical success at the unveiling of the Napoleon statue at Ajaccio in 1865; but the radical sentiments he uttered there were so little to the taste of his imperial cousins that a sharp rebuke from the Emperor's hand appeared in the *Moniteur*, and the haughty Prince resigned every public function he had held. He played at opposition and liberality from that time forward, and was called in France the Red Prince, until the name was taken by the fiery-whiskered Carl of Prussia. Napoleon Jerome has been a great traveller, also. He has classical tastes, and built in Paris, near the Bal Mabille, a Pompeiian house, a perfect reproduction of a nobleman's town house on the Bay of Naples two thousand years

ago. He looks wonderfully like his great uncle, only much larger every way, so that Béranger called him "a Napoleon medal dipped in German fat," and another witty person described him as a Napoleon soufflé. He is a man of remarkable energy in speech, and equally remarkable indolence in action. A gentleman who met him with his cousin at a country house in England, several years before the Second Empire, was struck by the contrast between them. Napoleon Jerome talked on every subject which was mentioned with great dash and spirit, while Louis Napoleon sat silent and pulled his mustache. But when the company mounted for the day's hunt, the cousins seemed to change characters. Jerome was the timid, careful, nervous rider, while Louis became a centaur, and cared no more for ditches and fences than for the thistle-down in his path.



PRINCE NAPOLEON JEROME BONAPARTE.

An incident is told of the death of the Prince Imperial that gives rise to a long train of memories and suggestions. It is said that his comrades found upon his dead body, stripped of everything else, an amulet in a locket covered with miniatures, which the savages in their superstition had spared, for the Zulus believe that an amulet taken from a slain enemy will bring his fate upon the conqueror. It is understood that this locket contains the Charlemagne relic, famous in the Napoleon annals, which the great Emperor gave to Fastrada his wife a thousand years ago, which Otto III. took from his tomb, and which the city of Aix-la-Chapelle presented to Napoleon, and he in turn gave to his beloved Hortense, Queen of Holland. It was said to possess the magic power of keeping peace in the family, and occasional lapses need not invalidate the claim. Napoleon III., receiving it from his mother, cherished it in exile and captivity, and finally after his grandeur and fall bequeathed it by a special clause in his will to his heir. His unhappy son, inheriting it with the family glories and disasters, wore it to his last fatal field. It would be curious to know if the *esprit fort*, the rationalist Napoleon Jerome, will now put on this amulet so deeply connected with the history of his family, so closely associated with all its splendors and all its catastrophes.

THE NEW YORK COOKING SCHOOL.

IN the spring of the year 1873, Miss Juliet Corson, who was at the time secretary of a benevolent institution in this city devoted to teaching women useful occupations, became interested in the question of diverting some of the surplus of female labor into domestic channels. For two years her lessons were given in charitable establishments. Keenly appreciating the fact that in the profession of cookery might be opened a new and honorable field of labor for women, and hoping by uniting the best foreign methods into one practical intelligible system, variously modified, and promulgated among the people, to introduce a culinary reform in this country that would benefit all, but more especially the working classes, Miss Corson, in the fall of 1876, opened a cooking school in New York, and there gave the first lessons to the wives and daughters of working-men in the kind of cookery best adapted to their needs.

In August, 1877, just after the great railroad strike, Miss Corson published for free circulation fifty thousand copies of a pamphlet entitled, "Fifteen-Cent Dinners for Working-Men's Families."

This work was eagerly welcomed by numbers of the class it was intended to benefit, as many as two hundred persons applying for it at her house in a single day; but later Miss Corson was repeatedly threatened and warned to desist from either circulating it or speaking in public, by political demagogues and socialists, who inflamed the minds of the working-men by assuring them that the author was in league with the capitalists, and if they listened to her, and learned how to live better on less money, employers would immediately reduce their wages. This influence lasted only for a short period, the common-sense of the laboring-man coming to his rescue. Miss Corson's free lectures are now attended by large and respectful audiences of this class, and she is also in constant receipt of letters of commendation and inquiry from the same source. At the school in St. Mark's Place young women and children from the mission schools were given free lessons in kitchen and dining-room work, the training they received being most admirable and complete. A department devoted to teaching plain cooking to cooks and the daughters and wives of working-men, opened March 13, 1877, was so successful in its results that a number of ladies who had become interested in its progress felt justified in establishing it as a permanent institution. Accordingly it was incorporated in May, 1878, and its guiding spirit is the brave, modest, intelligent woman, the pioneer of culinary reform, since it is to her efforts New York is indebted for this school of model cookery, the benefactor of the working classes, for she teaches them how to make two dishes where formerly they made but one; and the friend of women, for she has shown them the way to a useful and honorable profession.

In no other country in the world is there such an abundance of food, or such a wasteful extravagance, as in our own favored land. Says Miss Corson, in one of her culinary works: "In Europe provinces would live upon what is wasted in towns here," and it is in this point she hopes to work a reform. It may be also said, in no country is there such a variety of food, yet in spite of this fact it is not uncommon to hear a housekeeper exclaim, as if she were at her wits' end, "What *shall* we have for dinner to-day?—there are only beef, mutton, and pork to choose from, after all." As if our market were not teeming with everything of the best from "flood and field."

What are the causes of this too common complaint? The too close adherence to the notions of our ancestors, who laid it down as a rule that only certain cuts and qualities could be used for the "boil, bake—or rather roast—and fry" in their kitchens; the disposition to avoid trouble, as if anything excellent could be arrived at without trouble; and intolerance of innovation in the shape of anything savoring of foreign cookery.

"Come with me to the New York Cooking School to-morrow," said I, recently, to one of these disconsolate housekeepers. "Miss Corson takes her class to Fulton Market for a marketing lesson. It is the very thing you need. Then, after lunch, attend the cooking lesson, and learn to make a new dish to set before your husband. You will be so delighted, you will join the Ladies' Class at once."

"How glad I am to know this!" said my friend, brightening up. "I can not tell one piece from another, and that



LADIES' CLASS.

leaves me entirely at the mercy of the butcher. Henry has declared a dozen times that he would have to take the matter in hand himself. In regard to the cooking, I am not so much at a loss. I have managed to learn the standard dishes myself, but one does need more variety than the ordinary routine gives. I'll go, and add some new dishes to my list."

The course of lessons in the Ladies' Classes has been adapted to the use of those who desire to combine some of the elegancies of artistic cookery with those economical interests which it is the duty of every woman to study, and embraces marketing, cooking, and carving. Lessons on Ladies' Day, and private class instruction where pupils choose bills of fare, pay for materials used, and own finished dishes, and single private lessons, are given, economy in all being inculcated as a virtue.

It was a merry group that picked their way daintily through the market to a poultry stand next morning, headed by Miss Juliet Corson; half a dozen charming young girls chattering and sparkling with the novelty of the trip; and several sedate young housekeepers, fully impressed with their own dignity and the importance of the occasion, among them my young friend.

Some poultry was taken down and laid on the stall. In a twinkling all mirth was hushed, and a dozen heads bent forward in grave attention, as Miss Corson spoke the first words of the lesson.

"Fresh poultry," said the lady, "may be known by its full bright eyes, pliable feet, and moist skin; the best is plump, fat, and nearly white. The feet and neck of a chicken suitable for broiling are large in proportion to its size; the tip of the breast-bone is soft and easily bent between the fingers."

As Miss Corson concluded, there was a general putting forth of slender hands to test the youth and tenderness of a pair of fowl brought down for their inspection. The young girls smiled at each other, but a fine judicial expression stole over the countenances of the young matrons, as one of them, pronouncing the pair excellent, bought them, and ordered them to be sent home.

Turkeys, ducks, geese, pigeons, grouse, and other game were then discussed; and then passing on to the vegetable stands, the class was informed concerning roots, tubers, and green vegetables.



SERVANTS' CLASS.

"Roots and tubers must be plump, even-sized, with fresh, unshrivelled skins, and are good from ripening time until they begin to sprout. All green vegetables should be very crisp, fresh, and juicy, and are best just before flowering."

Mushrooms, sweet herbs, okras, chives, cresses, and other products of mother earth claimed successive attention; and then the procession filed away to the meat stalls. As we passed a group of loungers, various comments reached my ear.

"Whatever be those, Bill?" whispered a rough voice, as softly as it could.

"One of yer Sunday-schools out for an airin'," replied another, oracularly, its owner a picturesque young fellow in a Turkish fez.

As we assembled around a stall laden with "good store of meats," most of the young girls wore a puzzled air, but the matrons assumed an impenetrable gravity, which might mean any amount of knowledge, or answer very well to cover its absence.

"I know corned beef when I see it," said one of the girls, triumphantly, to her neighbor.

"And I know a marrow-bone, girls. But listen: Miss Corson is explaining about beef."

"Beef should be of a bright red color, well streaked or marked with yellowish fat, and surrounded with a thick outside layer of fat. Good mutton is bright red, with plenty of hard, white fat. Veal and pork should be of a bright flesh-color, with an abundance of hard, white, semi-transparent fat. Lamb of the best kind has delicate rosy meat, and white, almost transparent, fat."

At this point my young housekeeper, to show what she had learned, selected and bought a breast of lamb for her lesson in the afternoon.

At the close of the lesson in meats, the class were led by a circuitous route to the outer fish stalls, upon which were piled heaps of shell, river, lake, and sea fish. The fish arcade, with its tanks of water filled with speckled trout, and its finny treasures of every sort, awakened the liveliest interest in every member of the class.

"Fish, when fresh, have firm flesh, bright, clear eyes, rigid fins, and ruddy gills," commenced Miss Corson. "Lobsters and crabs must be bright in color and lively in movement, like these."

As the lesson proceeded, a hundred questions were asked, ill-natured crabs and snappish lobsters were poked at with pencils, stupid clams and reticent oysters were interviewed right merrily, and a vacant-looking cod was invited to tell when he arrived from sea. When we were leaving, a young girl timidly ordered a red snapper for baking, as Lent was near at hand; and we then proceeded up town rejoicing.

After luncheon I escorted my young housekeeper to the Cooking School. It was a pleasant scene into which I ushered her. Fifteen or twenty ladies were seated in rows before a long wooden counter or table, behind which stood Miss Corson, a fine, pleasant-looking lady, engaged in explaining the mysteries of a "consommé à La Royale." On the right hand a large,

brightly polished range, with shining copper saucepans and boilers, from which already issued savory odors. On the left a tall cupboard for dishes, casters, smaller utensils, etc., and near by, on the wall, a blackboard inscribed with the lesson of the day. Two assistants—a clever young man in a white apron, and a bright little girl in a French cap—aid Miss Corson in her demonstrations.



CHILDREN'S CLASS.

As the lesson proceeded, the clear, concise instructions accompanying it, the exquisite neatness and method of every stage, filled my friend with surprised admiration. When Miss Corson, taking a breast of lamb, deftly boned, trimmed it of superfluous fat, seasoned and spread it with a dressing of bread, chopped onion, and fine herbs, rolled it up and secured it with stout twine, placed it in a saucepan on a bed of celery, carrot, turnip, parsley, and onion cut in small pieces, adding two thin slices of bacon and the juice of a lemon, and covered the whole with boiling water, my young housekeeper clapped her hands mentally, and look-



INSTRUCTION IN FISH SAUCE.

ing at me with beaming eyes, exclaimed: "I mean to try that dish to-morrow. I am sure it must be delicious, and one can buy that part of lamb or mutton at so much less cost than the loin or hind-quarter."

The next dish was baked red snapper. "An excellent Southern fish, though others may be cooked in the same style," said Miss Corson, as she scored its sides, and inlaid the cuts with strips of pork, and proceeded to fill its interior with a dressing of soaked bread seasoned with thyme. Like the preceding dish, the fish was laid on a bed of vegetables in a baking-pan, a small dipper of hot water poured in, and the fish placed in the oven.

"Ah, every one knows how to do that—even I do," whispered my friend, as Miss Corson announced that she was going to prepare a piece of beef for roasting. A new light, however, dawned on her countenance as Miss Corson, after taking the ribs out and securing the meat in place with strong twine, said, "Never use skewers, as they cause the meat juices to escape." The preparation of "salade à la Romaine" also afforded a bit of valuable information not known to the average American housekeeper. "Never touch lettuce with a knife, as it impairs the flavor and destroys the crispness of the leaf; always tear it apart with the fingers," said Miss Corson, daintily suiting the action to the words.

A lesson in bechamel and Spanish sauces was then given, followed by "apple méringues" and "kisses" for dessert. The dishes were handed around for inspection, and the session was over. A hum of soft voices mingled with a ripple of low laughter, as the ladies, flocking around the table, delightedly sniffed and tasted the results of the lesson.

"Have you learned anything, my dear?" said I to my friend, as we passed out to the street.

"I am brimful of ideas, and mean to take a full course of lessons. Ah! how many trials I might have been spared had I learned how to cook and keep house before! But I never dared go near old Vio-

let's kitchen; she would have driven me out with the broom or the carving-knife. Ah! there is no monarchy more absolute than a favorite old cook's. Thank Heaven, my Ellen is stupid and good-natured!"

"If she is willing to learn, I would send her to the Cooks' Class at once. There's our Bridget, for example, just as you describe Ellen. When I proposed to her to take lessons, and described what it was like, the honest creature exclaimed: 'Faix, ma'am, an' it's me that will go to plaze ye; an' if Bridget Ryan don't have the makin's of a fust-class cook afther the tachin', may the divil—savin' your prisince—run away wid her!' Send Ellen, and give her a trial to-morrow. Bridget is growing such a treasure, one does not mind the cost of teaching at all."

I dropped in next day upon the Cooks' Class, taking a young friend with me who was about to be married. I met her on my way down town, and in the course of conversation about her future life she told me she intended to save up money to buy a billiard table, remarking, innocently: "It will be such a good thing to keep my husband at home with. You know, if he has the proper sort of amusement at home, he won't go off to clubs, and all that sort of thing."

"My dear girl," replied I, "did you ever hear the old saying, 'The way to reach a man is through his stomach'? Learn to be a good economical cook and housekeeper."

"Why, how can I do that? I have no time, and Ann won't let me put my head in the kitchen."

"Come with me to the Cooking School: it is the Plain Cooks' Class this afternoon. The instruction is not only for domestics, but for young housewives beginning, or about to begin, married life in comfortable circumstances—for instance, as you and Charlie expect to."

The room as we entered looked cheerful enough, with its neat table, warm range, and copper utensils sending forth a cloud of fragrant steam. Five or six neatly dressed women sat watching Miss Corson intently, among them Bridget and Ellen, with faces beaming and smiling till they showed rows of teeth as white as the snowy aprons under which their hands were folded. A couple of prettily dressed, sweet-looking girls also listened with great interest to the lesson; and all seemed pleased but one woman, who sat near the table with hands folded on her chest, nose in the air, and a general air of protest about her whole body, that said as plain as words: "I don't belave in none o' your nonsinse. I'm here because of the missus. The likes o' ye can't tache me nothin'."

The first dish was "roast duck and water-cresses." Directions were given for drawing, trussing, dressing, and roasting. A fowl was then prepared for boiling, with oyster sauce. This was followed by a pair of pigeons, which furnished a boning lesson.

"If a cook," said Miss Corson, as she prepared the pigeons, "can draw her birds without mangling or soiling them, and then prepare them so as to combine an inviting appearance with an enjoyable flavor, she proves that she has pursued her art with taste and discretion; so it will be well to attend carefully to the instruction given in this lesson."

Two pigeons were next in order for broiling. These were split down the back, the entrails removed, the birds wiped clean with a damp cloth, and placed in readiness for the gridiron. A fowl was then cut in joints, a lesson in fricassee given, and the class broke up with expressions of admiration for the "nate, tidy body," the "knowledgeable leddy," and the "wise young woman," as they variously called their instructor.

It is generally supposed that small children, from their volatile temperaments and forgetfulness, can not be taught or trusted with cookery. Miss Corson has proved quite the contrary. Last year she had a class of children from the New York Home for Soldiers' Families; this year ten of them do the entire cooking for the inmates, at least 150, in that institution. In all the classes of the New York Cooking School no pupils are more industrious, helpful, and intelligent than the little children from the mission schools and charitable institutions.

In point of fact, the children's classes are the most charming and useful and important, for the wholesome effect they will have on the strata of society they represent. The artisan course of instruction for these little folks and elder girls comprises the preparation and cooking of simple dishes, setting the table, bringing in the dinner, waiting at table, removing and washing soiled dishes, and regulating kitchen and dining-room.



CUSTARD.

Let us go and take a peep at the children. A little flock, under the guidance of a kindly matron, is passing down to the basement; we enter with them. How merrily they babble as they divest themselves of hats and shawls! What a ripple and trill of childish laughter as they strive for the first rows of chairs! Listen: a sudden hush, a settling down in seats, and a smoothing of aprons, as Miss Corson appears, and, doffing bonnet and cloak, takes her position behind the table, with a cheery "Good-afternoon, children."

The lesson of the day, says the blackboard, is "Fried Fillets of Flounder," "Maître d'Hôtel Butter," "Grilled Fish Bones," and "Caramel Custards."

Two or three girls are usually chosen—different ones at each lesson—to assist in making the dishes; so when the material was laid on the table, and the lesson announced, Miss Corson said, "What little girl is anxious to help me cut the fillets?—some one with strong hands."

A dozen hands were held up at once. Selecting one of the eldest girls, who came around and stood by her side, Miss Corson, taking up a sharp, thin-bladed knife, deftly cut off the whole side piece or fillet of the fish entire, and then handing the knife to the watchful girl at her side, gave minute directions from time to time, which were followed so accurately that the remaining three fillets were soon lying, skin side down, on the counter. Miss Corson, then taking the knife, showed the class how to cut the fillets clean from the skin.

Meanwhile another little girl is called for to make the breading. With flushed cheeks and an air of importance, a little wee thing steps up, seizes the roller, and vigorously rolls the bread-crumbs to powder, beats an egg up with a spoonful of water, and retires. The elder girl, who by this time has prepared the remaining fillets, breads them, dips them in the egg, and in the bread again, and lays them on a dish, in readiness to be fried a delicate brown in smoking-hot lard.

"Now, children, you observe that we have a nice bone left; shall we throw it away, or use it? I think it would be nice grilled. We will take some mustard, salt, pepper, salad-oil, and vinegar—make a paste of them, and spread it over the bone. Then let us broil it on an oiled gridiron, and afterward serve it with sprigs of parsley or slices of lemon. Now, besides the fillets from the fish, we have this, making two delicious dishes where people commonly make but one."

The children looked very wise, a little hungry for the coming feast, and exceedingly interested. An unusual flutter took place, however, when two little girls were called for to make "lemon custards," and one to make "Maître d'Hôtel Butter." All the hands went up at once at the mere mention of custards. The fortunate girls who were chosen marched around behind the counter, and the resigned remainder subsided into placid attention.

One of the little maids beat the eggs lustily, while the other, sweetening and flavoring a quart of milk according to direction, set it on the fire to boil, stirring it carefully; then a sieve was held over the beaten eggs, the milk with its lemon rind and sugar strained therein, then poured into cups, which were placed

in a baking-pan with hot water surrounding them. The little girl then cautiously slid the pan into the oven, her face aglow with pride in the safe performance of her task. Meanwhile the third little damsel had chopped her parsley, mixed it with an ounce of butter, a tea-spoonful of lemon juice, and a little salt and pepper, after which she retired to her seat, and another small child came forward to drop the fillets in the smoking lard. All the class waited for the lemon custards, casting troubled glances at the clock. As they were slowly drawn forth from the oven and placed upon the table, the lesson concluded, the children crowded around to taste and receive their shares of the finished results of the lesson. Little tin pails popped up mysteriously to receive the well-earned dainties. Hats and shawls were hastily donned, the little ones hurried out of doors, and pausing on the pavement, cooed and fluttered with satisfaction over the contents of their little pails like so many doves in a dovecote pecking corn.

Watching the innocents for a moment, we hurried away, feeling that the New York Cooking School is an institution worthy of good people's patronage and praise, not only for its sending out young housekeepers educated in the economic principles of cookery, but because of the grand work it is doing in teaching the children of the poorer classes.



CHILDREN GOING HOME.



UNITED STATES COURT-HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE.

THE CITY OF ATLANTA.

ATLANTA, the present metropolis of Georgia, has had a history peculiar for a Southern town. Those who have spoken of the city as the "Chicago of the South," appear to have struck not very wide of the mark. Forty years ago there was nothing at all here. Maps of the period, very minute and careful in their topography, show no such place. All the wagon roads centred at Decatur, at Marietta, and at Canton. Creeks and Cherokees occupied the whole region, and there was hardly even a cross-roads at this point. The turnpike between Georgia and Tennessee did not pass through it, and no large river furnished facilities for navigation, or offered power to move machinery. How, then, did Atlanta come to exist at all; and, much more, how did she succeed, like the goddess whose name she suggests, in outstripping all her older sisters, Augusta, Savannah, Macon, and the rest?

The answer is found in one word—railways.

Atlanta is a "fiat" town, and was put where she is by act of Legislature rather than by the natural course of events. It is an interesting and exceptional example of prosperity ensuing from forced conditions, and came about in this wise: When the experiment of steam locomotion had proved a success in England, and was being introduced on this side of the Atlantic, Georgians were quick to perceive that they needed this new invention, and as early as 1833 charters were granted to several interior railway companies. It was also seen that the State required railway communication with the West and Northwest, in the shape of a trunk line, in the advantages of which all the interior roads could share. The Legislature was therefore consulted, and in 1835 an act was approved authorizing the construction of a railway from the Tennessee line, near the Tennessee River, to the southwestern bank of the Chattahoochee River, "at a point most eligible for the running of branch roads thence to Athens, Madison, Milledgeville, Forsyth, and Columbus." A survey was made accordingly, and it was found that at this point, seven miles east of the Chattahoochee, spurs of the Blue Ridge intersected in such a manner that a natural centre oc-

curred for all the most likely routes of railway communication then surveyed or likely to be laid out. Here, then, right out in the woods, it was resolved to begin the "State" railway north to the Tennessee line, and the spot naturally came to be known as "Terminus."

Passengers on the Air Line road to Washington will remember a little breakfast station called Central, up in the mountains of Western South Carolina. As the train comes round the bend of the hill, and slows up, a dinner-bell is heard, and the eye takes in a white building, with a long cool piazza, where stands a man whose genial smiling face and fat throat, whose generous amplitude of waist and solid support of legs, augur well for the fare that awaits within. He rings the bell steadily with one hand, and with the other busily welcomes the passengers as though they were all old friends. Then how urgently he presses upon you a choice of good things! how distressed he is if you do not eat as heartily as he thinks you ought! how solicitous to assure you that there is time enough! and with what benignity, mildly protesting against the necessity, does he take your fifty cents! Do you wonder that he is known from one end of the Cotton States to the other, and that everybody loves "Cousin John" Thrasher? The path to a man's heart lies through his stomach, it is said, and this generous, easy-natured caterer has secured the right of way in this part of the world. Well, the point of this digression is that "Cousin John" is the original oldest inhabitant of Atlanta, because in 1839 he came here and built the first house. Soon after, other families settled at Terminus, and Mr. Thrasher opened a store; but he had little faith in the future of the village, for in 1842 "Cousin John" sold out, for a few hundreds, land now worth half a million or more, and departed.

Patience fails to recount the growth of the settlement into a village, and the expansion of the village into the city which now calls itself a metropolis. It seems to have been essentially a pioneer town, owing its life wholly to the railways, augmenting its size as new lines were opened and the business of the older roads increased. It was in 1842 that the first locomotive was seen in Atlanta. It did not come, as locomotives usually do, upon tracks laid up to that point, but was dragged across the country from Madison—then the terminus of the Georgia Railroad—upon a wagon drawn by sixteen mules. To most of the rustics of that region a locomotive was a novel sight, and they gathered in a great crowd to witness its trial trip. The engineer saw a chance for a practical joke, and claiming that he must have help to get



COUSIN JOHN THRASHER.

the machine started for the first time, persuaded a great number of young men to push. Their first efforts were of no avail, and the crowd began to jeer at the engineer. But he induced them to make a second trial, and just as they were putting forth their strength prodigiously, he turned on the steam, and sprang from under them, leaving a sprawling and dusty crowd to take his place as the butt of rustic raillery.

This same year also witnessed the first sale of real estate by public auction, and one of those three town lots, bought then for an insignificant sum, has remained ever since in the hands of its original purchaser. It stands at the very centre of business, is covered by a block of brick buildings, and simply by increase of value



THE CHAIR VENDER.

now forms a snug fortune, giving a large annual yield to its owner.

Speculation in real estate soon began, however, when it was seen that the prediction of John C. Calhoun, made years before, that Atlanta would be the metropolis of Georgia, was about to be verified. Before many years fancy prices were asked for property, and rents required that were out of all proportion to value. It was supposed at first that the town would be built some distance west of its present position, and money was invested in that region. Then a shrewd land-owner gave the site of the present Union passenger station, which was accepted by the railroads, bringing the centre of growth in the town over to that spot. Thus money was lost and made, but the city increased in population, got rid of the criminal element which had predominated in her earlier history, educated the country people, became enterprising, and in assuming the powers and legal privileges of a municipality, took to herself city-like ways and pride, and asserted herself to be the gate to the South, through which all commerce and emigration from the Northwest must pass.

The map of Atlanta shows a circular line representing the boundary, and having for its centre the railway station. The radius is one and a half miles. Within this circle (and somewhat also outside of it) is an array of streets so utterly irregular that you wonder how it was possible they ever could have been built up in that way. They go crooked where it would have been easier to go straight, show acute angles where a square corner could be made with less effort, and come to a sudden stop or run away into vacancy at the most unexpected points. The explanation is ready, and reminds one of the Dutch cow-paths which are said to have determined the pattern of lower New York. It must be remembered that before the town existed the east-and-west road from Marietta to Decatur and beyond crossed at this point a road running north and south. They were such irregular rambling turnpikes as are characteristic of this hilly region, and the village extended itself along them without any attempt at straightening. Reckoning from the junction, as habitation spread, the road to Marietta naturally became Marietta Street, while that leading in the opposite direction was soon called Decatur Street. Not far north of the village was an old justice-court ground (a State reservation) known as the Peach-tree Court-House. A few miles southward stood a tavern, famous among all the teamsters

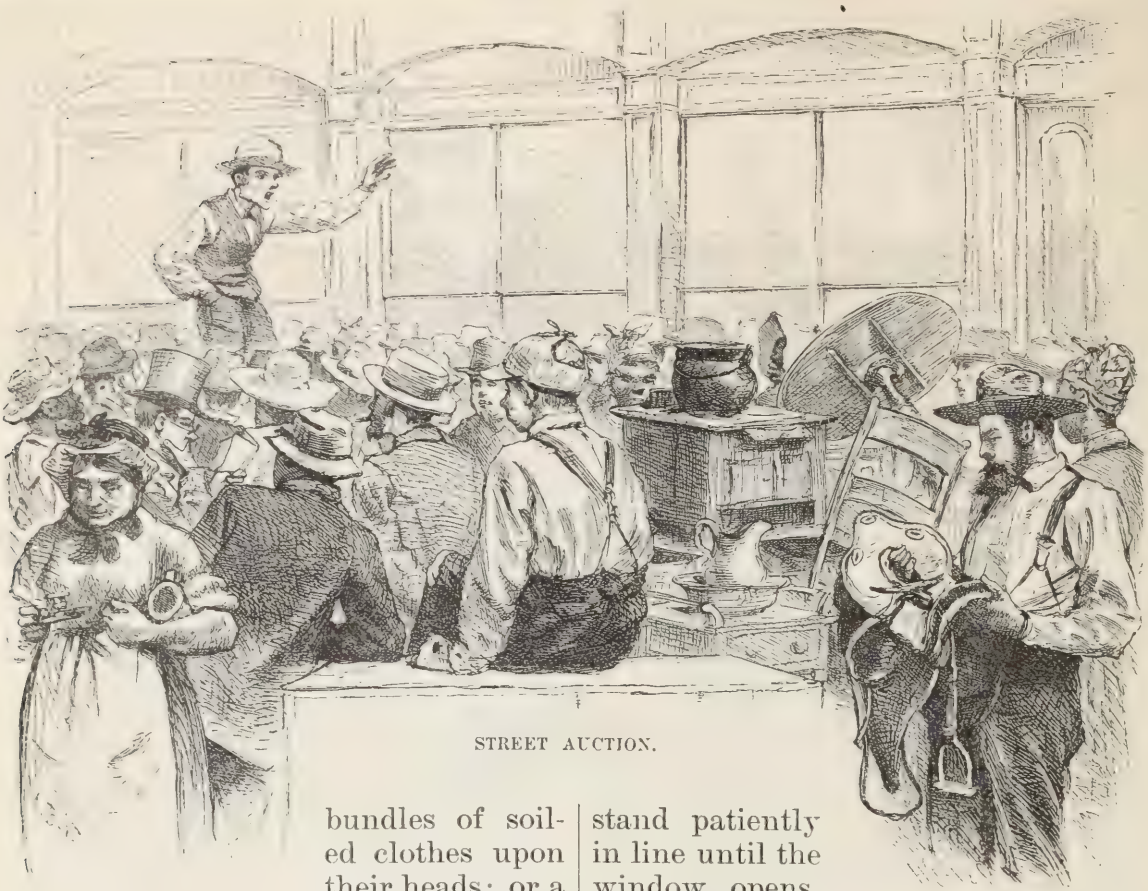
through Georgia as the White Hall. The two crooked roads leading north and south thus became Peach-tree and White-hall streets; and in the case of the latter it is told that the detour made by the stage-driver in going about a bad mud-hole one winter is preserved by an elbow in the street. The bend is there, certainly, but the evidence of the "chuck-hole" has gone, or rather it is distributed throughout a mile of bad paving. Then the three railway lines introduced new factors of discord, and finally the owners of the original half-dozen farms and land lots each laid out streets for himself entirely irrespective of his neighbor. The result is a city in some parts easy, and in others very difficult, to get about in, and which, from a bird's or balloonist's point of view, must appear very confused.



RAILROAD DEPÔT, ATLANTA.

So, deriving her success from a multitude of business advantages, and from her favorable situation in point of geography and climate, Atlanta has waxed great and powerful, and, withal, very attractive. All the evidences of busy life are around you, and only unless you are fresh from New York or Baltimore or Chicago do you notice the provincial air. The telegraph pole at your elbow bears the little red box that carries the electric fire-alarm to ever-ready steamers and ladder trucks; the lamp-post serves as standard for the mail drop-letter box; and a policeman in full uniform will assist you into a street car for any part of the city, if you need the help of the "force." There are banks, and boards of trade, and business exchanges, and all the rest of the list of "modern conveniences," from artificial ice to a Turkish bath or a complete system of telephonic communication. Yet, however comfortable this is for the citizen, it has the drawback to the magazine writer and artist that it makes Atlanta too much like a hundred other large towns with which we are all acquainted in the North, and leaves less that is peculiar, characteristic, and picturesque than perhaps exists in any other city in the South. She looks to me more like a Western town, since her newness and enterprise hardly affiliate her with Augusta, Savannah, Mobile, and the rest of the sleepy cotton markets, whose growth, if they have any, is imperceptible, and whose pulse beats with only a faint flutter.

Yet there are certain features that strike the stranger's eye. On Monday you may see tall, straight negro girls marching through the street carrying enormous



STREET AUCTION.

bundles of soiled clothes upon their heads; or a man with a great stack of home-made, unpainted, and splint-bottomed chairs, out from among the white legs and rungs of which his black visage peers curiously; or urchins under baskets of flowers poised like crowns. Troops of little black boys, bare-footed, bare-headed, and ragged "to a degree," as a certain English novelist is fond of expressing it, go about carrying bags in which they gather up rags in a manner wholly different from the New York chiffoniers. At certain corners stand farmers in scant clothing of homespun, and the most bucolic of manners, waiting for some one to buy for a dollar, or even half a dollar, the little load of wood piled up on the centre of a home-made wagon so diminutive that two men could walk away with the whole affair, while a third carried the mule under his arm. It is great fun, too, to go to the post-office after the arrival of the noon mails from the North. The office closes its windows, although it is in the middle of the day, and devotes itself to the task of distribution. Meanwhile a crowd accumulate—mostly the rabble who get a letter about once in four weeks, but mixed up of all sorts—and amuse themselves by making remarks not always complimentary to the rule of the office, or stand patiently in line until the window opens. This delay in a post-office which supports the delivery system looks like a "relic"; but everybody has time enough in Georgia.

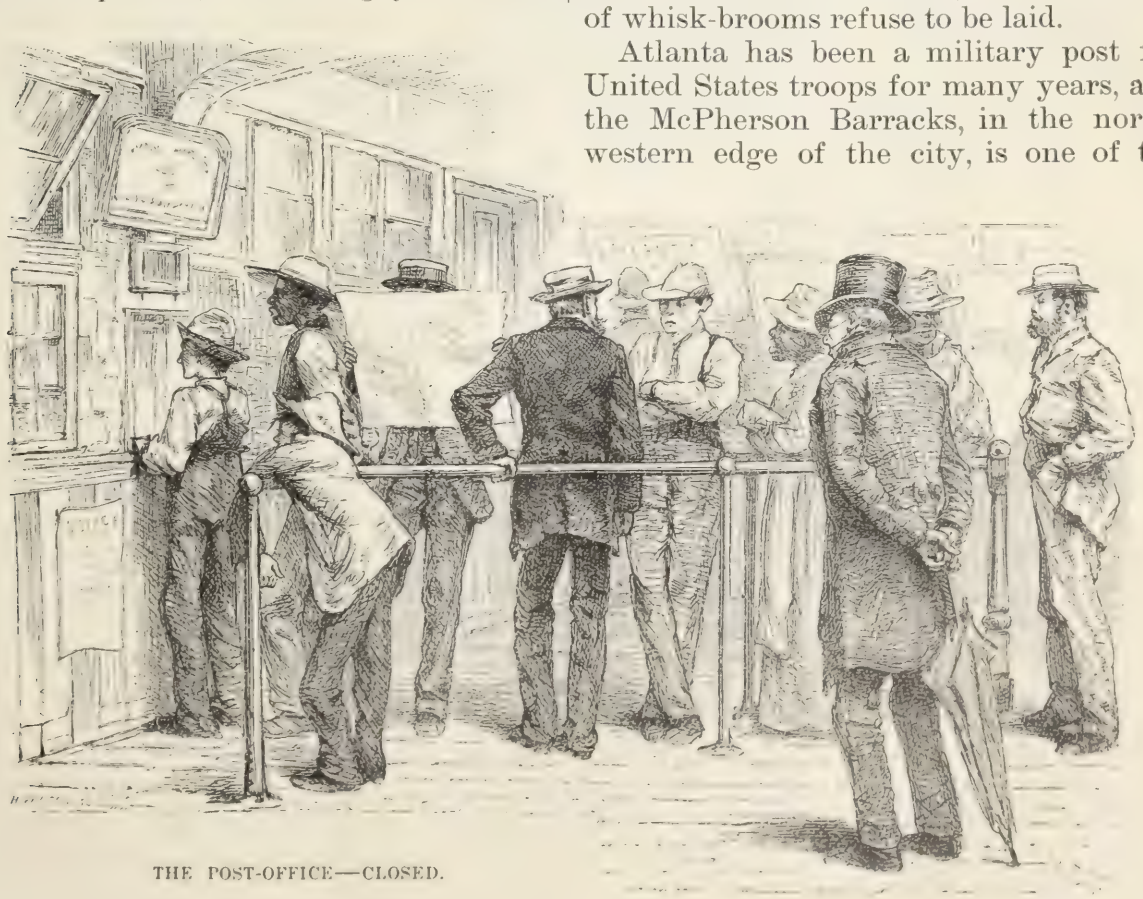
On certain days you will hear the beating of triangles, and have your attention attracted to the red flag of the curb-stone auctioneer, whose volubility will be heard above the din of traffic. These out-of-door auctions are always amusing, and the crowd of negroes, "poor whites," and loungers that they gather afford an interesting study to the lover of physiognomy. It is like a bit of the Bowery or Chatham Street turned out of doors; but the articles sold are more miscellaneous and wretched. You may buy worn-out stoves and tables, second-hand bacon, muddy croquet sets, rubber hose of one kind and cotton hose of quite another, canary-birds, hat racks, baby carriages, old fruit jars, clothing, bath tubs, straw sun-bonnets and hats, squirrel cages, carpets, books, bedclothes made "befoh de wah," sweet-oil, saws, crockery, iron garden settees, ice-cream freezers, saddles, window-sashes —everything out of time and miserable, from a pair of snuffers to a horse and wagon alive and harnessed.

As yet Atlanta has no market-house; but it is proposed to build one at an early day, which shall be supported upon arch-

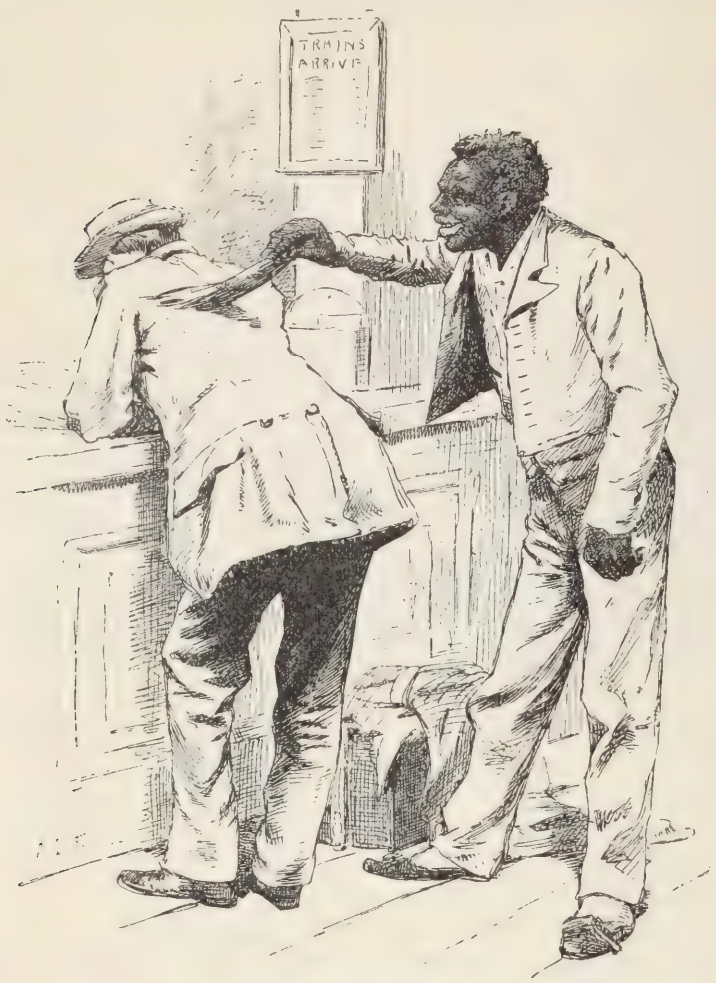
es over the railway tracks between Whitehall and Broad streets. This would utilize (and handsomely too) a waste space; but if a locomotive should explode its boiler under there, wouldn't the rise in breadstuffs be so sudden as to disturb the market?

Another event of the traveller's life in Atlanta, which may or may not be amusing, is his contact with the brush fiend. This imp, or rather this species of imp, for there are many individuals, finds its home at the hotel, and there lies in wait for the unwary tourist, as the spider crouches in quiet anticipation of its muscine meal. You enter the door and walk half way across the marble floor, when you feel a gentle stroke upon your shoulders, and turn your head to see an uplifted whisk in the hand of a darky, who grins in a conciliatory manner. But you harden your heart, proceed to the register, and lend your autograph in support of the eminent respectability of the house to which that much-blotted book is supposed to testify. The flourish is not yet from under your pen, when your modest hand-bag is seized, and down comes a broom upon your coat tail. A look fails to arrest the brush, and you flee. At the foot of the stairway is a shadowy corner. You are unsuspicious, not having yet learned to give it a wide berth. Just as your foot is upon the first stair, out leaps a whisk-broom and begins upon you. Now you must shout your menaces in language strong if you would be saved. Escaped this, you meet a fiend at the first landing. You watch him firmly grasping a brush as you approach, but you are ready. Fixing upon him your eagle eye, you say, "Lift that whisk-broom but one inch, and I pitch you down stairs!" You turn your head as you go past, and never relax the deadly gleam of your eye until he is far behind. Finally you reach your room, and the porter opens the door, sets down your baggage, raises the curtains, glances at the toilet arrangements, and being satisfied, civilly retires to the door, hesitates, seems to be trying to remember something, and softly asks, "Would you —you like to have your coat—" while out of his pocket steals the handle of a broom. The heavy match-box is nearest, and it flies, while you look for the iron poker with one hand and feel for your pistol with the other. But the imp is used to this, and has prudently vanished. You bolt the door, and find yourself in possession of the field; but he is the real victor, and until you either maim him for life or pay generous tribute of dimes, the brush fiend will torment, and the spirit of whisk-brooms refuse to be laid.

Atlanta has been a military post for United States troops for many years, and the McPherson Barracks, in the northwestern edge of the city, is one of the



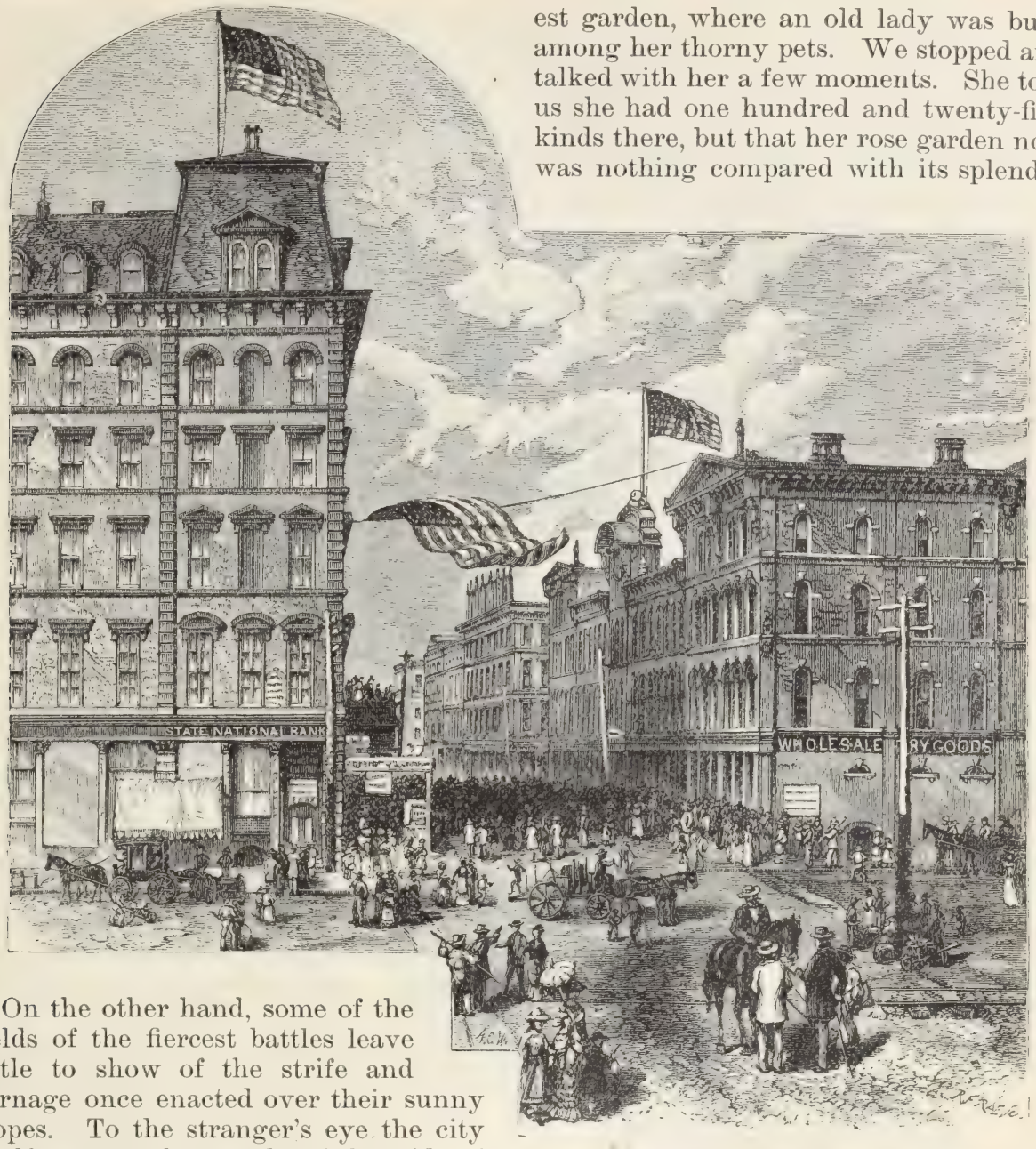
THE POST-OFFICE—CLOSED.



THE BRUSH FIEND.

points of interest for a stranger. The Barracks are commodious, and the officers' quarters, surrounded by neat gardens and hidden in masses of honeysuckle and wistaria, form attractive homes. A succession of regiments has held them, and they have bewailed when orders came sending them to the frontier, or transferring their post to some fever-haunted garrison on the sea-coast. At present the Fifth Artillery are stationed here, and making themselves agreeable to the citizens, who find the presence of the garrison pleasant as well as profitable. From the Barracks, which are upon high ground, a wide and enchanting landscape spreads northward before the eye, terminating in the pale outlines of Tennessee mountains, where Lookout, Mission Ridge, Resaca, Chickamauga, and Chattanooga recall such exciting memories. Near by towers the lofty double peak of Kenesaw Mountain, scene of the most severe fighting of the whole Atlanta campaign; and my companion, captain of a Confederate battery, has a bloody incident to tell of each landmark as he guides my eye over the wide expanse of this vast field of battle. Imagination alone must fill the distance with the action which his stories relate; but as he explains the method of advance, the successive retreats and conquests by which the lines of attack were narrowed more and more upon the beleaguered city, the evidences of war become more apparent, and we can bring the remains of hostile operations actually before the eye, helping the fancy to picture the stirring scenes. Down there in the valley stretches a long, low, irregular embankment, not yet overgrown with grass. That is the inner line of intrenchment which surrounded the city. Beyond it, appearing now and then in the second growth of woods, here lost in a valley, there enlarging into a fort upon a commanding hill-top, is an outer line, and all about are scattered the little piles of earth thrown up at the rifle-pits, and the half-filled trenches which the pickets dug to protect themselves from sharp-shooters and stray cannon-shot. Georgia seems to have little desire to hide her scars. The red soil upturned by the soldier's spade contains no dormant seeds, and takes so slowly to a new planting that for fifteen years compassionate Nature has tried in vain to hide these marks of Mars under her mantle of herbage and wild shrubbery. Everywhere as you ride out of Atlanta you cross cordon after cordon of earth-works, pass through woods torn with round shot, where shells cut long pathways, and wander across fields sown with the leaden seed.

Gradually the city is extending itself beyond these red lines of embankments, and in twenty years their scant remains will become curiosities to the traveller. In the rural districts, however, they bid fair to last a very long time. Five or six miles out on the Peach-tree Road, for example, is a fort crowning a hill, whose lines and angles and full height are as well preserved to-day as though the work was thrown up only yesterday. It saw no fighting, however. The tide of war swept by without coming under the range of its guns, and its symmetrical outlines were never trampled beneath the feet of a storming column.

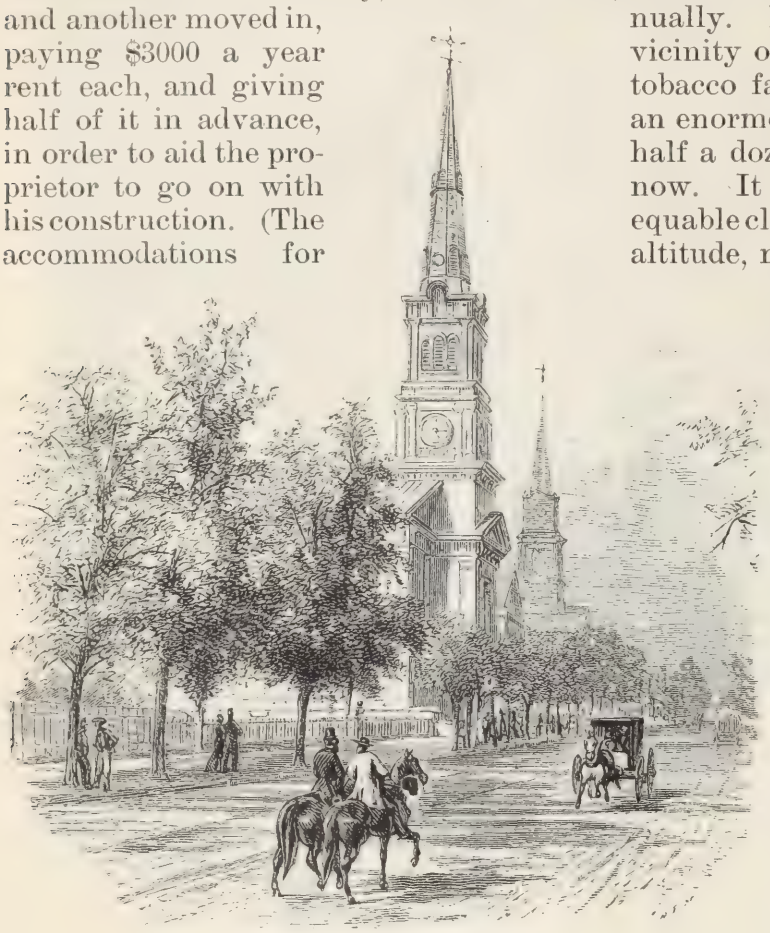


THE BUSINESS CENTRE OF ATLANTA.

On the other hand, some of the fields of the fiercest battles leave little to show of the strife and carnage once enacted over their sunny slopes. To the stranger's eye the city itself presents few marks of that tide of war which crept up to it, and finally surged so destructively across its whole area. There are ruins in the suburbs of what were once stately mansions, that have never been rebuilt, and you see scattered about the lonely stone chimneys that stand as monuments of a fireside forsaken, and a roof-tree long ago thrown down or burned away. The city itself has been rebuilt, and the houses that survived the shelling are already becoming dignified with historical interest. Usually it is some very insignificant incident which preserves the recollection of the conflict in particular places. Atlanta is a region of roses. A lover of them never tires of peeping over the fences and pausing before the conservatories in this early May season, so rich in the superb blossoms. One day we came to a modest garden, where an old lady was busy among her thorny pets. We stopped and talked with her a few moments. She told us she had one hundred and twenty-five kinds there, but that her rose garden now was nothing compared with its splendor before the war. "We had to leave during the siege," she said; "the cannonading ruined the house, and the soldiers and all just spoiled my beautiful flower beds. I had a rare lily that was given to me by the royal gardener at Berlin, and that was killed; and I do believe, when I got back, of all the dreadful ruin, the loss of that flower hurt me the most."

It was in 1865 that the citizens and merchants came back to their desolate homes. Only one building, of all the commercial part of the town, had survived the flames. Business had to be built up from the very foundation again, and the energy with which this task was attempted shows the strong faith Atlanta men feel in their lively town. One of the first to return was the present presi-

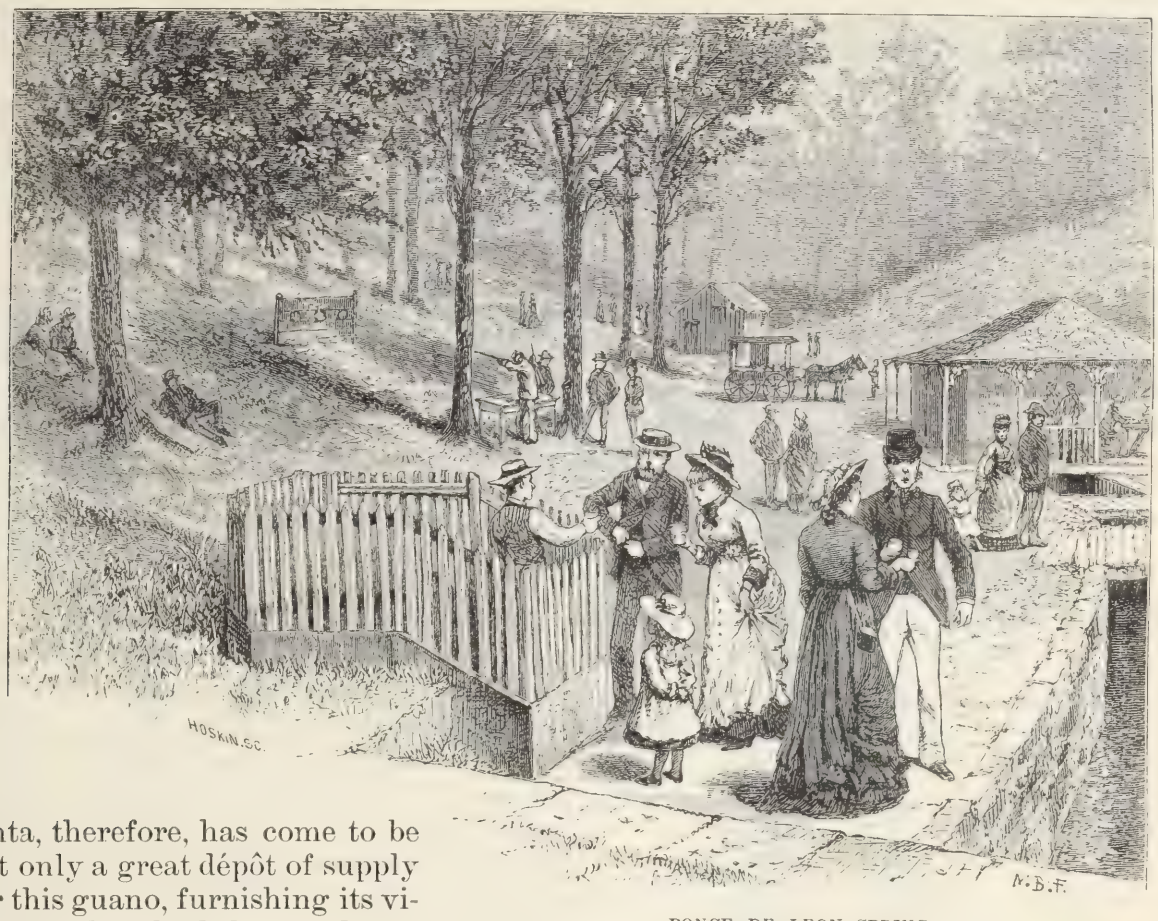
dent of the Board of Trade. He secured a cellar under the sole remaining building (on Alabama Street), paying $150 a month for its use, and began the produce and groceries trade, increasing his income by renting ground privileges of a few feet square on his sidewalk at $20 a month each. Soon the owner of a corner lot on Whitehall Street built a brick building containing two store-rooms. As soon as these were ready, our merchant and another moved in, paying $3000 a year rent each, and giving half of it in advance, in order to aid the proprietor to go on with his construction. (The accommodations for which that $6000 a year was paid now rent for $1500.) Thus by mutual help and enterprise, together with a vast amount of personal labor, the ruins were replaced by substantial business edifices, new hotels of magnificent proportions were erected, churches more lofty in gable and spire arose upon the sites of those destroyed, and the vacant streets were refilled with people. Atlanta became at once the distributing point for Western products, and now finds tributary to her a wide range of country. She handles a large portion of all the grain of Tennessee and Kentucky, besides much from the Upper Mississippi Valley. Much of the flour of the Northwestern mills comes into her warehouses, and thence finds its way southward and eastward.



WASHINGTON STREET, ATLANTA.

The same is true of the canned meats of Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati packing-houses: this is a very important item of her wholesale business. The provision men naturally were the first to obtain foothold in the new town. After them came the dry-goods people. Most of them began in a very modest way—brought their goods tied up in a blanket almost—yet now the jobbing trade in dry-goods alone amounts to some millions of dollars annually. No tobacco can be grown in the vicinity of Atlanta, hence she is without tobacco factories; but she used to handle an enormous quantity of it, and there are half a dozen firms who deal wholly in it now. It was found that Atlanta's dry, equable climate, consequent upon her great altitude, made this point the safest place to keep stores of the grateful plant: it would not mould, as it is liable to do in a damp atmosphere. A few years ago the revenue regulations were not as effective as at present. The practice of stencil-plating packages of tobacco afforded easy means of evading the payment of duty, and great warehouses here were stored with "blockade" tobacco, from which Uncle Sam had derived very little, if any, pocket-money. Enormous profits accrued, but the introduction of the stamp system put a stop to this, though Atlanta was left a very large legitimate business in storing and selling tobacco at wholesale.

Another source of prosperity to the city is cotton. The "cotton belt" of Georgia is a strip of country between here and Augusta. Years ago the land became exhausted, and the cultivation of cotton came to be of small account. Then followed the discovery of the guano islands of Peru, and the subsequent invention of artificial fertilizers having similar qualities to the natural manure. These superphosphates are manufactured mainly in Boston, and cost the farmer about forty dollars a ton. It was proved that by their use the worn-out cotton belt could be made to produce as bountiful crops in a series of five years as the Mississippi bottoms did; and, moreover, that cotton could be raised as far north as the foot of the Tennessee mountains. At-



PONCE DE LEON SPRING.

lanta, therefore, has come to be not only a great dépôt of supply for this guano, furnishing its vicinage a hundred thousand tons a year, but also the entrepôt of all the cotton produced within a circle of nearly two hundred miles. This cotton is bought mainly for foreign export, and is shipped under through bills of lading to foreign ports, thus dodging the factors at New York, Savannah, and other coast cities. The business is not done on commission, but by buying and selling on a margin of profit.

There are other extensive business interests. Iron is mined near by, and extensive foundries and rolling-mills manufacture it. Great crops of corn and grain are raised throughout the central part of the State, which find their way into Atlanta distilleries, while her wine-merchants are many and rich. She can make the best of brick, and has a whole mountain of solid granite close by, with other building material accessible and cheap. She sighs for only one more commercial advantage, namely, a railway to the coal regions of Alabama. Now her coal is largely supplied from ex-Governor Brown's mines in the extreme northwestern corner of the State.

Looking away from the city, Barracks Hill furnishes a good vantage-point, as I have already hinted; but to view the town itself, let me commend a ride along the new "boulevard" on the eastern edge. This broad, well-formed driveway follows the crest of one of the many ridges into which the surface of the country is cut up, and the solid squares of the city's business houses, the lofty proportions of her great hostelries, the scores of spires of her handsome churches and school-houses, and the charming, foliage-hidden avenues of her dwelling-places and suburbs—all appear to the best advantage. No one will deny that she is attractive.

Just at the northern extremity of the boulevard is a pretty little vale, upon which some slight cultivation has been attempted, mineral waters having been discovered bubbling out of the bank a few years ago. The name Ponce de Leon Spring was at once given to it, and the spot has become a pleasure resort, always visited in the course of an afternoon's drive. The horse-cars run out there along a wonderful tramway, laid through a series of cuts and over a long trestle-work, like a steam railroad. The waters have a sulphurous, nasty taste, and therefore it is quite likely that they possess some at least of the medicinal properties ascribed to them. But I fancy the bracing violet-scented air, the tramping about un-

der the trees, and the vigorous bowling over of ten-pins have more efficacy in accomplishing cures.

On the outer side of the boulevard, as it follows the circle of the city boundary eastward and southward, runs a strip of tangled woodland, where two or three little streams meander in shadow and negligence. The ground is rough, and the authorities propose to take advantage of all this prettiness by annexing the vale and forming it into a park. It is certainly to be hoped that the scheme will be carried



"I AM A GEORGIAN!"—[SEE PAGE 42.]

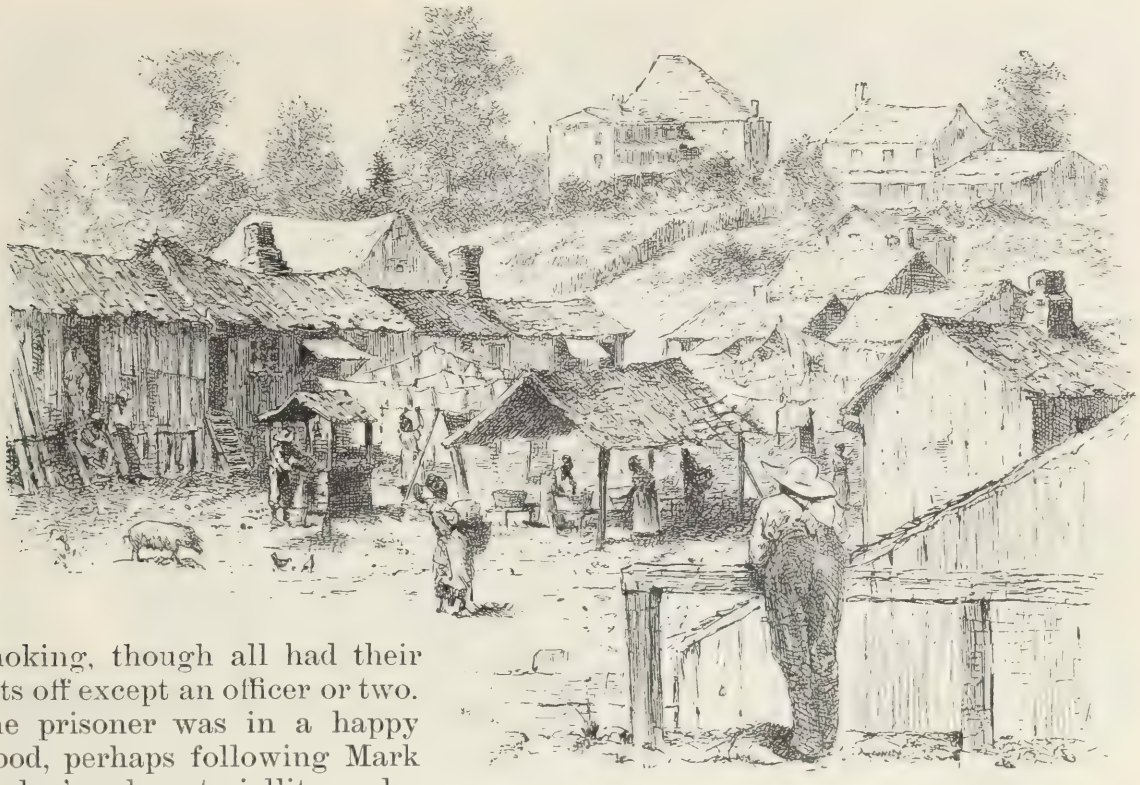
out. Atlanta has no park at all at present, excepting the grounds about the City Hall.

This is less to be deplored here, however, than in any other town you could find in the country, perhaps. One doesn't appreciate how healthful is the position of this favored spot until he studies it. Atlanta stands upon an outmost spur of the Blue Ridge, eleven hundred feet above the sea—an altitude equalled by no other city of her size in the United States. Her climate is equable and pleasant. "The nineties," with which New-Yorkers and Philadelphians are so familiar, are an almost unexplored region to Atlanta's mercury, while in winter the southern latitudes preserve her from long or severe cold. The head waters of the Ocmulgee and several minor streams spring within her very boundary, and flow both east and west to the Atlantic and to the Gulf. Her drainage is therefore excellent. Men and women do die there—no denying it; but epidemics are unheard of, and the locality is an island of health in the treacherous yellow-fever climate of its region. It is all *Dei gratia*, however. No sanitary measures worthy of mention have ever been effected, or even tried; yet Atlanta is by no means a dirty city.

From a consideration of her healthfulness we turn by antithesis to Oakland, the most artistic and beautifully cared-for cemetery south of the oak groves. It shows a marked contrast to the decay and complete neglect of grave-yards prevailing in all the rural towns. Here lie some thousands of dead Confederate soldiers, and a plain but enduring monument watches over the graves. At this grateful season the cemetery becomes a garden of flowers, and is worth being seen for these alone. Here too, as elsewhere in Atlanta, the number and perfect growth of the hedges are very noticeable; but that finest of all Georgia's hedge plants, the historic holly, is not often seen, though abundant in a wild state in all the hilly regions of this part of Georgia.

Public buildings in Atlanta are not imposing. The United States is just finishing a custom-house, court-room, and post-office in the shape of an attractive structure of brick and granite, modelled in a manner happily different from the ordinary government architecture. The State-house of Georgia is a square, business-looking building on a prominent street, having as unofficial an air as any warehouse, and almost as roughly furnished within. The Court-house and City Hall form a large square building, surmounted by an accumulation of cupolas, reminding one of the touching ballad of "Kafoozalum," where the hero appears as a "gentleman in three old tiles." The site is high and beautiful, and will before long be adorned by an ornamental building for public purposes.

A noted trial for homicide was in progress, and I went in to witness the proceedings. The court-room was crowded to repletion with men, half of whom were



SHERMANTOWN.

smoking, though all had their hats off except an officer or two. The prisoner was in a happy mood, perhaps following Mark Tapley's rule as to jollity under creditable circumstances. The lawyers and jury and everybody else were mixed up in the most picturesque style, and the judge's bench had been seized upon as a good point of view by a dozen or more eager spectators. Notwithstanding these seemingly unfavorable conditions, good order was preserved. It was a good place to study faces. The audience was just such a throng as naturally would gather at a murder trial in the provinces. No city man or person of delicacy did more than glance in out of momentary curiosity, unless he had a direct part in the proceedings. It was interesting to watch these farmers and roughs, the consumption of unlimited quantities of tobacco in



THE LIBRARY.



"THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR."

every shape forming a bond of union among them. I fancied an indefinable air hung over the assemblage which would not pervade a Northern crowd of similar character, or want of character. Each one of these gaunt-limbed, high-cheeked, swarthy loungers seemed to say: "I may be poor, ignorant, diseased, and beverminced, may have come here in a two-wheeled cart with a mule in a rope harness, and sat on the bottom because I was too lazy to arrange a seat; no doubt I'm an utterly useless Corn-cracker—but, Sir, *I am a Georgian!*" There have been persons in the halls of Parliament and on the floor of Congress who have attempted to assert themselves Englishmen and Americans, with the intent to be impressive in their patriotism, but I am perfectly sure none of them ever really did make the asseveration half so strong as do these butternut-dyed Crackers by a single glance of the black eyes and a single toss of the shaggy head. Well, to be a Georgian is *something;* otherwise these fellows would be hard put to it to define their position in the economy of nature.

Atlanta boasts, undoubtedly upon a firm basis of facts, that she offers the best educational privileges to her citizens of any community, large or small, south of "the line." Unless Richmond, Virginia, be excepted, this is true. Atlanta has a complete system of graded and high schools, and they are fully attended. Then there are two or three commercial colleges, two "universities" for colored pupils who desire more than a common-school education, two medical colleges, and an instructive display of the geological and agricultural resources of the State at the State-house. The Library of Atlanta is peculiarly Southern in its associations. Around the walls of its handsome hall on Marietta Street are hung portraits and engravings of Confederate leaders, some in the gray uniform of the defeated "cause," and some in the flowing robes with which painters love to enshroud their statesmen. Swords and banners and maps and other relics of war are profusely displayed. The Library is self-supporting, contains some thousands of well-selected and, what is more, well-read volumes, has chess-rooms and reading-rooms attached, and is a matter of just pride and comfort to the town.

A feature of the city to which no well-ordered resident will be likely to direct a stranger's attention is "Shermantown"—

a random collection of huts forming a dense negro settlement in the heart of an otherwise attractive portion of the place. The women "take in washin'," and the males, as far as our observation taught us, devote their time to the lordly occupation of sunning themselves. When General Sherman occupied Atlanta, it is said, barracks were located here; hence the name.

After dinner I take a cigar and saunter out. The streets are very quiet. People have hardly risen from their evening meal; and as I walk on out Peach-tree Street, and the moon rises proof-bright toward the starry zenith, it is not easy to realize that I am in the midst of forty thousands of busy men and women. Beautiful homes, varied, tasteful, sometimes grand in exterior appearance, luxurious in interior appointments, stand thickly on either side, embowered in trees and surrounded by hedges and lawns, thickets of shrubbery, and parterres of flowers. Between the sidewalk and the hard but unpaved roadway stand lines of venerable shade trees, through whose dense foliage the moonbeams struggle in uncertain manner, and sketch a flickering mosaic of light and shadow across the path.

Attracted by music down a dark alleyway, I find five laborers, each black as the deuce of spades, sitting upon a circle of battered stools and soap boxes, and forming a "string" band, despite the inconsistency of a cornet. The whole neighborhood is crowded with happy darkies, and though the music is good, I choose the enchantment of distance. Not far away I strike another little circle of freedmen, and discover that a guitar and a banjo are the attractions. On a vacant lot near the railway station a vender of patent medicine has set up a rough platform, and hung about it some flaring paraffine lamps. Two negroes—genuine negroes, but corked in addition to make themselves blacker!—dressed in the regulation burlesque style familiar to us in the minstrel shows at the North, are dancing jigs, reciting conundrums, and banging banjo, bones, and tambourine to the amusement of two or three hundred delighted darkies.

Ten o'clock arrives, and with many another lounger I saunter down to the station to see the trains from the north and east come in. Then the lights of the station are extinguished. Even the "Raven" who croaks his dismal forebodings of fatality, and sells accident policies to travellers, has disappeared.



"THE RAVEN."

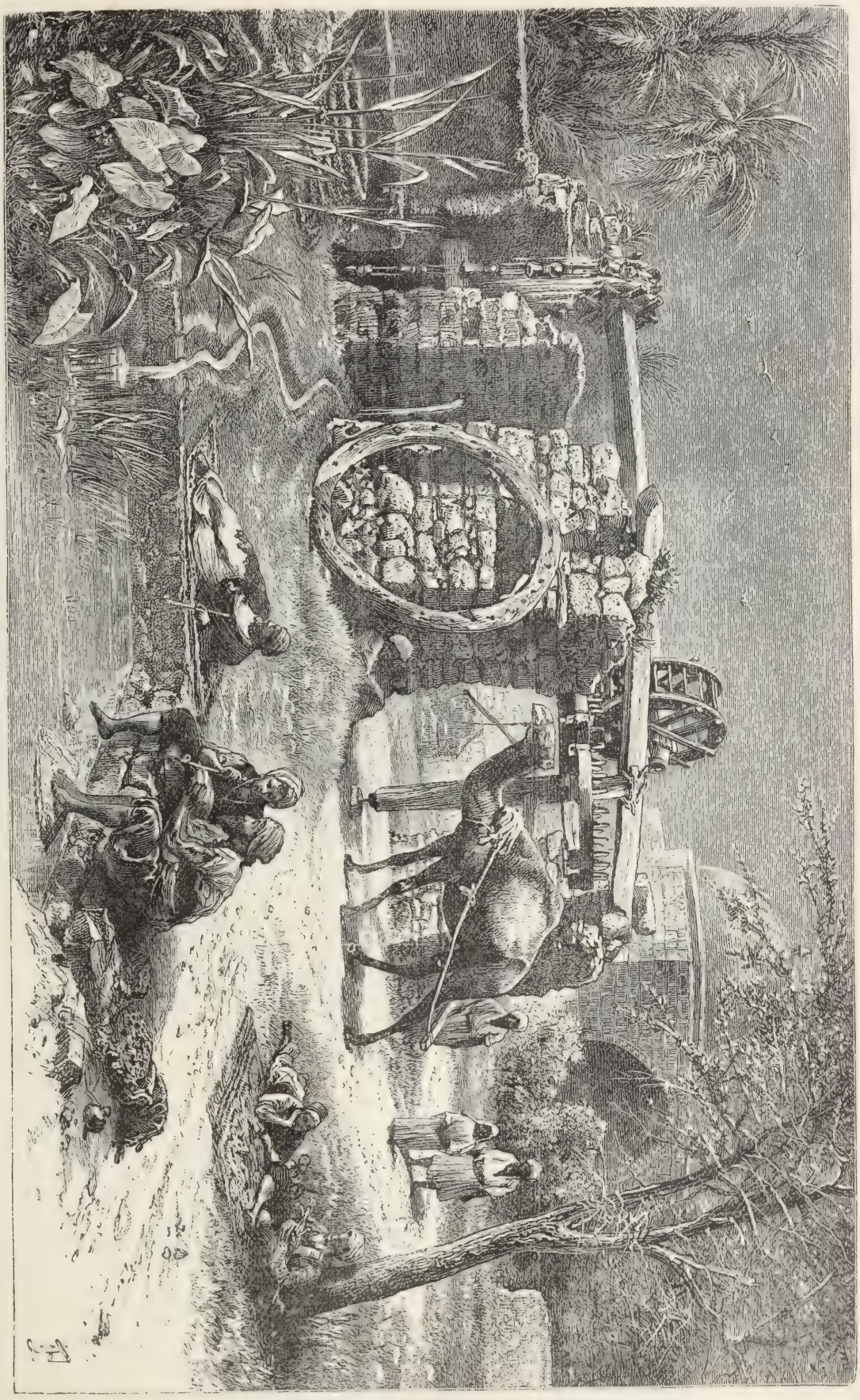
THE PALESTINE OF TO-DAY.*



ARBOR COVERED WITH A GOURD.

THE position of Palestine on the map of the world has fitted it and its successive peoples for a remarkable place in history. Here is a little country, with only eight thousand square miles, or two thousand less than our State of Vermont, which, if we measure it by the scope of its history, the remote antiquity of its literature, and the great forces it has started into irresistible movement, we must place among the foremost in the ancient family of nations. It is practically the meeting-place of three continents—Africa, Asia, and Europe. If Belgium is the "cock-pit of Europe," where many of the chief battles of modern times have been fought, Palestine holds the same relation to the ancient world. Her plain of Esdraelon has been the battle-ground of nations and civilizations from Abraham's day to Napoleon Bonaparte's. This little country was the pathway of the nations on land, while on the sea it was her Phœnicia which planted colonies all around the shores of the Mediterranean, created Carthage, rival of Rome, and dared to send

* *The Land and the Book.* By WILLIAM M. THOMSON, D.D.



PERSIAN WATER-WHEEL.

her ships as far north as Britain. There is something, too, akin to magnetism in this wonderful little land. It gave a certain measure of historical importance, and, indeed, of immortality, to every people and land it touched. Take from our knowledge of Egyptian history all we have learned from the Mosaic narrative, and there will be a marvellous diminution of the fund. It is only where Assyria in

an early day came into relations with Syria that we get something of a definite knowledge of that great Oriental power. We find Rawlinson, in his *Five Monarchies*, and Wilkinson, in his *Manners and Customs of the Egyptians*, constantly appealing to and leaning on the Scripture history, in order to treat the subject in hand in consecutive form. It is Palestine that brings all great ancient countries within our vision. It is our best telescope for a view of the remote past. We read the fortunes of other peoples through her. Of right she did not possess the Greek language. It was foisted upon her through Alexander's conquest, and yet so carefully did she learn the new tongue that it became the receptacle for the new faith from Him of Nazareth, and the medium of its communication to the remotest shores known to men. Palestine long resisted Rome, and finally suffered destruction through Titus. Her acres and faith were bartered like a piece of merchandise, and were, in turn, owned by Canaanite, Jew, Assyrian, Greek, Syrian, Maccabæan, and Roman. But in three centuries we find Bethlehem supplanting Rome. Christianity held the sceptre on the Seven Hills, and paganism became a thing of the country village, or *pagus*.

This historical importance of Palestine does not come within the purpose of Dr. Thomson. While he admits this fact, and could have drawn upon his rich experience in the country for abundant illustration, he has aimed to show that the country of which he writes, though now in wretched decline, and broken up many a score of times by the ploughshare of war, can still tell the story of its own varied fortunes. He goes farther than this, and proves that the people who live in the country, and the very surface of the land itself, with the vegetation and animals that exist now, are all witnesses to the exactness and authenticity of the Biblical narrative. The Bible, then, has taken the coloring of the country itself. No other country could have produced it. A stranger drifted ashore at Jaffa, and never inquiring what country he was in, could see from the people and their daily life, and from the fields, and houses of the poor, and humble labors of the husbandman, that he was in the country of the Bible. The first edition of Dr. Thomson's work, in two volumes, is now to give place to a larger one, in three volumes, which adheres to the same fundamental thought, but is essentially a new work. It reverses the itinerary of the former edition, and begins with the south country, traverses the entire hill country of Judæa, and concludes with Jerusalem and the environs. In our examination of the volumes we shall make liberal use of the author's own language.

With Jaffa as a starting-point, one of the first things we observe is the system of irrigation. The use of the water-wheel is constant in Egypt, but it was one of the inducements which Moses held out to the Israelites, that if patient and earnest in their journey, they would not need the water-wheel in their new home: "For the land whither thou goest in to possess it is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs." Nothing could be more laborious and tedious than the plying of the little Egyptian water-wheel by the feet. If the whole of the promised land had to be irrigated by such a process, it would require a nation of slaves like the Hebrews, and task-masters like the Egyptians, to make it succeed. The Hebrews had learned by bitter experience what it was to water with the foot, and this would add great force to the allusion, and render doubly precious the goodly land which drank of the rain of heaven, and required no such drudgery to make it fruitful. But the labor of the feet does not cease with getting the water upon the surface of the ground. The farmer or gardener is often compelled to conduct the water about from plant to plant and furrow to furrow by his feet alone. When one place is sufficiently saturated, he pushes aside the soil between it and the next furrow with his foot, and continues to do so until all are watered. He is thus sometimes knee-deep in mud, and many diseases are generated by this slavish work. But the people of Palestine, while they do not use the little wheel worked only by the feet, make use of the large and clumsy Persian water-wheel. Hundreds of these are to be seen in the Jaffa region, and to them must be attributed largely the delicious fruit of the gardens and orchards. Simple in construction, cheap, quickly made, soon repaired, easily worked, they raise an immense quantity of water. Many efforts have been made to introduce pumps, but they

always fail, and get out of repair; and as there is no one able to mend them, they are thrown aside, and the gardener returns to his nâ'urah. A clumsy cog-wheel, fitted to an upright post, is made to revolve horizontally by a camel attached to a sweep; this turns a similar one perpendicularly placed at the end of a heavy beam, which has a large wide drum built upon it directly over the mouth of the well. Over this drum revolve two rough hawsers, or thick ropes, made of twigs and branches twisted together, and upon them are fastened small jars or wooden buckets. One side descends while the other rises, carrying the small buckets with them, these descending empty, those ascending full, and as they pass over the top they discharge into a trough which conveys the water to the cistern. The length of these hawsers and the number of these buckets depend of course upon the depth of the well, for the buckets are fastened on the hawser about two feet apart. The depth of wells in Jaffa varies from ten to forty feet. If the mule or camel turns the wheel rapidly—which he rarely does—a bucket with about two gallons of water will be carried over the top of it and discharged into the trough every second, and it must be a good pump that will steadily do as much. The hawser is made of twigs, generally of myrtle, not merely because it is cheap and easily plaited by the gardener himself, but because its extreme roughness prevents it from slipping round on the wheel, as an ordinary rope would do, and thus fail to carry up the loaded buckets.



OLD WATER-WHEEL AT HAMATH.

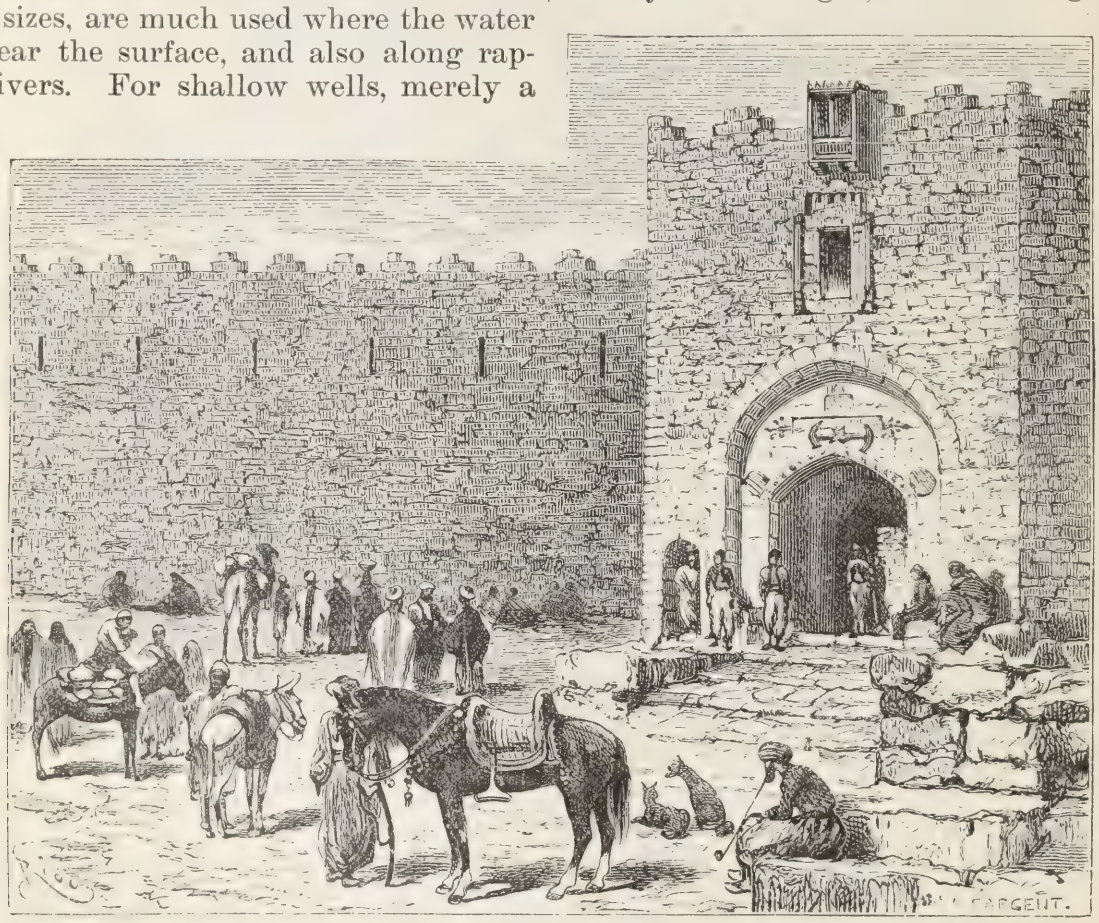
There are other kinds of water-wheels in use. The shadûf, so conspicuous on the Nile, is nowhere to be seen in Pales-

tine, but the well-sweep and bucket are used in many places.

Another method is common in Philistia. A large buffalo-skin is so attached to cords that, when let down into the well, it opens, and is instantly filled, and being drawn up, it closes so as to retain the water. The rope by which it is hoisted to the top works over a wheel, and is drawn by oxen, mules, or camels, that walk directly from the well to the length of the rope, and then return, only to repeat the operation, until a sufficient quantity of water is raised. This also is a very successful mode of drawing water.

The wheel and bucket, of different sorts and sizes, are much used where the water is near the surface, and also along rapid rivers. For shallow wells, merely a wheel is used, whose diameter equals the desired elevation of the water. The rim of this wheel is large, hollow, and divided into compartments answering the place of buckets. A hole near the top of each bucket allows it to fill, as that part of the rim, in revolving, dips under the water. This, of course, will be discharged into the trough when the bucket begins to descend, and thus a constant succession of streams falls into the cistern. The wheel itself is turned by oxen or mules.

This system of wheels is seen on a grand scale at Hums, Hamath, and all along the Orontes. The wheels there are of enormous size. The diameter of some of those at Hamath is eighty or ninety feet. Small paddles are attached to the rim, and the stream is turned upon them by a low dam with sufficient force to carry the huge wheel around with all its load of ascending buckets. There is, perhaps, no hydraulic machinery in the world by which so much water is raised to so great an elevation at so small an expense. Neither is there any so picturesque or musical. These wheels, with their enormous loads, slowly revolve on their groaning axles all day and all night, each one singing a different tune, with every imaginable variation of tone—sobs, sighs, shrieks, and groans, loud, louder, loudest, down to the bottom of the gamut—a concert wholly unique, and half infernal in the night, which, heard once, will never be forgotten.



CITY GATE, JAFFA.

In 1834 Dr. Thomson resided for several months in Jaffa, and, to pass away the time, frequently came out in the afternoon "to the gate through the city, and prepared his seat in the street." There the governor, the cadi, and the elders of the people assembled daily, "in a void place,"



DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM.

and held an extemporaneous divan, at which affairs of every kind were discussed and settled with the least possible ceremony. But recently from America, Dr. Thomson was greatly amused with this novel open-air court, conducted amidst the din, confusion, and uproar of a thronged gateway — men, women, and children jostling each other, horses prancing, camels growling, donkeys braying, as they passed in and out of the gate; but nothing could interrupt the proceedings, or disturb the judicial gravity of the court. The scene, with all its surroundings, was wholly Oriental, and withal had about it an air of remote Scriptural antiquity which rendered it doubly interesting.

The Biblical descriptions of pottery are singularly applicative to the present process of manufacture. Now, in this nineteenth century, the potter sits at his frame and turns the wheel with his foot. Or, as we read in the Apocrypha: "So doth the potter, sitting at his work and turning the wheel about with his feet: he fashioneth the clay with his arm." The potter had a heap of the prepared clay near him, and a pot of water by his side. Taking a lump in his hand, he placed it on the top of the wheel, which revolves horizontally, and smoothed it into a low cone, like the upper end of a sugar-loaf; then thrusting his thumb into the top of it, he opened a hole down through the centre, and this he constantly widened by pressing the edges of the revolving cone between his hands. As it enlarged and became thinner, he gave it whatever shape he pleased, with the utmost ease and expedition.

It is evident, from numerous expressions in the Bible, that the potter's vessel was the synonym of utter fragility; and to say, as David does, that Zion's King would dash his enemies in pieces like a potter's vessel, was to threaten with ruinous and remediless destruction.

We who are accustomed to strong stone-ware of considerable value can scarcely appreciate some of these Biblical references, but for Palestine they are still as appropriate and forcible as ever. Arab jars are so thin and frail that they are literally dashed to shivers by the slightest stroke. Water jars are often broken by merely putting them down upon the floor; and the servant frequently returns from the fountain empty-handed, having had all his jars smashed to atoms by some irregular behavior of the donkey.

The steam-plough has not yet reached

Palestine. To witness the primitive method of separating the grain from the husk, one would suppose himself living far back in the primitive days. Yusef the Moslem gets at the kernel in precisely the same fashion as did Abraham the patriarch. Some very interesting incidents of Biblical history are connected with this peculiar agricultural custom.



THE POTTER AND THE WHEEL.

The common mode of threshing is with the ordinary mowrej, which is drawn over the floor by a yoke of oxen, until not only the grain is shelled out, but the straw itself is ground into chaff. To facilitate this operation, bits of rough lava are fastened into the bottom of the mowrej, and the driver sits or stands upon it. It is rare sport for children to get out to the baidar, as the floor is called, and ride round upon the mowrej.

These floors, which one sees at Yebna and elsewhere, have, perhaps, changed less than almost anything else in the country. Every agricultural village and town in the land has them, and many of them are more ancient than the places whose inhabitants now use them. They have been just where they are, and exactly as they were, from a period "to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." In very many cases the topographical conditions of the sites necessarily decided the place of the threshing-floors. It must be an unoccupied spot near the outside of the village, in a place exposed to the prevailing wind, and sufficiently large for one or more of these floors. Generally there are several in the same vicinity.

The construction of the floors is very simple. A circular space, from thirty to fifty feet in diameter, is made level, if not naturally so, and the ground is smoothed off and beaten solid, that the earth may not mingle with the grain in threshing. In time the floors, especially on the

mountains, are covered with a tough, hard sward, the prettiest, and often the only, green plots about the village; and there the traveller delights to pitch his tent. Daniel calls them summer threshing-floors, and this is the most appropriate name for them, since they are only used in that season of the year. The entire harvest is brought to them, and there threshed and winnowed; and the different products are then transferred to their respective places. In large villages this work is prolonged for several months, but all is finished before the autumn rains, on the grain, and the driver has a seat upon it, which is certainly more comfortable. In the plains of Hamath, Dr. Thomson saw this machine improved by having circular saws attached to the rollers. It is to this instrument in all probability that Isaiah refers in the forty-first chapter of his prophecies: "Behold, I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth: thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff." This passage has several allusions which residents in Palestine can readily understand.



SUMMER THRESHING-FLOOR.

and from thence on to the next harvest the floors are entirely deserted; but when occupied, and the threshing in full operation, the scene is both picturesque and eminently Oriental.

The Egyptian mowrej is quite different from this, having rollers which revolve

Treading out the corn was also employed to separate the grain from the husk and stalk. On some floors—at Yebna, for example—there is no machine of any kind, but boys ride or drive horses, donkeys, and oxen, either separately or yoked together, round upon the grain, and it is

this in part which makes the scene so peculiar. Some run from left to right, and others the reverse, and no one continues long in the same direction, but changes every few minutes, to keep the animals from becoming dizzy, while some seek to secure the same result by fastening blinders over the eyes of the bewildered animals.

Elihu says, "The whirlwind cometh out of the south." Is that still the case? According to Dr. Thomson's experience it is, and also that "fair weather cometh out of the north." There is in both statements an indication that the author of them dwelt in the "south country," in which these phenomena are most frequently witnessed, and where one looks earnestly northward for relief from persevering and relentless rain. With regard to whirlwinds, there is something in the manner in which they catch up the chaff, and whirl it hither and thither, over hill and plain and thorn hedge, in a sort of manifest fury, that vividly excited the imagination of the Hebrew poets. For example, in the first Psalm, and the thirty-fifth, and the eighty-third, and in Isaiah xvii. and xxix., and Hosea xiii., and elsewhere, every incident is noticed which could intensify the destruction denounced against the ungodly "as chaff of the mountain, chased by the wind, and driven out of the floor by the whirlwind." These whirlwinds are extremely common, and very curious. Without warning or apparent cause, they start up suddenly, as if by magic or spirit influence, and rush furiously onward, swooping dust and chaff up to the clouds in their wild career.

The intention of the farmer is to grind down his unthreshed grain to chaff, and much of it is reduced to fine dust, which the wind carries away. The references to



EGYPTIAN MOWREJ.

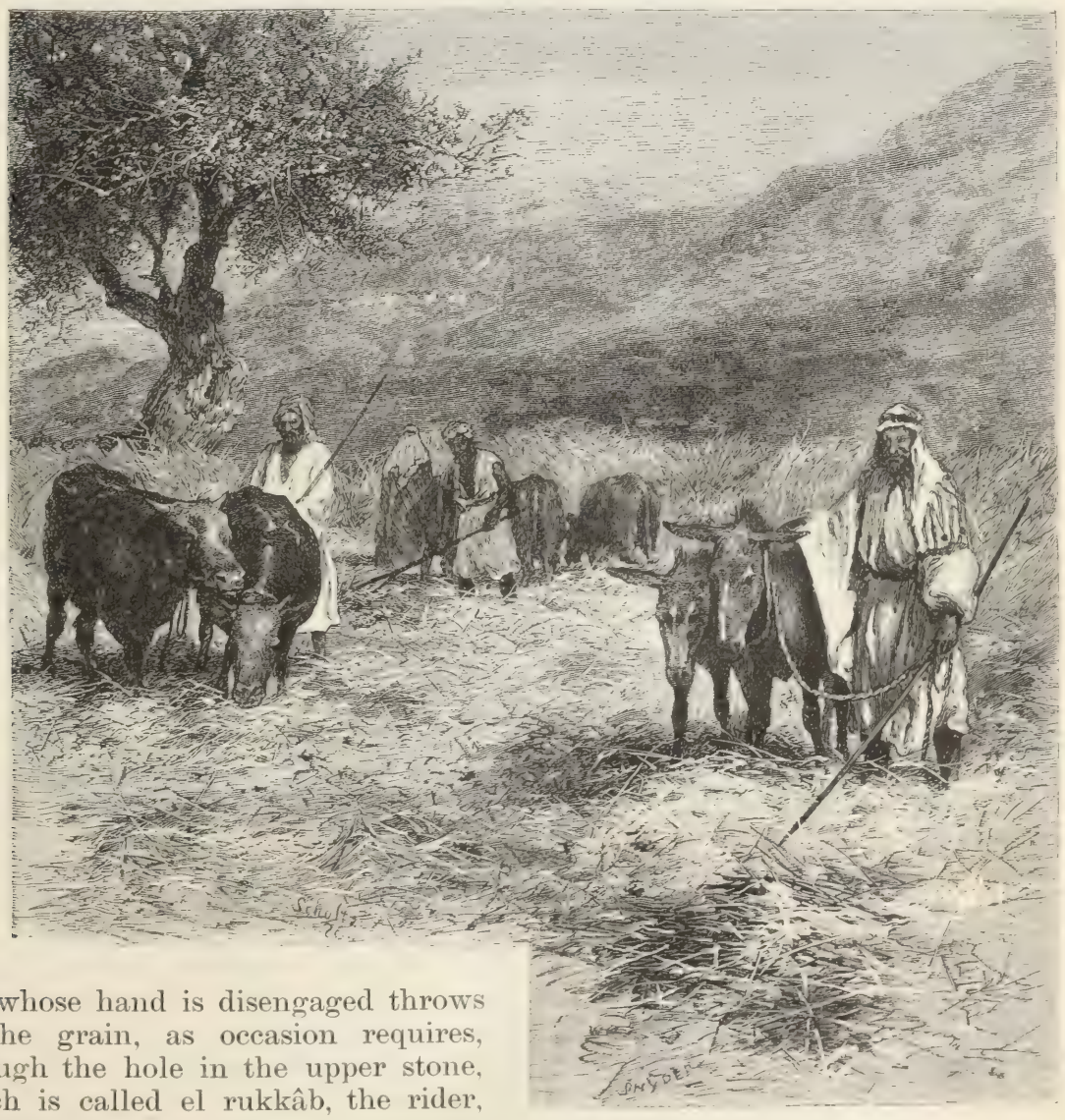
the wind which drives off the chaff are numerous in the Bible, and very forcible. The grain, as it is threshed, is heaped up in the centre of the floor, until it frequently becomes a little mound, higher even than the workmen. This is particularly the case when there is no wind for several days, since the only way adopted to separate the chaff from the wheat is to toss it up into the air, when the grain falls in one place, and the chaff is carried on to another.

There seems, likewise, to be no change in preparing food for bread. The grinding of the grain by two women goes on now as in the remote times. One hears this low rumbling sound in every town in the land, and can see for himself this unchanged custom. Solomon says, "The grinders cease because they are few; the sound of the grinding is low." Jere-

miah also saddens his picture of Israel's desolation by Nebuchadnezzar with the prediction that "the sound of the millstones" should cease. And upon Babylon, whose king stilled the voice of the grinding in Jerusalem, John denounces the like desolation: "The sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee."

Southward through Philistia there are no mill-streams, and one constantly hears the hum of the hand-mill at every village and Arab camp, morning and evening, and often deep into the night. When at work, two women sit at the mill facing each other; both have hold of the handle by which the upper is turned round upon the nether millstone. The men do with the whip or crosscut saw. The proverb of Christ is true to life, for women only grind. Dr. Thomson recalls no instance in which men were grinding at the hand-mill. It is tedious, fatiguing work, and slaves or servants are set at it. From the king to "the maid-servant that is behind the mill," therefore, embraced all, from the very highest to the very lowest inhabitants of Egypt. This grinding at the mill was often imposed upon captives taken in war. Thus Samson was abused by the Philistines, and, with Milton for his poet, bitterly laments his cruel lot:

> "To grind in brazen fetters under task,
> Eyeless, in Gaza, at the mill with slaves."



THRESHING-FLOOR AT YEBNA.

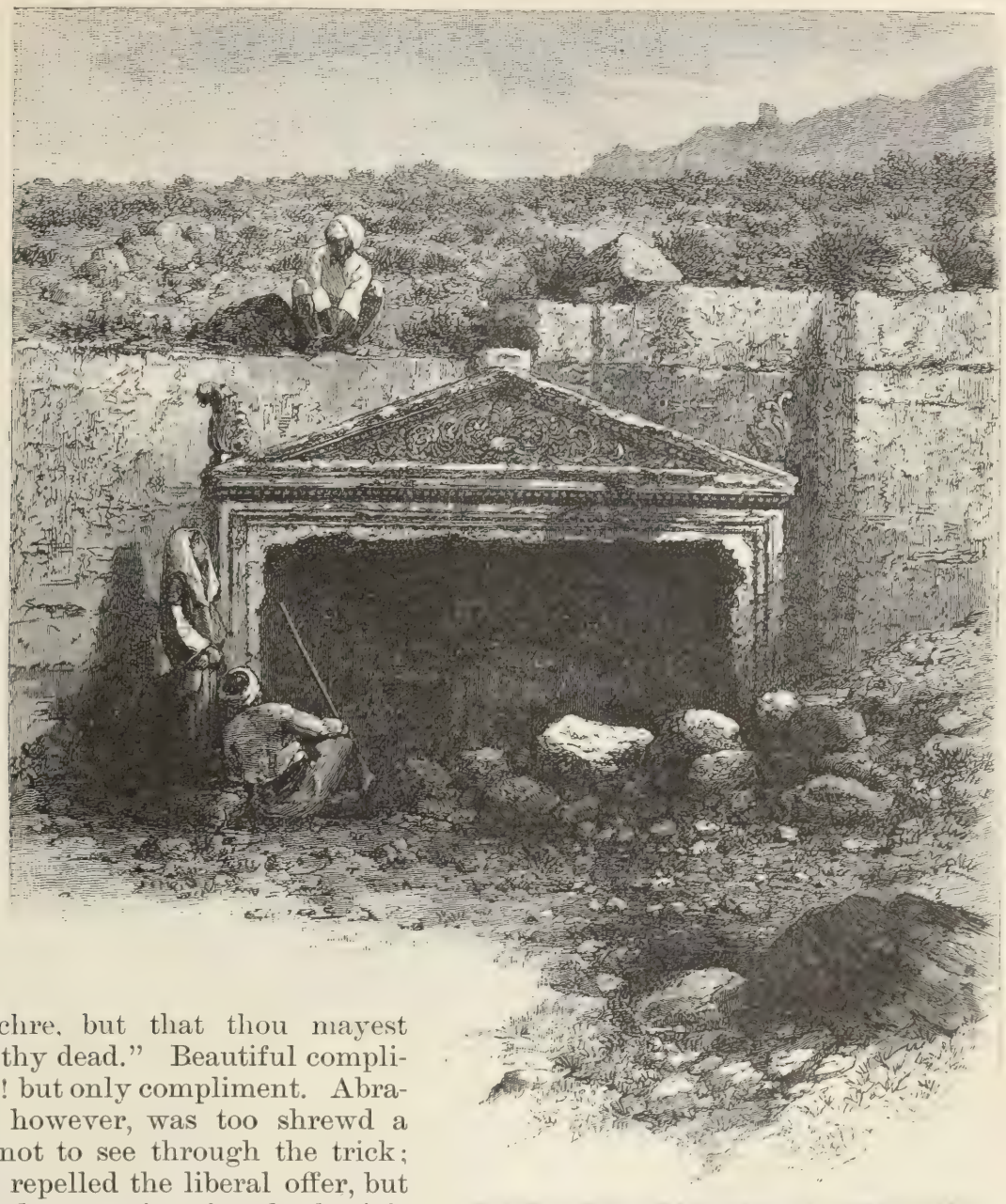
one whose hand is disengaged throws in the grain, as occasion requires, through the hole in the upper stone, which is called el rukkâb, the rider, in Arabic, as it was long ago in Hebrew. It is not correct to say that one pushes it half round, and then the other seizes the handle. This would be slow work, and would give a spasmodic motion to the stone. Both retain their hold, and pull to or push from, as

Every traveller in Palestine learns from experience that he has to pay an ample price for everything he receives and enjoys. There seems to be no fixed price,

but the vender or employé gets all he finds it possible to procure. But one of his methods, peculiar enough, is to begin his bargain by making no charge. We remember that the dragoman to whom we applied at Nablus to conduct us to Damascus refused at first to make any charge whatever for his services, but declared he would be amply rewarded for his eight days' going and returning by the mere companionship of a Frank. On urging him to name a price, he put so high an estimate upon his valuable aid that we were compelled to forego the pleasure of his company. We found out that it was all a ruse. He was hoping to be offered *our* price, thinking it might be a large one, and was determined that if it did not suit him, he would then raise it as high as he might see fit. Every one who has travelled at all leisurely through the country has met with similar instances of shrewd bargaining. Dr. Thomson says he has been presented with hundreds of houses and fields and horses, and by-standers were called in to witness the deed, and a score of protestations and oaths were taken to seal the truth of the donation; all of which meant just nothing, or rather just as great a price as he could possibly be induced to pay. A knowledge of this adroit method of dealing, still current in Palestine, greatly facilitates our understanding of Abraham's purchase of a burial-place for his wife. Hebron is much the same to-day as in his time. If one were to arrange for the purchase of a tomb for a member of his family, he would likely be told that he could have one for nothing. There is great exclusiveness in the matter of tombs, and a high price is expected. The Hittites said to Abraham, on his application for the purchase of one: "Hear us, my lord: thou art a mighty prince among us: in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee his



WOMEN GRINDING AT THE MILL.



TOMBS OF THE JUDGES, VALE OF UPPER KIDRON.

sepulchre, but that thou mayest bury thy dead." Beautiful compliment! but only compliment. Abraham, however, was too shrewd a man not to see through the trick; so he repelled the liberal offer, but insisted on paying for the burial-place. Ephron, with all due politeness, said: "Nay, my lord, hear me: the field give I thee, and the cave that is therein, I give it thee; in the presence of the sons of my people give I it thee: bury thy dead." But Abraham understood the proposition for *buksheesh* too well to accept, and insisted on an outright purchase. So Ephron named four hundred shekels of silver. But "four hundred shekels; what is that betwixt me and thee?" A mere trifle by name, but a very large price in fact. This, however, was serious business for Abraham, and he made no objection. So he proceeded to weigh out the money, just as men do now in Palestine, with a little pair of scales, to see that none of the coins are clipped. But Oriental custom requires that all the specifications be named in every contract. When you buy a house, not only the building, but every room in it, must be named, above and below, down to the kitchen, pantry, stable, and hen-coop. So when Abraham bought a field, he also bought the cave that was therein, and all the trees in the field, and all that were in all the borders round about. Then this sale was effected in public, just as all similar transactions in these days are brought about. When any sale is now effected in a town or village, the whole population turn out to witness it, in the space about the city gate. All the people take part in discussing the matter with as much interest as if they were personally concerned. In this way the transaction acquires legal force; it has many living witnesses.

From the grave we turn to a more



LOWER POOL OF HEBRON.

cheerful scene, namely, a matrimonial event in this same family of the emeer Abraham, and near this same Hebron. The chief servant in the family of a sheik or emeer has very great functions in these days. So it was not at all an unusual occurrence that Eliezer, the steward of Abraham, should have so much respect and confidence shown him as to be made the manager of the matrimonial engagement for Abraham's only son Isaac. Abraham was solicitous that his son should marry one of his own kindred—a desire in exact accord with the customs of Oriental nobility, where a relative has always the preference. The oath of fidelity which Eliezer took was very sacred, and in harmony with his delicate mission. The preparation and outfit for the journey were just what would be made to-day for such an errand and such a distance as that from Hebron to Mesopotamia. On reaching Nahor, Eliezer made his camels kneel down by a well of water at the time of evening, when women go out to draw water. The place of a well, in all the East, determines the site of the village. The people build near it, but the well remains outside of the city. It is about the fountain that travellers and caravans assemble. About the large cities the men carry water, both on donkeys and on their own backs, but in the country villages it is only women who carry the water. The way that Rebekah carried her pitcher or jar was precisely the present Palestinian mode—on her shoulder. She went *down* to the well, for in the East the wells are in the wadies, and are often reached by steps. She watered the camels, and emptied her pitcher into the trough, just as one always sees now beside the fountain. The jewels for the head, neck, and arms are still worn by the women, probably without any variation between Eliezer's days and ours.

Laban's address, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord," was the ordinary Oriental compliment, while the inclusion of the camels in the invitation to come into the house is still kept up. The water to wash the feet, the mode of negotiating the marriage contract, the presenting of the gifts, and the management of the whole affair by the parents, with the advice of the eldest son, however, are all in precise accord with the customs of our time in Syria and Mesopotamia.

which has undergone so many changes, or rather complete revolutions, should preserve so many traces of its original life and thought. We suspect, however, that with the new interest in Palestine there will be large accessions to this store of parallels between the former times and the present. We observe in this new edition of Dr. Thomson's work that the publishers have provided it with an entirely new set of illustrations, derived from fresh observations in Palestine. Having



ARABS AT THE WELL.

In taking leave of this first installment of the new edition of Dr. Thomson's work, we can not forbear to express our admiration for his great fidelity to his original plan of tracing the truth of the Scriptures in the Oriental life of the present times, and for the important additions he has made to his group of evidences. Were it not for his array of indisputable facts, it would seem almost incredible that a land

been for nearly half a century an American missionary in Palestine, Dr. Thomson has had better opportunities than any man now living for close observation of the life and habits of the people. In addition, he has made wise use of the labors of Warren, Wilson, Conder, and all the recent explorers sent out by the exploration societies of Great Britain, France, Germany, and America.

THE IRON PEN,

MADE FROM A FETTER OF BONNIVARD, THE PRISONER OF CHILLON;
THE HANDLE OF WOOD FROM THE FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION," AND BOUND WITH A CIRCLET OF GOLD,
INSET WITH THREE PRECIOUS STONES FROM SIBERIA, CEYLON, AND MAINE.

I THOUGHT this Pen would arise
From the casket where it lies—
  Of itself would arise, and write
My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the pines,
I dreamed these gems from the mines
  Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine
Would glimmer as thoughts in the lines;

That this iron link from the chain
Of Bonnivard might retain
  Some verse of the Poet who sang
Of the prisoner and his pain;

That this wood from the frigate's mast
Might write me a rhyme at last,
  As it used to write on the sky
The song of the sea and the blast.

But motionless as I wait,
Like a Bishop lying in state
  Lies the Pen, with its mitre of gold,
And its jewels inviolate.

Then must I speak, and say
That the light of that summer day
  In the garden under the pines
Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there,
Caressed by the fragrant air,
  With the shadow on your face,
And the sunshine on your hair.

I shall hear the sweet low tone
Of a voice before unknown,
  Saying, "This is from me to you—
From me, and to you alone."

And in words not idle and vain
I shall answer, and thank you again
  For the gift, and the grace of the gift,
O beautiful Helen of Maine!

And forever this gift will be
As a blessing from you to me,
  As a drop of the dew of your youth
On the leaves of an aged tree.



OLD HEMPSTEAD HOUSE.

HEAVY and regular, like the recurrent strokes of a sledge-hammer, the hoofs of Sheriff Joshua Hempstead's horse strike the Norwich turnpike, and horse and rider, alike stout of heart and strong of limb, go lumbering on through the darkness. The dwellers in the scattered farm-houses, as they turn in their beds, recognize that steady thud, thud, and it gives them a sense of security, for they know that all rogues must flee before the valiant sheriff of New London. Every three miles he passes a tavern. At Dodge's, nearest the town, they are putting up the shutters, and a colored valet is endeavoring to persuade an inebriated gentleman to leave the basset table, and venture on what is sure to prove a tempestuous voyage, to his home just around the corner. At Fink's tavern, further on, fiddles and bassoon still keep up a jovial din, and flying silhouettes are thrown upon the window-shades, a kaleidoscopic panorama of ribboned queues and high combs on cushioned hair, for Fink's is the favorite tavern to which to drive for dances. The horses waiting in the shed, and harnessed to quaint sulkies, gigs, chaises, one-horse chairs, and phaetons—very different vehicles from those which bear the name nowadays

(for this was during the war of the Revolution)—neigh to the powerful horse that strides over the road; and the sleepy hostlers and grooms shake themselves, and wonder what rascal is doomed now. Then they note the good points of the sheriff's horse, and tell how when a thief sprang down an "off-set" eight feet high, the horse leaped after him, and pinned him down by the clothing with his fore-feet until his master could alight and secure him. At Horton's tavern all is dark and quiet, but Hempstead refreshes his horse at the trough, and the landlord, unbolting a shutter, first shows a night-capped head, and then brings out a stirrup-cup to strengthen the arm of the law. On through the night, till at Norwich the sheriff secures his prisoners—two runaway sailors, who, having pocketed the bounty paid for enlisting, have determined to quit the service while they are still in a condition to enjoy it—and at early dawn he sets out again for New London, tying his prisoners together, and driving them before him. While still at a distance from the town he notices that the fastenings have become loosed, and that the sailors are free. He springs from his horse, but the men at the same instant exchange glances: their only safety is in separation, and they set out at a run in different directions. The sheriff plunges after one, but the other is already out of sight in the wood, and his escape seems very probable. Joshua Hempstead has returned to the place where he alighted from his horse, holding the arm of the unlucky sailor in his powerful clutch, but the animal which he neglected in his haste to fasten is no longer there. The captive grins at this contretemps; but a whinny is heard a little further on, and the sheriff drags his unwilling companion toward the sound. There stands the black horse, with his teeth in the collar of the other runaway. When his master had given chase to the first, he had comprehended the situation, and dashed after the other. Sheriff and deputy-sheriff return in triumph with their prisoners, and deputy is after this a public character in New London. He carried the dispatches between Boston and New London during the war, bringing the news of the battle of Bunker Hill in one day and night—a distance, as the road was then travelled, of one hundred and ten miles. And Joshua Hempstead was no light weight: "there were giants in those days." When lately the sheriff's bones were removed from one cemetery to another, men gazed with wonder at his colossal frame, whose huge jaw-bones would have fitted easily as a visor over any modern countenance.

The work of New London during the Revolution was very much the same as Sheriff Joshua Hempstead's—that of furnishing sailors, willing or unwilling, for the American navy. The antiquarian, turning over snuff-colored files of the *Connecticut Gazette*, a little sheet published in New London during the Revolution, will be struck by the frequent insertion of notices such as the following:

"All Gentlemen Volunteers who are desirous of making their fortunes in 8 weeks' time are hereby informed the fine Privateer called the *New Broome*, mounting 16 pieces and 4 Pounders, besides swivels, is now fitted out for an 8 weeks' cruise near Sandy Hook, in the Sound, and will have the best chance that there has been this War of taking Prizes. She only waits for a few more Men, and then will immediately sail for her cruise.

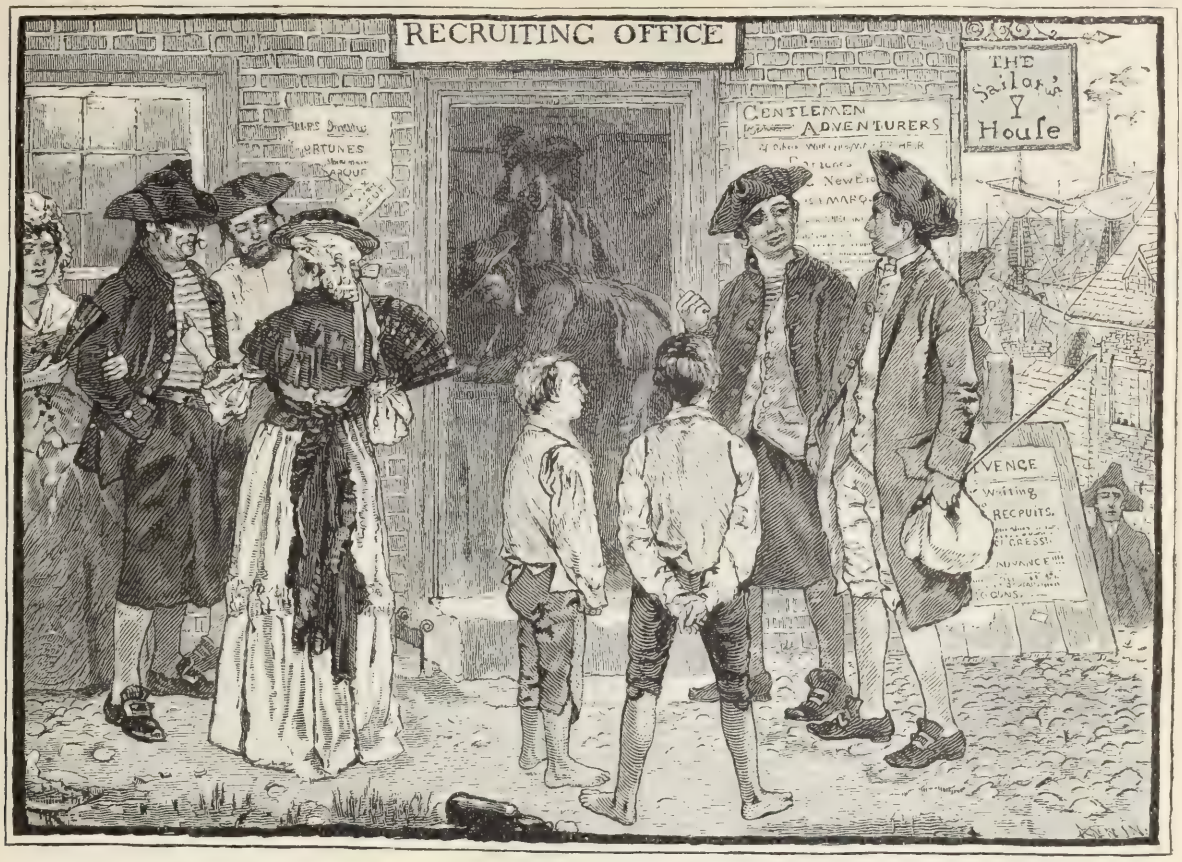
"*July* 25, 1778."

"The new and swift sailing Privateer Brigantine *Le Marquis de la Fayette*, mounting sixteen 6 pound Cannon, with Swivels and Small Arms compleat, will sail on a Cruise against the enemies of these United States in eight days from the date hereof at farthest. All Gentlemen Seamen and able-bodied Landsmen who are desirous of making their fortune an Opportunity now presents, by applying on Board said Brig, when they will meet with good Encouragement. PETER RICHARDS.

"NEW LONDON, *Feb.* 7, 1781."

The call is repeated again and again, with very little variation except in the names of commanders and vessels. In the latter a grim humor is often displayed. The *New Broome*, already mentioned, was evidently designed to become a "besom of destruction." The *Wilful Murder* and the *Sturdy Beggar*, both authentic names of privateers, strike a somewhat piratical key-note, but they were regularly commissioned vessels of war sailing under letters of marque and reprisal issued by the government, and stand in the relation of great-grandfathers to our present navy. The official history of the navy of the Revolution is comprised in the corsair-like exploits of these privateers.

In December, 1775, Congress chose a committee for carrying into execution its resolutions for fitting out armed vessels. New London became the head-quarters for the Connecticut quota. Its fitness as a naval station is demonstrated by a re-



A REVOLUTIONARY RECRUITING OFFICE—PRIVATEERSMEN IN NEW LONDON.

port made to the British government in 1774, before the breaking out of the Revolution:

"New London, the best harbor in Connecticut, from the light-house at the mouth of the harbor to the town is about three miles, a breadth of three-fourths of a mile, from five to six fathoms of water, and entirely secure and commodious one mile above the town for large ships. The principal trade is to the West India Islands, excepting now and then a vessel to Ireland and England, and a few to Gibraltar and Barbary. There are 72 sail now belonging to this district, in which there are 406 sea-faring men employed, besides upward of 20 sail of coasting vessels. Almost every sort of British manufactures are here imported, of £150,000 or £160,000 sterling per annum. The custom-house officers here are attentive to their duty, besides which this harbor is so situated that the coming in from the sea is between the east end of Long Island and Block Island, and by the west end of Fisher's Island, where the king's cruisers are generally upon the look-out, and very critical in examining the vessels they meet with," etc.

Blank letters of marque were sent to the Governor of Connecticut, vessels were built and remodelled, notices requesting "Gentlemen Volunteers" began to appear in the *Gazette*, and the work of enlisting went merrily on. Four captains' commissions were issued by Congress at this time—one to Dudley Saltonstall, of New London, who afterward rose to the rank of commodore. Among those receiving the rank of lieutenant at the same date was the famous John Paul Jones. Twenty-six vessels were fitted out from Connecticut, and sailed away to dispute the arrogant boast:

"The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain,
And not a sail but by permission spreads."

Prizes as they were brought in were announced in the *Gazette*, and referred to the decision of the Maritime Court, where the owners of the property seized were summoned to appear and claim their goods, first having proved themselves loyal to the new government. The following summons is taken at random from a score of similar ones, and will serve as an example of the established procedure:

"*State of Connecticut, ss.*, } To whom it may concern:
County of New London. }

"KNOW YE that Libels are filed before the Honorable Richard Law, Esq., Judge of the Maritime Court of New London, in Favour of John Murow, Commander, Elias Parshal, Owner, and the Men on board the Sloop *Hulker*, against two Whale Boats laden with British Goods taken on the 18 of March, 1781....In Favour of Amos Judson, Commander of Boat *Revenge*, and his Associates, against two trunks and a Box of European and India Goods seized and taken on Long Island....Which Whale Boats and Goods the Libellants claim as Lawful Prizes. The hearing of said Libels will be at New London the 17 Day of April, 1781: of which all persons claiming Property are to take due notice. Per Order of the Judge. WINTHROP SALTONSTALL, Regr."

It is an acknowledged fact that naval stations are the gayest society centres, and while the personnel of the little navy of the Revolution were busied with exciting enterprises taxing their courage and endurance on the high seas, they were all the more ready to indulge in social enjoyments when in port. The ladies of New London, too, were as patriotic as they were handsome, and devised innumerable entertainments for their gallant defenders. The Marine Tavern and the Golden Ball in the town, as well as the inns on the Norwich and Old Lyme turnpikes, became scenes of revelry, while private mansions outvied each other in hospitality. Some of the old mansions of the town are particularly rich in miniatures and others in oil-paintings of the ladies of this period—refined, sweet faces, set off by elaborate coiffures and great ruffs. The miniatures painted by Mrs. Champlin at the beginning of this century, in especial those of the Coit sisters, have a delicacy of treatment and a purity of sentiment peculiarly suited to the fair young faces of her sitters. The family portrait gallery of the Shaw family introduces us most vividly to the early society of New London. It is difficult not to imagine while gazing on these aristocratic dames, stately gentlemen, and gentle girls who surround us, standing at full



A GARDEN PARTY GIVEN TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.



PORTRAIT GALLERY IN THE SHAW MANSION.

length in their tall frames, that they are looking at us through open doors—that Madam Temperance Shaw, in her white satin and mob-cap, with the open Bible in her hand, is not expecting a visit from her pastor, the Reverend Gurdon Saltonstall. Nathaniel Shaw, her son, with his long light locks, sober dress, and knee and shoe buckles, reminds us of William Penn, but of William Penn minus his rotund figure. In his almost Quaker simplicity of attire he forms a decided contrast to his courtly wife, in her stiff gold-colored satin dress, bosomed like Rubens's wife, with pearls in her hair and around her beautiful throat; she holds a red rose in one shapely hand, and as she stands there is the embodiment of haughty aristocracy. And yet this proud dame, when the war ships in Shaw's Cove, on which the mansion fronts, were full of men dying with ship-fever, opened her house, turning it into a hospital, nursed the stricken men with her own hands, and fell at last, sad to say, a victim to the same malignant disease. What a romance might be written in this picture-gallery! The next portrait is that of pretty Polly Shaw, sister of Nathaniel Shaw. The portrait represents her at fifteen, in a dress of white satin, simply cut, with a square neck; its only ornament is a formal cross-of-Malta-shaped rosette of four loops of satin ribbon, with a tear-shaped pearl in the centre. All innocence, is our thought as we look at the serious young face. She stands in a garden, with a basket of fruit and a shade hat upon her arm. "She is going to visit the poor," said my companion; "we need not be told that she married a minister." Here too is the portrait of her daughter, a coquettish woman in a "bee-hive" headdress, which reminds us of the portraits of Madame Le Brun in her white muslin turban. She holds a baby on her lap—a baby who, grown to man's estate, became the father of the present generation now occupying the house. How far back it throws everything! And yet, as we walk through the manorial house, peep into the library with its portrait of Cromwell in armor, stand reverently in the room that entertained Washington, half expecting to see his figure held as by a sensitive plate in the high mirror, and stroll through alleys of box that rise a high hedge on either hand, up the knoll crowned with a summer-house a century and a half old, where Lafayette, who visited the place twice, probably toasted the bright eyes of pretty Polly Shaw in those spiral-stemmed, monogram-engraved Champagne glasses, and Washington presided at the lawn party, ladling

the punch from the magnificent Chinese bowl—how real and near it all seems! These pictured ladies are the real and only dwellers here; we flesh-and-blood intruders are only ghosts.

There are not many old houses in New London so rich in associations, for when Arnold burned the town in 1781 he made thorough work, anxious to ingratiate himself with his commanders by doing all the injury in his power to the cause he had deserted. Every locality has its epoch to which it refers in determining the date of every event; in New London nothing is old which did not exist "before the burning."

No attempt was made to defend the town at this time, the militiamen, one hundred and fifty-seven in number, attempting only the defense of Fort Griswold, on the other side of the river, under the command of Colonel Ledyard. The greater part of the town was laid in ashes. While it was being fired, Arnold dined at the Christopher house—a quaint old wooden building, still standing, and next to the imposing stone mansion of the Shaws; its roof projects like that of a Swiss chalet over a porch, and from it depend ancient trellises of antiquated pattern. Mr. Christopher was a rank old Tory, but a very good friend of Mr. Shaw; and when the beautiful old manor-house, which had been built of limestone, was fired, he extinguished the flames by pouring on them a vat of vinegar from the roof of his wood-house.

Miss Caulkins, the author of *The History of New London*, laments in a little poem the absence of antiquities in the town:

"We've nothing old: our parchment proofs,
Our red-ink print, our damask woofs,
All perished with our gabled roofs
When Arnold burnt the town.

"The strange, quaint fashions of old time—
Three-cornered hats, white wigs sublime,
Red cloaks, knee-buckles—left our clime
When Arnold burnt the town.

"Hood-pinners, and blue homespun dye,
The pillion, and the ride and tye,
The spinning-wheels, long since went by,
When Arnold burnt the town.

"Our London is forever New,
Our Father Thames runs on as blue,
As smooth, as on that day of rue
When Arnold burnt the town."

It is possible that the very destruction of the greater part of their household gods caused those that were rescued to be cherished with greater care than is usually the case. Certain it is that New London is quite as rich in relics of old time as most towns of its size. Old china of exquisite shape and translucency may be found carefully treasured here. I recall one set that would have made the heart of an Avis swell with envy. Each piece was decorated, not with a single bright feather, but with a different bird, herons, doves, hawks, storks, and sparrows pencilled so finely that they resembled drawings or engravings. The Washington and sailor's keepsake pitchers so much prized by collectors are occasionally found. The owner of the bird set possesses one with the inscription:

"When riding o'er the Mountain wave,
The Hardy Sailor, ever brave,
He laughs at danger, smiles at fate,
And risks his life to save his mate."

A pewter porringer supported by dolphins, and a coffee-urn of very graceful shape, are heirlooms in the same family. The coffee at evening parties was often not only made but ground at the table. The lover of Pope will recall the lines:

"For lo! the board with cup and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
Coffee which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes."

The fragrant cups were passed, it is very possible, by some negro footman, for slavery early found a lodgment here. It is interesting to see how this question was viewed by some of the wise and good of ancient times. In the early days of the colony, before the importation of negroes, the Indians were sold as slaves. We quote from a letter to John Winthrop:

"Sir,—Mr. Endecot and myself salute you in the Lord Jesus, etc. Wee have heard of a dividence of women and children [Pequot captives] in the bay, and would bee glad of a share, viz., a young woman or girle and a boy, if you think good. I wrote to you for some boyes for Bermudas."

In the following letter, to the same, written in 1645, a scheme for the slave-trade is broached:

"If upon a Just warre with the Narraganset the Lord should deliuer them into our hands, wee might easily haue men, women, and children enough to exchange for Moores, which wil be more gaynefull pilladge for us then wee conceive, for I doe not see how wee can thrive vntill wee gett into a stock of slaves sufficient to doe all our buisines, for our children's children will hardly see this great Continent filled

with people, soe that our servants will still desire freedome to plant for them selves, and not stay but for very great wages. And I suppose you know verie well how wee shall maynteyne 20 Moores cheaper than one Englishe servant."

The *Connecticut Gazette* during the Revolution contained frequent advertisements for runaway slaves, among them, "very black negro men," branded with scars received in Africa, "Mustee boys," and "Indian women." The time seemed to have been seized upon for a general hegira. The reward offered for their return was seldom more than five dollars.

Dr. Johnson's derisive taunt, that "the loudest yelps for liberty" were heard from a slave-keeping people, seems to us at this day to have been not without its justice.

We have already touched on the matter of dress. The enaction of rigid sumptuary laws was proposed during the Revolution by a letter of instruction to the Connecticut members of Congress, written in 1774 by Rev. Gurdon Saltonstall, chairman of a committee from the counties of New London and Windham.

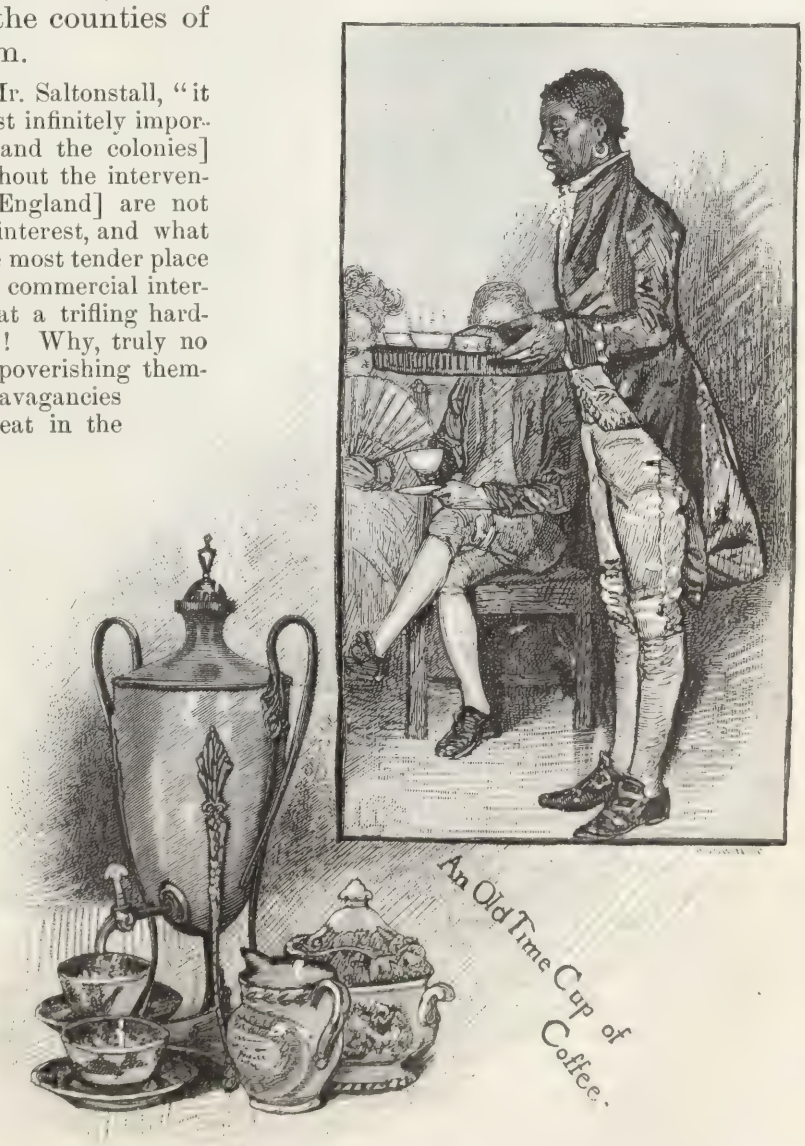
"However, gentlemen," says Mr. Saltonstall, "it is at least possible that this almost infinitely important dispute [between England and the colonies] may be brought to a decision without the intervention of carnage. The Nation [England] are not blind and callous to their own interest, and what can so effectually touch that in the most tender place as in good earnest to break off all commercial intercourse with Great Britain? What a trifling hardship should we be subjected to! Why, truly no more than for many to cease impoverishing themselves in the pursuit of the extravagancies and luxuries of the rich and great in the Mother Country. But even if we were for a while reduced to Bread and Water, or Mallows and Juniper for food, and Sheep-skins and Goat-skins for covering, what would that be to deluging our country with blood too pretious to be spilled in vain? and yet that would be preferable and far sooner take place than a submission to such horrid and unnatural oppression."

Some of the people of Connecticut were not satisfied with "sheep-skins and goat-skins" *au naturel* for clothing, but preferred the intervention of the looms and dyes of England to convert them into elegant fabrics, and a small business was done in surreptitious importation. British manufactures, whether smuggled or seized as prizes by privateers, were advertised throughout the entire war. We quote again from the *Gazette:* "A number of pieces of choice brocaded and other English silks, flowr'd, strip'd, blossom'd, blue, pink, and green lutestrings and sarcenets," are advertised with "Pad Locks, Raisons, Ostrich Feathers, Rum, Sickles, Allum, and Bohea Tea. Good Pork taken in pay for goods."

Even the very first of the New London settlers gave some attention to fashion and to smart clothing, as we may judge from one of the oldest wills extant in the county, that of Mary Harries, in 1655:

"I give to my daughter Mary my blew mohere peticote and my straw hatt and a fether boulster. And to her eldest sonne a silver spoone. To her second a silver whissel.

"I give to my youngest daughter a peece of red



An Old Time Cup of Coffee.

broad-cloth; alsoe a damask livery cloth, a gold ring, a silver spoone, a fether-bed and a boulster, my best hat, my gowne, a brass kettle. Alsoe I give my three daughters of the dyaper table cloth.

"I give to my sister Migges a red peticoat, a silke hud, a quoife, and a neck cloth.



PATTY HEMPSTEAD IN HER GRAN'THER'S WAISTCOAT.

"To my daughter Elizabeth, my great chest. To Mary, a ciffer [coiffure?]. To my brother Kawlin, a lased band.

"I give to Rebekah Bruen a pynt pot of pewter, a new petticoat and wascote wch she is to spin herselfe; alsoe an old byble and a hat wch was my sonn Thomas his hatt.

"The mark of MARY HARRIES.

"Wittness hearunto:
"JOHN WINTHROP" and others.

In the Hempstead house, the oldest building now standing in New London—a fortified house which dates back to the founding of the town in 1645—is still carefully preserved a sky-blue satin waistcoat heavily embroidered with silver thread; it belonged to some ancestor of the sturdy sheriff, whose huge gun, of a make anterior to the old Queen's arm, still hangs on the hooks in the "summer-tree," a rafter running across the "keeping-room" ceiling. The waistcoat's owner could not have been of the same stuff as the bearer of the heavy musket. We fancy him some cavalier

> "Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

It was probably when the sumptuary laws were favorably regarded that Patty Hempstead, finding her father averse to the purchase of a new ball dress in which she might shine before the young naval officers, desecrated the sacred vestment of

the courtier ancestor by a pair of rash little scissors, which changed the relic of stately awkwardness into a jaunty "jockey" or jacket, which, worn over an India muslin, must have been "marvellous becoming" to Miss Patty. The waistcoat has been restored as nearly as possible to its original shape, but it still bears the snippings of the scissors which adapted it to the softer outlines of the feminine form. The "jockey" must have figured at a dance, for dancing was about the only amusement. There was no theatre or opera here; no "art atmosphere," as at Newport. The popular sports, the dance excepted, were of a grim nature. Pope-day was annually celebrated on the 5th of November, the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. Two effigies were exhibited, one representing the pope and the other the devil, each with a head of hollow pumpkin, illuminated from within by a candle, the pope wearing a paper tiara and the archfiend a pair of horns. The procession passed through the principal streets, the effigies being borne on men's shoulders. Songs were sung, and it halted frequently to levy contributions of money or refreshments from every house of any importance. The day closed with the burning of the two figures, while the crowd danced around the pyre.

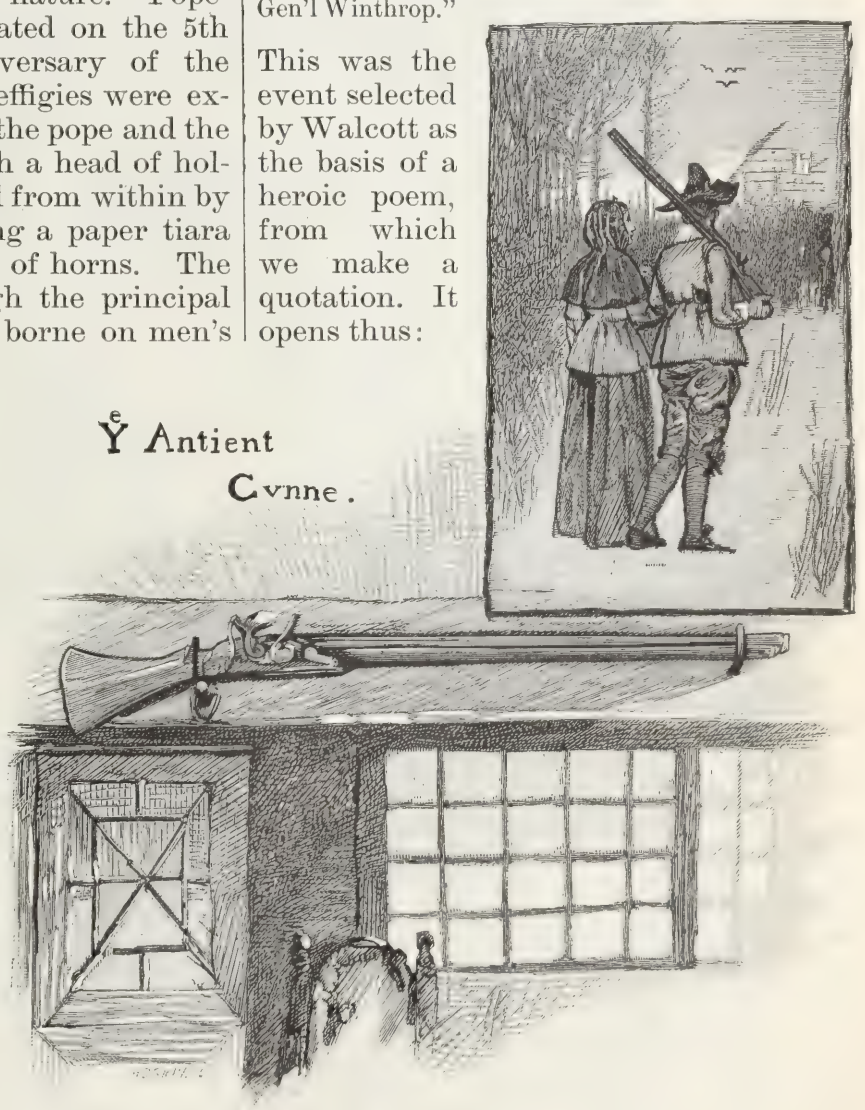
In 1729 the first approach to a circus visited the town—a lion drawn in an ox-cart. The previous autumn it had travelled from New York to Albany. While in New London the illustrious stranger was lodged in Madam Winthrop's stable.

Deer were hunted on Fisher's Island. A record remains of a famous hunting party in 1739, in which Colonel Saltonstall brought down a doe and Mr. George Mumford two bucks, one of which was immediately sent by a carrier to Mr. Wanton at Newport. Fisher's Island remained through six generations the property of the Winthrops. This family is the one most celebrated in the early annals of the town. Fitz-John Winthrop, major-general in the Indian wars, was for many years Governor of Connecticut.

The records of the State of the year 1693 state that

"This Court by their vote made choyse of Major Generall Fitz John Winthrop to be their agent to goe ouer for England and to endeauoure to present our addresse to their Ma^ties and to obteeyn in the best way and maner he shall be capeable a confirmation of our charter priuiledges. The Court grants a rate of a penny upon the pound of all the rateable estate in the Colony to defray the charge of sending an agent to England, and if any can not pay money they haue liberty to pay doble in wheat, rye, pease, or indian. Rev. Gurdon Saltonstall is invited to go to England with Gen'l Winthrop."

This was the event selected by Walcott as the basis of a heroic poem, from which we make a quotation. It opens thus:



"Learned Winthrop then by general consent
Sat at the helm to sway the government,
Who prudently the people doth advise
To ask the king for chartered liberties,
All like his counsel well, and all reply,
Sir, you must undertake our agency."

The Winthrop mansion still stands, and is an exceedingly interesting one; the "best room" is panelled, and the fire-

place surrounded with tiles of Scriptural design. Another building that escaped "the burning" is the old "Manwaring house." The family deserted it on the approach of the British, and returning after their departure, found a wounded Hessian lying upon the floor. The "General Huntington house"—an imposing mansion, but not so old as those already mentioned—was modelled after Washington's residence at Mount Vernon. There remains little record of schools; probably Yale College supplied the needs of higher education. Nathan Hale, the martyr spy, taught a boys' school here before the Revolution.



Old tiled Fire Place, Winthrop House.

The church history of these early times abounds in interesting episodes. The Rev. Mather Byles, so well remembered as the son of the wittiest of clergymen after Swift, was first settled in New London. But he found his parish little to his liking. The people were given to practical jokes. The Quakers came and sat in his church with their broad-brims on, their wives bringing their spinning-wheels and spinning in the aisles.

Gurdon Saltonstall, another facetious minister, resigned his functions as a preacher for the office of Governor. A religious sect arose professing allegiance to Christ only, and acknowledging no authority in the civil law. Among other peculiarities of their creed was the right to contract marriage without the sanction of the civil authorities. A man named Gorton was their leader. He appeared before Governor Saltonstall one day, as his Excellency was peacefully smoking his long pipe, and announced that he was married to a woman whom he had brought with him, and that without the sanction of the law. The Governor serenely removed his pipe, and asked, "And thou art determined to have this woman to thy wife?"

"I am," replied Gorton.

"And you, madam, have taken this man for your husband?"

"That I have, Sir," was the prompt reply.

"Then," exclaimed the Governor, "by the authority and in accordance with the laws of the State of Connecticut, I pronounce you legally man and wife."

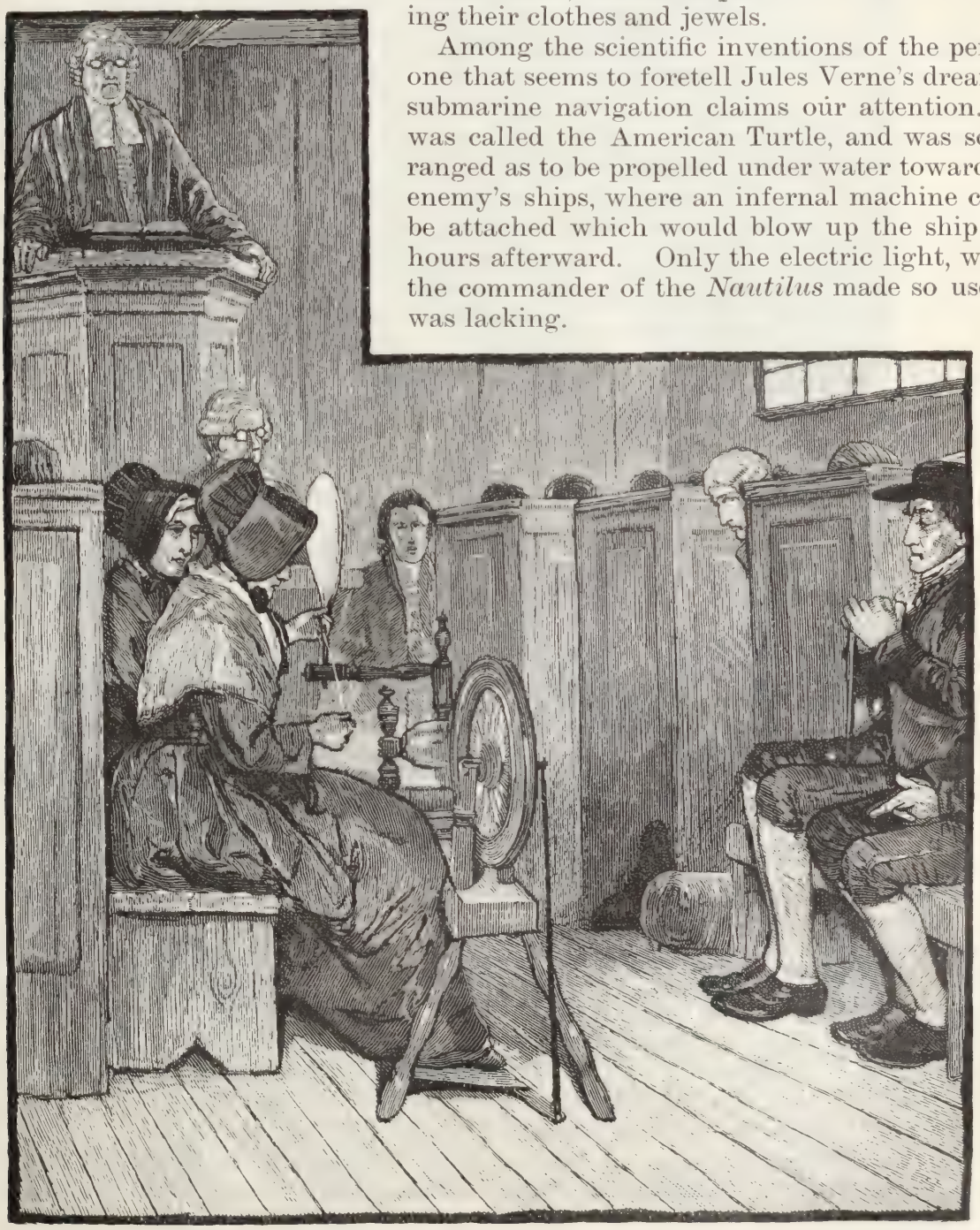
"Gurdon, thou art a cunning creature," replied the discomfited Gorton.

All the religious sects then known in America were represented in New London. Here were to be found the

> "Churchman,....fond of power;
> The Quaker, sly; the Presbyterian, sour;
> The smart Freethinker, all things in an hour."

It was in New London, says Trumbull, that the Separatists, or Baptists, carried their enthusiasm to such a degree that they made a large fire to burn their books, clothes, and ornaments, which they called their idols. This imaginary work of piety and self-denial they undertook on the Lord's day, and brought their clothes, books, necklaces, and jewels together in the main street. They began with burning their erroneous books, but were prevented from destroying their clothes and jewels.

Among the scientific inventions of the period, one that seems to foretell Jules Verne's dream of submarine navigation claims our attention. It was called the American Turtle, and was so arranged as to be propelled under water toward the enemy's ships, where an infernal machine could be attached which would blow up the ship five hours afterward. Only the electric light, which the commander of the *Nautilus* made so useful, was lacking.



MATHER BYLES PREACHING TO QUAKERS.

How many luckless expeditions for buried treasure have been carried on along these shores, stimulated by the history of Kidd's visit to Gardiner's Island, just across the Sound, in his black-flag sloop *Antonio*, which he commanded after sinking his first ship, the *Adventure*. How ton Mr. Gardiner trembled and hesitated when ordered by the Earl of Bellmont to give up the chests.

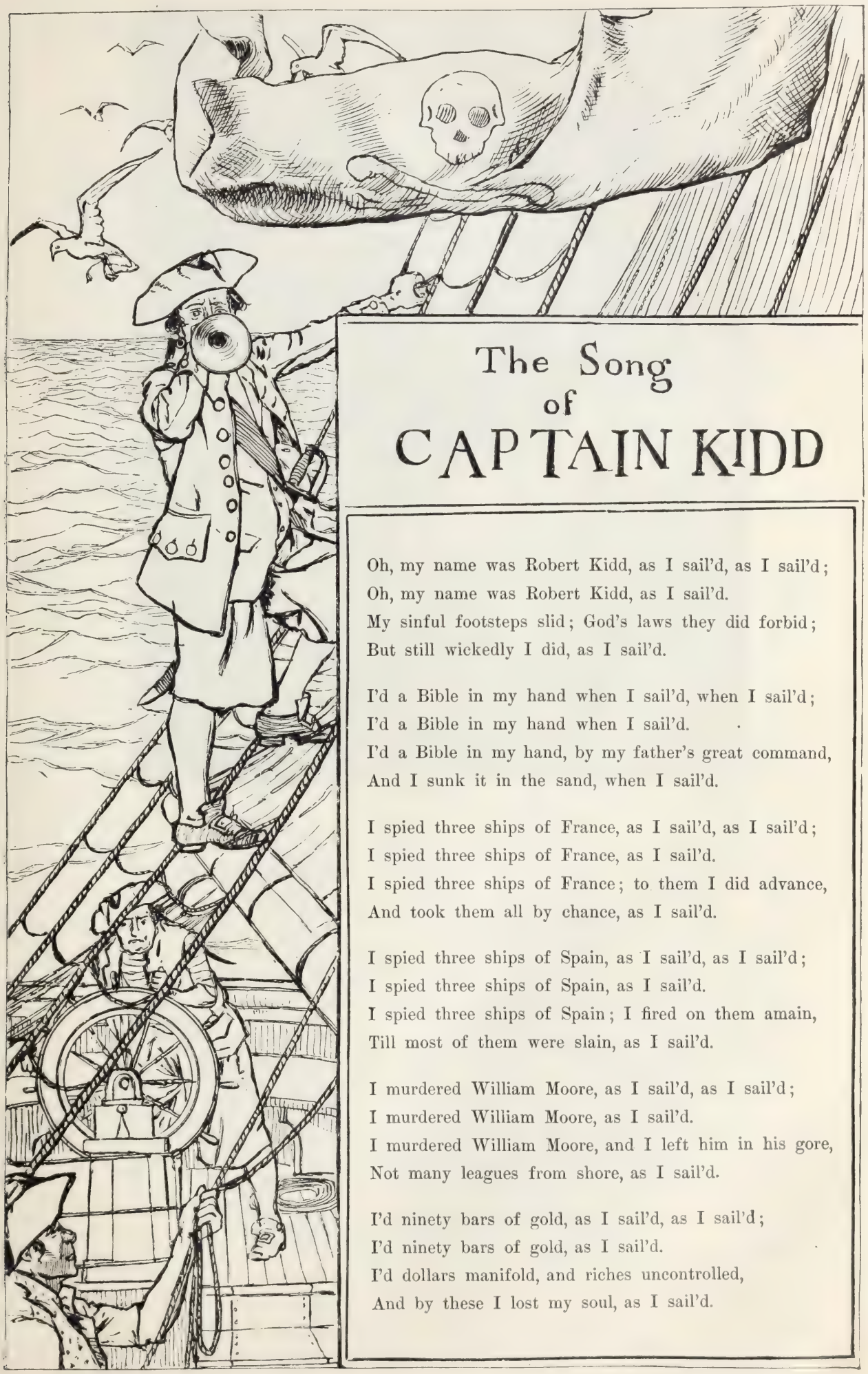
A favorite haunt of Captain Kidd's was at Block Island, at a lonely house occupied by Mercy Raymond, whose husband was much of the time absent at New Lon-



CAPTAIN KIDD'S GIFT TO MERCY RAYMOND.

like an old romance is the account of Mrs. Gardiner's roasting a pig for the pirate prince, and "cooking it so very nice" that he made her a present of enough cloth of gold to make dresses for her two daughters, while her frightened husband was made the unwilling guardian of the iron chests buried in the swamp, with the injunction that he must answer for their safe-keeping with his head. No wonder that even after Kidd was secured at Bosdon. Here, the legend says, Captain Kidd brought a strange lady, whom he called his wife, and whom Mercy Raymond boarded for a considerable time. When he finally departed he bade Mercy hold out her apron, which he filled with handfuls of gold and jewels.

The lamentable ballad of Captain Kidd, which we subjoin, gives his name as Robert, but more authentic records assert that it was William:



The Song of CAPTAIN KIDD

Oh, my name was Robert Kidd, as I sail'd, as I sail'd;
Oh, my name was Robert Kidd, as I sail'd.
My sinful footsteps slid; God's laws they did forbid;
But still wickedly I did, as I sail'd.

I'd a Bible in my hand when I sail'd, when I sail'd;
I'd a Bible in my hand when I sail'd.
I'd a Bible in my hand, by my father's great command,
And I sunk it in the sand, when I sail'd.

I spied three ships of France, as I sail'd, as I sail'd;
I spied three ships of France, as I sail'd.
I spied three ships of France; to them I did advance,
And took them all by chance, as I sail'd.

I spied three ships of Spain, as I sail'd, as I sail'd;
I spied three ships of Spain, as I sail'd.
I spied three ships of Spain; I fired on them amain,
Till most of them were slain, as I sail'd.

I murdered William Moore, as I sail'd, as I sail'd;
I murdered William Moore, as I sail'd.
I murdered William Moore, and I left him in his gore,
Not many leagues from shore, as I sail'd.

I'd ninety bars of gold, as I sail'd, as I sail'd;
I'd ninety bars of gold, as I sail'd.
I'd dollars manifold, and riches uncontrolled,
And by these I lost my soul, as I sail'd.



BLOSSOMS.

THEY met while yet the year was young,
And 'mid the blossoming boughs they sung,
Like other birds, their tale of love.

Like other birds they wandered free
In tender shade of bush or tree,
Or sunlight of the sky above.

They wandered free, and loved the dawn,
Brushed with their wings the dews at morn,
And innocently sped the days.

Like other birds, when autumn came,
Sure it could never be the same,
They went alone their separate ways,

With half a smile and half a sigh,
When, as the winter hours go by,
Comes, like a melody's refrain,

A scent of blossoms, softly flung,
They murmur, "When the year was young
'Twas sweet. 'Twill never come again."

Londons Glory, and *Whittingtons* Renown

OR,

A Looking-Glass for Citizens of *LONDON*

BRave London Printices,
come liften to my Song,
Tis for your glory all,
and to you doth belong,
And you poor Country Lads,
though born of low degree
See by gods providence,
what you in time may bee,

Hear muft I tell the praife,
of worthy Whittington.
Known to be in his dayes,
thrice Lord Mayor of London.

But of poor parentage,
born was he as we heare,
And in his tender age,
bred up in Lancashire,

Poorely to London, then,
came up this Simple lad,
Where with a Marchant-man,
foon he a dwelling had,
And in a Kitchen plac'd
a Scullion for to be,
Where a long time he paft,
in drudging flavery.



His dayly ſervice was,
turning Spitts at the fire,
And to ſcour potts of Braſſ,
for a poore Scullions hire.

So from the Marchant-man
Whittington ſecretly
Towards his Country ran,
to gaine his liberte.



A ſharp Cook Maid there was,
that beat him day by day.
Which made him in his mind,
think for to run away.

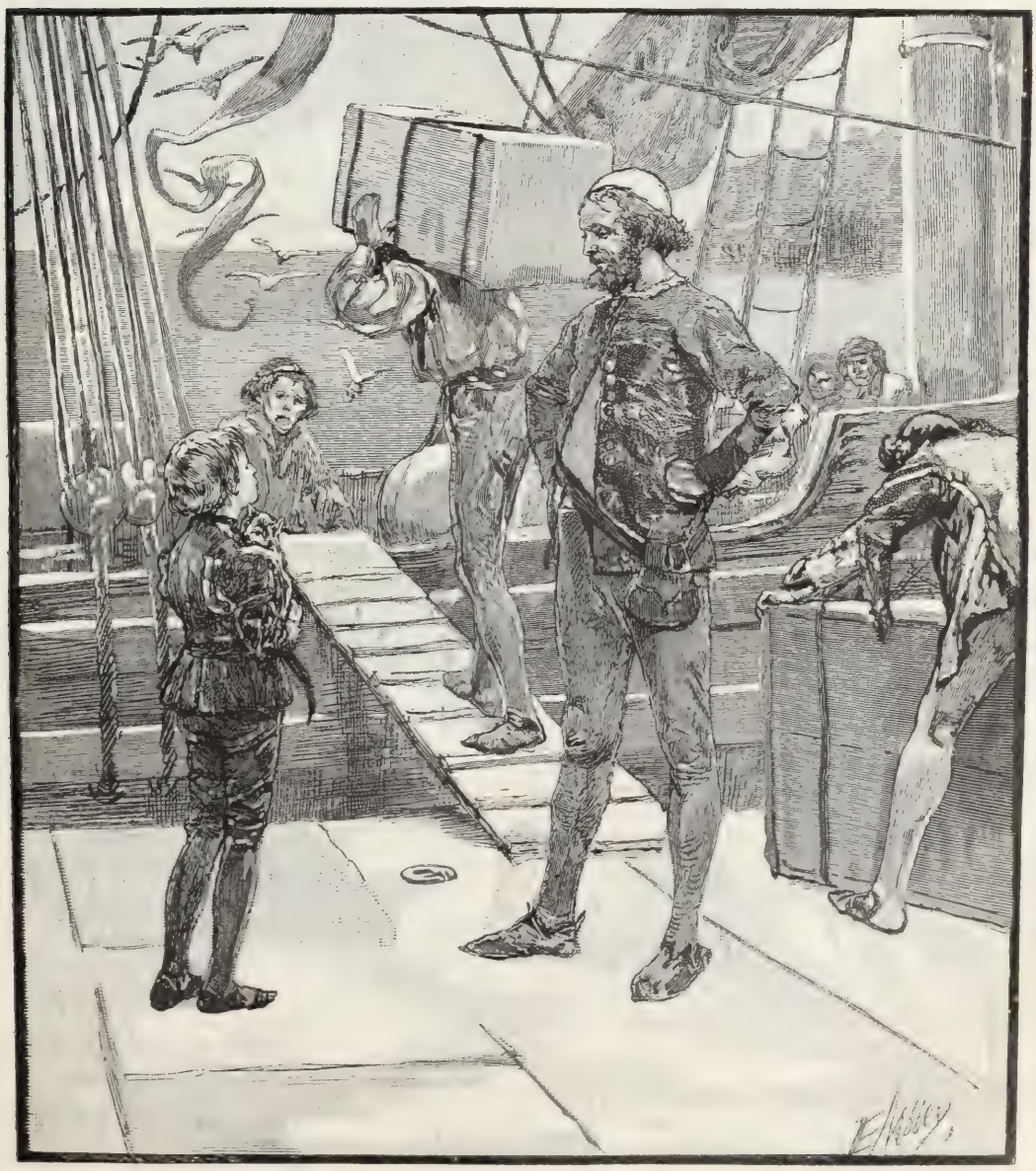
But as he went along,
in a faire Summers morn,
London's Bells ſweetly rang,
"Whittington back return!"

Evermore sounding so,
"turn again Whittington;
And thou in time shall be,
Lord Mayor of London."
Where upon back againe.
Whittington came with speed,
Apprentice to remaine
as the Lord had decreed,

But see this happe chance.
Whittington had a Cat,
Which he a venture sent
and got his wealth by that
For from Forreign Land
where Rats & Mice abound
They brought him for his Cat
many a fair thousand pound,

Still blessed be the Bells,
this was his daily Song,
Which my good fortune tells,
most sweetly have they rung,
If God so favour me,
I will not prove unkind;
London my Love shall see,
and my large bounties find

Whittington had no more
but this poor cat as than,
Which to the ship he bore,
like a brave Marchant-man.
"Vent'ring the same" quoth he,
"I may get store of golde,
And Mayor of London be,
as the bells have me told."





Whittington's marchandise,
carried was to a land
Troubled with rats and mice,
as they did understand.
The king of that country there,
as he at dinner sat,
Daily remain'd in fear
of many a mouse and rat.

Meat that in trenchers lay,
no way they could keepe safe;
But by rats borne away,
fearing no wand or staff.
Whereupon, soone they brought
Whittington's nimble rat;
Which by the king was bought;
heapes of gold giv'n for that.

When as ther home were come
with their Ship Laden so,
Whittington's wealth began,
by this Cat thus to grow
Scullions like he forsook,
to be a Merchant good,
And soon he began to look,
how well his credit stood.

Soon after he was chose
Sheriff of the City here,
And then he quickly rose
higher as did appear.
For to this Citys praise,
Sir Richad Whittington,
Came to be in his days,
thrice Lord Mayor of London

More his fame to advance,
thousands he lent his King,
To maintain Wars in France
honour from thence to bring.
And after, at a feast,
which he the King did make,
Burnt the Bonds as a jest
and would no money take.

Ten thousand pound he gave,
to his Prince willingly
And would no penny have
for his kind courtesie:
As God thus made him great.
so he would daily see,
Poor people fed with meat.
to them his Charity,

Prisoners poor, Cherisht were,
widows sweet-comfort found.
God deeds both far and near
of him do still resound:
Whittingtons Colledge is
one of his Charities,
And a fair Church he built
to lasting memories

Newgate he builded fair;
for Prisoners to lye in;
Christs-Church he did repair:
Christian love for to win,
Many more such like deeds,
were done by Whittington,
Which joy and comfort breeds
to all that look thereon.

Let all brave Citizens
who do this story read,
By his example learn,
always the poor to feed;
What is lent to the poor!
the Lord will thee repay,
And Blessings keep in store
until the latter day.

Lancashire then hast bred,
this flower of Charity.
Though he be dead and gone;
yet lives his Memory.
These Bells that call'd him so,
"turn again Whittington,"
Would they call many more
such men to fair LONDON.



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CHAPTER XIV.

EVIL TIDINGS.

WE had indeed returned to the world: the first thing we saw on entering the saloon in the morning was a number of letters—actual letters that had come through a post-office—lying on the breakfast table. We stared at these strange things. Our good Queen T—— was the first to approach them. She took them up as if she expected they would bite her.

"Oh, Mary," she says, "there is not one for you—not one."

Angus Sutherland glanced quickly at the girl. But there was not the least trace of disappointment on her face. On the contrary, she said, with a cheerful indifference:

"So much the better. They only bother people."

But of course they had to be opened and read—even the bulky parcel from Strathgovan. And amid much trivial domestic and other news, one of us stumbled upon one little item that certainly concerned us. It was a clipping from the advertisement column of a newspaper. It was inclosed, without word or comment, by a friend in London who knew that we were slightly acquainted, perforce, with Mr. Frederick Smethurst. And it appeared that that gentleman, having got into difficulties with his creditors, had taken himself off in a surreptitious and evil manner, insomuch that this newspaper clipping was nothing more nor less than a Hue and Cry after the fraudulent bankrupt. That letter and its startling inclosure were quickly whipped into the pocket of the lady to whom they had been sent.

By great good luck Mary Avon was the first to go on deck. She was anxious to see this new harbor into which we had got. And then, with considerable dismay on her face, our sovereign mistress showed us this ugly thing. She was much excited. It was so shameful of him to bring this disgrace on Mary Avon! What would the poor girl say? And this gentle lady would not for worlds have her told while she was with us—until at least we got back to some more definite channel of information. She was, indeed, greatly distressed.

But we had to order her to dismiss these idle troubles. We formed ourselves into a committee on the spot; and this committee unanimously, if somewhat prematurely and recklessly, resolved:

First, that it was not of the slightest consequence to us or any human creature where Mr. Frederick Smethurst was, or what he might do with himself.

Secondly, that if Mr. Frederick Smethurst were to put a string and a stone round his neck and betake himself to the bottom of the sea, he would earn our gratitude, and in some measure atone for his previous conduct.

Thirdly, that nothing at all about the matter should be said to Mary Avon: if the man had escaped, there might probably be an end of the whole business.

To these resolutions, carried swiftly and unanimously, Angus Sutherland added a sort of desultory rider, to the effect that moral or immoral qualities do sometimes reveal themselves in the face. He was also of opinion that spare persons were more easy of detection in this manner. He gave an instance of a well-known character in London—a most promising ruffian who had run through the whole gamut of discreditable offenses. Why was there no record of this brave career written in the man's face? Because nature had obliterated the lines in fat.

When a man attains to the dimensions and appearance of a scrofulous toad swollen to the size of an ox, moral and mental traces get rubbed out. Therefore, contended our F.R.S., all persons who set out on a career of villainy, and don't want to be found out, should eat fat-producing foods. Potatoes and sugar he especially mentioned as being calculated to conceal crime.

However, we had to banish Frederick Smethurst and his evil deeds from our minds, for the yacht from end to end was in a bustle of commotion about our going ashore; and as for us, why, we meant to run riot in all the wonders and delights of civilization. Innumerable fowls, tons of potatoes and cabbage and lettuce, fresh butter, new loaves, new milk: there was no end to the visions that rose before the excited brain of our chief commissariat officer. And when the Laird, in the act of stepping, with much dignity, into the gig, expressed his firm conviction that somewhere or other we should stumble upon a Glasgow newspaper not more than a week old, so that he might show us the reports of the meetings of the Strathgovan Commissioners, we knew of no further luxury that the mind could desire.

And as we were being rowed ashore, we could not fail to be struck by the extraordinary abundance of life and business and activity in the world. Portree, with its wooded crags and white houses shining in the sun, seemed a large and populous city. The smooth waters of the bay were crowded with craft of every description; and the boats of the yachts were coming and going with so many people on board of them that we were quite stared out of countenance. And then, when we landed, and walked up the quay, and ascended the hill into the town, we regarded the signs over the shop doors with the same curiosity that regards the commonest features of a foreign street. There was a peculiarity about Portree, however, that is not met with in Continental capitals. We felt that the ground swayed lightly under our feet. Perhaps these were the last oscillations of the great volcanic disturbance that shot the black Coolins into the sky.

Then the shops: such displays of beautiful things, in silk, and wool, and cunning wood-work; human ingenuity declaring itself in a thousand ways, and appealing to our purses. Our purses, to tell the truth, were gaping. A craving for purchase possessed us. But, after all, the Laird could not buy servant-girls' scarfs as a present for Mary Avon; and Angus Sutherland did not need a second waterproof coat; and though we reached the telegraph office, there would have been a certain monotony in spending innumerable shillings on unnecessary telegrams, even though we might be rejoicing in one of the highest conveniences of civilization. The plain truth must be told. Our purchases were limited to some tobacco and a box or two of paper collars for the men; to one or two shilling novels; and a flask of eau-de-Cologne. We did not half avail ourselves of all the luxuries spread out so temptingly before us.

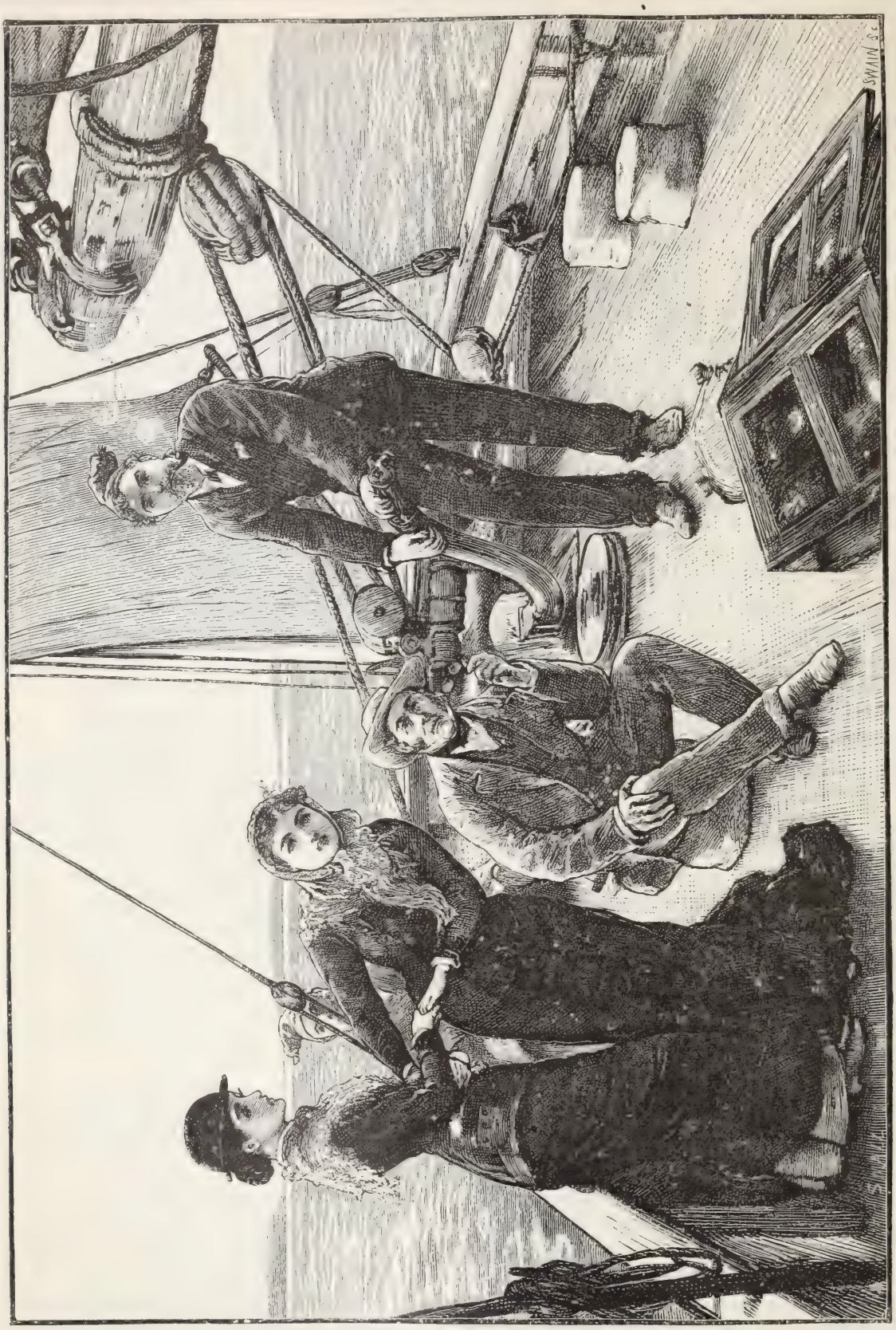
"Do you think the men will have the water on board yet?" Mary Avon says, as we walk back. "I do not at all like being on land. The sun scorches so, and the air is stifling."

"In my opeenion," says the Laird, "the authorities of Portree are deserving of great credit for having fixed up the apparatus to let boats get water on board at the quay. It was a public-spirited project —it was that. And I do not suppose that any one grumbles at having to pay a shilling for the privilege. It is a legeetimate tax. I am sure it would have been a long time or we could have got such a thing at Strathgovan, if there was need for it there. Ye would scarcely believe it, ma'am, what a spirit of opposition there is among some o' the Commissioners to any improvement: ye would not believe it."

"Indeed," she says, in innocent wonder; she quite sympathizes with this public-spirited reformer.

"Ay, it's true. Mind ye, I am a Conservative myself; I will have nothing to do with Radicals and their Republics; no, no, but a wise Conservative knows how to march with the age. Take my own poseetion, for example: as soon as I saw that the steam fire-engine was a necessity, I withdrew my opposition at once. I am very thankful to you, ma'am, for having given me an opportunity of carefully considering the question. I will never forget our trip round Mull. Dear me! it is warm the day," added the Laird, as he raised his broad felt hat, and wiped his face with his voluminous silk handkerchief.

Here come two pedestrians, good-looking young lads of an obviously English type, and faultlessly equipped from head



"AND STILL WE GLIDED ONWARD IN THE BEAUTIFUL EVENING."

to heel. They look neither to the left nor right; on they go manfully through the dust, the sun scorching their faces; there must be a trifle of heat under these knapsacks. Well, we wish them fine weather and whole heels. It is not the way some of us would like to pass a holiday. For what is this that Miss Avon is singing lightly to herself as she walks carelessly on, occasionally pausing to look in at a shop?

"'And often have we seamen heard how men are killed or undone,
By overturns of carriages, and thieves, and fires in London.'"

Here she turns aside to caress a small terrier; but the animal, mistaking her intention, barks furiously, and retreats, growl-

ing and ferocious, into the shop. Miss Avon is not disturbed. She walks on, and completes her nautical ballad, all for her own benefit:

"'We've heard what risk all landsmen run, from noblemen to tailors,
So, Billy, let's thank Providence that you and I are sailors!'"

"What on earth is that, Mary?" her friend behind asks.

The girl stops, with a surprised look, as if she had scarcely been listening to herself; then she says, lightly,

"Oh, don't you know the sailor's song?—I forget what they call it.

"'A strong sou'wester's blowing, Billy, can't you hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all unhappy folks on shore now!'"

"You have become a thorough sailor, Miss Avon," says Angus Sutherland, who has overheard the last quotation.

"I—I like it better—I am more interested," she says, timidly, "since you were so kind as to show me the working of the ship."

"Indeed," says he, "I wish you would take command of her, and order her present captain below. Don't you see how tired his eyes are becoming? He won't take his turn of sleep like the others; he has been scarcely off the deck night or day since we left Canna; and I find it is no use remonstrating with him. He is too anxious; and he fancies I am in a hurry to get back; and these continual calms prevent his getting on. Now the whole difficulty would be solved if you let me go back by the steamer; then you could lie at Portree here for a night or two, and let him have some proper rest."

"I do believe, Angus," says his hostess, laughing in her gentle way, "that you threaten to leave us just to see how anxious we are to keep you."

"My position as ship's doctor," he retorts, "is compromised. If Captain John falls ill on my hands, whom am I to blame but myself?"

"I am quite sure I can get him to go below," says Mary Avon, with decision—"quite sure of it. That is, especially," she adds, rather shyly, "if you will take his place. I know he would place more dependence on you than on any of the men."

This is a very pretty compliment to pay to one who is rather proud of his nautical knowledge.

"Well," he says, laughing, "the responsibility must rest on you. Order him below, to-night, and see whether he obeys. If we don't get to a proper anchorage, we will manage to sail the yacht somehow among us—you being captain, Miss Avon."

"If I am captain," she says, lightly—though she turns away her head somewhat—"I shall forbid your deserting the ship."

"So long as you are captain, you need not fear that," he answers. Surely he could say no less.

But it was still John of Skye who was skipper when, on getting under way, we nearly met with a serious accident. Fresh water and all provisions having been got on board, we weighed anchor only to find the breeze die wholly down. Then the dingey was got out to tow the yacht away from the sheltered harbor; and our young doctor, always anxious for hard work, must needs jump in to join in this service. But the little boat had been straining at the cable for scarcely five minutes when a squall of wind came over from the northwest and suddenly filled the sails. "Look out there, boys!" called Captain John, for we were running full down on the dingey. "Let go the rope! Let go!" he shouted: but they would not let go, as the dingey came sweeping by. In fact, she caught the yacht just below the quarter, and seemed to disappear altogether. Mary Avon uttered one brief cry; and then stood pale—clasping one of the ropes—not daring to look. And John of Skye uttered some exclamation in the Gaelic, and jumped on to the taffrail. But the next thing we saw, just above the taffrail, was the red and shining and laughing face of Angus Sutherland, who was hoisting himself up by means of the mizzen boom; and directly afterward appeared the scarlet cap of Hector of Moidart. It was upon this latter culprit that the full force of John of Skye's wrath was expended.

"Why did you not let go the rope when I wass call to you?"

"It iss all right, and if I wass put into the water, I have been in the water before," was the philosophic reply.

And now it was, as we drew away from Portree, that Captain Mary Avon endeavored to assume supreme command, and would have the deposed skipper go below and sleep. John of Skye was very obedient, but he said:

"Oh, ay. I will get plenty of sleep. But that hill there, that iss Ben-Inivaig; and there iss not any hill in the West Highlands so bad for squalls as that hill. By-and-by I will get plenty of sleep."

Ben-Inivaig let us go past its great, gloomy, forbidding shoulders and cliffs without visiting us with anything worse than a few variable puffs; and we got well down into the Raasay Narrows. What a picture of still summer loveliness was around us!—the rippling blue seas, the green shores, and far over these the black peaks of the Coolins, now taking a purple tint in the glow of the afternoon. The shallow Sound of Scalpa we did not venture to attack, especially as it was now low water; we went outside Scalpa, by the rocks of Skier Dearg. And still John of Skye evaded, with a gentle Highland courtesy, the orders of the captain. The silver bell of Master Fred summoned us below for dinner, and still John of Skye was gently obdurate.

"Now, John," says Mary Avon, seriously, to him, "you want to make me angry."

"Oh no, mem; I not think that," says he, deprecatingly.

"Then why won't you go and have some sleep? Do you want to be ill?"

"Oh, there iss plenty of sleep," says he. "Maybe we will get to Kyle Akin to-night; and there will be plenty of sleep for us."

"But I am asking you as a favor to go and get some sleep *now*. Surely the men can take charge of the yacht."

"Oh yes, oh yes," says John of Skye. "They can do that ferry well."

And then he paused, for he was great friends with this young lady, and did not like to disoblige her.

"You will be having your dinner now. After the dinner, if Mr. Sutherland himself will be on deck, I will go below and turn in for a time."

"Of course Dr. Sutherland will be on deck," says the new captain, promptly; and she was so sure of one member of her crew that she added, "and he will not leave the tiller for a moment until you come to relieve him."

Perhaps it was this promise, perhaps it was the wonderful beauty of the evening, that made us hurry over dinner. Then we went on deck again; and our young doctor, having got all his bearings and directions clear in his head, took the tiller, and John of Skye at length succumbed to the authority of Commander Avon, and disappeared into the forecastle.

The splendor of color around us on that still evening!—away in the west the sea of a pale yellow-green, with each ripple a flash of rose-flame, and over there in the south the great mountains of Skye—the Coolins, and Blaven, and Ben-na-Cailleach—become of a plum-purple in the clear and cloudless sky. Angus Sutherland was at the tiller, contemplatively smoking an almost black meerschaum; the Laird was discoursing to us about the extraordinary pith and conciseness of the Scotch phrases in the Northumbrian psalter; while ever and anon a certain young lady, linked arm in arm with her friend, would break the silence with some aimless fragment of ballad or old-world air.

And still we glided onward in the beautiful evening; and now ahead of us, in the dusk of the evening, the red star of Kyle Akin light-house steadily gleamed.* We might get to anchor, after all, without awaking John of Skye.

"In weather like this," remarked our sovereign lady, in the gathering darkness, "John might keep asleep for fifty years."

"Like Rip Van Winkle," said the Laird, proud of his erudition. "That is a wonderful story that Washington Irving wrote—a verra fine story."

"Washington Irving!—the story is as old as the Coolins," said Dr. Sutherland.

The Laird stared as if he had been Rip Van Winkle himself: was he forever to be checkmated by the encyclopedic knowledge of Young England—or Young Scotland rather—and that knowledge only the gatherings and sweepings of musty books that anybody with a parrot-like habit might acquire?

"Why, surely you know that the legend belongs to that common stock of legends that go through all literatures?" says our young doctor. "I have no doubt the Hindoos have their Epimenides; and that Peter Klaus turns up somewhere or other in the Gaelic stories. However, that is of little importance; it

* Oh yes, Mr. Yachtsman, you are perfectly correct. Sailing according to strict rules, we ought to have kept Kyle Akin light white: no doubt. But then, you see, some of us had been round this coast once or twice before—perhaps even three or four times. We were not in imminent danger.

is of importance that Captain John should get some sleep. Hector, come here."

There was a brief consultation about the length of anchor chain wanted for the little harbor opposite Kyle Akin: Hector's instructions were on no account to disturb John of Skye. But no sooner had they set about getting the chain on deck than another figure appeared, black among the rigging; and there was a well-known voice heard forward. Then Captain John came aft, and, despite all remonstrances, would relieve his substitute. Rip Van Winkle's sleep had lasted about an hour and a half.

And now we steal by the black shores; and that solitary red star comes nearer and nearer in the dusk; and at length we can make out two or three other paler lights close down by the water. Behold! the yellow ports of a steam-yacht at anchor; we know, as our own anchor goes rattling out in the dark, that we shall have at least one neighbor and companion through the still watches of the night.

CHAPTER XV.

TEMPTATION.

But the night, according to John of Skye's chronology, lasts only until the tide turns, or until a breeze springs up. Long before the wan glare in the east has arisen to touch the highest peaks of the Coolins, we hear the tread of the men on deck getting the yacht under way. And then there is a shuffling noise in Angus Sutherland's cabin; and we guess that he is stealthily dressing in the dark. Is he anxious to behold the wonders of daybreak in the beautiful Loch Alsh, or is he bound to take his share in the sailing of the ship? Less perturbed spirits sink back again into sleep, and contentedly let the *White Dove* go on her own way through the expanding blue-gray light of the dawn.

Hours afterward there is a strident shouting down the companionway; everybody is summoned on deck to watch the yacht shoot the Narrows of Kyle Rhea. And the Laird is the first to express his surprise; are these the dreaded Narrows that have caused Captain John to start before daybreak so as to shoot them with the tide? All around is a dream of summer beauty and quiet. A more perfect picture of peace and loveliness could not be imagined than the green crags of the main-land, and the vast hills of Skye, and this placid channel between shining in the fair light of the morning. The only thing we notice is that on the glassy green of the water—this reflected, deep, almost opaque green is not unlike the color of Niagara below the Falls—there are smooth circular lines here and there; and now and again the bows of the *White Dove* slowly swerve away from her course as if in obedience to some unseen and mysterious pressure. There is not a breath of wind; and it needs all the pulling of the two men out there in the dingey, and all the watchful steering of Captain John, to keep her head straight. Then a light breeze comes along the great gully; the red-capped men are summoned on board; the dingey is left astern: the danger of being caught in an eddy and swirled ashore is over and gone.

Suddenly the yacht stops as if it had run against a wall. Then, just as she recovers, there is an extraordinary hissing and roaring in the dead silence around us, and close by the yacht we find a great circle of boiling and foaming water, forced up from below and overlapping itself in ever-increasing folds. And then, on the perfectly glassy sea, another and another of those boiling and hissing circles appear, until there is a low rumbling in the summer air like the breaking of distant waves. And the yacht—the wind having again died down—is curiously compelled one way and another, insomuch that John of Skye quickly orders the men out in the dingey again; and again the long cable is tugging at her bows.

"It seems to me," says Dr. Sutherland to our skipper, "that we are in the middle of about a thousand whirlpools."

"Oh, it iss ferry quate this morning," says Captain John, with a shrewd smile. "It iss not often so quate as this. Ay, it iss sometimes ferry bad here—quite so bad as Corrievreckan; and when the flood-tide iss rinnin, it will be rinnin like—shist like a race-horse."

However, by dint of much hard pulling and judicious steering, we manage to keep the *White Dove* pretty well in mid-current; and only once—and that but for a second or two—get caught in one of those eddies circling in to the shore. We pass the white ferry-house; a slight breeze carries us by the green shores and woods of Glen-

elg; we open out the wider sea between Isle Ornsay and Loch Hourn; and then a silver tinkle tells us breakfast is ready.

That long, beautiful, calm summer day: Ferdinand and Miranda playing draughts on deck, he having rigged up an umbrella to shelter her from the hot sun; the Laird busy with papers referring to the Strathgovan Public Park; the hostess of these people overhauling the stores, and meditating on something recondite for dinner. At last the doctor fairly burst out a-laughing.

"Well," said he, "I have been in many a yacht, but never yet in one where everybody on board was anxiously waiting for the glass to fall."

His hostess laughed too.

"When you come south again," she said, "we may be able to give you a touch of something different. I think that, even with all your love of gales, a few days of the equinoctials would quite satisfy you."

"The equinoctials!" he said, with a surprised look.

"Yes," said she, boldly. "Why not have a good holiday while you are about it? And a yachting trip is nothing without a fight with the equinoctials. Oh, you have no idea how splendidly the *White Dove* behaves!"

"I should like to try her," he said, with a quick delight; but directly afterward he ruefully shook his head. "No, no," said he, "such a tremendous spell of idleness is not for me. I have not earned the right to it yet. Twenty years hence I may be able to have three months' continued yachting in the West Highlands."

"If I were you," retorted this small person, with a practical air, "I would take it when I could get it. What do you know about twenty years hence?—you may be physician to the Emperor of China. And you have worked very hard; and you ought to take as long a holiday as you can get."

"I am sure," says Mary Avon, very timidly, "that is very wise advice."

"In the mean time," says he, cheerfully, "I am not physician to the Emperor of China, but to the passengers and crew of the *White Dove*. The passengers don't do me the honor of consulting me; but I am going to prescribe for the crew on my own responsibility. All I want is that I shall have the assistance of Miss Avon in making them take the dose."

Miss Avon looked up inquiringly with those soft black eyes of hers.

"Nobody has any control over them but herself—they are like refractory children. Now," said he, rather more seriously, "this night-and-day work is telling on the men. Another week of it, and you would see *Insomnia* written in large letters on their eyes. I want you, Miss Avon, to get Captain John and the men to have a complete night's rest to-night—a sound night's sleep from the time we finish dinner till daybreak. We can take charge of the yacht."

Miss Avon promptly rose to her feet.

"John!" she called.

The big brown-bearded skipper from Skye came aft—quickly putting his pipe in his waiscoat pocket the while.

"John," she said, "I want you to do me a favor now. You and the men have not been having enough sleep lately. You must all go below to-night as soon as we come up from dinner; and you must have a good sleep till daybreak. The gentlemen will take charge of the yacht."

It was in vain that John of Skye protested he was not tired. It was in vain that he assured her that, if a good breeze sprung up, we might get right back to Castle Osprey by the next morning.

"Why, you know very well," she said, "this calm weather means to last forever."

"Oh, no! I not think that, mem," said John of Skye, smiling.

"At all events we shall be sailing all night; and that is what I want you to do, as a favor to me."

Indeed, our skipper found it was of no use to refuse. The young lady was peremptory. And so, having settled that matter, she sat down to her draught-board again.

But it was the Laird she was playing with now. And this was a remarkable circumstance about the game: when Angus Sutherland played with Denny-mains, the latter was hopelessly and invariably beaten; and when Denny-mains in his turn played with Mary Avon, he was relentlessly and triumphantly the victor; but when Angus Sutherland played with Miss Avon, she, somehow or other, generally managed to secure two out of three games. It was a puzzling triangular duel. The chief feature of it was the splendid joy of the Laird when he had conquered the English young lady. He rubbed his

hands, he chuckled, he laughed—just as if he had been repeating one of his own "good ones."

However, at luncheon the Laird was much more serious; for he was showing to us how remiss the government was in not taking up the great solan question. He had a newspaper cutting which gave in figures—in rows of figures—the probable number of millions of herrings destroyed every year by the solan-geese. The injury done to the herring fisheries of this county, he proved to us, was enormous. If a solan is known to eat on an average fifty herrings a day, just think of the millions on millions of fish that must go to feed those nests on the Bass Rock! The Laird waxed quite eloquent about it. The human race were dearer to him far than any gannet or family of gannets.

"What I wonder at is this," said our young doctor, with a curious grim smile that we had learned to know, coming over his face, "that the solan, with that extraordinary supply of phosphorus to the brain, should have gone on remaining only a bird, and a very ordinary bird too. Its brain power should have been developed; it should be able to speak by this time. In fact, there ought to be solan school boards and parochial boards on the Bass Rock, and commissioners appointed to inquire whether the building of nests might not be conducted on more scientific principles. When I was a boy—I am sorry to say—I used often to catch a solan by floating out a piece of wood with a dead herring on it: a wise bird, with its brain full of phosphorus, ought to have known that it would break its head when it swooped down on a piece of wood."

The Laird sat in dignified silence. There was something occult and uncanny about many of this young man's sayings—they savored too much of the dangerous and unsettling tendencies of these modern days. Besides, he did not see what good could come of likening a lot of solan-geese to the Commissioners of the Burgh of Strathgovan. His remarks on the herring fisheries had been practical and intelligible; they had given no occasion for gibes.

We were suddenly startled by the rattling out of the anchor chain. What could it mean?—were we caught in an eddy? There was a scurrying up on deck, only to find that, having drifted so far south with the tide, and the tide beginning to turn, John of Skye proposed to secure what advantage we had gained, by coming to anchor. There was a sort of shamed laughter over this business. Was the noble *White Dove* only a river barge, then, that she was thus dependent on the tides for her progress? But it was no use either to laugh or to grumble. Two of us proposed to row the Laird away to certain distant islands that lie off the shore north of the mouth of Loch Hourn; and for amusement's sake we took some towels with us.

Look now how this long and shapely gig cuts the blue water. The Laird is very dignified in the stern, with the tiller-ropes in his hand; he keeps a straight course enough, though he is mostly looking over the side. And indeed this is a perfect wonder-hall over which we are making our way—the water so clear that we notice the fish darting here and there among the great brown blades of the tangle and the long green sea-grass. Then there are stretches of yellow sand, with shells and star-fish shining far below. The sun burns on our hands; there is a dead stillness of heat; the measured splash of the oars startles the sea-birds in there among the rocks.

"Send the biorlinn on careering,
Cheerily and all together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

Look out for the shallows, most dignified of cockswains: what if we were to imbed her bows in the silver sand?—

"Another cheer! Our isle appears,
Our biorlinn bears her on the faster—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

"Hold hard!" calls Denny-mains; and behold! we are in among a net-work of channels and small islands lying out here in the calm sea; and the birds are wildly calling and screaming and swooping about our heads, indignant at the approach of strangers. What is our first duty, then, in coming to these unknown islands and straits?—why, surely, to name them in the interests of civilization. And we do so accordingly. Here—let it be forever known—is John Smith Bay. There, Thorley's Food for Cattle Island. Beyond that, on the south, Brown and Polson's Straits.* It is quite true that these

* Advertisers will please communicate with the

islands and bays may have been previously visited; but it was no doubt a long time ago; and the people did not stop to bestow names. The latitude and longitude may be dealt with afterward; meanwhile the discoverers unanimously resolve that the most beautiful of all the islands shall hereafter, through all time, be known as the Island of Mary Avon.

It was on this island that the Laird achieved his memorable capture of a young sea-bird—a huge creature of unknown species that fluttered and scrambled over bush and over scaur, while Denny-mains, quite forgetting his dignity and the heat of the sun, clambered after it over the rocks. And when he got it in his hands, it lay as one dead. He was sorry. He regarded the newly fledged thing with compassion, and laid it tenderly down on the grass, and came away down again to the shore. But he had scarcely turned his back when the demon bird got on its legs, and, with a succession of shrill and sarcastic "yawps," was off and away over the higher ledges. No fasting girl had ever shammed so completely as this scarcely fledged bird.

We bathed in Brown and Polson's Straits, to the great distress of certain sea-pyots that kept screaming over our heads, resenting the intrusion of the discoverers. But in the midst of it we were suddenly called to observe a strange darkness on the sea, far away in the north, between Glenelg and Skye. Behold! the long looked-for wind—a hurricane swooping down from the northern hills! Our toilet on the hot rocks was of brief duration; we jumped into the gig; away we went through the glassy water. It was a race between us and the northerly breeze which should reach the yacht first; and we could see that John of Skye had remarked the coming wind, for the men were hoisting the fore stay-sail. The dark blue on the water spreads; the reflections of the hills and the clouds gradually disappear; as we clamber on board, the first puffs of the breeze are touching the great sails. The anchor has just been got up; the gig is hoisted to the davits; slack out the main-sheet, you shifty Hector, and let the great boom go out! Nor is it any mere squall that has come down from the hills, but a fine, steady, northerly breeze; and away we go, with the white foam in our wake. Farewell to the great mountains over the gloomy Loch Hourn; and to the light-house over there at Isle Ornsay; and to the giant shoulders of Ard-na-Glishnich. Are not these the dark green woods of Armadale that we see in the west? And southward and still southward we go, with the running seas and the fresh brisk breeze from the north: who knows where we may not be to-night before Angus Sutherland's watch begins?

There is but one thoughtful face on board. It is that of Mary Avon. For the moment, at least, she seems scarcely to rejoice that we have at last got this grateful wind to bear us away to the south and to Castle Osprey.

CHAPTER XVI.

THROUGH THE DARK.

"Ahead she goes! the land she knows!"

WHAT though we see a sudden squall come tearing over from the shores of Skye, whitening the waves as it approaches us? The *White Dove* is not afraid of any squall. And there are the green woods of Armadale, dusky under the western glow; and here the sombre heights of Dun Bane; and soon we will open out the great gap of Loch Nevis. We are running with the running waves; a general excitement prevails; even the Laird has dismissed for the moment certain dark suspicions about Frederick Smethurst that have for the last day or two been haunting his mind.

And here is a fine sight!—the great steamer coming down from the north—and the sunset is burning on her red funnels—and behold! she has a line of flags from her stem to her topmasts and down to her stern again. Who is on board?—some great laird, or some gay wedding party?

"Now is your chance, Angus," says Queen T——, almost maliciously, as the steamer slowly gains on us. "If you want to go on at once, I know the captain would stop for a minute and pick you up."

He looked at her for a second in a quick, hurt way; then he saw that she was only laughing at him.

"Oh no, thank you," he said, blushing

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like a school-boy; "unless you want to get rid of me. I have been looking forward to sailing the yacht to-night."

"And—and you said," remarked Miss Avon, rather timidly, "that we should challenge them again after dinner this evening."

This was a pretty combination: "we" referred to Angus Sutherland and herself. Her elders were disrespectfully described as "them." So the younger people had not forgotten how they were beaten by "them" on the previous evening.

Is there a sound of pipes amid the throbbing of the paddles? What a crowd of people swarm to the side of the great vessel! And there is the captain on the paddle-box—out all handkerchiefs to return the innumerable salutations—and good-by, you brave Glencoe! you have no need to rob us of any one of our passengers.

Where does the breeze come from on this still evening?—there is not a cloud in the sky, and there is a drowsy haze of heat all along the land. But nevertheless it continues; and, as the gallant *White Dove* cleaves her way through the tumbling sea, we gradually draw on to the Point of Sleat, and open out the great plain of the Atlantic, now a golden green, where the tops of the waves catch the light of the sunset skies. And there, too, are our old friends Haleval and Haskeval; but they are so far away, and set amid such a bewildering light, that the whole island seems to be of a pale transparent rose-purple. And a still stranger thing now attracts the eyes of all on board. The setting sun, as it nears the horizon line of the sea, appears to be assuming a distinctly oblong shape. It is slowly sinking into a purple haze, and becomes more and more oblong as it nears the sea. There is a call for all the glasses hung up in the companionway; and now what is it that we find out there by the aid of the various binoculars? Why, apparently, a wall of purple; and there is an oblong hole in it, with a fire of gold light far away on the other side. This apparent golden tunnel through the haze grows redder and more red; it becomes more and more elongated; then it burns a deeper crimson, until it is almost a line. The next moment there is a sort of shock to the eyes; for there is a sudden darkness all along the horizon line: the purple-black Atlantic is barred against that lurid haze low down in the west.

It was a merry enough dinner party: perhaps it was the consciousness that the *White Dove* was still bowling along that brightened up our spirits, and made the Laird of Denny-mains more particularly loquacious. The number of good ones that he told us was quite remarkable—until his laughter might have been heard through the whole ship. And to whom now did he devote the narration of those merry anecdotes—to whom but Miss Mary Avon, who was his ready chorus on all occasions, and who entered with a greater zest than any one into the humors of them. Had she been studying the Lowland dialect, then, that she understood and laughed so lightly and joyously at stories about a thousand years of age?

"Oh, ay," the Laird was saying, patronizingly, to her, "I see ye can enter into the peculiar humor of our Scotch stories: it is not every English person that can do that. And ye understand the language fine. . . . Well," he added, with an air of modest apology, "perhaps I do not give the pronunciation as broad as I might. I have got out of the way of talking the provincial Scotch since I was a boy—indeed, ah'm generally taken for an Englishman maself—but I do my best to give ye the speerit of it."

"Oh, I am sure your imitation of the provincial Scotch is most excellent—most excellent—and it adds so much to the humor of the stories," says this disgraceful young hypocrite.

"Oh, ay, oh, ay," says the Laird, greatly delighted. "I will admit that some o' the stories would not have so much humor but for the language. But when ye have both! Did ye ever hear of the laddie who was called in to his porridge by his mother?"

We perceived by the twinkle in the Laird's eyes that a real good one was coming. He looked round to see that we were listening, but it was Mary Avon whom he addressed.

"A grumbling bit laddie—a philosopher too," said he. "His mother thought he would come in the quicker if he knew there was a fly in the milk. '*Johnny*,' she cried out, '*Johnny, come in to your parritch; there's a flee in the milk.*' '*It 'll no droon*,' says he. '*What?*' she says; '*grumblin' again? Do ye think there's no enough milk?*' '*Plenty for the parritch*,' says he—*kee! kee! kee!*—sharp, eh, wasn't he? '*Plenty for the*

parritch,' says he—ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!" —and the Laird slapped his thigh, and chuckled to himself. "Oh, ay, Miss Mary," he added, approvingly, "I see you are beginning to understand the Scotch humor fine."

And if our good friend the Laird had been but twenty years younger—with his battery of irresistible jokes, and his great and obvious affection for this stray guest of ours, to say nothing of his dignity and importance as a Commissioner of Strathgovan? What chance would a poor Scotch student have had, with his test-tubes and his scientific magazines, his restless, audacious speculations and eager ambitions? On the one side, wealth, ease, a pleasant facetiousness, and a comfortable acceptance of the obvious facts of the universe—including water-rates and steam fire-engines; on the other, poverty, unrest, the physical struggle for existence, the mental struggle with the mysteries of life: who could doubt what the choice would be? However, there was no thought of this rivalry now. The Laird had abdicted in favor of his nephew Howard, about whom he had been speaking a good deal to Mary Avon of late. And Angus—though he was always very kind and timidly attentive to Miss Avon—seemed nevertheless at times almost a little afraid of her; or perhaps it was only a vein of shyness that cropped up from time to time through his hard mental characteristics. In any case, he was at this moment neither the shy lover nor the eager student; he was full of the prospect of having sole command of the ship during a long night on the Atlantic, and he hurried us up on deck after dinner without a word about that return battle at bézique.

The night had come on apace, though there was still a ruddy mist about the northern skies, behind the dusky purple of the Coolin hills. The stars were out overhead; the air around us was full of the soft cries of the divers; occasionally, amid the lapping of the water, we could hear some whirring by of wings. Then the red port light and the green starboard light were brought up from the forecastle and fixed in their place; the men went below; Angus Sutherland took the tiller; the Laird kept walking backward and forward as a sort of look-out; and the two women were as usual seated on rugs together in some invisible corner—crooning snatches of ballads, or making impertinent remarks about people much wiser and older than themselves.

"Now, Angus," says the voice of one of them—apparently from somewhere about the companion, "show us that you can sail the yacht properly, and we will give you complete command during the equinoctials."

"You speak of the equinoctials," said he, laughing, "as if it was quite settled I should be here in September."

"Why not?" said she, promptly. "Mary is my witness you promised. You wouldn't go and desert two poor lone women."

"But I have got that most uncomfortable thing, a conscience," he answered; "and I know it would stare at me as if I were mad, if I proposed to spend such a long time in idleness. It would be outraging all my theories, besides. You know, for years and years back I have been limiting myself in every way—living, for example, on the smallest allowance of food and drink, and that of the simplest and cheapest—so that if any need arose, I should have no luxurious habits to abandon—"

"But what possible need can there be?" says Mary Avon, warmly.

"Do you expect to spend your life in a jail?" said the other woman.

"No," said he, quite simply. "But I will give you an instance of what a man who devotes himself to his profession may have to do. A friend of mine, who is one of the highest living authorities on *Materia Medica*, refused all invitations for three months, and during the whole of that time lived each day on precisely the same food and drink, weighed out in exact quantities, so as to determine the effect of particular drugs on himself. Well, you know, you should be ready to do that—"

"Oh, how wrong you are!" says Mary Avon, with the same impetuosity. "A man who works as hard as you do should not sacrifice himself to a theory. And what is it? It is quite foolish!"

"Mary!" her friend says.

"It is," she says, with generous warmth. "It is like a man who goes through life with a coffin on his back, so that he may be ready for death. Don't you think that when death comes, it will be time enough to be getting the coffin?"

This was a poser.

"You know quite well," she says, "that

when the real occasion offered, like the one you describe, you could deny yourself any luxuries readily enough; why should you do so now?"

At this there was a gentle sound of laughter.

"Luxuries—the luxuries of the *White Dove!*" says her hostess, mindful of tinned meats.

"Yes, indeed," says our young doctor, though he is laughing too. "There is far too much luxury—the luxury of idleness—on board this yacht, to be wholesome for one like me."

"Perhaps you object to the effeminacy of the downy couches and the feather pillows," says his hostess, who is always grumbling about the hardness of the beds.

But it appears that she has made an exceedingly bad shot. The man at the wheel—one can just make out his dark figure against the clear star-lit heavens, though occasionally he gets before the yellow light of the binnacle—proceeds to assure her that, of all the luxuries of civilization, he appreciates most a horse-hair pillow; and that he attributes his sound sleeping on board the yacht to the hardness of the beds. He would rather lay his head on a brick, he says, for a night's rest than sink it in the softest feathers.

"Do you wonder," he says, "that Jacob dreamed of angels when he had a stone for his pillow? I don't. If I wanted to have a pleasant sleep and fine dreams, that is the sort of pillow I should have."

Some phrase of this catches the ear of our look-out forward; he instantly comes aft.

"Yes, it is a singular piece of testimony," he says. "There is no doubt of it; I have myself seen the very place."

We were not startled; we knew that the Laird, under the guidance of a well-known Free Church minister, had made a run through Palestine.

"Ay," said he, "the further I went away from my own country, the more I saw nothing but decadence and meesery. The poor craytures!—living among ruins, and tombs, and decay, without a trace of public spirit or private energy. The disregard of sanitary laws was something terrible to look at—as bad as their universal beggary. That is what comes of centralization, of suppressing local government. Would ye believe that there are a lot of silly bodies actually working to get our Burgh of Strathgovan annexed to Glasgow—swallowed up in Glasgow?"

"Impossible!" we exclaim.

"I tell ye it is true. But no, no! We are not ripe yet for those radical measures. We are constituted under an act of Parliament. Before the House of Commons would dare to annex the free and flourishing Burgh of Strathgovan to Glasgow, I'm thinking the country far and near would hear something of it!"

Yes, and we think so too. And we think it would be better if the hamlets and towns of Palestine were governed by men of public spirit, like the Commissioners of Strathgovan; then they would be properly looked after. Is there a single steam fire-engine in Jericho?

However, it is late; and presently the women say good-night and retire. And the Laird is persuaded to go below with them also; for how otherwise could he have his final glass of toddy in the saloon? There are but two of us left on deck, in the darkness, under the stars.

It is a beautiful night, with those white and quivering points overhead, and the other white and burning points gleaming on the black waves that whirl by the yacht. Beyond the heaving plain of waters there is nothing visible but the dusky gloom of the island of Eigg, and away in the south the golden eye of Ardnamurchan light-house, for which we are steering. Then the intense silence—broken only when the wind, changing a little, jibes the sails and sends the great boom swinging over on to the lee tackle. It is so still that we are startled by the sudden noise of the blowing of a whale; and it sounds quite close to the yacht, though it is more likely that the animal is miles away.

"She is a wonderful creature—she is indeed," says the man at the wheel, as if every one must necessarily be thinking about the same person.

"Who?"

"Your young English friend. Every minute of her life seems to be an enjoyment to her; she sings just as a bird sings, for her own amusement, and without thinking."

"She can think too; she is not a fool."

"Though she does not look very strong," continues the young doctor, "she must have a thoroughly healthy constitution, or how could she have such a happy disposition? She is always contented; she is never put out. If you had only seen her patience and cheerfulness when

she was attending that old woman—many a time I regretted it—the case was hopeless—a hired nurse would have done as well."

"Hiring a nurse might not have satisfied the young lady's notions of duty."

"Well, I've seen women in sick-rooms, but never any one like her," said he, and then he added, with a sort of emphatic wonder, "I'm hanged if she did not seem to enjoy that too! Then you never saw any one so particular about following out instructions."

It is here suggested to our steersman that he himself may be a little too particular about following out instructions. For John of Skye's last counsel was to keep Ardnamurchan light on our port bow. That was all very well when we were off the north of Eigg; but is Dr. Sutherland aware that the south point of Eigg—Eilean-na-Castle—juts pretty far out; and is not that black line of land coming uncommonly close on our starboard bow? With some reluctance our new skipper consents to alter his course by a couple of points; and we bear away down for Ardnamurchan.

And of what did he not talk during the long star-lit night—the person who ought to have been look-out sitting contentedly aft, a mute listener—of the strange fears that must have beset the people who first adventured out to sea; of the vast expenditure of human life that must have been thrown away in the discovery of the most common facts about currents and tides and rocks; and so forth, and so forth. But ever and again his talk returned to Mary Avon.

"What does the Laird mean by his suspicions about her uncle?" he asked on one occasion—just as we had been watching a blue-white bolt flash down through the serene heavens and expire in mid-air.

"Mr. Frederick Smethurst has an ugly face."

"But what does he mean about those relations between the man with the ugly face and his niece?"

"That is idle speculation. Frederick Smethurst was her trustee, and might have done her some mischief; that is, if he is an out-and-out scoundrel; but that is all over. Mary is mistress of her own property now."

Here the boom came slowly swinging over; and presently there were all the sheets of the head-sails to be looked after —tedious work enough for amateurs in the darkness of the night.

Then further silence; and the monotonous rush and murmur of the unseen sea; and the dark topmast describing circles among the stars. We get up one of the glasses to make astronomical observations, but the heaving of the boat somewhat interferes with this quest after knowledge. Whoever wants to have a good idea of forked lightning, has only to take up a binocular on board a pitching yacht and try to fix it on a particular planet.

The calm, solemn night passes slowly; the red and green lights shine on the black rigging; afar in the south burns the guiding star of Ardnamurchan. And we have drawn away from Eigg now, and passed the open sound; and there, beyond the murmuring sea, is the gloom of the island of Muick. All the people below are wrapped in slumber; the cabins are dark; there is only a solitary candle burning in the saloon. It is a strange thing to be responsible for the lives of those sleeping folk, out here on the lone Atlantic, in the stillness of the night.

Our young doctor bears his responsibility lightly. He has—for a wonder—laid aside his pipe; and he is humming a song that he has heard Mary Avon singing of late—something about

"Oh, think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa',
For I'll come and see ye in spite o' them a',"

and he is wishing the breeze would blow a bit harder, and wondering whether the wind will die away altogether when we get under the lee of Ardnamurchan Point.

But long before we have got down to Ardnamurchan there is a pale gray light beginning to tell in the eastern skies; and the stars are growing fainter; and the black line of the land is growing clearer above the wrestling seas. Is it a fancy that the first light airs of the morning are a trifle cold? And then we suddenly see, among the dark rigging forward, one or two black figures; and presently John of Skye comes aft, rubbing his eyes. He has had a good sleep at last.

Go below, then, you stout-sinewed young doctor; you have had your desire of sailing the *White Dove* through the still watches of the night. And soon you will be asleep, with your head on the hard pillow of that little state-room; and though the pillow is not as hard as a

stone, still the night and the sea and the stars are quickening to the brain; and who knows that you may not perchance after all dream of angels, or hear some faint singing far away?

"There was Mary Beaton—and Mary Seaton—"

Or is it only a sound of the waves?

THE CONNEMARA HILLS.

II.

IT was now twilight. As we advanced over the rocky path, the air, sweet with the scent of the heather, was still warm. The sky was gold and purple, the mountains were clothed with a rich and mellow tint, and the mists that settled between the lakes and hills were now russet, and again pearly blue. The quiet lakes reflected the beautiful tints of the arc above, and the shrill cry of the curlew broke on the air with a strange, wild emphasis. Yesterday every leaf and sod was dark and dripping with rain, but now the heather was like a soft carpet, the vegetation dry and aromatic from the ripening sun, and the tints of the landscape had the depth and richness seen in Southern climes. We were now compelled by the ruggedness of our path to dismount, and leave the horse and car in charge of the light-footed maiden. We continued our way over a narrow stony foot-path among the furze, which here grew breast-high, until, arriving at the brow of the hill, we saw beneath us a lake almost encircled by precipitous cliffs, one side alone opened to the mountains and sea. The lake was about a mile in length, while its breadth varied from a few yards in some places to a mile in others. A multitude of islets dotted its waters, some consisting of a mere rock and clump of brush, others large enough for a pleasure-garden or little farm, if such similitudes are not too incongruous for so desolate a scene.

"Do you see there beyond on the far island a curl of smoke?" asked the potheen-maker, pointing to what I had supposed to be the blue mist hanging over the lake. "That is our island, and on it is our still, which by the blessing of God we have run, father and son, among these hills and islands for a hundred years."

We descended a steep path, carved among the bog and rocks, into a rude stairway, and arriving at the border of the lake, saw tethered there a miserable, frowzy-looking pony, which could do his forty miles with a load on his back, I was told, on a handful of oatmeal and a drain of water, and moored to a clump of brush a rickety boat, half filled with water. My companions immediately set to work bailing out the skiff, while I stood in the mud, feeling my curiosity growing cooler every moment.

Before reaching the island to which the skiff now served to carry us, the potheen man rose three times to his feet, at the imminent risk of capsizing the craft. I learned that his movements would be taken as a signal that all was right to those who were watching from the island: without it, all the appliances of their trade would be hidden, and the spirits either buried or thrown into the lake before our arrival. On landing, we were accosted by a straight-haired, wide-browed youth of seventeen, as handsome as Apollo, but with a great deal more vivacity of expression. Through the deepening twilight I descried the rank underbrush and the long ferns forming a very romantic-looking retreat for so vulgar and reprehensible an occupation as the illicit distillation of whiskey.

In a wretched hovel, without window or chimney, three men were seen through the smoke, busied with the fire and the still. They looked more like gnomes than human beings. The suffocating smoke, combined with the odor of the potheen, was more than my inexperienced olfactories could endure, and I retired precipitately to the purer air without. Here, seated on a stone, we partook of a repast of potatoes and buttermilk. I profited by this occasion to make a sketch of my host, while he entertained me with some particulars concerning his trade. Thirty years ago, he informed me, there were between forty and fifty thousand private stills at work in Ireland, but now there are not many hundred, the most of it being made by small farmers who have a surplus of grain. Although it is sold for one-half the price of the "Parliamentary whiskey," as he termed it, the profits are still so large that, notwithstanding the severe punishment inflicted on detection, it seems impossible for the government to thoroughly eradicate the evil. The islands off the Connemara coast are even more extensively occupied in its manufacture. One of the principal duties of the coast-guards, we are told, is the

prevention of illicit distillation on the islands, and in conjunction with the police they have to make visits as frequently as practicable for the purpose. When the chance offers, the islanders have their stills at work, and at such times have a sentinel with a telescope on a high rock to give warning of the approach of the enemy. Manufacturers from the mainland also frequently avail themselves of the favorable situation of the island to come across and make a venture. If the look-out is vigilant, a capture is rarely made. When the approach of the coast-guards or police is announced, the rapidity of the work of concealment is said to be marvellous. The still is taken to pieces and hidden amongst the rocks or buried in the sand, sometimes taken out to sea and sunk, with a small floating mark attached, and the materials secreted in various ways. Every one gives help except the light-house keeper and his assistants, as it is a point of honor to do all that is possible to outwit the revenue.

The moon had now arisen, and shone with wonderful brightness; it seemed as if the lingering twilight had melted back into day. I hurried to resume my journey; and on taking leave of the illicit distiller he pressed upon me a bottle of spirits, which he assured me upon his oath to be twenty-five years old.

As I sped along the road I admired Nature under a stranger and wilder aspect than I had ever seen her. The lakes and sky seemed like a flood of subdued silver light, broken by the greenish-gray of the mountains and the strips of brown heather; here and there jutted forth a rugged line of rocks. The gray stones, which by daylight gave a dreariness to the scene, now glittered like silver and gold. Far off we heard the roar of the sea, and the cry of the curlew, as restless by night as by day.

Since leaving the potheen-makers, Flanigan had been unremitting in beating and scolding the pony, without any apparent reason. When spoken to, he said the same thing over many times, with a thickness of enunciation that savored strongly of potheen. In answer to my suggestion that he had been imprudent in his libations, he called on a very select and respectable company of saints to witness the contrary, assuring me that nothing had passed his lips save a little luncheon. He then lighted his pipe, and relapsed into silence. After some miles the constantly recurring mountains and lakes became monotonous, the pony seemed to have lost his ambition, and even my driver's whistle lacked its usual sharpness. I took out my book and read with ease by the clear moonlight, until the fleecy clouds that had slept on the horizon multiplied and darkened the sky; the wind, bearing its salty ocean odor, sighed fitfully over the moors, and warned, with most solemn cadence, of an approaching storm. Something of this melancholy crept over me. The clouds, rapidly gathering into huge masses, obscured the moon, and left only a few stars. Flanigan adjusted my water-proof and India rubber coverings, and buckled around me a strap which these outside cars are always supplied with as security against falling. At last the storm came, and obscured everything. The monotonous sound of the pony's feet on the hard road acted like the old prescription of counting to make one sleep. Notwithstanding that great gusts of rain were dashed into my face from the hand of the storm, I fell into one of those persistent sleeps which we often experience under unaccustomed circumstances, and thought of the troopers I had seen in deep slumber in their saddles during the Franco-Prussian war. The pattering of the pony's hoofs seemed now the glib chatter of an Irish peasant, and again and again I awoke, straining to catch their sense. Sleep still pursued me, and still came these uncomfortable awakenings, now caused by the jolt of the car, and now by the strap which kept me from falling to the road beneath.

When I became thoroughly aroused, I found I had been asleep many hours. On the other side of the car crouched Flanigan, with his head bored into the corner of the car; the pony was proceeding at the slowest possible walk, and I think was asleep too. The storm had passed, and the sun was rising over the distant mountains, which, instead of being on our right, now surrounded us. I felt stiff, cold, and fatigued, and deeply annoyed at my guide's remissness. I awoke him, and reproved him in no very amiable terms. He did not himself know where we were, and his bewilderment was probably increased by my severity. I concluded, however, to continue, in the hope of meeting some one who could set us right. Ere long we descried an individual standing at the door of a hovel, smoking his matu-

tinal pipe, who, upon being asked whither the road led, replied, "To Joyce's Country."



"ISN'T IT A QUARE THING?"

"Where is that?" I said, in despair.

"Isn't it a quare thing to say," he replied, in an indignant tone, "that ye niver heard of Joyce's Country?"

While I was trying to excuse my ignorance, a priest passed. I begged him to tell me the most direct road to Clifden; he said we would have to return and take the third road to the right: it was twelve Irish miles. I was drenched with rain, and too tired to go further without some rest or refreshment. I looked about vainly for a resting-place. The priest, pointing to his own house, a cabin far off on the mountain-side, said his fare would be too humble for me; "but a gentleman lives near, to whose house I will accompany you, and I am sure he will give you an Irish welcome." He took a seat on the car, and after fifteen or twenty minutes' ride we arrived at a little cottage surrounded by trees and shrubbery. In front was an old-fashioned garden, with well-trimmed borders, and an assemblage of dahlias looking like country girls in their Sunday finery. Even the well-trimmed thatch told of comfort: it was thick and new, and crossed by innumerable ropes, as though it defied both wind and rain.

A loud knock brought an old woman to the door, who gave the priest the usual welcome, and bade us enter, adding that both master and mistress were within. We were ushered into a parlor, whose genial warmth and home-like aspect were most welcome; on either side of a large grate, that was packed with blazing turf, were great broad chairs, whose arms seemed outstretched to welcome us. Everything in the room looked at least a hundred years old, but an air of cleanliness and care pervaded all. On the mantelpiece were some ornaments of the now celebrated old Chelsea ware, a well-worn but neat carpet covered the floor, and heavy curtains hung at the window. The picture was a charming one: to complete it, two old people in the costume of George's time were needed to fill the arm-chairs. Soon the door opened, and an old gentleman entered, followed by his gentle wife. They both welcomed the priest, who explained my troubles to them. The old lady cried out, "Why are you standing, when the chair is there waiting for you by the fire?" I said I was very tired. "To be sure you are," said the host, "and you must go to sleep, after a cup of tea, and rest until mid-day."



THE PRIEST'S HOUSE.

A Frenchman would have turned to

the priest and added: "Monsieur le curé, since it is to your good offices we owe the pleasure of madame's visit, increase our obligation by giving us the pleasure of your company to dinner." But the Irishman said, "Bedad, father, there will be only three of us to dinner now, and as it is an unlucky number, you'll make another at table for luck."

"I've made three so often," the father replied, "that I suppose I owe the amends of making, when possible, the luckier number."

Meanwhile my hostess hurried about, giving orders to a maid, who finally announced my room was ready. It adjoined the parlor, and was, as regards comfort, a reflex of it. On a tiny three-legged table stood a miniature Japanese tea service. A fragrant cup of tea and a piece of bread sufficed; for the luxuries of warm water, and the bed whose snowy covers were already turned down, were irresistible. I resolutely shut my eyes to the quaint furniture and ornaments of the room, promising myself the pleasure of another inspection after my nap.

I awoke feeling fully refreshed, and set about my preparations for dinner, with some feminine regrets at having nothing in the shape of dress with which to do honor to my entertainers. An old piece of tapestry—it was so well preserved that I only knew its date by the costumes of the figures upon it—covered the wall of one end of the room, and little oval-backed arm-chairs, covered with embroidery of the time of Louis XVI., stood around.

When my toilet was completed I rang, and the maid appeared, followed by her mistress, who was again so warm-hearted in her hospitality that I felt deeply touched. In the parlor I found the priest and the old gentleman in warm discussion upon the question of Home Rule. I do not suppose that the fact of my being an American had any weight in the cordial hospitality of this excellent lady and gentleman; I am sure their greeting would have been as warm to any stranger in need of it; but they spoke with affection and interest of America. The old gentleman added: "Our poor boy went there many years ago, but he did not succeed very well. He lost his health, and came home and died; but I know a great many who, having gone there with nothing but their brogue and blunders, have amassed large fortunes. Those who go in the steerage come back in the cabin, and those who go in the cabin come back in the steerage. In a little while, I think, there will be no Irishmen left in the land."

I will confess that pleased as I was with the good people around me, I was more so when the repast was served. Although we may affect to despise the material part of life, a good dinner occupies the large portion of every traveller's time and thoughts. May I stop for an instant to say how delicious were the dainty little trout and fat salmon, which were all the sweeter because they had been enjoying life a few hours before. The lobster was large and red enough to have been an alderman, if there be aldermen in the sea; and a roast of the delicious mutton that is peculiar to these mountains, along with great mealy potatoes which had burst the buttons off their jackets in a plethora of heartiness, formed part of our dinner. The national dish of bacon and cabbage stood with a kind of proud reserve, as if awaiting that homage which it knew every true Irishman would accord. Nor can I pass by without some notice the rare old china, the worn, polished silver, spread upon linen of snowy whiteness and finest texture, that seemed to have just issued from the family stores of some lavendered press.

As we lingered over our dessert, my good priest expatiated upon the beauties of the Irish language, which is certainly the best preserved, as it is the purest, of all the Celtic dialects. It contains written remains transmitted from so remote an antiquity that it has become nearly unintelligible. Manuscripts so old that they had become ancient in the fourth and fifth centuries, and required a glossary, which glossary has become nearly as obsolete as the work it was designed to explain, formed part of the possessions of this language. As an evidence of the love of the peasantry of Connaught for their own tongue, he told the story of a priest who was called upon to administer the last rites to an old woman. As he entered she spoke to him in English; he conversed with her a few moments, whereupon she began her confession in Irish. To the priest this was an unknown tongue, and he told her so. "If you can't speak to me in my own language," she said, "what brought you here?"

He replied: "You understand English, wherein the rites can be as well administered as in Irish."

The dying woman raised herself from her pallet of straw, and angrily cried:

"And do you think I am going to say my last words to the great God in the language of the Sassenach?" with which she dismissed him.

The priest's reminiscences of his people and the antiquities of their language interested me so much that he was encouraged to dwell upon them at great length. These recitals had a contrary effect, however, upon our host and hostess, probably because they were no longer new to them, for they were fast asleep. On parting for the evening, the priest proposed to accompany me to a "hurling," which, he said, will give a clearer insight into Irish character than any other scene. "You will there see their fighting and their love-making, their mixture of the tenderest sentiments with the rudest sport." I promised to defer my departure for the purpose of accompanying him, and found the scene no less curious and characteristic than he had described.

He re-appeared with the morning sun, and after taking leave of my kind entertainers, he accompanied us as far as the little village where the hurling was to take place. Our way lay over a rugged mountain road, but our slow progress was deprived of all tedium by the beauty of the scene. Every hawthorn bush and barren stone was made bright and beautiful by a sun as warm as midsummer, but tempered by the delicious mountain air, and made musical by the robin, thrush, the piping bullfinch, the linnet, and all the family of glorious songsters that abound in Ireland. The gray granite of the mountains glistened like the precious minerals which their bosoms contain, and the clear blue sky above shone with richness and brilliancy.

Far to the left of us, through a little gorge, rose the shrill and hurried notes of the pipes. Turning in that direction, we saw a procession of merry-makers. At the side of the piper a man bore a pole, upon which was suspended a basket made of laurel branches, and on the summit floated a green flag. The chosen bride, with her friends and companions, followed.



CONNEMARA COSTUMES.

Twelve stalwart fellows, who were her champions, were in one group, while about her were ranged as many laughing girls. Their best apparel was donned for this occasion, and arranged according to the taste of the wearer. The bride had on at least five petticoats and a cloak; the others varied from the same number to two or three. The worldly wealth of these mountain girls is exhibited just as much by the number and quality of their petti-

coats as is that of the most aristocratic lady by her silks and diamonds. They exhibit them by adjusting each one in such a manner that the hem of the other is seen beneath it. The cloak is seldom worn in Connemara; a petticoat serving as a mantle is used instead, sometimes covering the head, again prettily worn upon the shoulders, and one side thrown up to disencumber the arm; others put the head and one arm through, and gather it up with much grace.

They wound along to the village, and stopped at a shebeen, where they partook of refreshments, and joked and gossiped with each other.

The priest informed me that the games of hurling were made the occasions of bringing young people together in a kind of match-making frolic. The heads of two families who have an eligible son and daughter meet and arrange the preliminaries of the game. The boy—they are all boys in Ireland until married—chooses twelve companions, or groomsmen, the family of the girl selects twelve others from their relations or friends, and each party starts to the ground selected for the festivity, led by a piper and banner-bearer, as we have seen. The basket made of laurel branches which surmounts the banner is filled with oranges and apples, and is planted on the ground till the conclusion of the game, when a general scramble takes place for its contents. As nearly all assemblages of Irish rustics terminate in a fight, a good deal of "skull-cracking" is often done on these occasions. Matches are also made between other participants of the game and the fair damsels, who now meet for the first time, perhaps, the young men of the neighboring parishes; another day for hurling is then appointed, and the same scenes are again enacted.

The newly arrived party were now busy with their preparations for the game, and already beginning to circulate the mether of potheen.

"The boy is late," cried one, to the intended bride; "he is going to skirt."

"No matter for that," said an old woman; "she'll get his equal any day: the year is long, and God is good."

The shrill notes of the bagpipes announced that the groom and his company were approaching. They passed through the only street of the village, preceded by a piper and a banner-bearer as before. The hurling boy, a fine stalwart fellow, and his twelve groomsmen, were followed by his family and friends. A loud shout of welcome arose from the assemblage, quickly repressed, however, as they caught sight of the priest, whom they now descried for the first time. Every hat was raised, and a murmur of "God speed your reverence, and give you long life!" broke from every lip; and an old man stepped forward, and kneeling, asked a blessing.

"You see," said the priest, turning to me, "I will spoil their merriment if I remain; and to save you a disappointment, I will take my leave of you." With which he bade me adieu, and I never saw him again.

The mistress of the shebeen was a tall, black-haired woman, who was busy preparing refreshments. When I entered she took down a chair from a nail on the wall, and giving it an extra polish with her apron, placed it for me in the chimney-corner. I watched her make the cakes, as they are called, and relished them so much after they were made that I can not refrain from giving the recipe. Into half a stone, or seven pounds, of flour she mixed thoroughly a small quantity of soda, and upon it she poured gradually a pint of buttermilk. The oven in which it was baked was a large iron pot with a heavy lid, on which hot coals were placed, while beneath and around it was heaped a mass of burning embers. The bread, eaten warm with fresh butter, was delicious.

I turned to the window, and witnessed the game without. The poles were planted in the field, where the wickets and hurls were placed, and the boys began to prepare for the contest. The hurl is a sort of curved bat, which they use with great dexterity. Some twenty-five or thirty were engaged in it, and all not being supplied with hurls, they went to work madly with feet and hands, sending the balls in every direction. Many severe blows were dealt, and many a fight took place, before the game was done. Meanwhile serious flirtations were going on among the company; even the bride so far forgot her position as to smile upon one of her champions so amiably that her intended made a frantic attempt to deface the charms of his rival then and there. The old people walked about, or sat upon the rocks talking of the crops and the weather, for which they invariably blessed God when complaining of its severity.

While the landlady was at work, two old men strolled in for refreshment. One of them was evidently a small farmer. He wore his hat pulled down over his eyes, and appeared occupied by a matter of some weight. Talking to him earnestly and in a low tone, his companion, an old fellow with a shabby hat, shiny breeches, and much-worn shoes, looked about him with cunning eyes for the most retired nook, and pulling out an old stool, said,

"Sit ye there, man, and we'll have a pint and a talk."

The colorless potheen was served them, and each drank a tumblerful of it as if it had been water.

"Now, man," said the smaller and older of the two, "why not make a match between them? He is a smart lad, and she is a fine girl, God bless her! Just say what you will give her, and we can have done with it before the game is out."

"Well," said the farmer, after pulling and cracking all his fingers, "I have no thought of being mean. I will give her a cabin, a quarter acre of land, with the potatoes tilled and brought to the door."

There was silence on the other side.

"I will give her a fine feather-bed."

"Very good, very good," said he with the cunning eyes. "We'll have another pint." They were served with the fiery liquid, and smacking their lips over it, declared it the best.

"The players must be near through."

The farmer, staring in the bottom of the cup, added, "I will give her fifteen pounds in gold."

A short quick laugh from his companion was the response: "That's very good, man; you are doing well, God bless you!"

"Her mother will give her the best of petticoats—and that is about all."

"And enough it is, if her mother would not forget the old silver beads, so that she can prepare her soul for heaven when the end comes."

"What, then," said the other, a little defiantly, "has your boy got?"

Drawing his stool closer, and fixing his little gray eyes on the old man, he said, "Sorra a h'apenny; but he's a good lad for all that, and can knock as much work out of a day as any boy in the country, and in a fight can bate anybody that stands before him."

"It isn't a fighting man I want for my daughter," responded the farmer, testily; "there's little good comes of it."



CLIFDEN.

"Well, well, he need not do that same, but he's good for it if wantin'."

"I'll not stand for money, as he's a nate, tidy boy:" the farmer was somewhat mollified. "I'll buy him a boat, and he can knock his living out of it."

"Long life to ye! Shall it be next Thursday? I'll stop to-night to see the priest and have it all ready."

To my horror, the farmer now called for another pint, with which they sealed their bargain.

In spite of all the wishes and manœuvres of the parents, the boys and girls meet sometimes others whom they prefer, and the match falls through.

I saw from the window that the game was about finished. A dash was made for the poles, the apples and oranges were scattered about, and the players struggled madly for the fruit. Shouts and yells of pleasure and wrath filled the air. Not a leaf of laurel or piece of fruit was left uncrushed. After partaking of the buttermilk bread, tea, and whiskey, they prepared for the dance. The suitor took his bride, and the attendants paired off for a jig, which was entered into with surprising spirit and energy, to the shrill accompaniment of the two bagpipes, which made up in vigor what they lacked in time. After a while the old folks left their bread and tea to join in the dance, aroused by the notes of some old Irish air, and hobbled off as merrily, if not as briskly, as the youngest of them. In passing the hats of the pipers, each dancer bestowed a piece of money.

We again set out for Clifden. Flanigan's luncheon on this occasion not having been of an intoxicating nature, he was fully alive to his duties. The fine weather and dry roads—a few hours of sun and wind suffice to dry this soil—tempted me to walk. I sat down upon a rock that overhung the road, and sketched one of the most beautiful little lakes I had seen on my travels. Its waters gleamed in the sun, and the little islands basked on its bosom, the homes of innumerable birds. Not a sound broke on the air—the songs of birds seemed to enhance rather than mar the stillness that reigned.



SOME ART CONNOISSEURS.

I had finished a sketch of this charming spot, when a ragged boy approached, leading a little girl, who was vainly trying to screen herself behind him; another in petticoats brought up the rear. Observing my occupation, they had, with more intelligence than most peasants, divined its character, and begged me to take their likenesses. Notwithstanding this ardent spirit of patronage for the arts, I could not conscientiously advise an artist to take up his abode in that region. The urchins, like the most civilized of amateurs, were pleased to see themselves on paper. The eldest, after looking at the drawing for some time, said, "That 'll do."

Our road now led through a ravine, past the hovel, miscalled a house, from which this little brood had come. It admitted the rain, and did not keep out the cold. I asked their father, a stalwart fellow clothed in rags, with an anxious expression of face, why his landlord did not repair the hut.

"Oh, your honor," he replied, "he would tell me to lave it. And lave it I must this year, for the potatoes are black, and where can we get money to pay our rent? A society gives us free tickets now for Australia, and though I am sorry to lave the old country, I must go, for the childer's sake."

As I left him standing by his wretched home, with his poor little family around him, ready any minute to leave their land forever, Goldsmith's lines seemed more sadly true than ever:

"Scourged by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave."

Further on, where a few sheep were sunning themselves on the rocks, and some long-haired cattle sniffing for rain, we passed a little whitewashed cottage, at the door of which stood a beautiful girl, talking, with laughing and blushing face, to a knee-breeched swain, who, leaning upon the back of his ass, unmindful of a listener, poured into her ears, I doubt not, the story which in all climes and among all classes is still the same. At least such was the verdict of Flanigan, who, eying them through a whiff from his pipe as we rode by, laconically remarked, "Courting." They were probably arranging matters with much less parade and a happier result than the match-makers I had quitted a few hours before.

Impelled by that curiosity which is too generally admitted an endowment of our sex to need apology here, I stopped and asked the shortest road to Clifden. The man, who had no mind to be interrupted in his love-making, vouchsafed no reply; but the girl, with that womanly address which never appears to be doing what she is doing most, left her lover, and pointing to a hill before us, said, "Clifden is just beyond; you can see it from the top of the hill."

Just before arriving at Clifden we passed through a collection of miserable huts, which is hereabouts dignified with the title of a village. A forlorn beggar, going from door to door, stopped before one more miserable than the rest, I thought, from which emerged an old woman, who gave him two or three potatoes. One would suppose this poor woman a more pitiable object of charity than the beggar upon whom she bestowed her mite. All over Ireland one meets the strange spectacle of the poor begging from the poor: there seemed to be none so abject in their poverty but that another can be found still more wretched.

One does not often find a more beautifully situated town than Clifden. It seems to have been placed by a poet whose sole consideration was setting a picturesque village in a situation where it both adorns and is adorned by the surrounding mountains and sea. As we approached it I was fascinated by its beauty, and promised myself a repose of some days in this charming spot. This anticipation, however, was doomed to a bitter disappointment. As a reverse to the beautiful picture presented by the town from a distance, I found houses and people, on a near inspection, the most insipid, common, and utterly uninteresting I had ever



COURTING.

seen. The buildings, comparatively new, for the most part unpainted, had a pitiable look of cheap respectability. Indeed, it had the appearance of a town built by contract, but which the absconding contractor had heartlessly abandoned before completion, so that houses and streets seemed to be hopelessly waiting for their finishing touches. When we arrived at the hotel door my enthusiasm was in this manner almost entirely dispelled; but when I entered the imposing-looking hostelry, the wood of whose doors and windows grinned through a single coat of paint, as if in mockery of their disguise, my heart sunk within me. New as the place was, at its very threshold I perceived a musty odor. The reckless flinging about of chops, potatoes, and dusting rags, so eminently characteristic of Irish hotels, was evidently here in its carnival season.



THE WIDOW'S MITE.

When I have more leisure I will write a dissertation upon Irish landlords, who always greet their guests as if they were a bad bargain, only accepted from a force of circumstances, who always have the air of grand gentlemen that have seen better days, and who are excessively punctilious in their ideas of the consideration due them. The landlord in this case had greasy lapels to his coat, and a profusion of garnet studs in his bosom. His hair, of which he wore an elegant sufficiency, shone with a pomade which I think even he would have changed had his nose occupied any other place than the centre of that radius of perfume which he bore about him.

The table d'hôte, served with great pretension and formality, would have speedily quieted the keenest appetite. Even in this out-of-the-way place I descried among the guests at table a fellow-countryman in a tall lank youth with a small head, long neck, and untrimmed hair. His nonchalant manner, and the peculiar dry contempt with which he measured everybody and everything, apart from being a birthright of Americans, had something familiar in it. I recognized a youth who had impressed himself upon my memory a year before, during a visit to the Tower of London. He had excited my interest by the silent pertinacity with which, while his keen and restless eye wandered unceasingly over every object, he had masticated the same mouthful of tobacco from the court-yard, through the wondrous collection of ancient arms and armor, past the Koh-i-noor and crown jewels, till he arrived at the cell where we were informed Sir Walter Raleigh had been imprisoned thirteen years; thereupon he expectorated sufficiently to remark, "It was good for him."

When I went to my window the next morning a terrible Atlantic storm was venting its fury upon the town. The gusts of rain beat against the window and streamed down the panes, and the wind seemed to shake the house from its very foundations. The chamber-maid who entered to make the fire dropped a courtesy, and saying good-morning, added, "It's a cruel day, ma'am, glory be to God!"



CHAPTER XII.

"WHAT sort of people were we to meet to-night? Pleasant people, you said."

"And clever people, from Edinburgh and London, visitors in the house. Lady Symington brought one or two of them to call here to-day. I liked them."

"And I am sure they liked you, my darling," said Roderick, with a tender pride. "Well, it will be rather nice to go back for an hour or two to the old life, and rest one's ears from the endless buzz of machinery. Though I am fond of machinery," added he, hastily and cheerily. "It is like presiding as a temporary providence over a cosmogony of one's own making; taking care that all the wheels are kept going; doing one's utmost, and waiting calmly the final result, as one must in all things. Yes, I enjoy my work, and I mean to enjoy my play, if I am not too tired."

He had come in very tired; he often did; but, refreshed with tea and tender words, had now begun dressing for the Symington dinner, putting on his diamond studs, brushing out his curly hair; and his wife could see he rather liked the proceeding. He was a young man still.

She was young too—not at all above the pleasure "of making herself pretty," as he told her she looked in her white wedding dress, with her wedding veil transmuted into a shawl. He admired her—they mutually admired one another, and took a childish pleasure in the same.

"I wish I could give you a carriage," sighed Roderick, as he muffled her in hood and plaid for the ten minutes' walk under the fir woods, through the clear frosty December night.

"I am content with my own two feet, dear. Lady Symington offered the carriage, but I declined."

"Quite right. The poorer we are, the more independent we will be. Always stick to the principle, 'Owe no man anything.'"

"Except 'to love one another,'" Silence added, gently. "I can't help loving her—that sweet old lady—however rich she is. And she is so cheerful, too. How she laughed at my thick boots, and showed them to the two young ladies she had with her—most gentlemanly young ladies, who dress almost like men, and pity themselves for being only women. Now it may be very conceited of me, dear, but I never wished to be a man in all my life."

"Thank Heaven for that!" said Roderick, with such energy that they both burst out laughing, and so started merrily, lantern in hand, through the solemn fir wood, and across the open, breezy, star-lit moor.

Silence clung to her husband's arm. "This feels like the old days—the days when you used to walk home with us at night." She paused, and then continued, in the low smothered tone which he had learned to understand now: "Did you ever think then that I loved you—that it was heaven to me just to walk beside you for a quarter of an hour? and now we walk together always—through life—into eternity. No—I shall not lose you even there."

He pressed her little hand nearer his heart, but said nothing. They walked on, watching the round red moon, which was creeping up slowly through a cleft in the hills. Neither said, "How beautiful!" just as neither said, "I am happy;" but they knew it without speaking.

So they reached, two humble pedestrians, the Symington hall door.

"Are you afraid?" asked Roderick, as they paused to let a carriage pass them—the Castle Torre carriage, full of very resplendent MacAlisters.

"Not afraid of my host and hostess, but very much afraid of the butler, the footman, and the groom of the chambers."

"Nevertheless, let us face even them,"

said Roderick, gayly, "for I am determined to have a pleasant evening."

It felt like it when, having passed bravely through the ordeal of the entrance hall, they found themselves in the fine old drawing-room, rich with the relics of a dozen generations of Symingtons, where Sir John and his wife received their guests.

There was once a popular song, "If I had a thousand a year," wherein the singer describes what he would do with that noble income—counted but a small one nowadays. But ten thousand a year—what could one do with that? I think, precisely what Sir John Symington did. A rich man, of cultivated tastes, with every right to gratify them, knowing enough of sorrow to humble his heart toward God and soften it toward his neighbor; gifted with not only the power but the will to do good, and having lived long enough to reap the fruits of an honorable youth in a calm old age. Such a man is, spite of his riches, not unlikely to enter the kingdom of heaven. Ay, even in this world, as you could see by his contented look, and quiet, stately bearing. They were indeed quite a picture, this old couple; he, tall and thin, she, round and rosy, with a cheek like a girl, and a smile like a child, as they came forward to meet the young couple, to whom life was only at its beginning.

"'Thine own friend and thy father's friend, forsake thou not.' Mr. Jardine, it is kind of you to come here to-day. I hope it will be not the last time by many that Blackhall honors Symington by entering its doors."

These words, spoken with antique formality, and in a rather loud tone—Sir John was slightly deaf—were heard by everybody. Everybody saw, too, how Lady Symington kissed Mrs. Jardine on both cheeks, foreign fashion, in cordial welcome. This might have been chance, or wise and kindly intention, but it had its effect. The MacAlisters, and all the other neighbors, came forward at once, ignoring both the poverty and the millwork, and added their greetings. These "old families," as well as the clever English guests, were much simpler, Silence found, both in manners and toilets, than the Richerden people. Very soon they made her feel thoroughly "at home."

The more so as she saw her husband was "at home" likewise. There is in some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and social ozone, which brightens everybody. Wealth can not give it, nor poverty take it away. As they went in to dinner, Mrs. Jardine leaning on Sir John's arm, as the stranger and the bride, she and Roderick smiled at one another, satisfied.

It was a recherché rather than a sumptuous meal, not one of those where the guests are evidently far less important than the food. And it was short, too—an hour and half being, the host said, quite enough to spend over eating and drinking. Also, not long after the ladies retired, the gentlemen followed them.

"You see, having been much abroad, we have adopted the best of foreign customs," said Lady Symington, smiling to see Mrs. Jardine's smile at the unexpected apparition of her husband behind her chair. "Sir John likes a pleasant evening, good talk and good music, quite as well as a good dinner; and I like it much better. Indeed, I am afraid I am very fond of society."

"So are we," said Roderick, looking down on his wife's happy face. And just as his host called him to join a group of men, every one of whom was "somebody," or had done "something," he found time to whisper, "You were quite right, Silence; I am glad we came."

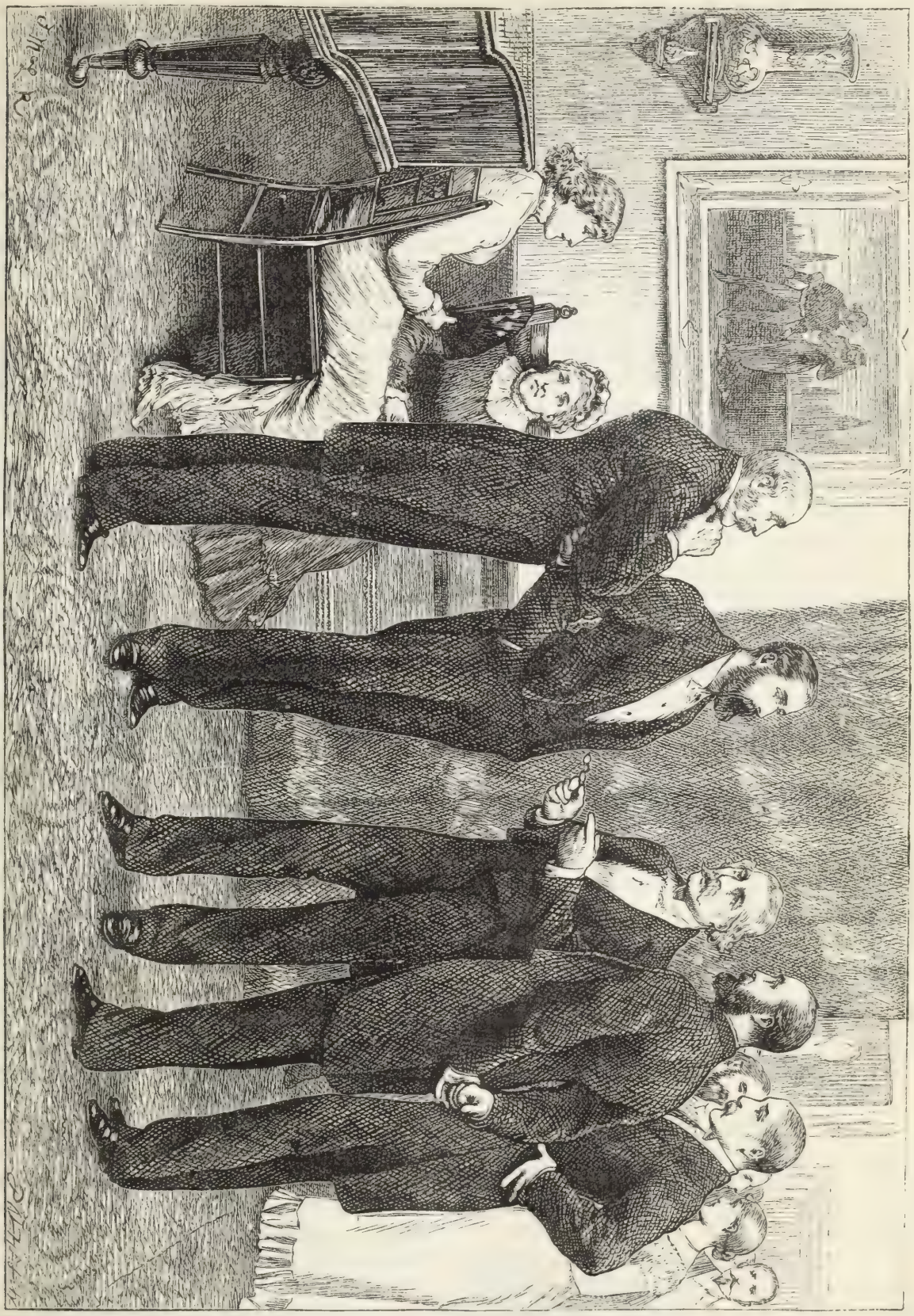
After that she watched him, talking, listening, and being listened to, holding his own always with his habitual courtesy, but nevertheless with the firmness and self-respect of a man who has cast his lot in life, whose fate is fixed, and heart at rest, so that he is now ready for the work of the world. He stood a good way from her, scarcely looking toward her—what need? This mingling with others made both feel only the more keenly and securely the sweet inward tie—"my own, my very own!"

As she sat in her quiet corner, that passionate ambition, not for self but a dearer self, which in some women's hearts is as strong even as love, woke up—no, it had already wakened—but it seemed to make itself felt to the very depths of her soul, until there came added to it another feeling, roused by a few chance words she overheard.

"Yes, a fine fellow, a very fine fellow indeed. What a pity he is married!"

"Do you think so?"

"Just swamped; every man is, unless



"AFTER THAT SHE WATCHED HIM, TALKING, LISTENING."

he can get that *rara avis*, a wife who is a help and not a hinderance, not only at home, but in society."

"Hush, there she is, that quiet little thing in the corner."

"Eh?"

Silence had sharp ears; at least she seemed to hear by instinct every word that was said about her husband. As the two gentlemen passed her they saw only the composed face, the quietly folded hands, but—she had heard.

Half an hour afterward, Roderick, a little surprised, but glad, saw her the centre of a circle, talking to all who talked to her, not only in her pretty precise English, but in French and German—there were several foreigners in this cosmopo-

lite house. Also, when requested by Lady Symington, she went at once to the piano and sang.

It was a very simple song; their favorite, "O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?" but after it came a hush, and then a burst of involuntary delight.

"Yes, that is my wife," Silence heard her husband answer to some one, very briefly; but she caught both the look and the tone. She went back to her seat, all her nervousness gone. She could face the world now. He was not ashamed of her.

Human nature is human nature after all. Many a good man loves with patient tenderness a wife very inferior to himself; many a woman upholds faithfully before the world the man she has married, who, all the world sees, and wonders sometimes if she sees, is altogether unworthy of her. This is right, noble; but it is also a little sad. The perfect bond, the true marriage, must always be between those who not only love, but are proud of one another—as were these.

The evening slipped by fast, so fast that the guests were already leaving; but Lady Symington begged the Jardines to stay a few minutes more.

"Well, the moon is full, and our horses will not catch cold by standing," said Roderick, gayly, to his wife. He was so thoroughly enjoying himself that, for the first time, he did not notice the little tired face. But Lady Symington did, and put Silence in her own arm-chair, secured round by curtains, above which hung the sweet picture of the long-dead boy. Upon it the eyes of both women, the young and the old, met tenderly.

"He must have been so pretty," Silence said.

"Yes. Almost like an angel, or it seems so now. He was a Christmas child. This Christmas he would have been thirty-nine, no, forty years old. How strange!"

The old lady spoke calmly, as old people learn to do. And then, like one habituated to repress herself and think of others only, she added:

"Your husband is not near forty yet; he could not be, for Henry Jardine married late in life. Sir John lost sight of him after that, but he was always very fond of him. We thought him so clever, so sure to make a name for himself one day. Perhaps his son will."

"I hope he will; yes, he shall."

The words were brief, but there was a sudden flash in the eye, indicating the faith which creates the hope, and the will which brings about both. And then, startled at herself, Silence shrank back behind the curtains of her pleasant nook, glad to hide for a few quiet minutes after the efforts even of their happy evening.

She strained her ears to catch her husband's voice, but instead she only heard the idle buzz of conversation behind her, little heeded, until her own name struck her ear.

"Jardine? surely I met a Mrs. Jardine at Richerden last week. Could she be a relative, mother or aunt, to that young fellow? Impossible!"

"Why impossible?"

"Oh, Mrs. MacAlister" (the speaker was one of the Symington guests), "if you had seen her! Astonishing in accent, and still more astonishing in dress; clannish, as I suppose you Scotch would call it—always talking of her 'family,' and evidently considering it the most important family in all Scotland. She had three daughters—one married to a man, Thomson—ugh! a nice son-in-law to have! You should have seen him in the drawing-room after dinner. But she never spoke of any son."

"Still, I believe this is her son."

"You don't say so! That coarse, ignorant, vulgar woman?"

At this talk—heard quicker than it takes to write, and impossible not to hear, for the speakers were behind the curtain—Silence looked at her companion, whose eyes were cast down on the carpet. Making some remark quite foreign to the subject, Lady Symington rose; then, seeing the poor little scarlet face, she let all polite pretenses drop.

"My dear, 'les absents ont toujours tort.' Let it pass—we will move away."

"How can I let it pass? It is not true. And she is his mother. It can not be true."

"If it were," said the old lady, quietly, "it could not affect any right-minded people. Your husband is what he is, a Jardine of Blackhall, and the very image of his father."

"Still, a mother is a mother always. I had one once."

In another moment, putting aside Lady Symington's detaining hand, she stood before the two ladies.

"I beg your pardon, but I overheard

you. I could not help overhearing. You mistake. Mrs. Jardine, my mother-in-law, is a very good woman. Her children love her much. Uneducated she may be—her father was a working-man—but 'coarse,' 'vulgar'—it is impossible."

"Whether or no," said the young London lady, equally touched and surprised, "I am sorry I said it. It is a certificate of merit to any woman that her son's wife should be so fond of her."

The poor little face, pale with pain, flushed visibly. "It is not that; it is because of the injustice. One should never let an injustice pass if one can help it."

The eager voice, pathetic even in its indignant pride, the manner so simple and straightforward — Mrs. MacAlister said next day that young Mrs. Jardine was the oddest and most "unconventional" young lady she ever knew; but there was no mistaking her meaning. Both ladies felt themselves, as the younger expressed it, "quite shut up," and made no end of incoherent apologies.

Silence accepted them smiling. "It does not matter, since only I heard you—not my husband."

Just then, turning round, she saw Roderick standing beside Lady Symington, and was quite certain, by the expression of his face, that he had heard, or guessed, everything that had passed.

He said nothing—what was there to say?—only came forward, bowing with almost more than his usual rather stately courtesy to the two ladies, drew his wife's arm in his, and making their adieux to their hostess, took her away immediately.

Not until they had got out into the dark—the quiet, soothing, solitary night—did he break out in a passion of anger and grief.

"Coarse! vulgar! how dared they say it? Ignorant she may be. How could she be otherwise with her up-bringing? But she is, as you said, a thoroughly good woman. Thank you for saying it; thank you, my darling, for being so generous to my poor mother."

"Not generous, only just," whispered the soothing voice. "I could not be unjust to any mother, least of all to yours. They did not know her, those people, and they were sorry. You heard them say so."

"I heard all; I was close by; but how could I speak! Coward that I was! It was you who were brave. Again, thank you, my darling."

They walked on a while in total silence, then Roderick burst out again:

"Yes; she is my mother. No unkindness can alter that. And she has done nothing really wrong—nothing that can make me cease to respect her. Her weaknesses—I know them every one. It is nonsense to say children should not see their parents' faults; they must and do. But then there is the love that covers all. She loved me too, once. If I saw her this minute, I believe I should forget everything except that she was my mother—my dear old mother."

And a great sudden sob, like a boy's, betrayed what his wife had long guessed—the pent-up grief which even she could not wholly heal.

It was hard, very hard; but Silence was neither hurt nor offended. "Faithful in one thing—faithful in all," she murmured. Clasping both her hands round his arm, she crept still closer to the true heart; all the truer and dearer because even its love for herself had failed to deaden any other lawful tenderness.

"Forgive me, my wife. You must not think that—"

"I think only of you, and of your bitter pain."

"It must be conquered, and shall, by-and-by."

"Or else the tide may turn; who knows?"

"No, I have little hope of that. My mother has strong prejudices. In one sense she is, as they called her, a thorough Scotchwoman, a warm friend, a bitter enemy. No, no, do not give me hope of things changing. Better let us submit to the inevitable. It is inevitable now."

They walked a little way in sad silence, then Roderick broke out again:

"Did you hear what they said about Bella's husband? Poor Bella! I knew it would come to that; I told her so, but she would not believe me. She was dazzled, blinded, overpersuaded. Girls often are, I suppose. Perhaps I ought to have spoken out more thoroughly; but I hated speaking—they never would understand me. And then they worried me so! Still, I should have done my duty to them, whether or no. I have not liked to vex you, my darling, but sometimes I have vexed myself for days together with the doubt if I had really done my duty to them all. I can not forget them. My dearest

—my very dearest always—you would not wish me to forget them?"

"No."

"Thank you." And then, with another half sob, he recovered himself. "Now we understand one another quite; so let us put it all aside. What is done, we can not undo; we would not if we could. Blood is thicker than water—especially with us Scotch—but love is beyond all, and stronger than all."

"When it is righteous love. Ours would not have been such if it had made us do wrong. We did not do wrong. We had a right to marry if we chose. It made us happy, and it harmed no human being."

Firm and fearless, holding the balance even, and as just to herself as she would have been to any other woman, Silence spoke out. Her voice soothed and strengthened him as if it had been the voice of his own conscience.

"You are right, as I think you always are. After all, if it comes to the point, a man *must* 'leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife,' and she will cleave to him—even though he may try her a little. Do I?"

Man-like he might have wished this fact denied; but Silence was too honest.

"Yes, dear;" and just then, as they came out of the dark wood into the moonlight, her pale face seemed to gain a sort of Abdiel-like look, angelic sternness mingled with its sweetness. "Yes, dear, you do try me very much sometimes, as no doubt I do you, as all married people must, more or less, try one another; but I love you—I love you!"

"Do you? I often wonder why," Roderick answered, with that almost child-like humility and doubt of himself which was so pathetic, so winning.

"I love because I honor, and therefore I am afraid of nothing; because nothing could make me cease to love, except ceasing to honor. Me, myself, you might forsake, wound, torture, and if it were for conscience' sake, I should accept it all, and love you through all. But if I ever came to despise you—as some women have to despise their husbands—pity might last, and duty; but love would go dead out, and no power on earth would light it up again. But now—but now—"

She turned to him, her eyes shining with perfect trust—the very heart of love, love rooted in righteousness. He turned too, and clasped her in his arms, with a passion such as even his lover days had never felt. Then it was the restless craving after uncertain bliss. Now it was the deep content of satisfied union, each finding in the other more and more every day a perpetual refuge and rest.

"My mother told me I should soon 'get over' my love for you, and marry some other woman, who would do just as well. If it had been, and I had lost you, and had to live all my life without you! But now— Oh, Silence, what in the world should I do without you now?"

Without answering she looked up at him, a sudden, strangely earnest look. Roderick, who had begun with a laugh, as if anxious to get back into the light commonplace of life once more, put his arm round her.

"Are you tired? Let me help you. I think I could almost carry you. Lean on me, darling."

"Yes. I always do."

And so, half led, half carried—for she was evidently very weary—they came to their own door.

"What a pleasant door it seems!" Roderick said, as they watched the long gleam from the parlor window across the dark lawn. "I enjoyed Symington. I like luxuries, as I like all pleasant things, but I can do without them. Now there are certain things I could *not* do without."

"What are they?"

"A peaceful, sunshiny, orderly home, and a wife to love me."

She laughed merrily. "Yes, it is a dear home, if we could only get into it." For they had found the door fastened—a rare fact—and had been ringing and ringing, till at last Janet appeared, scared and flurried.

"Have you been asleep, Janet? Nothing wrong? No ghosts frightening you?" said Roderick, kindly.

"Na, na; but the leddy, she bade me steek the door."

"What lady?"

"She came in a carriage, and said she was come to bide here. She's been waiting in the parlor these two hours."

Roderick went hastily in, his wife following. There, still bonneted and shawled, dressed richly in velvet and fur, but with a face so haggard that it was no wonder even her brother did not at first recognize her, sat the "leddy."

"Bella!"

"Yes, it's me. You didn't know me, I suppose?"

"Dear Bell! so glad to see you." And he went over and kissed her affectionately. But Bella made no response.

"Stop a minute," she said, in a hard, dry tone. "Don't be too glad to see me. Ask your wife first. I'm not respectable. I've run away from my husband."

Roderick started.

"Not with a man—oh no, thank you! I've had enough of men"—with the ghost of her old laugh—"only with a baby."

She opened her fur cloak and discovered the white long-clothes of a tiny—such a very tiny—infant, with such an old, withered, ugly little face. Nevertheless, Silence sprang to it and took it in her arms.

"Oh, you're quite welcome, if you want it. I don't, though it's my own," said Mrs. Thomson, with another laugh. "A month ago, when it was born, I hated the very sight of it, it was so like its father. Now—well, I endure it, that's all! Isn't it a miserable scrap of a thing?"

It certainly was; but in an instant Silence, throwing off her wraps, had sat down to warm its skinny stone-cold legs by the fire, with a look on her face that even her husband had never seen before.

"She seems born to be a mother, which I'm sure I never was; I always hated children. They look exactly like young frogs or toads. No doubt this will turn out a toad, and spit in my face, like—only it's a feminine, not a masculine article, thank goodness! It can never grow up a man like *him*."

"Do you mean your husband?" said Roderick, gravely.

"To be sure. The man I was fool enough to marry. Why didn't my mother prevent me, as she tried to prevent your marriage? But mine was all right—or she thought so—as she thinks still. I've got a handsome house, horses and carriages, butler, three footmen, and a page. Didn't I dodge them all cleverly? crept out in the dark of the afternoon, and took a tram—me, Mrs. Alexander Thomson—a common street tram—to the railway. What would Mr. Thomson have said?—Ha! ha! ha! I wish he knew it, if only just to vex him."

Roderick sat down by his sister, grieved and sad. She was in such an excited state that he did not attempt a single question, but she went on rapidly talking.

"What a hunt there'll be! Not that he cares for me, not two straws, but it isn't respectable to have one's wife running away. And they will think I have gone mad, and killed the baby—he knew I hated it. But I'm not mad, I am quite in my sober senses, Rody— Is that a noise? I told the girl to bolt the front door: somebody might come after me, though I don't think it. And they never would imagine I had come here to you."

"No," said Roderick, with involuntary bitterness. "Nevertheless, I being still your brother, and you having chosen to take refuge with me, you are safe. Be satisfied."

He laid his hand on her shoulder—she was shaking from head to foot—then untying her bonnet and cloak, he made her lean back in the arm-chair.

Tears started to Bella's eyes. "Thank you; you were always kind to me, Rody, and you have got used to women's ways, I see. But don't be uneasy, I shall not faint, I never do. I'm tough, like mamma, or I should have been killed long ago. He was such a brute—you've no idea. That is, when he was drunk. Sober, he is—well, only a fool! I must have been blind—many silly girls are"—passing her hand wearily over her eyes—"but, oh, Rody, fancy, to wake up after a week or two and find yourself tied for life to a drunkard and a fool! A brute too, as I say. Roderick"—clutching him by the arm—"you, a man, with a wife of your own, and—yes, I know!—would you believe that the very day before that poor little wretch was born, he—he struck me?"

Roderick sprang to his feet.

"Don't get furious; you can do nothing, nobody can. It's only the drink. He's decent enough, just a fool at most, till he drinks; then he's a devil; and I hate him as I hate the devil. It's right."

"Right or wrong, you must keep quiet," said the brother, himself making a violent effort at quietness and self-control. "My wife"—the instinctive appeal which had become habitual now—"my wife, come here."

Silence came, with the small bundle, so piteously still, as if only half alive, in her arms. She had been going in and out of the room with it while they talked.

"Your bed is quite ready. Come, sister."

Bella, occupied with herself and her

brother, had apparently forgotten her brother's wife. When Silence stood before her—the young mistress of the house, the woman with the womanly heart, which that forlorn babe seemed already to have found out, for it was fast asleep on her warm breast—this other woman, the miserable fine lady, the mother with the unmotherly soul, was struck with a mingled feeling, half surprise, half compunction.

"Yes, of course we are sisters. But I thought you would hate me—hate us all. It was Roderick I ran away to. I never thought of you."

"That was natural. But now, all that are his are mine, as is also quite natural. Come."

Bella grasped the offered hand and rose, saying, with a feeble laugh, "Rody, your wife must be an exceedingly good woman."

"*Cela va sans dire*, I hope," said he, trying to laugh, as he hurried them away up stairs, and sat down over the fire, thankful to be alone.

Most men dislike scenes, he more than most. The sight of his sister, the sound of her familiar voice, even down to the old boyish pet name, which belonged exclusively to those early days—his wife had never used it—affected him deeply.

Then, too, he was a man, with all a man's feeling about marital rights and duties. To find himself sheltering a runaway wife, though even his own sister, was very distasteful. Still, every brotherly and manly emotion blazed up into righteous indignation at thought of Bella's wrongs.

"To strike her—actually strike her! Poor, poor girl! If I had been at hand—if she had had a brother to stand up for her!" And again his tender conscience smote him, as if he had not done half enough, as if his passive acceptance of fate had been of itself an error. Should he resist now? Seeing that his sister had come to him for refuge, should he not hide her—that was impossible; nor, had it been possible, would he have stooped to any concealment, but would have openly protected her against her husband, her mother, and all the world.

His head dropped in his hands to "think it over." But he had grown unused to solitary thinking now. Wearily he looked round for the second self, always beside him, ready at least with the sympathy which is often almost as good as counsel, sometimes even better still.

But it was almost an hour, quite the middle of the night, before Silence came in. She looked very pale and tired; but there was a deep joy in her face. With her light curls dropping over her white dressing-gown, she stood beside him, a vision of peace.

"Dear, you put me in mind of one of Fra Angelico's angels."

"But I have been doing no angel's work; I have been washing baby. She looked so sweet, though she is so very, very small. Then I put her to bed beside her mother, who said she felt 'quite safe and comfortable.'"

"Poor Bella! And you—I fear you are terribly worn out, my darling?"

"Oh no, I like looking after people. And you—you are glad to have one of your 'ain folk' under your roof? Is it not strange, after our talk to-night?"

"Very strange. And"—with a kind of sad apology—"you will be good to her? You don't dislike her?"

"Dislike her?"

"No; there are likable points about her, poor girl! And she has suffered so much! What shall we do with her? I have been wearying myself with thinking. Can she stay here?"

"Of course she can. We have contrived admirably: I rather like contriving. She brought no clothes for herself, but she did not forget her baby. She has a great bundle of all things needful. I do believe she cares for it, after all. She laughed—actually laughed—when she saw it so happy in its bath, which was our wash-tub. Only think! neither she nor I had ever washed a baby before; we were quite afraid; but Janet, who has had little brothers and sisters—six, I think—came to the rescue and helped us. Poor Janet, she was so proud!"

The simple, wholesome, domestic details—comedy neutralizing tragedy—Roderick laughed at them, and felt more comforted than he could tell. Then, turning to his wife, he pressed his lips on the small right hand, so soft, yet so busy and so strong.

"Coals of fire—coals of fire," he murmured, much moved.

Silence did not at first understand the allusion; then she said, "Yes, coals which melt and purify all sterling ore; that was how my father always explained the text.

And who knows? she may be softened yet."

"My mother?"

"I have been hearing all about her; how good she is, how generous and warm-hearted. And she was always so proud of you. She thought you ought to marry a countess at least, and you married only me! It really was a little hard for her."



"AS SHE SAT IN THE ARM-CHAIR, HER FEET ON THE FENDER."

Roderick drew his wife down upon his knee—a "Fra Angelico," but a mortal woman still—and buried his head on her shoulder. He did not speak, or nothing that she could hear, but she felt his tears.

The said "coals of fire," when duly heaped up, warm others besides those they are meant to melt. Seldom had there been a brighter breakfast table than that in the little parlor at Blackhall, even though Bella kept it a long time waiting —"which must never happen again," said the young master to the mistress. But for once both forgave; and when Mrs. Alexander Thomson sailed in, her splendid clothes contrasting strangely with her piteously white face, knelt with her brother and his wife round the family hearth, and then took her seat at the simple family table, all the misery outside, the dreary past, the doubtful future, could not take away a certain sense of peace.

But the simple breakfast of porridge and tea, bread, butter, and eggs, which

always satisfied Roderick, had, to confess the truth, its difficulties with the guest. Despite her condescending smile, it was evidently not exactly what Mrs. Alexander Thomson was used to, and she felt that she was condescending. Also, after the first warm pleasure of meeting, both brother and sister became conscious of that curious sense of strangeness, which, notwithstanding the closest tie of blood, rises up after a while between those whose lives have drifted wide apart, never to be united more. So much so, that by-and-by, conversation flagging, it was quite a relief to hear a feeble wail overhead.

"That's baby! What a bother she is! Could Janet go to her?"

"I will," said Silence, and vanished from the room.

"That wife of yours is the very kindest of women, Rody; but I hope she will not overfatigue herself," remarked Bella, politely, though making no effort to prevent the fatigue. She always had a trick of never doing for herself what another was willing to do for her. And as she sat in the arm-chair, her feet on the fender, she looked the very picture of luxurious ease, except for the haggard, restless look so sad to see.

"I must leave you," Roderick said. "You know, Bella, I am a working-man now, and get my own living."

"Yes, she told me. It must be very disagreeable."

"On the contrary, I rather like it. Daily bread, honestly earned, is far sweeter than the old idleness."

"Is it? Then I wish I could earn mine."

"You have no need, having your own independent fortune."

"Yes; *he* can't get it, mercifully; mamma tied it up too safe. But neither can I, unless she chooses, and she will not choose. She will do nothing for me unless I stay with my husband, 'like a respectable woman,' as she says. I doubt if she will ever forgive my running away—even to my own brother."

"Who, I suppose, is not respectable," said Roderick, bitterly. "Nevertheless, she must be told. Shall I telegraph to her for you this morning?"

He spoke firmly, having already made up his mind to this; but he was not prepared for the agony of terror and misery which came over the unfortunate wife.

"Tell her, and she'll tell my husband, and he will come and fetch me. Not that he cares for me—not a pin; but only for the sake of appearances. Oh, Rody, don't tell anybody! Keep me safe—hide me. If you only knew what I had suffered!"

"My poor Bell, my Heather Bell," said he, tenderly, using the old pet name he had invented for her in the days when they played together "among the broom." At that she quite broke down.

"Oh, I wish I were a girl again. I wish—I wish I had never married. Somebody once said to me that a women has always a future until she is married, then she has none. Tied and bound—tied and bound forever. And I am but seven-and-twenty."

That look, half appeal, half despair, it went to Roderick's heart; for he knew it was only too true. She was "tied and bound" with the chains she had herself riveted. Even her own brother, however he pitied her, was powerless to set her free.

"Only seven-and-twenty," she repeated. "Such a long life before me. How am I to bear it? 'Till death us do part.' And I can't die. And he—he won't die; those sort of people never do."

"Hush!" said Roderick, turning away aghast. "You don't know what you are saying."

"I do know it only too well. Many a time, when, after raving like a madman, he has sunk to a mere drunken dog, and lain asleep on his bed like a log of wood, I have thought of Jael and Sisera, or Judith and Holofernes, and others of those holy murderesses. If it would only please God to take him, as our minister says. He would be much better in heaven. He couldn't get any drink there."

This ghastly mixture of the horrible and the ludicrous, added to what he knew of the utter recklessness of Bella's nature when roused, was almost too much for Roderick to bear. He looked instinctively round for the one who now was always at hand, helping him to bear everything; but Silence was still absent up stairs. Then, laying a firm hand on the poor violent woman, at once violent and weak—it is so often thus—he placed her back in her chair.

"You are talking nonsense, Bella; you know you are—the most arrant nonsense, or worse. Don't be afraid: you have a brother still, who will do his best to take

care of you; but you must let me do it in the right way. Nothing cowardly, nothing underhand. Your mother, at least, must be told where you are. My wife says so. She and I were talking it over this morning."

"Very kind."

"It was kind, and wise too," was the grave reply. "Silence is the wisest woman I know."

"And I the most foolish. It looks like it. Very well. Cast me off if you like. Turn me out of doors. I'll take the child and go."

But it was only a hysterical impulse, which ended in a flood of hysterical tears.

Utterly bewildered and perplexed, Roderick went to the foot of the stairs and called "Silence," in the sharpest tone he had used since their marriage.

"Why do you leave me? You know I can't do without you," he said. Then added, as she descended, with the wailing child still in her arms, "It is hard for you too, my wife. Our peaceful days are all done."

"Not quite," she said, smiling—it was wonderful the sweetness of her smile whenever she had that baby in her arms. "I see," when she perceived Bella, and heard her frantic sobbing. "My friend" (the loving *mon ami* which she still used sometimes), "you are of no use here. Leave her to me—women understand women. She will be all right soon. Take your hat and go. Outside work is quite hard enough for you. Good-by, my dearest—dearest."

She lifted up her face to be kissed—the pale, firm, peaceful face, such a contrast to the other one—opened the door, shut it after him, and watched him safe away. Then, with a great sigh of relief, she went back to her unfortunate sister-in-law.

A NEW AND TRUE GHOST STORY.

COME, my Tavvie, Jennie, Florey,
Paul and Maidie, if 'twon't bore ye--
Come and hear my new ghost story!
"Certain true" it is, and therefore
Something that perhaps you'll care for.

On the rocks we'll sit together,
In this blessèd summer weather,
Holding hands, the moonlight watching,
With no fear of bad cold catching.

Paul, you rogue, if you don't falter,
You shall win a prime "Gibraltar,"
And the girls shall have four others,
Just as if they were our brothers.

Now we're seated, all is ready,
So be silent, firm, and steady.
Never mind, it is no matter,
If your teeth *do* clash and clatter.
They are *wisdom*-teeth that chatter
When a true ghost story rises,
Filling us with new surprises.

On the beach that lies before ye
Is the scene of my ghost story,
And it came to pass in *Ju*-ly,
"Sure as eggs is eggs" and *tru*-ly.

Well, it really makes me shudder
When I think in what a pudder
That same night my nerves went jumping,
And my heart kept loudly thumping.

Deary me! let's all sit snugger,
In a general kind of hugger,
So if any sprite should bump us,
We'll together share the rumpus.

I'm a sleepless kind of fellow;
Moonlight always makes me mellow;
And I like to walk when people
Are as silent as a steeple
Where the bell-rope has been rended
Twenty years, and can't be mended.

So, last month, when all was stilly—
Midnight, moonlight, nothing chilly—
From our hill-top I descended,
And by "Masconomo" wended.
Overhead the stars ceased swinging;
Underfoot the beach stopped singing;
Not a mollusk then was stirring;
Not a fairy-puss was purring;
Not a love-sick periwinkle
His guitar took out to tinkle;
All the Sirens, silver dripping,
Into amber caves were slipping;
Even Neptune, that old schemer,
Ventured to become a dreamer—
Everything and everybody
Passed into the land of Noddy.

I began to feel quite creepy,
Thinking of a world so sleepy;
Still I kept on, walking, walking,
Sometimes to myself low talking,

Sometimes *sotto voce* chanting
Songs like Shelley's, that come haunting
All our fresh-awakened senses
With their lovely moods and tenses.

Tennyson I sang and shouted;
Longfellow's brave words I spouted;
Homer, with his grand emotion,
How I thundered to the ocean!
All the bards seemed there assembled,
As alone I walked and trembled.

In my memories and forgeteries
Never night had such *et cæteras;*
Never did the moon shine brighter;
Never did the waves dance lighter.
Warmth and coolth were gently blended,
Like two lovers, Triton-tended;
Every breeze came in caressing,
Freighted with an amorous blessing.

Solitude oped every portal.
Never was a lonelier mortal!
Still I trudged along, and listened
Now and then, as round me glistened
Sand and rock, but not a whisper
Came from any human lisper.

What is that so white and tiny,
Moving slowly toward the briny
World before me—onward gliding,
Pausing, resting, tripping, sliding?
Heavens! what is that baby vision,
Wandering there from haunts Elysian,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer,
Growing clearer, clearer, clearer?

Soon my hair began to bristle,
And I tried in vain to whistle.
Could it be a ghost invidious,
Moving on with step insidious,
Bent on helpless man's destruction,
Like a vampire full of suction?

Should I run?—that was the question.
Perish such a base suggestion!
No! because my limbs rheumatic
Banished feats on land aquatic.
Should I boldly face the danger,
And regard the little stranger?
Sure that form is nothing human—
But a pigmy faery woman!

Now the figure ceases motion,
Gazing out upon the ocean.
What a pair of eyes to look on!
What an arm for love to hook on!
Oh, what golden ringlets rippled!
Mouth where spirits might have tippled,
And become inebriated,
Kissing oft but never sated!
Pearly hands just left off waving,
Pinky toes in foam beds laving.
What a ravishing admixture,
Gracing that infantine fixture!

What impelled me then to snatch up
In my arms this ghostly catch-up,
Who can tell? I can't determine.
But I did, as if 'twere ermine,
Or a bunch of pure white roses,
Lilies, or any other posies.

Yes, I did, and then, good gracious!
What happened then? Don't be rapacious!
Five young listeners know the sequel;
To write it out I don't feel equal.

But, if you will take your pottage
Some day in our Gambrel Cottage,
I'll explain to lads and lasses
What the ghost was. It surpasses,
Paul says, mortal comprehension,
And quite worthy your attention.

WILL'S WILL, AND HIS TWO THANKSGIVINGS.

"HE'S got the dreadfulest will, Parson Roberts! I'm e'en-a'most afeard of him ef he says he will do anything, for he'll do it, whether or no; and here I be, a widder, and next to nothin' left in the way of means;" and then the poor little woman burst into tears. Mr. Roberts was a young man, and an honest man, so he did not say anything: his repertory of spiritual consolations was as yet small, and strictly conventional. There was nothing in it fitted to this particular distress of a willful son, which really seemed a greater trouble to Mrs. White than the death of Joel, who had just expired in the lean-to bedroom. Joel had not been a help or a comfort to her for the last ten years. He had at last died "of the tremens," as she phrased it, and left her with only the little brown house that had three rooms and a loft in it, and a half acre of garden ground.

It was a bleak November day, the air sour and dark, the trees leafless, the earth sodden with chill rains, and a dreadful silence and peace settling down on this small shelter by the road-side that had for a week past resounded with shrieks and groans. Mr. Roberts had been sent

for at the last moment, with that vague idea of ghostly help at the very extremity that we all feel, whether we believe in it or not; but he had come too late for even an attempt at healing the sin-sick spirit: it had fled far away, and now he stood gazing out of the window at the dreary landscape, listening to the wind that cried in the spout, and the widow's moans in the kitchen, with about as much idea how to exhort the one as the other; but he did the best thing after all: he knelt down at the next chair and prayed fervently for a comfort and help beyond man's power to give, and Mrs. White's soul grew calm with the very lifting of her thoughts into a purer atmosphere. Two days after, the funeral was held. A scant assemblage of neighbors came in to listen to the reading of Scripture and singing, which was purposely made as inappropriate as possible, for to utter that which was really the right thing, as far as honesty went, would have been a gratuitous insult to the living, and useless to the dead; but Mr. Roberts grew fairly eloquent in the fervor of his prayer for the mother and her son, and Will White bent his handsome curly head lower still to hide the real emotion that glittered in his eyes and flushed his face as Mr. Roberts asked of the Lord that he might be a help and a stay to the old age and weakness of his remaining parent. The widow rather resented the terms in which he alluded to her age, for she was "only forty-seven," as she said to herself, and felt quite competent for all future emergencies if Will would behave himself; but of course this little chagrin could not express itself, and Mr. Roberts never was aware of it; so the prayer did her no special good in its utterance, but it woke up Will to a sense of manliness and responsibility that answered the petition while yet it was spoken.

"I'll do it," he thought. And when he took his place behind the coffin, with his mother on his arm, there was a look of resolution and courage on his boyish face that struck the few who saw him, though they did not understand it.

"Sakes!" said Mrs. Ellis, under her breath, to another widow who walked with her. "Jest look at Will White! hain't he growed awful old lately?"

"Well, he does appear aged some," piped Mrs. Crane, feebly; "but it's a good deal for a boy like him to have sech a terrible shiftless pa as his'n was. He's had to buckle to more'n most of 'em, I expect."

"No, he hain't," was the sharp response. "He's run wild; she hasn't never had no government at all. He's done what he darn please right along, and he won't never be no good—you see 'f he is. She'll slave an' slave for that feller jest as she did for Joel, and he'll hev his own way, for all her, till the day after never. I wouldn't stand in her shoes for nothin'. Mercy to me! if it ain't a-snowin'! Come, Miss Crane, hurry up. I can't stay through the prayer; I shall have rheumatiz for certain ef I do."

And snow it did, bitterly and continuously, all that night and the next day, which was the old and honored festival of New England—Thanksgiving-day.

Will had to shovel a path to the woodpile, and spent the dark cold morning bringing wood into the back shed; for Deacon Peters had sent a load last week to Mrs. White in behalf of the church, and in odd hours Will had sawed and split it. While he put it out of reach of the weather, his mother went about slowly, getting such dinner as she could. In the village, not a mile away, fires were bright, pantries overflowing, families gathering in the old homes, children laughing, tables spread with every homely dainty accordant with the season; but the widow White and Will sat down to a dinner of boiled pork and potatoes, and a pot of sage tea.

They did not say anything to each other while the scanty meal was eaten—it is not New England fashion to be social at meals, and there was nothing to warm their hearts in the poverty and solitude of their condition; and when at last it was over, and the dishes disposed of, Will sat down by the fire and cracked some nuts he had gathered a week before, and picked out the fresh meats for his mother. It was an unusual attention, and his mother thanked him with a tearful sort of smile; but he had lapsed into such a reverie he did not hear her, and she took up her knitting and stared out of the window at the rapid flakes that made a dizzy whirl in upper air, but fell soft as wool upon the shrouded earth, and hid its woes and scars with deep fleeces. The little woman's great soft eyes grew darker as she gazed, her thin lips quivered, and her needles flew: she was looking back into a dreary past, forward into a threatening future.

Nominally she believed and trusted in God; but, like a great many of the rest of us, she did not always live up to her profession or intention, and just now her fears hid Him as the snow hid His heavens, and sight got the better of faith decidedly.

"Mother!" said Will.

Mrs. White jumped. She had just seen herself dying in the poor-house, and Will lost at sea: no wonder she started.

"Why, Will, how you scart me!" she chirped; but Will did not apologize.

"Mother, we won't ever have such a mean Thanksgiving again, now I tell ye. When I'm ten years older, we'll have as good a dinner as Squire Hall, and we'll have it in a good house too."

"Oh, William White, how you do talk! Why, we're more'n likely to be in the town-house afore that time comes."

"Now, mother, you shut up! I tell you, we'll have a good house and a good dinner this day ten years, as sure as I'm alive."

"But mabbe you'll die, Will."

"No, I sha'n't. I know I sha'n't. I ain't goin' to make no calculations about that. I've sot my mind on that dinner, and we'll have it."

"Oh, Will, you're awful presumptuous. You ain't nothin' but a mortal boy, and you're leavin' the Lord out of your calculations entire, seems to me."

"Spellin'-book says the Lord helps them that helps themselves, and it looks sensible, and I'm a-goin' to try it on."

"Well, I hope you'll fetch it, dear," sighed the widow, hopelessly.

"I will," was the confident answer; and though the widow's soul recoiled from the audacity of the boy's speech, yet its courage thrilled her. She turned away from the storm, lit the tallow candle, and put another stick into the stove —small symptoms of the cheer that was kindled within her; but then the cheer was small and frail, it might not last.

Like many another woman, she had never known more than the surface life of the child she had borne and nursed. Hard work; a husband who abused and impoverished her; a succession of drooping, sickly babies, over whose births she mourned far more than over their deaths; the hourly fight for life that absorbs the poor and suffering—all these had kept her from the close and tender intimacy with her only living child that might have given her a better understanding of the resolution, strength, capacity, and tenderness of the nature that lay hidden under the rude health and undisciplined spirits of a boy who spent most of his time out-of-doors, and was an adept at all the sports and occupations of country boys, and withal a quick scholar at the district school, though hitherto his mischief and merriment had made for him a bad record that overshadowed his good lessons.

But his father's death was a crisis in Will's life; his careless boyhood fell away from him like a masker's mantle, beside that dreadful and disgraceful death-bed, and the deep affection for his mother, that had been only a dormant instinct, sprang into conscious existence and action.

The widow White went to bed that night with more reason for thanksgiving than she was aware of—far more than Judge Hall had, whose only son came home from college ostensibly to keep the holiday, but never went back, having been expelled for the best reasons; more than Mrs. Payne could find for herself in the aspect of her beautiful daughter, who brought home with her from a New York visit an elegant youth in the character of her promised husband, and saw him become wildly drunk at the dinner table; yet both that father and that mother held the widow White, in the expressive language of Scripture, among those "whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock."

The first fruits of Will's resolve were shown the next morning with commendable promptness: he shouldered his spade, and went into the village to clear paths. It was not a very lucrative piece of work; he got a hot cup of coffee at one place, half a pie at another, a dime here, and a few cents there, till they counted up to twenty-five, and when he came home at night to a supper of cold pork, rye bread, and baked potatoes, he was hungry enough, in spite of the pie and coffee, to enjoy his meal heartily.

This was only the beginning. His quick wit and ingenuity devised plenty of small industries that would pay: in the long winter evenings he carved fairy sets of furniture with his pocket-knife out of red cedar, and sold them in a Dartford toy-shop; he snared partridges, and sent them to the hotels; he caught rabbits in traps, and many a good woman in Crampton was glad to buy those for a pie or

stew, and sell her chickens at a profit, instead of eating them. Then when he had made a little money, he invested it in a basket, a bundle of papers, and half a bushel of popping corn, and sold various small wares besides corn and papers on the Dartford trains, driving quite a heavy trade, when the time came, in Christmas greens, for the winter was mild, and severe frosts held off till January, and Will knew well where the ground-pine trailed its verdant wreaths along the hill-side, and the coral pine laid soft fingers on the dead grass. Toward spring he hunted the spicy berries of the winter-green, and sold them in rough baskets of birch bark; and bunches of the first arbutus blossoms brought him a quick return in silver for their fragrant bloom. He not only helped support his mother, who helped herself meantime in doing whatever came to her hand about Crampton—washing, ironing, sewing, or even sick-nursing—but he had laid up ten dollars in the Dartford Dime Savings-bank by the first of June, and then he obtained steady work.

He was handy and helpful on the train always; more than once he had "spelled" a brakeman who wanted to go home over a train, and with his quick perception he had learned their duties. Now a conductor had been promoted to a longer line and better pay, a brakeman took his place, and the vacancy at the brakes was offered to Will. Steady wages and steady work; this was more than he had hoped for so soon, and he knew well it was worth far more to him than his precarious earnings in the cars, so he jumped at the offer. He was almost sixteen now, large for his age, well built, active, and handsome: even his rough dress and dusty face and hands could not disguise the rich curls, the sparkling eye, the merry laugh, and regular features that made the widow White so proud of her boy. Everybody that worked with him liked him, and he made himself agreeable whenever he came in contact with any of the passengers. Civility, cheerful and helpful, invariably smooths the way of this world, and Will was always ready to help an old lady down the steps, to carry a baby for some tired mother, to take a school-girl's books while she gathered up her skirts daintily to enter the car, or to give some stout old gentleman a lift with his strong young arm. But when Annie Hall began to go to Dartford Seminary, and went in and out daily on Will's train, he began to think he liked to help her better than anybody else, and between the stations cast many a furtive glance through the end window at her, though ordinarily her position only afforded a view of her heavy braids of soft light hair, the slender throat below, and the jaunty hat on top of them.

Now and then, when other girls joined her, she turned about and bewitched him with a view of her soft sad blue eyes, her delicate coloring, and the plaintive smile she affected; for Miss Annie was a sentimental chit, who read mild poetry, cried because tears were so sweet, and talked of an early death as the great blessing to a heart too feeling to endure the toils of life. This was all very well for Judge Hall's daughter, who had never known a want or had a care in her life; and the gentle sadness of spirit which she cherished suited her soft eyes, fair pale face, and pink lips wonderfully, and set a halo round about her in the eyes of Will White, who was working hard for his living, and was merry as a cricket by the fireside.

Will began to look for her with a beating heart, to find things very disagreeable all day if she failed to come, and to hate Saturday as the worst day in the week.

In short, he fell heartily in love before he knew it; and whereas his ambition had hitherto been to be rich, now he wanted also to be distinguished. But could he, a brakeman on this little local road, ever be or do anything that should put him on a level with Squire Hall's daughter? Luckily for him, he had been born an American, and what is the use of a republic if everybody can not be as good as anybody else? He had read all sorts of tales of The Butter Boy of Boston, The Miller's Boy of Maine, The Tanner of Tinkton, and The Hunter Boy of the Prairie, all of whom had been either Governor, Chief Justice, or President, and why should he despair? Had he not in his very early youth been found crying in a corner, and after some persuasion explained his mystic grief by sobbing, "Ow! ow! I've got to grow up to be the President"? To feel the strong necessity of becoming Squire Hall's son-in-law was not as painful a prospect, and seemed no less possible or probable.

By the end of his first winter on the train he had opportunity to do the squire service; for Sam Hall, the youth previously mentioned as sent home Thanksgiving-day from college, had carried out

his promise of a reckless and evil future, and in some drunken fight in a New York saloon been beaten terribly, and brought home to his father's house in Crampton a mere wreck; fever had set in, and though his injuries were not necessarily fatal, his native constitution was feeble, and the fever took mortal hold of what dissipation and blows had left of it. The widow White was sent for to help nurse poor Sam, for the judge was lame with rheumatism, and Mrs. Hall always delicate. But there were watchers needed, and the young men of Crampton came in for that office, Will White more frequently than any other, for he was so handy, so careful, so tender of the miserable boy's aches and pains, that Sam would have been glad to have him there always, and the judge was grateful in his own pompous way, while Annie condescended to turn her tearful eyes on him with a faint smile whenever they met—a smile that sent Will temporarily into ecstasy, and glorified the cars, the station, the steps, and even the creaking brake-wheel, while it lasted. Certainly Annie did look exquisitely lovely in her rich soft furs and heavy winter garments; a tea-rose could not have showed more fair out of dark folding mosses. But when Sam died, and the touching symbols of grief shrouded her in clinging robes of blackness and gloom, she looked to Will like a real angel, love and pity so transfigured her girlish beauty; and if it had been suggested to this infatuated brake-boy of the road that angels never wore crape and cashmere, he would have indignantly retorted that they ought to.

Judge Hall had solemnly thanked the young man, and liberally paid his mother, thinking—if he thought anything—that his affairs with that family were concluded. Deluded man! the play had but just begun. Will could contain his passion in silence no longer; the opening spring brought Annie to her daily journeys again, temporarily interrupted by Sam's illness and death, and afforded opportunity for a series of small attentions on Will's part, impertinent enough, considering their mutual positions, but chiming so well with Annie's romantic ideas, trained long on a course of flabby novels and weakly as well as weekly story papers, that she accepted them with a blushing condescension pretty enough to see, and maddeningly lovely to Will. Tiny gifts they were that dropped into her lunch basket as she passed him, or were tucked into the strap of her books, which he held while she tripped up the car steps—birch-bark boxes filled with winter-green berries or butternut meats; bunches of the pinkest arbutus nestled in the plumes of standing ground-pine; now and then a red Spitzbergen apple carefully preserved in dry straw for this sacred purpose long after apples in general had gone: simple tokens of an admiration that deepened daily, and shone without disguise from Will's handsome eyes whenever Annie caught their glance.

But though he forgot it, there were other Crampton people besides Judge Hall's daughter who came and went on the Dartford train, and among them a maiden cousin of the judge's wife, old Miss Cynthia Swett. Her youth had never been disturbed with love affairs. Proud, poor, and homely besides, nobody had ever approached her with any pretension of affection or passion, and she had not a spark of sympathy for such weaknesses; but she had very sharp eyes to perceive them, and an equally sharp tongue to interfere. Business—for she was the Crampton milliner—took her in and out to Dartford frequently, and very soon she observed poor Will's devotion to Miss Annie, marked the shy greetings, the gracious response, the berries, flowers, and apples, that she knew Annie never gathered for herself, and with the perseverance of a spider she waited for more positive evidence.

Nor was Miss Cynthia the only observer. Lovers are like ostriches, which hide their heads in a bush, and think nobody sees them. Will's love was already a matter of jest to his comrades on the train; the conductor smiled grimly when he saw him wait anxiously till the last moment at Crampton Station for the slight figure that lit up his face like a burst of sunshine when it appeared, and more than one frequent passenger exchanged mild jokes about the brakeman's love-making. One day Miss Cynthia chanced to overhear a few remarks of this nature, which made her mistress of the situation. The very next morning she posted over to Judge Hall's, and walked into the sitting-room brimful of portentous news. Now the judge's office opened from this family room, and on a chilly day like this—one of those June days that belie the season—his door was always left open to get the

benefit of the wood fire blazing in that sitting-room fire-place; for nothing less than a coal stove warmed the office in winter, which was taken down in summer, of course; but the judge was terribly rheumatic, and loved the dry air of the fire on a damp day, even if it were in August. This Miss Cynthia knew very well, so she did not follow up her cousin to the dairy, or the kitchen, or the garden, as was her wont, but waited patiently for her to appear.

It was not long before Mrs. Hall came in, and Cynthia proceeded to unfold her budget. She sat very near the open door into the office, and the gentle, anxious mother, as soon as she perceived the communication concerned her Annie, rose to shut it.

"Leave that door open!" growled the judge, who sat suspiciously near.

And trembling Mrs. Hall whispered to Cynthia: "Speak a little lower, Cynthy."

"Speak a little louder!" thundered the squire. "What are you saying about Annie?"

And nothing daunted, the resolute spinster proceeded to lay before these parents the shocking fact, extenuated, and set down in full malice, that their precious daughter was flirting openly and wickedly with a brakeman on the Dartford train, and that their love passages were the scorn and ridicule of all the passengers, far and near.

The judge was furious, and Mrs. Hall drowned in tears.

"Now, ef I was you—" suggested the spinster.

"Which you ain't," severely snapped the judge, but to no purpose; she merely resumed the thread of her words like an echo:

"Ef I was you, I wouldn't say nothing to Annie; she's awful romantic, and sentimental, and all that, and it 'll only set her on't right off. She's jest the one to keep it up ef she knows you don't favor it none. Ef I was you—"

"You wouldn't be a fool!" growled the judge. "I haven't been married twenty-five years for nothing, Cynthy Swett. I know women-folks by this time."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder ef you did, judge; but it doos beat all things to think of her takin' up with old Joel White's boy."

"I dono but what he's a decent-behaved boy," gently chirped the weeping mother, anxious to excuse Annie. "He was real good to Sam, you know, husband; he set up with him more frequent than anybody."

"Well, well, that isn't to the purpose, wife. I paid his mother more'n was really reasonable, because of that: we're quits as fur as that goes. I won't have him foolin' round Annie, anyway; but I know how to manage it. I don't say but what I'm obleeged to you, Cynthy. I'm glad to know of it, but I can take care of it myself now." And with a majestic wave of the hand the judge dismissed the subject, and the two "women-folks" retired to discuss it after their own fashion in Mrs. Hall's bedroom.

The judge, it must be owned, went about the matter very cannily. He said nothing, but used his influence among the officials—for he was a director and heavy stockholder on the Eastern Railroad, of which the Crampton and Dartford line was a branch—and in a week or two Will was promoted to the conductorship of a freight train, which never even passed the morning express, or was passed by it.

He was pleased and pained both. His wages were increased, but he could not see Annie; and though he was conscious that thus he made one step toward her, he was actually thrust away from her sweet presence. Only Sundays could he be at home, and the very first Sunday she was not in church. She and her mother had gone to Dartford shopping, Mrs. White said, and staid over to hear a wonderful preacher.

But the second Sunday he found his usually placid mother boiling with indignation. For all his boasted knowledge of women, the squire had not reckoned on Miss Cynthia's tongue, or the power of gossip in a little country village. Filled with a lively view of her own penetration and importance, the spinster had revealed her discovery and her counselling with Judge Hall to at least three dear friends, under vows of secrecy; but each of them found out that the other two knew as much as she, and indignant at Cynthia's want of reticence, concluded not to keep such a general secret any longer; and of course a friend felt it to be a duty that Mrs. White should know why Will had been removed to the freight train, and Annie sent to the boarding-school, for such Cynthia had been sure would be the next move. And from hand to hand the suggestion had grown into certainty, the school selected, and the date of Annie's departure fixed—

all of which would have been as much news to the Hall family as it was to the widow White. But grief and indignation overpowered the poor woman afresh as she poured out the story to Will.

"How could you think on't, William? Why, Squire Hall wouldn't scurce let an angel out o' heaven have his girl. Now did you expect he'd so much as let you look at her?"

Will's face darkened with resolve and a certain righteous anger. "Judge Hall is nothing but a man, anyway, mother. I sha'n't ask him whom I shall marry—not much! This is a free country, if it's anything. And now my mind's made up: I *will* marry Annie Hall before I die, whether or no."

"Oh, Will! Will! now don't you be so masterful. Oh dear! I had ought to have broke your will whilst you was a boy, and you'd ha' been spared lots. Dear me!"

"I shouldn't be worth a cent, mother, if I hadn't a will of my own; and as long as I don't set myself to do anything worse than make a good home for you and marry Annie, I don't think you had ought to complain. I haven't forgot about that Thanksgiving-day." And Will laughed out in such a cheery, brave way, his mother almost smiled; but she shook her head withal, for her common-sense stood in the way of her sympathies.

But Will was not to be daunted. He slept precious little that night; his brain was busy with plans for the future. He recognized it as the first necessity that Annie should not be allowed to forget him. For the present he must keep his situation. Next winter a series of evening schools for adults was to begin in Dartford, and his train brought him there for the night. He must attend these, and work hard to lay the foundation of an education, for the fruit of the tree of knowledge is the hereditary longing of man, and the end of his repose, even unto this day. These two things he was set upon; and ascertaining that Annie was still at home, he rose long before dawn on Monday morning, walked over to Squam Pond, and coming back by early daylight, hung on the side door of Squire Hall's mansion a basket of dripping water-lily buds and leaves, fragrant and pure as the ideal he carried in his heart, and directed on a rude label of bark to Annie. This was the beginning of his siege. Scarcely a week passed but some token of a watchful affection reached the girl, if it was only an exquisite flower from a hot-house, or a bunch of speckless and translucent grapes, for even these small gifts bore heavily on Will's small means, though he grudged nothing to attain his object.

Still, all his efforts might have been useless but for an ally in the enemy's camp he knew nothing of. There is a certain impartiality in gossip that sometimes does duty as a virtue; talk is like air, it goes everywhere, often where it would willingly be kept from going; and in all the buzz and bustle there was in Crampton about Annie's stifled love affair, it was impossible but that something should reach her ears and fire her imagination. To be the heroine of a real romance, with a devoted lover and a cruel father, seemed to her the height of bliss. She did not know how much easier it is to read a three-volume novel than to live one; and it was mightily pleasant to receive these anonymous gifts, knowing perfectly well whom they came from, and brood over them with all the romantic fancies and visions of "sweet seventeen."

It was not quite so agreeable when the judge, going out one morning unusually early, discovered a bouquet with her name attached hanging to the door-knob, and hurled it, with an ignominous expletive, into the pig-pen across the road—a place of deposit from which she could not rescue even a fragment to weep over. But the angry father "builded better than he knew;" that spark of opposition kindled the tinder ready for conflagration in her girlish heart, and the destroyed bouquet was the first gun fired in a long internecine war. In vain did the judge lie in wait for tokens of communication between the lovers: a quicker wit than his forestalled him. And when, in a fit of desperation, he did at last send Annie away to school, he could not forbid the express company or the mail to carry the constant tokens which kept up her interest in and recollection of the handsome, spirited young fellow who evidently adored her, though afar off.

In the mean time Will improved his opportunities at Dartford; he studied with unflagging zeal; and his naturally quick mind, stimulated by the ardor of passion and the force of that will his mother so lamented, seemed to defy obstacles and literally devour the way. In a year from the time he was made conductor on the

freight train he gave up his situation, and went into a physician's office, where what work he did was taken as an equivalent for his board, and he was allowed time to recite in certain classes at the Dartford High School the lessons he learned while he mounted guard in Dr. Hyde's office. Some writing he got to help him along—for the only thing his mother ever had time to teach him was her own fair and even handwriting—and some occasional bits of bracket-sawing fell in his way, so that with his small savings from the wages he had received he kept decently clothed; and when Annie Hall met one day in the streets of Dartford, as she was on her way home from school, a tall, handsome, well-set-up youth, in a suit of light summer clothes, who lifted his hat to her with the grace of a polished gentleman and the devotion of a lover in all his aspect, she blushed up to her eyes, and smiled like an amiable rose-bud. Will had studied manners as well as his school-books, and improved outwardly as well as inwardly thereby, for manners imply a man behind them, though the implication sometimes fails.

But however strong a will may be, or however eager a lover's wishes, time does not speed the faster or delay the longer for wish or will: peace is for the heart that can steady its own beats to the great pendulum, not for that which throbs fast with fever or lags heavily with pain. The slow years went on, and at last Will had studied and slaved enough to get into the Dartford Medical College as a student, paying his way partly by certain services in and about the building. He loved the profession he had chosen, and bent all his soul to acquiring it. The professors regarded him with favor, for he evidently was in earnest. If they had known how he longed sometimes to join the other students in their frolics and wild exploits, those grave faces would have darkened. Will was a boy at heart still, and ready for fun as the wildest of his companions, but his strong resolution held him with iron bands to the work he had set his life on. Success meant Annie for his wife, and a home for his mother; it was not to be perilled for an impulse of the moment or a passing gratification. So he studied on, and by dint of applying his native common-sense to the theories of the books and lectures through which he plodded, he learned far more than the rest of his class, and in three years was installed once more in Dr. Hyde's office, as his assistant. Five times Thanksgiving had come and gone since the sad day he had made that promise to his mother, and he seemed little nearer its fulfillment; but he did not despair, and suddenly the sky brightened for him. An elder brother of Dr. Hyde had long ago gone to California, and acquiring a fortune, had settled in one of the southern towns, and made for himself a beautiful and luxurious home. The doctor had always wanted to visit him, but never found the time; and about six months after Will came to help him, a letter from one of his nieces arrived, saying that her father had been seized with paralysis, and though he had rallied from the first shock, life seemed so insecure to him he must see his brother as soon as possible. So Dr. Hyde, who was a childless widower, made his few arrangements rapidly, put his practice into Will's hands, and obeyed the summons.

This was indeed a stroke of fortune. Dr. White had made already a favorable impression in Dartford, and when on one or two occasions of grave importance the celebrated Dr. Packard, of New York, was called to counsel with him, he expressed himself with great urbanity, and strong approbation of Dr. White's treatment of the cases, adding that he himself could have done no more. This, indeed, was a feather in Will's cap, and did him more good than a year's experience with the rather distrustful clients among those left to his care. He took courage, and whatever time his practice left him he devoted still to study, for which Dr. Hyde's fine library offered him every facility.

In the mean time Annie Hall had grown up into a beautiful young woman, and plenty of lovers "cam down the glen;" but to each and all she turned a deaf ear. If she was romantic, her heart was faithful; and though she would not own even to herself where its constancy belonged, she still felt very positively that no other man moved or interested her; and though Judge Hall sometimes wondered what made his little girl so very fastidious, he did not want to lose her, and she had her own way in peace. Through all these years the slight and nameless tokens of remembrance had never ceased; no festival of the year was unmarked by them, and never a Thanksgiving passed without Will White's appearance in the village church, beside his mother, and one deep

bow and eloquent look always awaited Annie at the church door. The judge never went to church on Thanksgiving-day, and Cynthia invariably spent it in Dartford, so Annie had her bit of romance in peace.

But it was not always to be so. The judge was seized with a severe attack of pneumonia the winter after Dr. Hyde left Dartford, and as the Crampton doctor was helpless with a broken leg, Dr. Hyde was sent for, and his substitute, Dr. White, came instead. Judge Hall was too ill to recognize him, and Mrs. Hall too glad to have a doctor at all, to think of past misfortunes; and Annie received him with a blush that was exquisite, and a smile radiant enough to illuminate any man's soul. Will went about his task with skill and energy. The judge was very ill indeed, and for several days hung between life and death; but at last the balance turned toward this world, and, weak as a baby, the pompous old man crept back into life by the slowest progress; but it meant living, and that was enough. Mrs. Hall blessed the doctor over and over, and cried herself into joyful hysterics. Annie went up to him with both hands out, and a face speaking far more than her words.

"I don't know how to thank you, Dr. White," she said, softly.

"Shall I tell you?" significantly inquired the doctor.

Annie did not answer, but I am inclined to think he took her silence for consent, since half an hour afterward Miss Cynthia, who had arrived in the nick of time to soothe and scold away Mrs. Hall's hysterics, burst into the library, when that congenial task was over, to find Annie, and found her, indeed, with her head on Dr. White's shoulder, and his arm about her waist.

"For mercy's sakes!" she screamed, and fled, slamming the door behind her.

Annie laughed, and Will whistled; they were both aware of an enemy, but did not care to acknowledge it.

The judge recovered well enough now without further need of a doctor; but as soon as he was about again, Miss Cynthia felt it her duty to tell him of her new discovery. He had almost forgotten Will White in the last few years, but now he was furious: to think this "fellow" should not only have been his physician, taking advantage of his unconscious condition to establish himself there, but that he should actually have had the impudence to make love to Annie, and she the audacity to accept it—this was more than flesh and blood could bear! He stormed at his wife, and raged at Annie. Mrs. Hall cried, of course; but Annie stood still, calm, though very pale, and looked straight in his face. This was too much; he could not bear it.

"Do you hear me, miss?" he roared. "I forbid you to speak to that fellow again! Marry him, indeed! indeed you won't!"

"I shall," said Annie, tranquilly.

The judge turned purple. If a pin on his table had peeked up in his face, and gone off like a pistol, he would not have been more astounded; never before had his will been defied by anybody. "Wh-wh-what do you mean, you little hussy?" he stammered, fairly choked with fury.

"Just what I said, father. I have promised Will White to marry him, and I mean to keep my promise."

The judge swore a loud and mighty oath: it was not his habit, and Annie was both shocked and startled. He saw it in her start of surprise and look of dismay, and went on. "Don't you dare to look at him again, much less to—" His head began to swim, and his sight grew dark; he fell to the floor insensible.

When he awoke, the scene was changed; he lay on his own bed, weak as a man could be, unable to lift hand or foot, even to fully open the lids from under which he peered doubtfully about him. Annie and Dr. White stood by a little table, the doctor dropping some medicine, and Annie looking on. Presently she spoke, in a guarded voice; but the judge heard her.

"Will he live?" she said.

The doctor looked up at her tenderly. "Yes, dear, he will get over this attack, at least, and he may live for years; but he will have to be careful: apoplexy is not a matter to trifle with."

"But I am so glad he is better!" earnestly answered the girl.

"And so am I, Annie. I want him to like me, you know."

The judge could not believe his ears; for years he had hated this young fellow—whenever he happened to think of him, that is; within a few weeks past he was conscious that his most fervent wish had been to get him out of the way in some manner—neither death nor exile would have been objectionable—and yet the man

wanted him to live, and had been doing his best to save him from death. The judge shut his eyes, and feebly meditated the matter, but he said nothing. "Night brings counsel," says the proverb; and so may sickness, for it has the night's silence and leisure for thought.

When the judge got better, and crept about with a staff, he found he had learned a lesson from the death so closely faced. He did not say anything to Annie, but it was significant that he kept silence. Mrs. Hall could not understand it, and Cynthia said "he'd got a warnin'." Perhaps she was right: he had certainly got an enlightening, if nothing more; and Annie, who daily expected he would resume the conversation so sadly interrupted, began to wonder if the fit had really erased from his memory the passion and fury which had brought it on. But they all misunderstood him; he was chewing a cud of bitter thought and fancy all this time. To have been on the edge of death is to see things differently after we return from that low brink. Judge Hall had learned there to respect the calm judgment and strong character of his daughter's lover. He knew well what an advantage Will White might take any day of Annie's very willful nature—a nature hitherto dormant because never thwarted, but which he himself had discovered only of late. He could see that this young man had worked himself into a position where he would soon be independent. He knew, too, that his own days were numbered: another shock of apoplexy would be his death-signal; and the judge took such counsel with his own heart as drove him to read his Bible with different eyes from those that had made its perusal a mere ceremonial observance before.

A year went on now in quiet. Will was not yet ready to take Annie away from her home, but letters went constantly back and forth between them. The judge grew more and more gentle and gracious from week to week. Annie loved him as never before, and Mrs. Hall gazed at him with a mild and tearful awe that found broken expression to Miss Cynthia:

"He's a-ripenin' for heaven, Cynthy, *he* is. He's a changed man. Why, he's jest like a cosset lamb about the house; he don't take me to do as he used to—not once in a week."

"Well, I told ye he'd got a warnin'. Folks that is so masterful as he was has to get a good knock 'most always before they die. I dono but what the judge was a Christian before now; he was a professor, I know, but he didn't seem to be no great fist at it; didn't make a business on't, so to speak. But now he's seen his latter end clus to, as you may say, and it's quite affectin' to him. I shouldn't wonder but what he's exper'enced religion over agin."

"Dear me! I do hope he ain't a-goin' to die jest as he gits real pleasant to live with," quavered Mrs. Hall.

"Law sakes, Sophrony! why don't you take it t'other eend fust? Folks ain't noway fit for the next world ef they ain't fit for this—leastways not for the heavenly part on't. I should think, now, you'd have rec'lected his immortal soul fust thing."

Mrs. Hall sighed, self-convicted. Poor little woman, her first natural thought had been of the years she had been in bondage through fear, and the sad recall of what might have been had the judge been kinder and more reasonable. She could not excuse herself to her own simple, humble soul; so she let Cynthia bristle up with her superior spiritual consciousness, and said no more.

When Dr. Hyde had been away almost two years, he wrote home to say that his brother, after lingering beyond any precedent, had at last died, his wife having preceded him to the grave but a few weeks, and both had extracted from the doctor a promise that he would stay with his four young nieces, and manage their large property for them till their marriages should take place. Dr. Hyde had already laid by a snug little sum in the Dartford Bank for his old age, his brother left him as much more, safely invested, and the good-will of his practice and his comfortable old house were worth something besides, so that he had no need to work at his profession any longer. His ties in Dartford were few and slight; he had already learned to love his nieces, and to feel at home with them. He wrote to offer Will his house and practice on terms that were reasonable enough, and only demanded partial payments year by year. There was no doubt in Dr. White's mind that he ought to accept this offer; and when another year of patient economy and steady work had passed by, he was able to send even a larger sum to Dr. Hyde than he had promised, and to keep half of the house, which hitherto he had leased to

two families, and install his mother as housekeeper.

It wanted now a year of the ten he had promised himself to achieve a home. He had succeeded beyond his hopes. But before Thanksgiving-day came he was called again to Crampton. Judge Hall was stricken once more with apoplexy. This time he rallied more slowly than before, and Will spent his Thanksgiving away from his mother for the first time in years, watching the faint spark of life flicker, tremble, gather strength, and at last burn up again in this old man's bosom. The judge returned to this world's affairs more humble and grateful than ever. He knew his time was short; and a month after, sitting by his bedroom fire, the wreck of his old pompous, dogmatic, ruddy self, he called Annie, in a broken whisper. She dropped her work, and came.

"Annie," he said, feebly, "you've been a good, patient girl; but I don't suppose you've given up that fellow?"

"No, father."

"Well, you haven't fretted and pestered me a bit; and I'm free to say I think better of him than I did. If you will have him, why I don't say but what I'm willing now."

Annie bent over and kissed him tenderly. She could not say anything.

"But, Annie," the judge went on, "don't never set up your will against his as you have against mine. If you do, I tell ye you'll come to grief: his is the biggest; he's rightly named."

"Perhaps I sha'n't want to," laughed Annie, shyly.

"Don't lot on that: you're a woman, and they all want their way, from Eve down," muttered the old man with gentle sarcasm.

"Then I'll make his way my way, daddy, and we shall both be suited."

"Hm!" said the judge, contemptuously.

But he did not live to see it. The Will that orders us all, even our willfulness and our resolves, sent the third and last summons before spring ripened into summer, and the judge was gathered to his fathers.

When the tenth Thanksgiving after that solitary feast in the kitchen came about, Will White, his mother, his wife, and his wife's mother were seated around the table in Judge Hall's dining-room, for the house belonged now to Annie, and Will had taken the Crampton doctor's place, as the judge's money was enough to set them far above want, and Annie loved her old home too well to leave it, besides which Dr. Grey had six children and an ailing wife, and was glad enough to exchange Crampton for Dartford.

The dinner was abundant and elegant, but, with a touch of unconscious poetry, the widow White had placed before Will a covered dish; he lifted the lid, and saw before him a piece of boiled salt pork and a few potatoes.

Will's eyes dimmed as he looked from the dish to his mother.

"I told you so, mother!" he said, with a thrill in his voice.

"Oh, my dear! my dear! 'twa'n't all your will, Will; don't lot on it: the Lord helped you, my son, or you wouldn't have been here to-day."

"The Lord helps those that help themselves, mother," said Will, reverently; and then he bent his head and gave fervent thanks to Him who had worked it in him both to will and to do, and given them all such great cause to keep this second Thanksgiving.

MARY ANERLEY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOYLE BAY.

WHILE all the world was at cross-purposes thus—Mr. Jellicorse uneasy at some rumors he had heard; Captain Carroway splitting his poor heel with indignation at the craftiness of free-traders; Farmer Anerley vexed at being put upon by people, without any daughter to console him, or catch shrimps; Master Mordacks pursuing a noble game, strictly aboveboard, as usual; Robin Lyth troubled in his largest principles of revolt against revenue by a nasty little pain that kept going to his heart, with an emptiness there, as for another heart; and last, and perhaps of all most important, the rector perpetually pining for his game of chess, and utterly discontented with the frigid embraces of analysis—where was the best, and most simple, and least selfish of the whole lot, Mary Anerley?

Mary was in as good a place as even

she was worthy of. A place not by any means so snug and favored by nature as Anerley Farm, but pretty well sheltered by large trees of a strong and hardy order. And the comfortable ways of good old folk, who needed no labor to live by, spread a happy leisure and a gentle ease upon everything under their roof-tree. Here was no necessity for getting up until the sun encouraged it; and the time for going to bed depended upon the time of sleepiness. Old Johnny Popplewell, as everybody called him, without any protest on his part, had made a good pocket by the tanning business, and having no children to bring up to it, and only his wife to depend upon him, had sold the good-will, the yard, and the stock as soon as he had turned his sixtieth year. "I have worked hard all my life," he said, "and I mean to rest for the rest of it."

At first he was heartily miserable, and wandered about with a vacant look, having only himself to look after. And he tried to find a hole in his bargain with the man who enjoyed all the smells he was accustomed to, and might even be heard through a gap in the fence rating the men as old Johnny used to do, at the same time of day, and for the same neglect, and almost in the self-same words which the old owner used, but stronger. Instead of being happy, Master Popplewell lost more flesh in a month than he used to lay on in the most prosperous year; and he owed it to his wife, no doubt, as generally happens, that he was not speedily gathered to the bosom of the hospitable Simon of Joppa. For Mrs. Popplewell said, "Go away; Johnny, go away from this village; smell new smells, and never see a hide without a walking thing inside of it. Sea-weed smells almost as nice as tan; though of course it is not so wholesome." The tanner obeyed, and bought a snug little place about ten miles from the old premises, which he called, at the suggestion of the parson, "Byrsa Cottage."

Here was Mary, as blithe as a lark, and as petted as a robin-redbreast, by no means pining, or even hankering, for any other robin. She was not the girl to give her heart before it was even asked for; and hitherto she had regarded the smuggler with pity more than admiration. For in many points she was like her father, whom she loved foremost of the world; and Master Anerley was a law-abiding man, like every other true Englishman. Her uncle Popplewell was also such, but exerted his principles less strictly. Moreover, he was greatly under influence of wife, which happens more freely to a man without children, the which are a source of contradiction. And Mistress Popplewell was a most thorough and conscientious free-trader.

Now Mary was from childhood so accustomed to the sea, and the relish of salt breezes, and the racy dance of little waves that crowd on one another, and the tidal delivery of delightful rubbish, that to fail of seeing the many works and plays and constant variance of her never wearying or weary friend was more than she could long put up with. She called upon Lord Keppel almost every day, having brought him from home for the good of his health, to gird up his loins, or rather get his belly girths on, and come along the sands with her, and dig into new places. But he, though delighted for a while with Byrsa stable, and the social charms of Master Popplewell's old cob, and a rick of fine tan-colored clover hay and bean haulm, when the novelty of these delights was passed, he pined for his home, and the split in his crib, and the knot of hard wood he had polished with his neck, and even the little dog that snapped at him. He did not care for retired people —as he said to the cob every evening—he liked to see farm-work going on, or at any rate to hear all about it, and to listen to horses who had worked hard, and could scarcely speak, for chewing, about the great quantity they had turned of earth, and how they had answered very bad words with a bow. In short, to put it in the mildest terms, Lord Keppel was giving himself great airs, unworthy of his age, ungrateful to a degree, and ungraceful, as the cob said repeatedly; considering how he was fed, and bedded, and not a thing left undone for him. But his arrogance soon had to pay its own costs.

For, away to the right of Byrsa Cottage, as you look down the hollow of the ground toward the sea, a ridge of high scrubby land runs up to a forefront of bold cliff, indented with a dark and narrow bay. "Goyle Bay," as it is called, or sometimes "Basin Bay," is a lonely and rugged place, and even dangerous for unwary visitors. For at low spring tides a deep hollow is left dry, rather more than a quarter of a mile across, strewn with

kelp and oozy stones, among which may often be found pretty shells, weeds richly tinted and of subtle workmanship, stars, and flowers, and love-knots of the sea, and sometimes carnelians and crystals. But anybody making a collection here should be able to keep one eye upward and one down, or else in his pocket to have two things—a good watch and a trusty tide-table.

John and Deborah Popplewell were accustomed to water in small supplies, such as that of a well, or a road-side pond, or their own old noble tan-pits; but to understand the sea it was too late in life, though it pleased them, and gave them fine appetites now to go down when it was perfectly calm, and a sailor assured them that the tide was mild. But even at such seasons they preferred to keep their distance, and called out frequently to one another. They looked upon their niece, from all she told them, as a creature almost amphibious; but still they were often uneasy about her, and would gladly have kept her well inland. She, however, laughed at any such idea; and their discipline was to let her have her own way. But now a thing happened which proved forever how much better old heads are than young ones.

For Mary, being tired of the quiet places, and the strands where she knew every pebble, resolved to explore Goyle Bay at last, and she chose the worst possible time for it. The weather had been very fine and gentle, and the sea delightfully plausible, without a wave—tide after tide—bigger than the furrow of a two-horse plough; and the maid began to believe at last that there never were any storms just here. She had heard of the pretty things in Goyle Bay, which was difficult of access from the land, but she resolved to take opportunity of tide, and thus circumvent the position; she would rather have done it afoot, but her uncle and aunt made a point of her riding to the shore, regarding the pony as a safe companion, and sure refuge from the waves. And so, upon the morning of St. Michael, she compelled Lord Keppel, with an adverse mind, to turn a headland they had never turned before.

The tide was far out and ebbing still, but the wind had shifted, and was blowing from the east rather stiffly, and with increasing force. Mary knew that the strong equinoctial tides were running at their height; but she had timed her visit carefully, as she thought, with no less than an hour and a half to spare. And even without any thought of tide, she was bound to be back in less time than that, for her uncle had been most particular to warn her to be home without fail at one o'clock, when the sacred goose, to which he always paid his duties, would be on the table. And if anything marred his serenity of mind, it was to have dinner kept waiting.

Without any misgivings, she rode into Basin Bay, keeping within the black barrier of rocks, outside of which wet sands were shining. She saw that these rocks, like the bar of a river, crossed the inlet of the cove; but she had not been told of their peculiar frame and upshot, which made them so treacherous a rampart. At the mouth of the bay they formed a level crescent, as even as a set of good teeth, against the sea, with a slope of sand running up to their outer front, but a deep and long pit inside of them. This pit drained itself very nearly dry when the sea went away from it, through some stony tubes which only worked one way, by the closure of their mouths when the tide returned; so that the volume of the deep sometimes, with tide and wind behind it, leaped over the brim into the pit, with tenfold the roar, a thousandfold the power, and scarcely less than the speed, of a lion.

Mary Anerley thought what a lovely place it was, so deep and secluded from anybody's sight, and full of bright wet colors. Her pony refused, with his usual wisdom, to be dragged to the bottom of the hole, but she made him come further down than he thought just, and pegged him by the bridle there. He looked at her sadly, and with half a mind to expostulate more forcibly, but getting no glimpse of the sea where he stood, he thought it as well to put up with it; and presently he snorted out a tribe of little creatures, which puzzled him and took up his attention.

Meanwhile Mary was not only puzzled, but delighted beyond description. She never yet had come upon such treasures of the sea, and she scarcely knew what to lay hands upon first. She wanted the weeds of such wonderful forms, and colors yet more exquisite, and she wanted the shells of such delicate fabric that fairies must have made them, and a thousand other little things that had no

names; and then she seemed most of all to want the pebbles. For the light came through them in stripes and patterns, and many of them looked like downright jewels. She had brought a great bag of strong canvas, luckily, and with both hands she set to to fill it.

So busy was the girl with the vast delight of sanguine acquisition—this for her father, and that for her mother, and so much for everybody she could think of—that time had no time to be counted at all, but flew by with feathers unheeded. The mutter of the sea became a roar, and the breeze waxed into a heavy gale, and spray began to sputter through the air like suds; but Mary saw the rampart of the rocks before her, and thought that she could easily get back around the point. And her taste began continually to grow more choice, so that she spent as much time in discarding the rubbish which at first she had prized so highly as she did in collecting the real rarities, which she was learning to distinguish. But unluckily the sea made no allowance for all this.

For just as Mary, with her bag quite full, was stooping with a long stretch to get something more—a thing that perhaps was the very best of all, and therefore had got into a corner—there fell upon her back quite a solid lump of wave, as a horse gets the bottom of the bucket cast at him. This made her look up, not a minute too soon; and even then she was not at all aware of danger, but took it for a notice to be moving. And she thought more of shaking that salt-water from her dress than of running away from the rest of it.

But as soon as she began to look about in earnest, sweeping back her salted hair, she saw enough of peril to turn pale the roses and strike away the smile upon her very busy face. She was standing several yards below the level of the sea, and great surges were hurrying to swallow her. The hollow of the rocks received the first billow with a thump and a slush, and a rush of pointed hillocks in a fury to find their way back again, which failing, they spread into a long white pool, taking Mary above her pretty ankles. "Don't you think to frighten me," said Mary; "I know all your ways, and I mean to take my time."

But even before she had finished her words, a great black wall (doubled over at the top with whiteness, that seemed to race along it like a fringe) hung above the rampart, and leaped over, casting at Mary such a volley that she fell. This quenched her last audacity, although she was not hurt; and jumping up nimbly, she made all haste through the rising water toward her pony. But as she would not forsake her bag, and the rocks became more and more slippery, towering higher and higher surges crashed in over the barrier, and swelled the yeasty turmoil which began to fill the basin; while a scurry of foam flew like pellets from the rampart, blinding even the very best young eyes.

Mary began to lose some of her presence of mind and familiar approval of the sea. She could swim pretty well, from her frequent bathing; but swimming would be of little service here, if once the great rollers came over the bar, which they threatened to do every moment. And when at length she fought her way to the poor old pony, her danger and distress were multiplied. Lord Keppel was in a state of abject fear; despair was knocking at his fine old heart; he was up to his knees in the loathsome brine already, and being so twisted up by his own exertions that to budge another inch was beyond him, he did what a horse is apt to do in such condition—he consoled himself with fatalism. He meant to expire; but before he did so he determined to make his mistress feel what she had done. Therefore, with a sad nudge of white old nose, he drew her attention to his last expression, sighed as plainly as a man could sigh, and fixed upon her meek eyes, telling volumes.

"I know, I know that it is all my fault," cried Mary, with the brine almost smothering her tears, as she flung her arms around his neck; "but I never will do it again, my darling. And I never will run away and let you drown. Oh, if I only had a knife! I can not even cast your bridle off; the tongue has stuck fast, and my hands are cramped. But, Keppel, I will stay, and be drowned with you."

This resolve was quite unworthy of Mary's common-sense; for how could her being drowned with Keppel help him? However, the mere conception showed a spirit of lofty order; though the body might object to be ordered under. Without any thought of all that, she stood,

resolute, tearful, and thoroughly wet through, while she hunted in her pocket for a penknife.

The nature of all knives is, not to be found; and Mary's knife was loyal to its kind. Then she tugged at her pony, and pulled out his bit, and labored again at the obstinate strap; but nothing could be done with it. Keppel must be drowned, and he did not seem to care, but to think that the object of his birth was that. If the stupid little fellow would have only stepped forward, the hands of his mistress, though cramped and benumbed, might perhaps have unbuckled his stiff and sodden reins, or even undone their tangle; on the other hand, if he would have jerked with all his might, something or other must have given way; but stir he would not from one fatuous position, which kept all his head-gear on the strain, but could not snap it. Mary even struck him with her heavy bag of stones, to make him do something; but he only looked reproachful.

"Was there ever such a stupid?" the poor girl cried, with the water rising almost to her waist, and the inner waves beginning to dash over her, while the outer billows threatened to rush in and crush them both. "But I will not abuse you any more, poor Keppel. What will dear father say? Oh, what will he think of it?"

Then she burst into a fit of sobs, and leaned against the pony, to support her from a rushing wave which took her breath away, and she thought that she would never try to look up any more, but shut her eyes to all the rest of it. But suddenly she heard a loud shout and a splash, and found herself caught up and carried like an infant.

"Lie still. Never mind the pony: what is he? I will go for him afterward. You first, you first of all the world, my Mary."

She tried to speak, but not a word would come; and that was all the better. She was carried quick as might be through a whirl of tossing waters, and gently laid upon a pile of kelp; and then Robin Lyth said, "You are quite safe here, for at least another hour. I will go and get your pony."

"No, no; you will be knocked to pieces," she cried; for the pony, in the drift and scud, could scarcely be seen but for his helpless struggles. But the young man was half way toward him while she spoke, and she knelt upon the kelp, and clasped her hands.

Now Robin was at home in a matter such as this. He had landed many kegs in a sea as strong or stronger, and he knew how to deal with the horses in a surf. There still was a break of almost a fathom in the level of the inner and the outer waves, for the basin was so large that it could not fill at once; and so long as this lasted, every roller must comb over at the entrance, and mainly spend itself. "At least five minutes to spare," he shouted back, "and there is no such thing as any danger." But the girl did not believe him.

Rapidly and skillfully he made his way, meeting the larger waves sideways, and rising at their onset; until he was obliged to swim at last where the little horse was swimming desperately. The leather, still jammed in some crevice at the bottom, was jerking his poor chin downward; his eyes were screwed up like a new-born kitten's, and his dainty nose looked like a jelly-fish. He thought how sad it was that he should ever die like this, after all the good works of his life—the people he had carried, and the chaise that he had drawn, and all his kindness to mankind. Then he turned his head away to receive the stroke of grace, which the next wave would administer.

No! He was free. He could turn his honest tail on the sea, which he always had detested so; he could toss up his nose and blow the filthy salt out, and sputter back his scorn, while he made off for his life. So intent was he on this that he never looked twice to make out who his benefactor was, but gave him just a taste of his hind-foot on the elbow, in the scuffle of his hurry to be round about and off. "Such is gratitude!" the smuggler cried; but a clot of salt-water flipped into his mouth, and closed all cynical outlet. Bearing up against the waves, he stowed his long knife away, and then struck off for the shore with might and main.

Here Mary ran into the water to meet him, shivering as she was with fright and cold, and stretched out both hands to him as he waded forth; and he took them and clasped them, quite as if he needed help. Lord Keppel stood afar off, recovering his breath, and scarcely dared to look askance at the execrable sea.

"How cold you are!" Robin Lyth exclaimed. "You must not stay a moment.

No talking, if you please—though I love your voice so. You are not safe yet. You can not get back round the point. See the waves dashing up against it! You must climb the cliff, and that is no easy job for a lady, in the best of weather. In a couple of hours the tide will be over the whole of this beach a fathom deep. There is no boat nearer than Filey; and a boat could scarcely live over that bar. You must climb the cliff, and begin at once, before you get any colder."

"Then is my poor pony to be drowned, after all? If he is, he had better have been drowned at once."

The smuggler looked at her with a smile, which meant, "Your gratitude is about the same as his;" but he answered, to assure her, though by no means sure himself:

"There is time enough for him; he shall not be drowned. But you must be got out of danger first. When you are off my mind, I will fetch up pony. Now you must follow me step by step, carefully and steadily. I would carry you up if I could; but even a giant could scarcely do that, in a stiff gale of wind, and with the crag so wet."

Mary looked up with a shiver of dismay. She was brave and nimble generally, but now so wet and cold, and the steep cliff looked so slippery, that she said: "It is useless; I can never get up there. Captain Lyth, save yourself, and leave me."

"That would be a pretty thing to do!" he replied; "and where should I be afterward? I am not at the end of my devices yet. I have got a very snug little crane up there. It was here we ran our last lot, and beat the brave lieutenant so. But unluckily I have no cave just here. None of my lads are about here now, or we would make short work of it. But I could hoist you very well, if you would let me."

"I would never think of such a thing. To come up like a keg! Captain Lyth, you must know that I never would be so disgraced."

"Well, I was afraid that you might take it so, though I can not see why it should be any harm. We often hoist the last man so."

"It is different with me," said Mary. "It may be no harm; but I could not have it."

The free-trader looked at her bright eyes and color, and admired her spirit, which his words had roused.

"I pray your forgiveness, Miss Anerley," he said; "I meant no harm. I was thinking of your life. But you look now as if you could do anything almost."

"Yes, I am warm again. I have no fear. I will not go up like a keg, but like myself. I can do it without help from anybody."

"Only please to take care not to cut your little hands," said Robin, as he began the climb; for he saw that her spirit was up to do it.

"My hands are not little; and I will cut them if I choose. Please not even to look back at me. I am not in the least afraid of anything."

The cliff was not of the soft and friable stuff to be found at Bridlington, but of hard and slippery sandstone, with bulky ribs oversaling here and there, and threatening to cast the climber back. At such spots nicks for the feet had been cut, or broken with a hammer, but scarcely wider than a stirrup-iron, and far less inviting. To surmount these was quite impossible except by a process of crawling; and Mary, with her heart in her mouth, repented of her rash contempt for the crane sling. Luckily the height was not very great, or, tired as she was, she must have given way; for her bodily warmth had waned again in the strong wind buffeting the cliff. Otherwise the wind had helped her greatly by keeping her from swaying outward; but her courage began to fail at last, and very near the top she called for help. A short piece of lanyard was thrown to her at once, and Robin Lyth landed her on the bluff, panting, breathless, and blushing again.

"Well done!" he cried, gazing as she turned her face away. "Young ladies may teach even sailors to climb. Not every sailor could get up this cliff. Now back to Master Popplewell's as fast as you can run, and your aunt will know what to do with you."

"You seem well acquainted with my family affairs," said Mary, who could not help smiling. "Pray how did you even know where I am staying?"

"Little birds tell me everything, especially about the best, and most gentle, and beautiful of all birds."

The maiden was inclined to be vexed; but remembering how much he had done, and how little gratitude she had shown,

she forgave him, and asked him to come to the cottage.

"I will bring up the little horse. Have no fear," he replied. "I will not come up at all unless I bring him. But it may take two or three hours."

With no more than a wave of his hat, he set off, as if the coast-riders were after him, by the path along the cliffs toward Filey, for he knew that Lord Keppel must be hoisted by the crane, and he could not manage it without another man, and the tide would wait for none of them. Upon the next headland he found one of his men, for the smugglers maintained a much sharper look-out than did the forces of his Majesty, because they were paid much better; and returning, they managed to strap Lord Keppel, and hoist him like a big bale of contraband goods. For their crane had been left in a brambled hole, and they very soon rigged it out again. The little horse kicked pretty freely in the air, not perceiving his own welfare; but a cross-beam and pulley kept him well out from the cliff, and they swung him in over handsomely, and landed him well up on the sward within the brink. Then they gave him three cheers for his great adventure, which he scarcely seemed to appreciate.

CHAPTER XIX.

A FARM TO LET.

THAT storm on the festival of St. Michael broke up the short summer weather of the north. A wet and tempestuous month set in, and the harvest, in all but the very best places, lay flat on the ground, without scythe or sickle. The men of the Riding were not disturbed by this, as farmers would have been in Suffolk; for these were quite used to walk over their crops, without much occasion to lift their feet. They always expected their corn to be laid, and would have been afraid of it if it stood upright. Even at Anerley Farm this salam of the wheat was expected in bad seasons; and it suited the reapers of the neighborhood, who scarcely knew what to make of knees unbent, and upright discipline of stiff-cravated ranks.

In the northwest corner of the county, where the rocky land was mantled so frequently with cloud, and the prevalence of western winds bore sway, an upright harvest was a thing to talk of, as the legend of a century, credible because it scarcely could have been imagined. And this year it would have been hard to imagine any more prostrate and lowly position than that of every kind of crop. The bright weather of August and attentions of the sun, and gentle surprise of rich dews in the morning, together with abundance of moisture underneath, had made things look as they scarcely ever looked —clean, and straight, and elegant. But none of them had found time to form the dry and solid substance, without which neither man nor his staff of life can stand against adversity.

"My Lady Philippa," as the tenants called her, came out one day to see how things looked, and whether the tenants were likely to pay their Michaelmas rents at Christmas. Her sister, Mrs. Carnaby, felt like interest in the question, but hated long walks, being weaker and less active, and therefore rode a quiet pony. Very little wheat was grown on their estates, both soil and climate declining it; but the barley crop was of more importance, and flourished pretty well upon the southern slopes. The land, as a rule, was poor and shallow, and nourished more grouse than partridges; but here and there valleys of soft shelter and fair soil relieved the eye and comforted the pocket of the owner. These little bits of Goshen formed the heart of every farm; though oftentimes the homestead was, as if by some perversity, set up in bleak and barren spots, outside of comfort's elbow.

The ladies marched on, without much heed of any other point than one—would the barley crop do well? They had many tenants who trusted chiefly to that, and to the rough hill oats, and wool, to make up in coin what part of their rent they were not allowed to pay in kind. For as yet machinery and reeking factories had not besmirched the country-side.

"How much further do you mean to go, Philippa?" asked Mrs. Carnaby, although she was not travelling by virtue of her own legs. "For my part, I think we have gone too far already."

"Your ambition is always to turn back. You may turn back now if you like. I shall go on." Miss Yordas knew that her sister would fail of the courage to ride home all alone.

Mrs. Carnaby never would ride with-

out Jordas or some other serving-man behind her, as was right and usual for a lady of her position; but "Lady Philippa" was of bolder strain, and cared for nobody's thoughts, words, or deeds. And she had ordered her sister's servant back for certain reasons of her own.

"Very well, very well. You always will go on, and always on the road you choose yourself. Although it requires a vast deal of knowledge to know that there is any road here at all."

The widow, who looked very comely for her age, and sat her pony prettily, gave way (as usual) to the stronger will; though she always liked to enter protest, which the elder scarcely ever deigned to notice. But hearing that Eliza had a little cough at night, and knowing that her appetite had not been as it ought to be, Philippa (who really was wrapped up in her sister, but never or seldom let her dream of such a fact) turned round graciously and said:

"I have ordered the carriage here for half past three o'clock. We will go back by the Scarbend road, and Heartsease can trot behind us."

"Heartsease, uneasy you have kept my heart by your shufflings and trippings perpetual. Philippa, I want a better-stepping pony. Pet has ruined Heartsease."

"Pet ruins everything and everybody; and you are ruining him, Eliza. I am the only one who has the smallest power over him. And he is beginning to cast off that. If it comes to open war between us, I shall be sorry for Lancelot."

"And I shall be sorry for you, Philippa. In a few years Pet will be a man. And a man is always stronger than a woman; at any rate in our family."

"Stronger than such as you, Eliza. But let him only rebel against me, and he will find himself an outcast. And to prove that, I have brought you here."

Mistress Yordas turned round, and looked in a well-known manner at her sister, whose beautiful eyes filled with tears, and fell.

"Philippa," she said, with a breath like a sob, "sometimes you look harder than poor dear papa, in his very worst moments, used to look. I am sure that I do not at all deserve it. All that I pray for is peace and comfort; and little do I get of either."

"And you will get less, as long as you pray for them, instead of doing something better. The only way to get such things is to make them."

"Then I think that you might make enough for us both, if you had any regard for them, or for me, Philippa."

Mistress Yordas smiled, as she often did, at her sister's style of reasoning. And she cared not a jot for the last word, so long as the will and the way were left to her. And in this frame of mind she turned a corner from the open moor track into a little lane, or rather the expiring delivery of a lane, which was leading a better existence further on.

Mrs. Carnaby followed dutifully, and Heartsease began to pick up his feet, which he scorned to do upon the negligence of sward. And following this good lane, they came to a gate, corded to an ancient tree, and showing up its foot, as a dog does when he has a thorn in it. This gate seemed to stand for an ornament, or perhaps a landmark; for the lane, instead of submitting to it, passed by upon either side, and plunged into a dingle, where a gray old house was sheltering. The lonely moorside farm—if such a wild and desolate spot could be a farm—was known as "Wallhead," from the relics of some ancient wall; and the folk who lived there, or tried to live, although they possessed a surname—which is not a necessary consequence of life—very seldom used it, and more rarely still had it used for them. For the ancient fashion still held ground of attaching the idea of a man to that of things more extensive and substantial. So the head of the house was "Will o' the Wallhead;" his son was "Tommy o' Will o' the Wallhead;" and his grandson, "Willy o' Tommy o' Will o' the Wallhead." But the one their great lady desired to see was the unmarried daughter of the house, "Sally o' Will o' the Wallhead."

Mistress Yordas knew that the men of the house would be out upon the land at this time of day, while Sally would be full of household work, and preparing their homely supper. So she walked in bravely at the open door, while her sister waited with the pony in the yard. Sally was clumping about in clog-shoes, with a child or two sprawling after her (for Tommy's wife was away with him at work), and if the place was not as clean as could be, it seemed as clean as need be.

The natives of this part are rough in manner, and apt to regard civility as the

same thing with servility. Their bluntness does not proceed from thickness, as in the south of England, but from a surety of their own worth, and inferiority to no one. And to deal with them rightly, this must be entered into.

Sally o' Will o' the Wallhead bobbed her solid and black curly head, with a clout like a jelly on the poll of it, to the owner of their land, and a lady of high birth; but she vouchsafed no courtesy, neither did Mistress Yordas expect one. But the active and self-contained woman set a chair in the low dark room, which was their best, and stood waiting to be spoken to.

"Sally," said the lady, who also possessed the Yorkshire gift of going to the point, "you had a man ten years ago; you behaved badly to him, and he went into the Indian Company."

"A' deed," replied the maiden, without any blush, because she had been in the right throughout; "and noo a' hath coom in a better moind."

"And you have come to know your own mind about him. You have been steadfast to him for ten years. He has saved up some money, and is come back to marry you."

"I heed nane o' the brass. But my Jack is back again."

"His father held under us for many years. He was a thoroughly honest man, and paid his rent as often as he could. Would Jack like to have his father's farm? It has been let to his cousin, as you know; but they have been going from bad to worse; and everything must be sold off, unless I stop it."

Sally was of dark Lancastrian race, with handsome features and fine brown eyes. She had been a beauty ten years ago, and could still look comely, when her heart was up.

"My lady," she said, with her heart up now, at the hope of soon having a home of her own, and something to work for that she might keep, "such words should not pass the mouth wi'out bin meant."

What she said was very different in sound, and not to be rendered in echo by any one born far away from that country, where three dialects meet and find it hard to guess what each of the others is up to. Enough that this is what Sally meant to say, and that Mistress Yordas understood it.

"It is not my custom to say a thing without meaning it," she answered; "but unless it is taken up at once, it is likely to come to nothing. Where is your man Jack?"

"Jack is awaa to the minister to tell of us cooming tegither." Sally made no blush over this, as she might have done ten years ago.

"He must be an excellent and faithful man. He shall have the farm if he wishes it, and can give some security at going in. Let him come and see Jordas to-morrow."

After a few more words, the lady left Sally full of gratitude, very little of which was expressed aloud, and therefore the whole was more likely to work, as Mistress Yordas knew right well.

The farm was a better one than Wallhead, having some good barley land upon it; and Jack did not fail to present himself at Scargate upon the following morning. But the lady of the house did not think fit herself to hold discourse with him. Jordas was bidden to entertain him, and find out how he stood in cash, and whether his character was solid; and then to leave him with a jug of ale, and come and report proceedings. The dogman discharged this duty well, being as faithful as the dogs he kept, and as keen a judge of human nature.

"The man hath no harm in him," he said, touching his hair to the ladies, as he entered the audit-room. "A' hath been knocked aboot a bit in them wars i' Injury, and hath only one hand left; but a' can lay it upon fifty poon, and get surety for anither fifty."

"Then tell him, Jordas, that he may go to Mr. Jellicorse to-morrow, to see about the writings, which he must pay for. I will write full instructions for Mr. Jellicorse, and you go and get your dinner; and then take my letter, that he may have time to consider it. Wait a moment. There are other things to be done in Middleton, and it would be late for you to come back to-night, the days are drawing in so. Sleep at our tea-grocer's; he will put you up. Give your letter at once into the hands of Mr. Jellicorse, and he will get forward with the writings. Tell this man Jack that he must be there before twelve o'clock to-morrow, and then you can call about two o'clock, and bring back what there may be for signature; and be careful of it. Eliza, I think I have set forth your wishes."

"But, my lady, lawyers do take such a time; and who will look after Master Lancelot? I fear to have my feet two moiles off here—"

"Obey your orders, without reasoning; that is for those who give them. Eliza, I am sure that you agree with me. Jordas, make this man clearly understand, as you can do when you take the trouble. But you first must clearly understand the whole yourself. I will repeat it for you."

Philippa Yordas went through the whole of her orders again most clearly, and at every one of them the dogman nodded his large head distinctly, and counted the nods on his fingers to make sure; for this part is gifted with high mathematics. And the numbers stick fast like pegs driven into clay.

"Poor Jordas! Philippa, you are working him too hard. You have made great wrinkles in his forehead. Jordas, you must have no wrinkles until you are married."

While Mrs. Carnaby spoke so kindly, the dogman took his fingers off their numeral scale, and looked at her. By nature the two were first cousins, of half blood; by law, and custom, and education, and vital institution, they were sundered more widely than black and white. But, for all that, the dogman loved the lady, at a faithful distance.

"You seem to me now to have it clearly, Jordas," said the elder sister, looking at him sternly, because Eliza was so soft; "you will see that no mischief can be done with the dogs or horses while you are away; and Mr. Jellicorse will give you a letter for me, to say that everything is right. My desire is to have things settled promptly, because your friend Jack has been to set the banns up; and the Church is more speedy in such matters than the law. Now the sooner you are off, the better."

Jordas, in his steady but by no means stupid way, considered at his leisure what such things could mean. He knew all the property, and the many little holdings, as well as, and perhaps a great deal better than, if they had happened to be his own. But he never had known such a hurry made before, or such a special interest shown about the letting of any tenement, of perhaps tenfold the value. However, he said, like a sensible man (and therefore to himself only), that the ways of women are beyond compute, and must be suitably carried out, without any contradiction.

CHAPTER XX.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

Now Mr. Jellicorse had been taking a careful view of everything. He wished to be certain of placing himself both on the righteous side and the right one; and in such a case this was not to be done without much circumspection. He felt himself bound to his present clients, and could not even dream of deserting them; but still there are many things that may be done to conciliate the adversary of one's friend, without being false to the friend himself. And some of these already were occurring to the lawyer.

It was true that no adversary had as yet appeared, nor even shown token of existence; but some little sign of complication had arisen, and one serious fact was come to light. The solicitors of Sir Ulphus de Roos (the grandson of Sir Fursan, whose daughter had married Richard Yordas) had pretty strong evidence, in some old letters, that a deed of appointment had been made by the said Richard, and Eleanor his wife, under the powers of their settlement. Luckily they had not been employed in the matter, and possessed not so much as a draft or a letter of instructions; and now it was no concern of theirs to make, or meddle, or even move. Neither did they know that any question could arise about it; for they were a highly antiquated firm, of most rigid respectability, being legal advisers to the Chapter of York, and clerks of the Prerogative Court, and able to charge twice as much as almost any other firm, and nearly three times as much as poor Jellicorse.

Mr. Jellicorse had been most skillful and wary in sounding these deep and silent people; for he wanted to find out how much they knew, without letting them suspect that there was anything to know. And he proved an old woman's will gratis, or at least put it down to those who could afford it—because nobody meant to have it proved—simply for the sake of getting golden contact with Messrs. Akeborum, Micklegate, and Brigant. Right craftily then did he fetch a young member of the firm, who delighted in angling, to take his holiday at Middleton, and fish the

goodly Tees ; and by gentle and casual discourse of gossip, in hours of hospitality, out of him he hooked and landed all that his firm knew of the Yordas race. Young Brigant thought it natural enough that his host, as the lawyer of that family, and their trusted adviser for five-and-twenty years, should like to talk over things of an elder date, which now could be little more than trifles of genealogical history. He got some fine fishing and good dinners, and found himself pleased with the river and the town, and his very kind host and hostess; and it came into his head that if Miss Emily grew up as pretty and lively as she promised to be, he might do worse than marry her, and open a connection with such a fishing station. At any rate he left her as a "chose in action," which might be reduced into possession some fine day.

Such was the state of affairs when Jordas, after a long and muddy ride, sent word that he would like to see the master, for a minute or two, if convenient. The days were grown short, and the candles lit, and Mr. Jellicorse was fast asleep, having had a good deal to get through that day, including an excellent supper. The lawyer's wife said: "Let him call in the morning. Business is over, and the office is closed. Susanna, your master must not be disturbed." But the master awoke, and declared that he would see him.

Candles were set in the study, while Jordas was having a trifle of refreshment; and when he came in, Mr. Jellicorse was there, with his spectacles on, and full of business.

"Asking of your pardon, Sir, for disturbing of you now," said the dogman, with the rain upon his tarred coat shining, in a little course of drainage from his great brown beard, "my orders wur to lay this in your own hand, and seek answer to-morrow by dinner-time, if may be."

"Master Jordas, you shall have it, if it can be. Do you know anybody who can promise more than that ?"

"Plenty, Sir, to promise it, as you must know by this time; but never a body to perform so much as half. But craving of your pardon again, and separate, I wud foin spake a word or two of myself."

"Certainly, Jordas, I shall listen with great pleasure. A fine-looking fellow like you must have affairs. And the lady ought to make some settlement. It shall all be done for you at half price."

"No, Sir, it is none o' that kind of thing," the dogman answered, with a smile, as if he might have had such opportunities, but would trouble no lawyer about them; "and I get too much of half price at home. It is about my ladies I desire to make speech. They keep their business too tight, master."

"Jordas, you have been well taught and trained; and you are a man of sagacity. Tell me faithfully what you mean. It shall go no further. And it may be of great service to your ladies."

"It is not much, Master Jellicoose; and you may make less than that of it. But a lie shud be met and knocked doon, Sir, according to my opinion."

"Certainly, Jordas, when an action will not lie; and sometimes even where it does, it is wise to commit a defensible assault, and so to become the defendant. Jordas, you are big enough to do that."

"Master Jellicoose, you are a pleasant man ; but you twist my maning, as a lawyer must. They all does it, to keep their hand in. I am speaking of the stories, Sir, that is so much about. And I think that my ladies should be told of them right out, and come forward, and lay their hands on them. The Yordases always did wrong, of old time; but they never was afraid to jump on it."

"My friend, you speak in parables. What stories have arisen to be jumped upon ?"

"Well, Sir, for one thing, they do tell that the proper owner of the property is Sir Duncan, now away in India. A man hath come home who knows him well, and sayeth that he is like a prince out there, with command of a country twice as big as Great Britain, and they up and made 'Sir Duncan' of him, by his duty to the king. And if he cometh home, all must fall before him."

"Even the law of the land, I suppose, and the will of his own father. Pretty well, so far, Jordas. And what next ?"

"Nought, Sir, nought. But I thought I wur duty-bound to tell you that. What is women before a man Yordas ?"

"My good friend, we will not despair. But you are keeping back something; I know it by your feet. You are duty-bound to tell me every word now, Jordas."

"The lawyers is the devil," said the dog-

man to himself; and being quite used to this reflection, Mr. Jellicorse smiled and nodded; "but if you must have it all, Sir, it is no more than this. Jack o' the Smithies, as is to marry Sally o' Will o' the Wallhead, is to have the lease of Shipboro' farm, and he is the man as hath told it all."

"Very well. We will wish him good luck with his farm," Mr. Jellicorse answered, cheerfully; "and what is even rarer nowadays, I fear, good luck of his wife, Master Jordas."

But as soon as the sturdy retainer was gone, and the sound of his heavy boots had died away, Mr. Jellicorse shook his head very gravely, and said, as he opened and looked through his packet, which confirmed the words of Jordas, "Sad indiscretion—want of legal knowledge—headstrong women—the very way to spoil it all! My troubles are beginning, and I had better go to bed."

His good wife seconded this wise resolve; and without further parley it was put into effect, and proclaimed to be successful by a symphony of snores. For this is the excellence of having other people's cares to carry (with the carriage well paid), that they sit very lightly on the springs of sleep. That well-balanced vehicle rolls on smoothly, without jerk, or jar, or kick, so long as it travels over alien land.

In the morning Mr. Jellicorse was up to anything, legitimate, legal, and likely to be paid for. Not that he would stir half the breadth of one wheat corn, even for the sake of his daily bread, from the straight and strict line of integrity. He had made up his mind about that long ago, not only from natural virtue, strong and dominant as that was, but also by dwelling on his high repute, and the solid foundations of character. He scarcely knew anybody, when he came to think of it, capable of taking such a lofty course; but that simply confirmed him in his stern resolve to do what was right and expedient.

It was quite one o'clock before Jack o' the Smithies rang the bell to see about his lease. He ought to have done it two hours sooner, if he meant to become a humble tenant; and the lawyer, although he had plenty to do of other people's business, looked upon this as a very bad sign. Then he read his letter of instructions once more, and could not but admire the nice brevity of these, and the skillful style of hinting much and declaring very little.

For after giving full particulars about the farm, and the rent, and the covenants required, Mistress Yordas proceeded thus:

"The new tenant is the son of a former occupant, who proved to be a remarkably honest man, in a case of strong temptation. As happens too often with men of probity, he was misled and made bankrupt, and died about twelve years ago, I think. Please to verify this by reference. The late tenant was his nephew, and has never perceived the necessity of paying rent. We have been obliged to distrain, as you know; and I wish John Smithies to buy in what he pleases. He has saved some capital in India, where I am told that he fought most gallantly. Singular to say, he has met with, and perhaps served under, our lamented and lost brother Duncan, of whom and his family he may give us interesting particulars. You know how this neighborhood excels in idle talk, and if John Smithies becomes our tenant, his discourse must be confined to his own business. But he must not hesitate to impart to you any facts you may think it right to ask about. Jordas will bring us your answer, under seal."

"Skillfully put, up to that last word, which savors too much of teaching me my own business. Aberthaw, are you quite ready with that lease? It is wanted rather in a hurry."

As Mr. Jellicorse thought the former, and uttered the latter part of these words, it was plain to see that he was fidgety. He had put on superior clothes to get up with; and the clerks had whispered to one another that it must be his wedding day, and ought to end in a half-holiday all round, and be chalked thenceforth on the calendar; but instead of being joyful and jocular, like a man who feels a saving Providence over him, the lawyer was as dismal, and unsettled and splenetic, as a prophet on the brink of wedlock. But the very last thing that he ever dreamed of doubting was his power to turn this old soldier inside out.

Jack o' the Smithies was announced at last; and the lawyer, being vexed with him for taking such a time, resolved to let him take a little longer, and kept him waiting, without any bread and cheese, for nearly half an hour. The wisdom of doing this depended on the character of

the man, and the state of his finances. And both of these being strong enough to stand, to keep him so long on his legs was unwise. At last he came in, a very sturdy sort of fellow, thinking no atom the less of himself because some of his anatomy was honorably gone.

"Servant, Sir," he said, making a salute; "I had orders to come to you about a little lease."

"Right, my man, I remember now. You are thinking of taking to your father's farm, after knocking about for some years in foreign parts. Ah, nothing like old England after all. And to tread the ancestral soil, and cherish the old associations, and to nurture a virtuous family in the fear of the Lord, and to be ready with the rent—"

"Rent is too high, Sir; I must have five pounds off. It ought to be ten, by right. Cousin Joe has taken all out, and put nought in."

"John o' the Smithies, you astonish me. I have strong reason for believing that the rent is far too low. I have no instructions to reduce it."

"Then I must try for another farm, Sir. I can have one of better land, under Sir Walter; only I seemed to hold on to the old place; and my Sally likes to be under the old ladies."

"Old ladies! Jack, what are you come to? Beautiful ladies in the prime of life —but perhaps they would be old in India. I fear that you have not learned much behavior. But at any rate you ought to know your own mind. Is it your intention to refuse so kind an offer (which was only made for your father's sake, and to please your faithful Sally) simply because another of your family has not been honest in his farming?"

"I never have took it in that way before," the steady old soldier answered, showing that rare phenomenon, the dawn of a new opinion upon a stubborn face. "Give me a bit to turn it over in my mind, Sir. Lawyers be so quick, and so nimble, and all-cornered."

"Turn it over fifty times, Master Smithies. We have no wish to force the farm upon you. Take a pinch of snuff, to help your sense of justice. Or if you would like a pipe, go and have it in my kitchen. And if you are hungry, cook will give you eggs and bacon."

"No, Sir; I am very much obliged to you. I never make much o' my thinking. I go by what the Lord sends right inside o' me, whenever I have decent folk to deal with. And spite of your cloth, Sir, you have a honest look."

"You deserve another pinch of snuff for that. Master Smithies, you have a gift of putting hard things softly. But this is not business. Is your mind made up?"

"Yes, Sir. I will take the farm, at full rent, if the covenants are to my liking. They must be on both sides—both sides, mind you."

Mr. Jellicorse smiled as he began to read the draft prepared from a very ancient form which was firmly established on the Scargate Hall estates. The covenants, as usual, were all upon one side, the lessee being bound to a multitude of things, and the lessor to little more than acceptance of the rent. But such a result is in the nature of the case. Yet Jack o' the Smithies was not well content. In him true Yorkshire stubbornness was multiplied by the dogged tenacity of a British soldier, and the aggregate raised to an unknown power by the efforts of shrewd ignorance; and at last the lawyer took occasion to say,

"Master John Smithies, you are worthy to serve under the colors of a Yordas."

"That I have, Sir, that I have," cried the veteran, taken unawares, and shaking the stump of his arm in proof; "I have served under Sir Duncan Yordas, who will come home some day and claim his own; and he won't want no covenants of me."

"You can not have served under Duncan Yordas," Mr. Jellicorse answered, with a smile of disbelief, craftily rousing the pugnacity of the man; "because he was not even in the army of the Company, or any other army. I mean, of course, unless there was some other Duncan Yordas."

"Tell me!" Jack o' Smithies almost shouted—"tell me about Duncan Yordas, indeed! Who he was, and what he wasn't! And what do lawyers know of such things? Why, you might have to command a regiment, and read covenants to them out there! Sir Duncan was not our colonel, nor our captain; but we was under his orders all the more; and well he knew how to give them. Not one in fifty of us was white; but he made us all as good as white men; and the enemy

never saw the color of our backs. I wish I was out there again, I do, and would have staid, but for being hoarse of combat; though the fault was never in my throat, but in my arm."

"There is no fault in your throat, John Smithies, except that it is a great deal too loud. I am sorry for Sally, with a temper such as yours."

"That shows how much you know about it. I never lose my temper, without I hearken lies. And for you to go and say that I never saw Sir Duncan—"

"I said nothing of the kind, my friend. But you did not come here to talk about Duncan, or Captain, or Colonel, or Nabob, or Rajah, or whatever potentate he may be—of him we desire to know nothing more—a man who ran away, and disgraced his family, and killed his poor father, knows better than ever to set his foot on Scargate land again. You talk about having a lease from him, a man with fifty wives, I dare say, and a hundred children! We all know what they are out there."

There are very few tricks of the human face divine more forcibly expressive of contempt than the lowering of the eyelids so that only a narrow streak of eye is exposed to the fellow-mortal, and that streak fixed upon him steadfastly; and the contumely is intensified when (as in the present instance) the man who does it is gifted with yellow lashes on the under lid. Jack o' the Smithies treated Mr. Jellicorse to a gaze of this sort; and the lawyer, whose wrath had been feigned, to rouse the other's, and so extract full information, began to feel his own temper rise. And if Jack had known when to hold his tongue, he must have had the best of it. But the lawyer knew this, and the soldier did not.

"Master Jellicorse," said the latter, with his forehead deeply wrinkled, and his eyes now opened to their widest, "in saying of that you make a liar of yourself. Lease or no lease—that you do. Leasing stands for lying in the Bible, and a' seemeth to do the same thing in Yorkshire. Fifty wives, and a hundred children! Sir Duncan hath had one wife, and lost her, through the Neljan fever and her worry; and a Yorkshire lady, as you might know—and never hath he cared to look at any woman since. There now, what you make of that—you lawyers that make out every man a rake, and every woman a light o' love? Get along! I hate the lot o' you."

"What a strange character you are! You must have had jungle fever, I should think. No, Diana, there is no danger" —for Jack o' the Smithies had made such a noise that Mrs. Jellicorse got frightened and ran in: "this poor man has only one arm; and if he had two, he could not hurt me, even if he wished it. Be pleased to withdraw, Diana. John Smithies, you have simply made a fool of yourself. I have not said a word against Sir Duncan Yordas, or his wife, or his son—"

"He hath no son, I tell you; and that was partly how he lost his wife."

"Well, then, his daughters, I have said no harm of them."

"And very good reason—because he hath none. You lawyers think you are so clever; and you never know anything rightly. Sir Duncan hath himself alone to see to, and hundreds of thousands of darkies to manage, with a score of British bayonets. But he never heedeth of the bayonets, not he."

"I have read of such men, but I never saw them," Mr. Jellicorse said, as if thinking to himself; "I always feel doubt about the possibility of them."

"He hath ten elephants," continued Soldier Smithies, resolved to crown the pillar of his wonders while about it— "ten great elephants that come and kneel before him, and a thousand men ready to run to his thumb; and his word is law—better law than is in England—for scores and scores of miles on the top of hundreds."

"Why did you come away, John Smithies? Why did you leave such a great prince, and come home?"

"Because it was home, Sir. And for sake of Sally."

"There is some sense in that, my friend. And now if you wish to make a happy life for Sally, you will do as I advise you. Will you take my advice? My time is of value; and I am not accustomed to waste my words."

"Well, Sir, I will hearken to you. No man that meaneth it can say more than that."

"Jack o' the Smithies, you are acute. You have not been all over the world for nothing. But if you have made up your mind to settle, and be happy in your native parts, one thing must be attended to. It is a maxim of law, time-honored and

of the highest authority, that the tenant must never call in question the title of his landlord. Before attorning, you may do so; after that you are estopped. Now is it or is it not your wish to become the tenant of the Smithies farm, which your father held so honorably? Farm produce is fetching great prices now; and if you refuse this offer, we can have a man, the day after to-morrow, who will give my ladies £10 more, and who has not been a soldier, but a farmer all his life."

"Lawyer Jellicorse, I will take it; for Sally hath set her heart on it; and I know every crumple of the ground better than the wisest farmer doth. Sir, I will sign the articles."

"The lease will be engrossed by next market day; and the sale will be stopped until you have taken whatever you wish at a valuation. But remember what I said—you are not to go prating about this wonderful Sir Duncan, who is never likely to come home, if he lives in such grand state out there, and who is forbidden by his father's will from taking an acre of the property. And as he has no heirs, and is so wealthy, it can not matter much to him."

"That is true," said the soldier; "but he might love to come home, as all our folk in India do; and if he doth, I will not deny him. I tell you fairly, Master Jellicorse."

"I like you for being an outspoken man, and true to those who have used you well. You could do him no good, and you might do harm to others, and unsettle simple minds, by going on about him among the tenants."

"His name hath never crossed my lips till now, and shall not again without good cause. Here is my hand upon it, Master Lawyer."

The lawyer shook hands with him heartily, for he could not but respect the man for his sturdiness and sincerity. And when Jack was gone, Mr. Jellicorse played with his spectacles and his snuff-box for several minutes before he could make up his mind how to deal with the matter. Then hearing the solid knock of Jordas, who was bound to take horse for Scargate House pretty early at this time of year (with the weakening of the day among the mountains), he lost a few moments in confusion. The dogman could not go without any answer; and how was any good answer to be given in half an hour, at the utmost? A time had been when the lawyer studied curtness and precision under minds of abridgment in London. But the more he had labored to introduce rash brevity into Yorkshire, and to cut away nine words out of ten, when all the ten meant one thing only, the more of contempt for his ignorance he won, and the less money he made out of it. And no sooner did he marry than he was forced to give up that, and, like a respectable butcher, put in every pennyweight of fat that could be charged for. Thus had he thriven and grown like a goodly deed of fine amplification; and if he had made Squire Philip's will now, it would scarcely have gone into any breast pocket. Unluckily it is an easier thing to make a man's will than to carry it out, even though fortune be favorable.

In the present case obstacles seemed to be arising which might at any moment require great skill and tact to surmount them; and the lawyer, hearing Jordas striding to and fro impatiently in the waiting-room, was fain to win time for consideration by writing a short note to say that he proposed to wait upon the ladies the very next day. For he had important news which seemed expedient to discuss with them. In the mean time he begged them not to be at all uneasy, for his news upon the whole was propitious.

CHAPTER XXI.

JACK AND JILL GO DOWN THE GILL.

Upon a little beck that runs away into the Lune, which is a tributary of the Tees, there stood at this time a small square house of gray stone, partly greened with moss, or patched with drip, and opening to the sun with small dark windows. It looked as if it never could be warm inside, by sunshine or by fire-glow, and cared not, although it was the only house for miles, whether it were peopled or stood empty. But this cold, hard-looking place just now was the home of some hot and passionate hearts.

The people were poor; and how they made their living would have been a mystery to their neighbors, if there had been any. They rented no land, and they followed no trade, and they took no alms by hand or post; for the begging-letter system was not yet invented. For the house

itself they paid a small rent, which Jordas received on behalf of his ladies, and always found it ready; and that being so, he had nothing more to ask, and never meddled with them. They had been there before he came into office, and it was not his place to seek into their history; and if it had been, he would not have done it. For his sympathies were (as was natural and native to a man so placed) with all outsiders, and the people who compress into one or two generations that ignorance of lineage which some few families strive to defer for centuries, showing thereby unwise insistence, if latter-day theories are correct.

But if Master Jordas knew little of these people, somebody else knew more about them, and perhaps too much about one of them. Lancelot Carnaby, still called "Pet," in one of those rushes after random change which the wildness of his nature drove upon him, had ridden his pony to a stand-still on the moor one sultry day of that August. No pity or care for the pony had he, but plenty of both for his own dear self. The pony might be left for the crows to pick his bones, so far as mattered to Pet Carnaby; but it mattered very greatly to a boy like him to have to go home upon his own legs. Long exertion was hateful to him, though he loved quick difficulty; for he was one of the many who combine activity with laziness. And while he was wondering what he should do, and worrying the fine little animal, a wave of the wind carried into his ear the brawling of a beck, like the humming of a hive. The boy had forgotten that the moor just here was broken by a narrow glen, engrooved with sliding water.

Now with all his strength, which was not much, he tugged the panting and limping little horse to the flat breach, and then down the steep of the gill, and let him walk into the water and begin to slake off a little of the crust of thirst. But no sooner did he see him preparing to rejoice in large crystal draughts (which his sobs had first forbidden) than he jerked him with the bit, and made a bad kick at him, because he could bear to see nothing happy. The pony had sense enough to reply, weary as he was, with a stronger kick, which took Master Lancelot in the knee, and discouraged him for any further contest. Bully as he was, the boy had too much of ancient Yordas pith in him to howl, or cry, or even whimper, but sat down on a little ridge to nurse his poor knee, and meditate revenge against the animal with hoofs. Presently pain and wrath combined became too much for the weakness of his frame, and he fell back and lay upon the hard ground in a fainting fit.

At such times, as everybody said (especially those whom he knocked about in his lively moments), this boy looked wonderfully lovely. His features were almost perfect; and he had long eyelashes like an Andalusian girl, and cheeks more exquisite than almost any doll's, a mouth of fine curve, and a chin of pert roundness, a neck of the mould that once was called "Byronic," and curly dark hair flying all around, as fine as the very best peruke. In a word, he was just what a boy ought not to be, who means to become an Englishman.

Such, however, was not the opinion of a creature even more beautiful than he, in the truer points of beauty. Coming with a pitcher for some water from the beck, Insie of the Gill (the daughter of Bat and Zilpie of the Gill) was quite amazed as she chanced round a niche of the bank upon this image. An image fallen from the sun, she thought it, or at any rate from some part of heaven, until she saw the pony, who was testing the geology of the district by the flavor of its herbage. Then Insie knew that here was a mortal boy, not dead, but sadly wounded; and she drew her short striped kirtle down, because her shapely legs were bare.

Lancelot Carnaby, coming to himself (which was a poor return for him), opened his large brown eyes, and saw a beautiful girl looking at him. As their eyes met, his insolent languor fell—for he generally awoke from these weak lapses into a slow persistent rage—and wonder and unknown admiration moved something in his nature that had never moved before. His words, however, were scarcely up to the high mark of the moment. "Who are you?" was all he said.

"I am called 'Insie of the Gill.' My father is Bat of the Gill, and my mother Zilpie of the Gill. You must be a stranger, not to know us."

"I never heard of you in all my life; although you seem to be living on my land. All the land about here belongs to me; though my mother has it for a little time."

"I did not know," she answered, softly, and scarcely thinking what she said, "that the land belonged to anybody, besides the birds and animals. And is the water yours as well?"

"Yes; every drop of it, of course. But you are quite welcome to a pitcherful." This was the rarest affability of Pet; and he expected extraordinary thanks.

But Insie looked at him with surprise. "I am very much obliged to you," she said; "but I never asked any one to give it me, unless it is the beck itself; and the beck never seems to grudge it."

"You are not like anybody I ever saw. You speak very different from the people about here; and you look very different ten times over."

Insie reddened at his steadfast gaze, and turned her sweet soft face away. And yet she wanted to know more. "Different means a great many things. Do you mean that I look better, or worse?"

"Better, of course; fifty thousand times better! Why, you look like a beautiful lady. I tell you, I have seen hundreds of ladies; perhaps you haven't, but I have. And you look better than all of them."

"You say a great deal that you do not think," Insie answered, quietly, yet turning round to show her face again. "I have heard that gentlemen always do; and I suppose that you are a young gentleman."

"I should hope so indeed. Don't you know who I am? I am Lancelot Yordas Carnaby."

"Why, you look quite as if you could stop the river," she answered, with a laugh, though she felt his grandeur. "I suppose you consider me nobody at all. But I must get my water."

"You shall not carry water. "You are much too pretty. I will carry it for you."

Pet was not "introspective;" otherwise he must have been astonished at himself. His mother and aunt would have doubted their own eyes if they had beheld this most dainty of the dainty, and mischievous of the mischievous (with pain and passion for the moment vanquished), carefully carrying an old brown pitcher. Yet this he did, and wonderfully well, as he believed; though Insie only laughed to see him. For he had on the loveliest gaiters in the world, of thin white buckskin with agate buttons, and breeches of silk, and a long brocaded waistcoat, and a short coat of rich purple velvet, also a riding hat with a gray ostrich plume. And though he had very little calf inside his gaiters, and not much chest to fill out his waistcoat, and narrower shoulders than a velvet coat deserved, it would have been manifest, even to a tailor, that the boy had lineal, if not lateral, right to his rich habiliments.

Insie of the Gill (who seemed not to be of peasant birth, though so plainly dressed), came gently down the steep brookside to see what was going to be done for her.

She admired Lancelot, both for bravery of apparel and of action; and she longed to know how he would get a good pitcher of water without any splash upon his clothes. So she stood behind a little bush, pretending not to be at all concerned, but amused at having her work done for her. But Pet was too sharp to play cat's-paw for nothing.

"Smile, and say 'thank you,'" he cried, "or I won't do it. I am not going up to my middle for nothing; I know that you want to laugh at me."

"You must have a very low middle," said Insie; "why, it never comes half way to my knees."

"You have got no stockings, and no new gaiters," Lancelot answered, reasonably; and then, like two children, they set to and laughed, till the gill almost echoed with them.

"Why, you're holding the mouth of the pitcher down stream!" Insie could hardly speak for laughing. "Is that how you go to fill a pitcher?"

"Yes, and the right way too," he answered; "the best water always comes up the eddies. You ought to be old enough to know that."

"I don't know anything at all—except that you are ruining your best clothes."

"I don't care twopence for such rubbish. You ought to see me on a Sunday, Insie, if you want to know what is good. There, you never drew such a pitcher as that. And I believe there is a fish in the bottom of it."

"Oh, if there is a fish, let me have him in my hands. I can nurse a fish on dry land, until he gets quite used to it. Are you sure that there is a little fish?"

"No, there is no fish; and I am soaking wet. But I never care what anybody thinks of me. If they say what I don't like, I kick them."

"Ah, you are accustomed to have your own way. That any one might know by looking at you. But I have got a quantity of work to do. You can see that by my fingers."

The girl made a courtesy, and took the pitcher from him, because he was knocking it against his legs; but he could not be angry when he looked into her eyes, though the habit of his temper made him try to fume.

"Do you know what I think?" she said, fixing bright hazel eyes upon him; "I think that you are very passionate sometimes."

"Well, if I am, it is my own business. Who told you anything about it? Whoever it was shall pay out for it."

"Nobody told me, Sir. You must remember that I never even heard of your name before."

"Oh, come, I can't quite take down that. Everybody knows me for fifty miles or more; and I don't care what they think of me."

"You may please yourself about believing me," she answered, without concern about it. "No one who knows me doubts my word, though I am not known for even five miles away."

"What an extraordinary girl you are! You say things on purpose to provoke me. Nobody ever does that; they are only too glad to keep me in a good temper."

"If you are like that, Sir, I had better run away. My father will be home in about an hour, and he might think that you had no business here."

"I! No business upon my own land! This place must be bewitched, I think. There is a witch upon the moors, I know, who can take almost any shape; but—but they say she is three hundred years of age, or more."

"Perhaps, then, I am bewitched," said Insie; "or why should I stop to talk with you, who are only a rude boy, after all, even according to your own account?"

"Well, you can go if you like. I suppose you live in that queer little place down there?"

"The house is quite good enough for me and my father and mother and brother Maunder. Good-by; and please never to come here again."

"You don't understand me. I have made you cry. Oh, Insie, let me have hold of your hand. I would rather make anybody cry than you. I never liked anybody so before."

"Cry, indeed! Who ever heard me cry? It is the way you splashed the water up. I am not in the habit of crying for a stranger. Good-by, now; and go to your great people. You say that you are bad; and I fear it is too true."

"I am not bad at all. It is only what everybody says, because I never want to please them. But I want to please you. I would give anything to do it; if you would only tell me how."

The girl having cleverly dried her eyes, poured all their bright beauty upon him, and the heart of the youth was enlarged with a new, very sweet, and most timorous feeling. Then his dark eyes dropped, and he touched her gently, and only said, "Don't go away."

"But I must go away," Insie answered, with a blush, and a look as of more tears lurking in her eyes. "I have stopped too long; I must go away at once."

"But when may I come again? I will hold you, and fight for you with everybody in the world, unless you tell me when to come again."

"Hush! I am quite ashamed to hear you talk so. I am a poor girl, and you a great young gentleman."

"Never mind that. That has nothing to do with it. Would you like to make me miserable, and a great deal more wicked than I ever was before? Do you hate me so much as all that, Insie?"

"No. You have been very kind to me. Only my father would be angry, I am sure; and my brother Maunder is dreadful. They all go away every other Friday, and that is the only free time I have."

"Every other Friday! What a long time, to be sure! Won't you come again for water this day fortnight?"

"Yes; I come for water three or four times every day. But if they were to see you, they would kill you first, and then lock me up forever. The only wise plan is for you to come no more."

"You can not be thinking for a moment what you say. I will tell you what; if you don't come, I will march up to the house, and beat the door in. The landlord can do that, according to law."

"If you care at all for me," said Insie, looking as if she had known him for ten years, "you will do exactly what I tell you. You will think no more about me for a fortnight; and then if you fancy

that I can do you good by advice about your bad temper, or by teaching you how to plait reeds for a hat, and how to fill a pitcher—perhaps I might be able to come down the gill again."

"I wish it was to-morrow. I shall count the days. But be sure to come early, if they go away all day. I shall bring my dinner with me; and you shall have the first help, and I will carve. But I should like one thing before I go; and it is the first time I ever asked anybody, though they ask me often enough, I can tell you."

"What would you like? You seem to me to be always wanting something."

"I should like very much—very much indeed—just to give you one kiss, Insie."

"It can not be thought of for a moment," she replied; "and the first time of my ever seeing you, Sir!"

Before he could reason in favor of a privilege which goes proverbially by favor, the young maid was gone upon the winding path, with the pitcher truly balanced on her well-tressed head. Then Pet sat down and watched her; and she turned round in the distance, and waved him a kiss at decorous interval.

Not more than three days after this, Mrs. Carnaby came into the drawing-room with a hasty step, and a web of wrinkles upon her generally smooth, white forehead.

"Eliza," asked her sister, "what has put you out so? That chair is not very strong, and you are rather heavy. Do you call that gracefully sinking on a seat, as we used to learn the way to do at school?"

"No, I do not call it anything of the kind. And if I am heavy, I only keep my heart in countenance, Philippa. You know not the anxieties of a mother."

"I am thankful to say that I do not. I have plenty of larger cares to attend to, as well as the anxieties of an aunt and sister. But what is this new maternal care?"

"Poor Pet's illness—his serious illness. I am surprised that you have not noticed it, Philippa; it seems so unkind of you."

"There can not be anything much amiss with him. I never saw any one eat a better breakfast. What makes you fancy that the boy must be unwell?"

"It is no fancy. He must be very ill. Poor dear! I can not bear to think of it. He has done no mischief for quite three days."

"Then he must indeed be at the point of death. Oh, if we could only keep him always so, Eliza!"

"My dear sister, you will never understand him. He must have his little playful ways. Would you like him to be a milksop?"

"Certainly not. But I should like him first to be a manly boy, and then a boyish man. The Yordases always have been manly boys; instead of puling, and puking, and picking this, that, and the other."

"The poor child can not help his health, Philippa. He never had the Yordas constitution. He inherits his delicate system from his poor dear gallant father."

Mrs. Carnaby wiped away a tear; and her sister (who never was hard to her) spoke gently, and said there were many worse boys than he, and she liked him for many good and brave points of character, and especially for hating medicine.

"Philippa, you are right; he does hate medicine," the good mother answered, with a soft, sad sigh; "and he kicked the last apothecary in the stomach, when he made certain of its going down. But such things are trifles, dear, in comparison with now. If he would only kick Jordas, or Welldrum, or almost any one who would take it nicely, I should have some hope that he was coming to himself. But to see him sit quiet is so truly sad. He gets up a tree with his vast activity, and there he sits moping by the hour, and gazing in one fixed direction. I am almost sure that he has knocked his leg; but he flew into a fury when I wanted to examine it; and when I made a poultice, there was Saracen devouring it; and the nasty dog swallowed one of my lace handkerchiefs."

"Then surely you are unjust, Eliza, in lamenting all lack of mischief. But I have noticed things as well as you. And yesterday I saw something more portentous than anything you have told me. I came upon Lancelot suddenly, in the last place where I should have looked for him. He was positively in the library, and reading—reading a real book."

"A book, Philippa! Oh, that settles everything. He must have gone altogether out of his sane mind."

"Not only was it a book, but even a book of what people call poetry. You have heard of that bold young man over the mountains, who is trying to turn poetry upside down, by making it out of

every single thing he sees; and who despises all the pieces that we used to learn at school. I can not remember his name; but never mind. I thought that we ought to encourage him, because he might know some people in this neighborhood; and so I ordered a book of his. Perhaps I told you; and that is the very book your learned boy was reading."

"Philippa, it seems to me impossible almost. He must have been looking at the pictures. I do hope he was only looking at the pictures."

"There is not a picture in the book of any sort. He was reading it, and saying it quite softly to himself; and I felt that if you saw him, you would send for Dr. Spraggs."

"Ring the bell at once, dear, if you will be kind enough. I hope there is a fresh horse in the stable. Or the best way would be to send the jumping-car; then he would be certain to come back at once."

"Do as you like. I begin to think that we ought to take proper precautions. But when that is done, I will tell you what I think he may be up the tree for."

A man with the jumping-car was soon dispatched, by urgency of Jordas, for Dr. Spraggs, who lived several miles away, in a hamlet to the westward, inaccessible to anything that could not jump right nimbly. But the ladies made a slight mistake: they caught the doctor, but no patient.

For Pet being well up in his favorite tree—poring with great wonder over *Lyrical Ballads*, which took his fancy somehow—thence descried the hateful form of Dr. Spraggs, too surely approaching in the seat of honor of the jumping-car. Was ever any poesy of such power as to elevate the soul above the smell of physic? The lofty poet of the lakes and fells fell into Pet's pocket anyhow, and down the off side of the tree came he, with even his bad leg ready to be foremost in giving leg-bail to the medical man. The driver of the jumping-car espied this action; but knowing that he would have done the like, grinned softly, and said nothing. And long after Dr. Spraggs was gone, leaving behind him sage advice, and a vast benevolence of bottles, Pet returned, very dirty and hungry, and cross, and most unpoetical.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"So much have I been impressed by this, that studying the subject objectively, and from the educational point of view—seeking to provide that which, taken altogether, will be of the most service to the largest number—I long ago concluded that if I could have but one work for a public library, I would select a complete set of *Harper's Monthly*." These very gratifying words we find in a little pamphlet by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jun., containing three papers on the "Public Library and the Common Schools," founded upon a close and shrewd observation of the schools and public library in the town of Quincy, in Massachusetts, and the racy way in which he tells his story makes it very entertaining as well as very suggestive reading. Mr. Adams is fully aware that there are no more important institutions than those of which he treats, and also that there are none of which the management is more likely to fall into ruts, and to need therefore the most careful watching and the plainest exhortation. The words that we quote are an honorable tribute to the character of this Magazine, whose issues now extend over a generation, and yet it is but a just tribute. If the author be happy who, dying, leaves no word that he would wish to blot, the Magazine, that impersonal author, may modestly congratulate itself that there is not one of its pages that it would wish to expunge. The words of Mr. Adams are a recognition of the purpose and spirit with which the Magazine was founded and is continued, namely, to be a friend of the people, not in Marat's demagogic sense, but in that of Lincoln when he spoke of the plain people, of which he was himself a noble type.

The public library is the permanent common school of the whole community, but its value depends largely upon the habit of reading among those who use it. This habit is generally untrained. The reader comes with a desire of knowledge and of entertainment. There is no direction for his reading, and he naturally takes to fiction. An inquiry lately made at the Library of the State of New York, at Albany, which is a free reading library, showed that it was frequented in winter by people who came to sit in a warm room and read novels. Upon this general unregulated desire of literary entertainment Mr. Adams would rear a taste for literature at once entertaining and educative and elevating, and, to our great pleasure, he selects *Harper's Monthly* as the most powerful pioneer and missionary for that purpose. In the course of the discussion he points out the beneficent changes in public

libraries by citing from the *Autobiography of Stephen Burroughs*, a gentleman who at times "came in somewhat violent contact with the laws of his country." He was a New England figure of the last century, who was justly expelled from Dartmouth College, and was afterward a preacher, a counterfeiter, a jail-breaker, a school-master, and for his misconduct in the last office came to the whipping-post in Worcester in 1790. Having graduated at the whipping-post he appeared as a school-master on Long Island, and finding the community destitute of all reading but school-books and Bibles, he proposed to collect a library for the use of the young people.

After consultation and effort some money was raised, and a committee named to select books. Burroughs made a reasonable choice, but Deacon Hedges brought forward as his list: *Essays on the Divine Authority for Infant Baptism, Terms of Church Communion, The Careful Watchman, Age of Grace*—all doubtless excellent, but yet not the kind of literary entertainment for which the young people of the district could be supposed to be hungering and thirsting; Deacon Cook offered another list of similar charm: *History of Martyrs, Rights of Conscience, Modern Pharisees, Defense of Separates;* the Reverend Mr. Woolworth proposed *Edwards against Chauncey, History of Redemption, Jennings's View*, and Judge Hurlbut concurred in the list as very suitable for youthful reading; Dr. Rose, probably a latitudinarian physician, suggested *Gay's Fables, Pleasing Companion, Turkish Spy;* while Burroughs recommended *Hume's History, Voltaire's Histories, Rollin's Ancient History, Plutarch's Lives*, etc. There was a tremendous debate, and at last a compromise list was adopted. But when subsequently a book was bought from the collection of Judge Hurlbut, who had concurred in the Reverend Mr. Woolworth's selection, Burroughs found a deistical treatise in it, and, as Mr. Adams says, he proceeded, so to speak, to make it uncomfortably warm for the judge and his reverend friend. The committee had a hot discussion about excluding the venomous work; but when a motion to have the obnoxious parts read aloud to the committee failed, the committee also voted against excluding it, because, as Burroughs says, those who had read it were more afraid for others than for themselves, and those who had not read it had an eager curiosity to see for themselves the naughty thing. "Could anything better mark the advance which has of late years been made in a correct understanding of that intellectual food which the popular taste demands?" says Mr. Adams; and we say amen. "From *Edwards against Chauncey* and *Rollin's Ancient History* to *Harper's Monthly!* What giants they must have been, or what husks they subsisted on, in those days!"

Mr. Adams's caustic criticism upon some aspects of the common-school system are not less valuable. One of his pictures will be universally recognized, and it will suggest certainly a great deal of reflection. He is speaking of the "examination" at the district school. "These examinations were a study for the humorist. A day was publicly assigned for each school, and on that day the children were present in their best clothes; the benches were crowded, and a tolerable representation of parents and friends occupied the vacant spaces of the room. The committee sat upon the platform in dignified silence, and the teacher conducted the exercises over safe and familiar ground to a triumphant conclusion in some peculiarly unnatural bit of childish declamation. Then the chairman and other members of the committee were asked to gratify the children with a few remarks, which it is unnecessary to say were of a highly commendatory character. The whole thing was a sham. After it was over the committee knew nothing more about the school than they did before it began; and as for tests, there were none."

Six years ago, however, a change was introduced. The committee themselves examined the scholars. "The result was deplorable. The schools went to pieces." That is to say, the scholars who recited glibly by rote could not apply the rules which they repeated. This discovery led to a thorough reorganization of the system, and the result was not only instruction which was both intelligent and effective, but a method so attractive that the "whining school-boy" became a willing disciple. And this was due to the selection of a superintendent who understood that teaching was a science, and who had carefully trained himself in it by study of the best foreign methods. It is singular that in the land of common schools it should have been only recently discovered that teaching is a science for which training is as useful as for any other. With ruthless sincerity Mr. Adams says: "Very much as Bentham defined a judge as 'an advocate run to seed,' the ordinary superintendent is apt to be a grammar-school teacher in a similar condition. Where he is not this, he is usually some retired clergyman or local politician out of a job, who has no more idea of the processes of mental development or the science of training than the average school-master has of the object of teaching English grammar." The University of Michigan has recognized the necessity of training by founding a chair for teaching the science of teaching.

Massachusetts is regarded as a model commonwealth. One-fifth of the entire amount raised by taxation is expended upon the common schools, and they are supposed to be models. In many ways they are admirable; but Mr. Adams holds that from the want of a pervading and intelligent direction of school expenses some two millions of dollars a year are wasted, and the chief defect that he finds is the lack of trained superintendency. A few citizens of his energy and sagacity and public spirit, however, would spur any community to necessary reform. The details and statistics

which he gives about the Quincy schools are worthy of careful study, and explain their reputation among the schools of the Bay State.

THE chief topic of "town-talk" during the last month was the walking match, in which Rowell, the Englishman who won the Astley belt last year, undertook to win it back from Weston, the American who carried it off in the summer, and succeeded. A dozen men entered the lists, to "go as you please," but the Englishman, a small wiry man, soon took the lead, and retained it to the end. There was a general feeling that, despite Weston's success in England, he would not lead in this race. He has been known by name longer than any of his competitors, but known chiefly by great attempts. He has been very persistent, but his failure has been so uniform that his English victory was surprising. He had a few weeks of glory, coming home to a reception and an interview; but before he could have made his triumph real even to himself, the contest began again which was to strip him of his laurels. There was a great deal of sympathy for him, and, according to the reporters, he could not conceal his own grief and chagrin as he strained and struggled around the track, with a ghastly affectation of gay carelessness, coming out sixth in the race.

The immense and universal interest in athletic contests is remarkable. When Heenan and Sayers were to pummel each other in England there was much more apparent excitement here than when Russia and England were fighting for Constantinople, and since the great events of the civil war, nothing has so aroused the city of New York as these walking matches. Some of the newspapers gave a quarter of their entire space to the details and gossip of the arena. There were the minutest descriptions of the appearance and movements of the contestants, some of them very graphic and vivid. The amount and kind of food taken by each man, the incidents of his resting in his room, his action, his "spurts," his conversation, the comments of the spectators—everything that can be noted was carefully observed and recorded, and read by millions of readers. There was a vast throng of spectators, some of whom passed the week in the inclosure, and the whole scene was a singular comment upon our civilization.

The changed form of athletic contests, however, is an agreeable sign of the advance of that civilization. Walking matches and rowing matches are better than boxing matches; and, happily for decency and humanity, the bruiser has evidently had his day. He has not been banished certainly by greater effeminacy, because the true manly exercises were never so general as now. The pleasant contests of athletic clubs, the cricket and base-ball playing, the rowing and walking matches, and above all the exercises of the gymnasium as a part of the college curriculum, as in the fine Barrett gymnasium at Amherst College, where every class has a brief daily practice under the intelligent direction of an accomplished professor, who is a trained physician, show that the athletic standard has been notably raised since the days of Tom Cribb and the Tutbury pet. Muscularity harms neither the student nor the saint, and the muscular Christian need not be less a Christian because of his muscle.

It is doubtless true that a man becomes especially interested in that to which he devotes himself, and that if he be anxious to develop his biceps muscle, his patience and prudence and the other cardinal virtues are apt to be left to shift for themselves. But the business of a man is to regulate himself. It is not necessary to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, nor to make five hundred miles in a hundred and forty-four hours, going as you please, nor to outrow the champion rower of the world, in order to have a sound body for the sound mind. It is no more necessary to do this than to tap the claret and to close the peepers of a neighbor for the same purpose. Feats of bodily strength and endurance always have been and always will be full of interest. Sir William Wallace, wielding a claymore that no other man could lift, seems to be more a hero for his strength of arm. The walkers for the Astley belt are not likely to win Wallace's fame, nor is his fame due to his sturdy swinging of the claymore. But the interest that attends the walking match, and the "decline and fall off" of the boxing match, are among the pleasantest signs of the times.

THERE is a series of political essays by Addison, called the *Freeholder*, which are much less noted than the *Spectator*, but which are admirable studies for their tone of good humor. They were written after the accession of George the First, and took the Hanoverian side in the Addisonian way, which was very different from that of Swift. They are familiar and colloquial and shrewd, intended plainly for town reading and for the occasional country house—a cheerful mixture of British good sense and good nature to which the Tory side offered no antidote. The good nature is, above all, their characteristic, and it is the more striking, not only because party discussion in a semi-revolutionary epoch is always fierce, but because at that time it was especially so. The Stuart rising of 1715, at which time the *Freeholder* appeared, apprised the country that the government was still far from settled, and there are exceedingly interesting glimpses of current events in the agreeable pages.

There are very few purely partisan political essays of more than a hundred and fifty years ago that are very entertaining reading now. The newspaper which we seize so eagerly every morning will be a curious relic a hundred years hence; but nobody reads old newspapers.

The collections of editorial articles which are sometimes published as books drop unheeded into oblivion. They are as unread as many of the new volumes of verse. They may have a certain historic and antiquarian value, but they are not "books which are books." There are two volumes of editorial writings by Albany Fonblanque, from the old London *Examiner*. He was a noted editor in his day, and his opinions were weighty and worth knowing. But how many of our readers have ever heard of the book, or would care to read it if they saw it? The value of newspaper writing "lies in the application of it." It is alive in its relation to the time and to current events. To-day it is as fresh and sparkling and exhilarating as Champagne just opened; to-morrow it is stale.

The reason is that such writing has an immediate and special purpose. It is the work of a peculiar talent, which is not necessarily a literary talent. Coleridge was an editor, but nobody knows what he wrote. It may be found in the old *Morning Post* and the *Courier*, and was, of course, able. Dickens was an editor as well as a reporter. But he was more fitted to be reporter than editor, and he soon left the *Morning News*. But the form in which Addison's political essays were published, that of the pamphlet, helped his instinct and genius, which were purely literary, so that his *Freeholder* belongs to literature; and while the politics and parties and the England of George the First are gone, these essays survive. Some of their delightful touches we remember to have mentioned before as illustrations: the tough old Tory, determined that nothing should be right until the old king came to his own again, and who grimly insisted that there had been no fine weather since the Revolution; and the Tory landlord who was always too busy to go to church, but who had still found time to help pull down a few Dissenting meeting-houses. These are figures for all time, like Charles Lamb's late Mrs. Battle, "now with God," who at whist asked only "a clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game."

The good humor of the *Freeholder* would light up most happily our own political discussion. The sly sarcasm, the good feeling and sympathy which remind us of what we really know, namely, that acridity and spite do not help but hurt the best cause, are worth cultivating. Political differences are very serious, but the most resolute difference may be conducted as between gentlemen and not blackguards. *Messieurs, tirez les premiers*, did not mean that the volley was to be of blank cartridges, nor to go over heads. But the perfervid zeal and mighty roar of our political writers in the "thick of the campaign," for instance, have a look like scenic lightning and a sound like sheet-iron thunder. A little study of the *Freeholder* would happily temper our fury without relaxing our principle: and surely it would be a gain if some of us could be brought to see that there has been at least a little sunshine since the Revolution, and that pulling down meeting-houses is not quite the same as going to church.

As we lay down the good-natured *Freeholder*, we observe that the manuscript diary of Mr. Henry R. Storrs, a member of Congress from Central New York fifty years ago, has been deposited with the Historical Society of Buffalo. Like the diary of every active public man of intelligence, it speaks with great bitterness of the corruption and narrowness of politics and the wrath of party spirit. During the session of Congress of 1827, Mr. Storrs says that all the leading men of the opposition refused to attend Mrs. Clay's parties or to call at Mr. Clay's, who was then Secretary of State. He records at about the same time that Mr. ——, of the Senate, had a fight with Mr. ——, in the House, and that they were separated by the by-standers. He groans that strangers would think us a nation of blackguards if they could see the performances of Congress. Mr. Storrs was a Federalist, and he and his friends thought that the coming of Jackson was the end of all things, as Fisher Ames and the Essex Junto thought of the coming of Jefferson nearly thirty years before. In the same way Lord Eldon and his associates lamented the Reform Act in England, and Lord St. Vincent regarded the abolition of slavery in the West Indies as the overthrow of the bulwarks of English liberty.

If anybody finds his political faith wavering, let him read a little history. If he thinks that we are sweeping rapidly along the broad road of destruction, let him take heart as he observes that other people have been in a very much worse plight, yet have not been overwhelmed. It is not a mere happy-go-lucky philosophy which assures a man that a great self-governing community, mainly of the English race and traditions, can not easily be ruined. It ought not, certainly, to teach him indifference, nor tend to foster the complacent faith that Providence takes especial care of children, drunkards, and the United States. But it should keep his cheerfulness in good repair, and enable him to see how much of party fervor is Pickwickian.

The Easy Chair watches with amused attention the well-known figure in public life which we will call Orlando. His name is legion. He is a very familiar figure in politics. It is to him that we owe much of the fervor of political literature and oratory. He is especially gifted in the preparation of platforms. He writes scathing squibs in the party organs. He prophesies the most direful consequences if his side does not come in, and he shudders to think of the awful doom that impends if the other side secures a majority. Interpreted into the language of truth, all this means only that Orlando thinks that he is more likely to bag the Plenipotentiaryship, or the Commissionership, or the Consul-Generalship, or some other equal-

ly desirable ship, if the minority shall become the majority than if the majority holds its own.

The real mischief produced by such characters as Orlando is that they injure the cause which they profess to serve, by making all reformers, however sincere, seem to be charlatans. If a man utters noble sentiments, he is apt to be called Joseph Surface; and such is the force of this tendency that Dr. Johnson, who was at heart a kindly man, and honest and earnest to a proverb, was so disgusted with political charlatans that he defined patriotism—a word which charlatanism had abused—as the last refuge of a scoundrel. There are many honest people who are disgusted in the same way with the word reform because of such reformers as Orlando, and it is upon this feeling that political coxcombs play when they sneer at reform. But hypocrisy is the tribute that vice pays to virtue. It does not follow that reform is folly because the word is deftly mouthed by Orlando and his kind. On the contrary, it is used by them because they know it to be a spell to stir generous souls. There were canting hypocrites who were Puritans, but Puritanism was not canting hypocrisy.

But in maintaining that history is the best tonic for political despondency, we are far from insisting that party differences themselves are merely Pickwickian. They represent real and universal tendencies. In this country, for instance, it was of the utmost importance to human liberty whether at one time one party or the other was supreme. The loyalist historian of New York in the Revolution, Judge Jones, shows us some shades upon the Sons of Liberty, but there is no doubt that the victory of the Sons of Liberty was necessary to the true welfare of the country. Falkland was the most pathetic figure of a Cavalier, and in him the cause of the king becomes exalted. But none the less were the Puritans the party of liberty and progress. The tonic of history is the perception that the party aspects of other times were quite as resolute and angry as those of our own time, and that among the troubles which they knew was the charlatanry of Orlando and his kind. Both the humbug and the brutality of party spirit which we encounter were familiar to our fathers, and it may repair our good nature to know that they were even more positive than with us. The more closely the diaries of the actors of those days are scanned, the more clearly we shall see that the troubles which annoy us are not signs of national dissolution, but fixed phenomena of political life.

Manner is so much an expression of temperament that it seems to be inaccurate to speak of a school of manners, except as meaning the manner of a class of persons. Yet there is a very definite idea associated with the words, "manners of the old school." And it is not an idea of overstrained courtliness and affected courtesy. A month or two since we were speaking of Sir Charles Grandison, who would seem to the youth of to-day an elaborate and very tedious man, but of whom, nevertheless, those youth might learn many a valuable lesson of dignity and self-respect. It is, however, rather our conception of the old manners than the actual historical illustration of them that we have in mind when we speak of the old school. Colonel Newcome is essentially a modern man, a man of our time, but we accept him at once as a gentleman of the old school; and although the men of an older day were very probably no better men than their descendants, it is Colonel Newcome and not Major Pendennis who satisfies our ideal of the older gentleman.

Indeed, in its common use in such phrases, the word old expresses an ideal view. Old times are not merely the times of our youth or of another century; they are times that never were, or rather they are real times touched by the imagination with a celestial glamour. We are all conscious that the days which we recall so fondly as the days of Eden and of Paradise were not so cloudless and painless as our words import. The boy who is kept in at school when he hears his comrades shouting as they bound away in freedom, and the girl who is forbidden the pleasure upon which her heart is set, hear with angry impatience the elderly aunt and uncle who lay hands upon their heads, and tell them tenderly to enjoy while they can, for these are the happiest years they will ever know. The grief of the child over a trifle is not less real and intense for him than the sorrow and yearning regret of the man over his wasted years or the grave of his heart's love.

To describe a person as a gentleman or lady of the old school, therefore, is to speak of him or her not as resembling Sir Charles Grandison or the Duchess of Newcastle, but as showing a gentle soul and refined courtesy, with a certain endearing fascination of address and an essential nobility of nature. There must doubtless be a dignity of bearing fully to satisfy the phrase, and just that slight and charming shade of difference from the current ways of to-day which we call quaintness. There must be, also, for complete satisfaction, superior intelligence and cultivation: indeed, there must be precisely that harmonious blending of many high qualities which will always cause the friends of a venerable lady who recently died to recall her in the loftiest sense as a lady of the old school. Those who approached her perceived at first that sweet, urbane, and unforced dignity which is perfectly simple and unassuming, but full of self-respect. It was the manner of one accustomed to association upon equal terms with the most superior men and women, and no less accustomed to the most thoughtful sympathy and regard for those who are called inferior. Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings that to know her was a liberal education. It may be said that

to have been admitted to the intimate acquaintance of this lady was to have taken all the degrees in admiration of womanly character.

For more than half a century her home was in the same retired and beautiful spot, a noble estate near the city, and accessible to all that was most delightful and desirable in society. The generous and scholarly welcome of her house was familiar to accomplished strangers from other countries, and in its various charm they saw and felt what was most agreeable to their own sympathies and tastes. With a genius for society, her interest in the best thought and literature never flagged, and until she was past eighty her relish for the new books that were worth knowing, and for the latest papers of the masters of science and philosophy, was as fresh and keen as ever. The word propriety took a new and poetic sense in her presence and from her life. The courtesy which is founded upon a true human kindliness she instinctively and pleasantly but surely required, and present or absent, her benign influence was always and everywhere perceptible in her household, as, whether the service is proceeding or not, the odor of incense is the perpetual atmosphere of St. Peter's.

This lady of the old school was the trained mistress of her house, the most observing and accurate but reasonable of domestic critics, full of tact, and of exhaustless good humor. The New England precision of her education had so moulded her manner that it would have identified her everywhere as a daughter of the Puritans, such as might have been seen in Hampden's house or in Falkland's before the war. For many years the widow of an eminent scholar, a man of singular force of nature, and an intellectual leader, her house was the home of scholarly traditions, as of all social charms and graces. Wholly unknown to the public, and devoted, with no wish or thought beyond, to daily domestic duty, the freshness of her mind unwasted by the lapse of time, her tranquil life passed into extreme old age, and at last the natural infirmities of age fell sorely upon her. But the sweet dignity of soul asserted itself still; and when those who remember her with tender love and reverence and gratitude saw her for the last time, amid all the eclipse they felt and saw the celestial and immortal light.

It is a pity that "the world" has to come home from the country by the beginning of September, because September in the country is one of the most beautiful of months. On the other hand, as the larger number of people live in the country, and are familiar with the changing splendor of the year, it is amusing to think that "the world," or the small number of denizens of the city who go to the seaside or the hills for a few weeks in the summer, suppose that the country is rather "deserted" when they return to streets and dark parlors again. They are fortunate who, lingering while the others go, can see in September and October half the truth of Bryant's line,

"With what a glory comes and goes the year!"

In September the capricious heats are passed. There is a maturity and moderation in the temperature which assure the saunterer against gusts and whirlwinds, and he may safely lay plans for a whole day's loitering enjoyment. The fruit is ripening, the apples and pears and grapes, and the peaches upon the Northern hills. Southern New Jersey and Delaware are justly proud of their peaches, but there are some upon New England hills, twelve hundred feet above the sea, which are not less large and delicious—the very peaches that used to be. The landscape, too, seems to ripen. There is a russet hue, and a yellowing and reddening, which give to its surface a rich fruity bloom. The hills with rounded foliage turn toward the sun and bask in the warmth like the huge yellow pumpkins that lie among the stooks of Indian corn. Later in the month and in October, in a region of maples, their distant deep and intense brilliancy makes the hectic of the hills that announces the rapid dissolution of the year.

Some leisurely or belated farmers, even after a hard early frost, are still raking their rowen, busy with that seeming mystery of farm life which consists in toiling hard to cut and gather hay for the animals which prepare the ground again for the same process. The puzzled spectator often thinks that the farmer spends his life in feeding cattle which do no more than enable him to feed them—a circle which seems to him agreeable enough for the cattle, but in which he does not see the farmer's advantage. Even among the late September rowen the apples are piled in red and yellow pyramids under the trees, beside the enormous heaps of cider apples which are thrown into the wagon for the mill with the ample wooden shovel. If the loiterer along the roads in the afternoons hears a creak and thud from a shed, and stops to look, he will see a horse slowly turning the mill, and the must strewn about the door. The sweet new cider has a pleasant taste, but Father Mathew shakes his head over it doubtfully; while as for the sparkling, foaming, bottled cider of Long Island Jericho, he is sure that it is no better than Champagne itself.

As the saunterer leaves the modest mill and strolls on, he sees that the way-side is blue with the fringed gentian, one of the latest and loveliest of the flowers. In the region where Bryant wrote his poem to the gentian, it is profusely scattered along the road-sides and in the meadows, and not far from his native hills one peerless growth of the fringed gentian was found holding one hundred and thirty-six blossoms upon a single stalk! That one is unique among gentians. There is nothing like

it recorded. It is the Only One, like Jean Paul. It is what Achilles was among heroes, or Helen among beautiful women. The precise number was one hundred and thirty-six, and all other alleged numbers are fables. When Bryant, the poet of the gentian, and familiar with it as he was with all plants and flowers of his hills, was asked how many blossoms he had ever seen upon a single stalk, he answered, "Perhaps twenty or thirty." He was a man of truth and honor; but the precise number of blossoms, of the fringed flowers, open and partly open, upon this memorial and unique stalk, worthy to be raised to a constellation in the northern skies, was one hundred and thirty-six.

All over the fields and high upon the hillsides the stooks of corn are like Indian wigwams. As the spectator looks off from some convenient point upon the solitary landscape, he will observe how frail a hold the houses and works of man seem to have upon it. Indeed, it is not hard to eliminate them, and see the country as the Indians saw it. Nature, too, is silently watching and waiting to reclaim her old sway. Here is a high-road, discontinued two or three years since, and already the grass and the thicket have pressed in upon it, and tangled it so that it is quite impassable. Nature has thrown her web over it and caught it, and will consume it and assimilate it at her leisure. The distant hills are tawny with the dry June-grass, and the tinkling of cow-bells in the high pastures on the still, drowsy afternoon fills the loiterer's mind with memories of Switzerland, and he seems once more to hear that long-silent music of the Alps, and pauses to catch the muffled thunder of the avalanche and the echoing *ranz des vaches*. But he hears only the dropping of nuts on the dry leaves, and smiles to see how neatly the touch of Jack Frost has opened the burr and revealed the glistening chestnut. It is a realm of faery and splendor and pensive memory through which he walks, and looking upon the scene familiar to the poet's eye and dear to his heart, he recalls among Bryant's hills Bryant's sonnet:

"Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian flower that in the breeze
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delights to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost and winds and darkened air."

On such a saunter as we have just mentioned one of the pleasantest companions that could be chosen, as well as for the bright evening hearth at home, is Mr. Deshler's book recently issued, *Afternoons with the Poets*. It is a charming volume both to the eye and the mind, a study in pure literature, and of one of its most delightful forms, the sonnet. Under the fable of a series of afternoon walks and talks between the Professor and the pupil there is a fascinating survey upon the progress of English poetry, from the point of view of the sonnet, making a complete manual of that form of verse. But the work is full of shrewd and agreeable comment upon the general characteristics of the poets of whom it treats, and the reader is conscious that he is taking part in conversation with a thorough student of English poetry, whose memory is stored as full of its sweets as a hive near a clover field of honey.

The richness of our literature in the sonnet, and the great beauty of many of the specimens cited in this book, will surprise many readers who are accustomed to think that it is an artificial and pedantic kind of verse. The sonnet which we have just quoted from Bryant, and which Mr. Deshler includes in his selection, is surely a most simple and fitting frame for the thought and feeling of the poet; and every Wordsworthian, every loving and honoring reader of the great poet whom Matthew Arnold has so well celebrated in a recent article, remembers, as Mr. Deshler says, that he wrote no less than four hundred sonnets, and that among them are some of his finest works, many of which decorate the pages of this book. Indeed, to all who are familiar with him, Wordsworth's sonnet upon the sonnet, beginning,

"Scorn not the sonnet,"

instantly recurs when the doubt and dislike are expressed.

The sympathy of "the Professor" with the poets of whom he discourses and with the whole range of English poetry is delightful and inspiring. His estimate of Herrick, for instance, is high, but very just and discriminating, and we know not where in a few pages a reader who has his studies in our poetry yet to make could find a truer estimate of his value and charm. The appreciation of Longfellow's mastery of the sonnet is also admirable. Few English poets have filled the sonnet with feelings so tender, and made its lines so exquisitely subtle and flexible, as Longfellow. The force of the feeling and the clearness of the thought are never lost in the sweet symmetry of the form. Mr. Deshler mentions among the sonnets of Longfellow the last of the series to "Three Friends of Mine," which is a strain of exceeding pathos. They are addressed, we believe, to the memory of Sumner, Agassiz, and Felton, and there are few tenderer or more beautiful sonnets, or verse of any kind, in literature, and they are very characteristic of the poet. Indeed, these *Afternoons with the Poets* may well be prolonged into the winter nights, and they will give fresh loveliness and zest to the spring mornings.

Editor's Literary Record.

ONE of the most important events of the year to classical scholars is the appearance of a new Latin Dictionary,[1] which has been eagerly expected by teachers and students of the language for many years. This great work, just published simultaneously by the Clarendon Press of Oxford University in England and by Messrs. Harper and Brothers in New York, bears in its transatlantic form the names of the American scholars Lewis and Short, who have reconstructed it according to the demands of contemporary learning, upon the basis of Dr. Andrews's translation of *Freund's Latin-German Lexicon*, which has been for thirty years the principal standard of the language in both England and America.

A detailed review of such a book would be of little interest to the general reader. It is meant for a hand-book of reference for all students and readers of Latin; and the measure of its value is the degree in which it succeeds in presenting, in an accessible form, whatever information they will expect to find in it. With this standard in view, we have examined it carefully, side by side with the best known works of its class—the famous Latin-German lexicons of Freund, Georges, and Klotz, the translation into French of Freund's great lexicon by Professor Theil, the English translation of Freund by Andrews, and the revision of Andrews made by White and Riddle. It is gratifying to be able to assure our readers that, whether for the use of the young student or of the mature scholar, it is, on the whole, far superior to any one of these, and that its possessor is better furnished for the mastery of the Latin language, and the interpretation of its authors, than if he possessed all the others without it. Each of the books named has its own great merits, and they are all so well known to scholars that a comparison with them is almost necessarily the first test which will be applied to a new competitor in the same field. Perhaps the most obvious remark suggested by such a comparison is that *Harpers' Latin Dictionary* is distinguished from all the rest by the uniformity of its plan and execution. In most lexicons some one part of the work has received an extraordinary degree of attention, while other parts have suffered. Thus the lexicon of Klotz is distinguished by fullness of illustration of meanings under certain words, particularly in the early letters of the alphabet, the letter A, for example, being constructed on a scale which, if carried out to the end, would have filled several folios. Thus, too, the English revision of Andrews by White and Riddle is swollen in parts, as under J and the last half of I, to the dimensions of a thesaurus of the language in a shelf-ful of volumes, while most of the work is a substantial reprint of Andrews's Freund. The great French quartos of Theil contain a vast number of long articles on botanical and geographical subjects, which are not incorporated with it, but scattered through it as independent treatises, and which are confusing even to special students, and valueless to all others. The valuable work of Georges omits nearly always the detailed references to the passages cited, so that the usefulness of its full grammatical analysis and illustration is seriously limited for the student, who can not test its accuracy by turning to the original; while its errors of typography, though not so numerous as those of Klotz—of whose references about one-fourth are wrong—are still many and annoying. In Harpers' Lexicon all such startling irregularities are avoided. Every part and every branch of the work seems to have received its fair share of attention. While the amount of matter given in the aggregate exceeds that of any other Latin-English lexicon published since the two great quartos of the London Forcellini, the additions are distributed throughout the work apparently without partiality or neglect.

Among the characteristic features of this book which mark the epoch of its appearance as one of distinct progress in scholarship must be mentioned the reformed orthography of Latin words, the embodiment of the results of comparative philology, the accommodation of the texts of citations to the latest authoritative editions of classical authors, and the unprecedentedly full and thorough treatment of certain classes of words which are of peculiar importance in grammar, such as the principal prepositions, conjunctions, adverbs, and pronouns, as well as many of the simple nouns and verbs whose variety of use is greatest. Perhaps the most striking difference between this and older lexicons to most students will be found in the reformed orthography. A summary of the changes in this respect adopted by the best recent editors will be found at the beginning of the book, in an "Orthographical Index." This forbids us to write or to look for such familiar forms as cymba, epistola, futilis, genitrix, hœdus, herus, induciæ, litera, negligo, quum, seculum, Virgilius, and many more, and instructs us that in the classic age cumba, epistula, futtilis, genetrix, hædus, erus, indutiæ, littera, neglego, cum, sæculum, Vergilius, etc., were alone in use, and that these are alone proper. The editors are, of course, right in boldly adopting all the established restorations of ancient spelling, and it can not be long before the texts used in our schools and colleges will be as free from middle-age kakography as those of the Germans already

[1] *Harpers' Latin Dictionary.* A Latin Dictionary Founded on the Translation of *Freund's Latin-German Lexicon.* Edited by E. A. Andrews, LL.D. Revised, Enlarged, and in great part Rewritten by Charlton T. Lewis, Ph.D., and Charles Short, LL.D., Professor of Latin in Columbia College, New York. Royal 8vo, pp. 2033. New York: Harper and Brothers.

are. It was necessary that the true standard, as accepted by the leading scholars of Europe, should be authoritatively set forth here. But it will be found, we think, that the other features of the work named above are of much higher importance, and that in the amount of valuable information concentrated in the smallest space, and made readily available by every appropriate device of typography, this work presents a distinct advance on all that has been previously done of its kind for the service of classical study.

Is Life Worth Living? is the profoundly interesting problem that is discussed by the author of *The New Republic* in an earnest volume which takes this question for its title,[2] and in which he presents a strong indictment of the reasonableness of the assumptions, deductions, and influences of the modern positivist school. To prevent misconception, it should be said that in the use of the phrase "positivist school" the author does not specially mean the system of Comte or his disciples, but applies it to the common views and position of the whole scientific school, of which Professor Huxley is one of the most eminent members. Nor when he asks and undertakes to solve the question that he propounds, does he merely institute the inquiry whether the pains of life overbalance its pleasures, or whether any one has been or is happy, or whether life in the opinion of many has been found worth living, but discusses the proposition that life ought to be found worth living by all, and has some deep, permanent, and inherent worth of its own beyond what it can acquire or lose by circumstance—a worth which is part of its essence, which we can lose by no acts but our own, and which forms the treasure that is incorruptible. He then shows, first, that when wanting certain elements, and judged by itself and its merely earthly conditions, life has been declared by the wisest philosophers and by Holy Scripture to be valueless—a deceiving show and vanity. And he admits that if this world were the end of life, if its ways broke short aimlessly into precipices or hopelessly into deserts, and led to no suitable end, this would be a true estimate of it. As a matter of fact, however, this estimate of life has had reference solely to its earthly and material conditions; but the mind of man has always been instinct with feelings, hopes, reasonings, and convictions that the ways of life do not end here, but lead to ends that are invisible, and to destinies that are spiritual and eternal, so that the most trivial actions become invested with immeasurable meaning, and life ceases to be vanity. Mr. Mallock's next position is that the school of modern positivist thought eliminates all the elements that give permanent worth to life; that it denies the possibility of a future and spiritual existence, and thus takes away from life everything that to wise men hitherto has seemed to redeem it from vanity; that it confines its existence to this earthly passage from the cradle to the grave, limiting it by the time that the human race can exist, by the space it occupies in the universe, and by the capacities it possesses; and that all this is defended by the assertion that these elements have been eliminated before without injury to the worth of life. This Mr. Mallock traverses with force and cogency, insisting that the contention of the positivists is based on false premises; that these elements were never before eliminated as they are now being done; that the positivists can find no parallels for their reasonings in the ancient world; that there is an immeasurable gulf between the nature of their materialism and that of Lucretius; that his denials do indeed bear a strong resemblance to theirs, but that the resemblance ceases a little below the surface; that the intervention of Christianity and its beliefs was the introduction of a factor of which the ancient materialists knew nothing; that those who now deny the supernatural deny it in a way and with meanings under which it was never denied before; and finally that the parallel to our present case pretended to have been found in Buddhism is absolutely false, there being no parallel between Eastern and Western positivism, the latter being the exact reverse of the former. Mr. Mallock's conclusion is that the life-problem of to-day is a distinctly new and as yet unanswered one. Having disposed of the supports relied on by modern positivists from the parallels by which they have re-enforced their reasonings, Mr. Mallock proceeds to examine, seriatim, the ideal theories of this school on the supremacy of morality without any aid from religion, on the illusoriness of religious beliefs, on the influence of sociology on morals, on the nature of happiness and goodness, and on the negation of the supernatural; and having exhibited their unsatisfactoriness in practical positive results, and having recapitulated the losses that would be inevitably sustained if the positivist theories were true, he sums up with a powerful argument in which he maintains that the positivist conception of progress is not only visionary but far more illusory than the Christian ideals of faith and practice which the positivist scorns and rejects; that all the objections positivists urge against these Christian ideals apply with far more force to their own vaunted theories; that the positive system is really to a greater extent based on superstition than any religion its advocates contemn; that it professes to rest on experience, and yet no Christian legend was ever more flatly contradicted by experience; that it professes to be sustained by proof, and yet its proofs are the merest appeals to credulity; that it is colored by the characters and circumstances of its originators; and that its only practical operation is to deaden all our

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[2] *Is Life Worth Living?* By William Hurrell Mallock. 12mo, pp. 323. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

present interests without creating any new ones, to deplore and not to remedy, to dethrone conscience, and to be enslaved by temptation. This sweeping arraignment is followed by strong chapters which discuss the logic of scientific negation, the relation of morality and natural theism, and the interesting question whether, if the intellect of the world should react toward theism, it will ever again acknowledge a special revelation. This last question is made the opportunity to assert that Protestantism equally with Positivism fails to satisfy the wants and longings of the intellect, the latter by its negation of the supernatural, and the former by its denial of infallibility to a religion that professes to be supernatural. From this point onward the author quits his distinctive attack on the modern scientific school and his refutations of its theories, to elucidate the position that the career of Protestantism is evaporating into a mere natural theism, and is losing all restraining power in the world; that we can not look to it for a revelation to satisfy the intellect and the conscience, nor can we expect it from any of the Eastern creeds; that the claims of the Roman Catholic Church are the only ones worth considering; that in theory she is all that the enlightened world could require, and that theoretically and historically her perpetual infallibility supplies a perennial stream of special revelation —more perfect even than the Bible—by which she is made a living, growing, self-adapting organism, forever selecting and assimilating fresh nutriment for faith to grow on, and is, in fact, the growing moral sense of mankind organized and developed under a supernatural tutelage. There is a marked difference in logical and argumentative power between all that first and larger portion of Mr. Mallock's treatise which places materialistic theories on trial, and the briefer concluding portion that offers the Romish Church as a universal panacea. The latter is in the form of emotional declamation rather than of close reasoning; and the capital fallacy that underlies its plausible assumptions and sophistries, and mars the force of its argument, is that man needs a series of perennial revelations to keep alive in the soul a belief in God and the supernatural, or that this belief would be really strengthened by such revelations if proceeding from no more authentic source than a quasi-infallible Pope. As a simple matter of experience it would seem that such reiterated visible revelations would leave no room for the exercise of that vital and all-essential faith which asks not for proof and sight, but is the "evidence of things unseen."

The Value of Life[3] is the title of an anonymous volume which is a reply, but not an answer, to Mr. Mallock's treatise. The performance is one of those clever, off-hand, running rejoinders so familiarly known in the world of controversy and disputation, which single out defects and flaws in the particulars of an opponent's argument, but fail to make a substantial impression on the general indictment. Its author directs his attention principally to the feeblest portion of Mr. Mallock's dissertation, namely, that which offers the Roman Catholic Church as a panacea for the doubts that assail man in his estimate of life, and as the only means for satisfying his spiritual and intellectual wants and longings; and although some of the points that he makes are incisive and telling, he too often commits the common mistake of substituting declamation and invective for argument. So far as we can perceive, the main positions held by Mr. Mallock with reference to the merits of the positivist philosophy of life and morals are left intact by his assailant.

As regularly as they have appeared we have taken up the volumes of Shakspeare's plays edited by Mr. Rolfe for school and parlor use, with the apprehension that they would show signs of deterioration as compared with their predecessors. Invariably, however, we have been agreeably disappointed. Each time we have found that Mr. Rolfe has fully maintained the high standard with which he set out, and have risen from the perusal of the successive volumes with an increased respect for his abilities and learning as a commentator and editor of the great master. The good sense and sagacity that have presided over his interpretations and annotations have been conspicuous, as have also been the tact and discreet reserve of his expurgations of those indelicate or indecent expressions which render Shakspeare's plays unsuitable for reading in the school-room or to the family. These are restrained within the narrowest limits possible, and are never prompted by squeamish prudery, and seldom sensibly and never essentially mar or pervert the sense of the text. The fifteenth volume of the series just issued, being *The Comedy of Twelfth Night*,[4] has all the excellent qualities that we have commended in the preceding volumes.

No one can more justly estimate the difficulty of entire impartiality and candor in the statement of political facts or principles than the man who is himself the most positive and earnest in his political convictions. And however keen a partisan he may be, no one more highly appreciates dispassionateness of this kind than the fair-minded man who is least able to practice it. It is impossible to be insensible to the spirit of "fair play," and though one may be mean enough, in the heat of conflict, to take advantage of unfair or perverted representations that will cripple the cause of

[3] *The Value of Life.* A Reply to Mr. Mallock's Essay, *Is Life Worth Living?* 12mo, pp. 253. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[4] *Shakspeare's Comedy of Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. 16mo, pp. 174. New York: Harper and Brothers.

an adversary and promote his own, yet in his "heart of hearts" he honors the man who will not condescend to depart from the even line of rectitude and fair dealing. One reason why so many really able treatises on politics have failed to make an impression on the public mind, and have only made a lodgment in the minds of those whom it was no gain to the writer's views to convince, is the simple one that they have been colored by partisan references, allusions, and assumptions that were unnecessary or impertinent. No mistakes of this kind have been committed by Mr. Alexander Johnston in the preparation of his clear, condensed, and dispassionate *History of American Politics*[5] during the century from 1777 to 1877. His very satisfactory little volume traces in outline the history of our government, and of the more important formative events under it, through the Colonial and post-Revolutionary times, and also down through the two-and-twenty successive administrations that have since conducted it under the Constitution; and in connection with this it gives a condensed account of the origin of political parties, their transitions, their distinctive principles and policies, and their influence by results accomplished through them. The design of the book is not to criticise party management, but to make the facts of our political history easily available, and to teach our younger citizens that true national party differences have a history and recognized basis of existence. The author has done his work intelligently, and with an impartiality that should invite confidence.

To undertake to outline the plot of Mrs. Leith Adams's novel *Madelon Lemoine*[6] in the space at our command would be unjust to her, and a tantalizing mockery to our readers. By turns serene and placid, or brightly gay, or tenderly pathetic, but always pure, strong, and wholesome, its narrative and dramatic power and its literary merits generally are of a high order. The opposite of sensational, its incidents are yet striking and effective, its descriptions glowing and picturesque, and its portraitures of character, whether of lofty and noble ideals or of the humbler types of social life, finished and vigorous. Especially impressive, and almost magnetic in the emotional interest they excite, are her delineations of the life-long repression, the ready self-sacrifice, the patient love and calm endurance, the fortitude, dignity, love, and sympathy, exhibited by her leading actors. We can promise that the perusal of this sterling novel will afford genuine enjoyment.

Nothing could be simpler or more realistic than the treatment of the materials out of which Jean Ingelow has constructed the new novel which she has named, after one of its most amusing secondary characters, *Sarah de Berenger*.[7] It is the story of the heroic endurance and repressed love of a mother for her two young and delicately nurtured daughters, whose father, after having been cruel and false to their mother, had deserted them in their infancy, had been convicted as a felon, and, as subsequent events reveal, had been guilty of a more heinous crime than the one he was punished for. In the daily and hourly apprehension of his release from prison, and of his return to claim a competency which she had inherited, and which she is devoting to her children's nurture and education, and in making provision for them in case she should die, and moved by the still greater dread that the man she had learned to loathe and fear will separate them from her, and drag them down to his atmosphere of shame and crime, the mother takes an assumed name and bears an assumed relation to the children, being known to them and to the world only as their nurse. The necessity for the repression of her maternal instincts and endearments, and the utter renunciation of the filial love that she yearns for, which this relation to her children involves, and the perplexities, trials, involvements, and anguish to which the mother is subjected from constantly occurring accidents and incidents which threaten to reveal the real facts, with all their shameful consequences to her darlings, are worked up into a story of sustained pathos and tenderness, in which we see how a resolute and loving woman can school herself to give up all things, even her own children, for their sakes, and could die holding her secret fast, not only unloved by them as their mother, but not known to them as such.

Generally, the minor prose fiction of the month is marked by no higher qualities than an engaging grace and lightness. In *The Bar-Maid at Battleton*[8] Mr. Robinson displays his versatility in describing the coquettish blandishments brought to bear upon their youthful admirers of the other sex by the bar-maids in attendance in the big refreshment-room of an English railway junction, and the conquest by one of the least coquettish and most modest and attractive of their number of a rich young fellow, whose family were dreadfully scandalized thereby. To extricate him from the net of this siren they enlist the services of the young fellow's uncle John, a stout old bachelor and formerly a soldier, of whom he stands in some dread. Uncle John's bluff and as he thought masterly strategy to separate the love-lorn nephew from his inamorata results in some very humorous scenes, in one of the

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[5] *History of American Politics.* By Alexander Johnston, A.M. 16mo, pp. 274. New York: H. Holt and Co.

[6] *Madelon Lemoine.* A Novel. By Mrs. Leith Adams. 12mo, pp. 504. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[7] *Sarah de Berenger.* A Novel. By Jean Ingelow. 12mo, pp. 415. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[8] *The Bar-Maid at Battleton.* By F. W. Robinson. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 76. New York: Harper and Brothers.

most amusing of which it is revealed that the young woman, so far from feeling flattered by her lover's attentions, is annoyed and bored by them. Uncle John, however, manages to have her promoted to a better but distant situation, similar to the one she filled at Battleton, and, becoming acquainted with her, is so much impressed by her beauty, modesty, good sense, and lady-like demeanor that he falls as prone in love with her as his nephew had done. The result is, to the great disgust of his relatives, that he marries her, and his nephew ever thereafter never lost an opportunity to declare that "it was a deuced shabby trick in his uncle to get him clear away from the girl, and then marry her himself when his back was turned."—*The Distracted Young Preacher*[9] is a lively story of the entanglement of a conscientious but susceptible young Wesleyan minister in the meshes of love with a handsome and pure-minded young widow, who was an active member of a band of rustic smugglers. At first he was ignorant of her vocation, but his curiosity being excited by her mysterious doings, he detects her, on a return from a nocturnal excursion, exchanging some of her male habiliments—the dowry of her late husband—for her woman's attire. Distracted by his love for her, by his disapproval of her unlawful and unwomanly pursuit, and by his anxiety to preserve her from danger, he first tries to persuade her to give up smuggling, but is foiled by her sense of honor to her associates, and by her rural simplicity, which has been habituated by use and wont and the traditions of her ancestors and friends to find no evil in the business. She refuses to give it up, and he then accompanies her on several of her expeditions, not to participate in them, but that he might be her protector. Finally, though mutually all in all to each other, they separate; but the smuggling having been put a stop to, his love reasserts itself, he again seeks her, and the twain become one. Several of the night scenes, illustrative of smuggling enterprises, in which there are collisions between the smugglers and the excisemen, are painted in striking colors.—*Hester*, another tale in the same volume, is a more conventional love story, founded on incidents in recent French life, and fashioned after the methods of the French school of romance.—Notwithstanding the rather ominous suggestiveness of its title, *Burning their Ships*[10] is a very sunny story. It is an episode in married life. A brave and luxuriously reared young wife, though devotedly loving her father—a rich, proud, and distinguished lawyer—and tenderly beloved by him, marries contrary to his wishes. The young husband, who is persistently undervalued by the prejudiced father, fails in business, as the old man had predicted, and fancying that he was taunted by him as living on his wife, determines not to enjoy the smallest share of her abundance, not even a "bite nor a sup." His pride prompts him to leave his wife and win his own livelihood. Unable to dissuade him from his Quixotic notion, she concludes to abandon everything, make over her property to her father, join her lot with her husband, and struggle with him for an independence of their own creation, thus "burning their ships." The toils and difficulties they encounter, their mutual self-help, their patient effort, their reverses and successes, until they conquer circumstances, are told with grace and spirit.—Besides these we briefly mention *Rose Mervyn*[11] and *The Two Miss Flemings*,[12] two novels that are pleasant reading. The first-named is quiet and delicate in its tone, and the story of its pure and flower-like heroine is enveloped with a soft haze of tender romance. The other is a more pretentious effort, which depends too exclusively upon unusual and sensational incidents for its effects. The love complications, which scorch one of its heroines and drive her to a marriage from which she has a terrible awakening, are painted with a free, a daring, and almost a lawless hand.

PROFESSOR ROOD'S *Modern Chromatics*[13] has a double value, as a clear and concise presentation of the fundamental facts connected with the perception of color, both from the scientific and from the æsthetic sides of the subject. In his explanation of these facts, which is enriched by the results of his own observations and researches, he adheres to the color theory of Young as modified by Helmholtz and Maxwell, but discards the whole class of musical theories—that is, of theories of color based on analogies drawn from sound—as resting on fancy rather than fact. In the more strictly scientific portion of the treatise Professor Rood deals with the following subjects: the transmission and reflection of light, the production of color by dispersion, the constants of color, the production of color by interference and polarization, the colors of opalescent media, and the production of color by fluorescence, phosphorescence, and absorption. The consideration of these processes exhausts the examination of the *ordinary* modes of producing the sensation of color; and, under the head of "abnormal perception of color," the account is made complete by a concise statement of some of the *extraordinary* methods, comprising some account of the defect known

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[9] *The Distracted Young Preacher.* By THOMAS HARDY. *Hester.* By BEATRICE MAY BUTT. "Handy Volume Series." 18mo, pp. 179. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[10] *Burning their Ships.* By BARNET PHILLIPS. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 120. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Rose Mervyn, of Whitelake.* A Novel. By ANNE BEALE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 61. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *The Two Miss Flemings.* A Novel. By the Author of *Rare Pale Margaret.* "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 70. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *Modern Chromatics.* With Applications to Art and Industry. By OGDEN N. ROOD. 12mo, pp. 329. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

as color-blindness. A valuable chapter on the color theory of Young and Helmholtz completes the scientific part of the inquiry. The æsthetic side is opened by chapters, still retaining a considerable infusion of the scientific, on the mixture of colors and complementary colors, on the effects produced on color by a change in luminosity and by mixing it with white light, and on the duration of the impression of color on the retina. Succeeding chapters consider modes of arranging colors in systems, the effects of contrast, the combination of colors in pairs and triads, and the use of colors in painting and decoration. The treatise requires careful reading, but its style is so clear, and it is so free from technicalities even in its more scientific portions, that it may be easily comprehended by the general reader and students of art.

THOUSANDS who are familiar with the names and uses of the telephone, the microphone, and the phonograph are ignorant of their history, of the method of their construction, and of the principles involved in their operation, and are deterred from an investigation of the subject by the technical difficulties that stand in the way of those who are ignorant of electrical science. Count du Moncel, of the French Institute, has prepared a memoir of these instruments[14] that covers the ground in a manner that will prove satisfactory alike to scientific and unscientific inquirers. The author traces the history of these instruments from the first hints suggesting them in the distant past, through the various stages of tentative experiment, down to the development of their present practical application and use. Along with this interesting archæological and literary branch of the inquiry, he presents with fullness, and weighs with singular candor and fairness, the claims of the several inventors to priority of discovery or reduction to practical use. It is seldom that so embarrassing and delicate a task has been performed with such freedom from prejudice or partisanship, and with so evident a desire to recognize the share of all concerned in the discoveries involved. The first half of the memoir is a complete history of the telephone, its modifications and various adaptations in the form of musical, speaking, and battery telephones, the part borne in its inception or perfection by the several inventors whose names are associated with it, and carefully prepared accounts and explanations of the instrument in its various stages, and of the experiments that have been made with it to ascertain its theory, and deduce improvements in its construction and application. A similar treatment is applied successively to the microphone and phonograph, the entire memoir embodying the results of all the recent scientific and mechanical experiments and discoveries relative to these curious and useful instruments.

THE influence of the Reformation in the sixteenth century upon modern opinions and institutions must always be a subject of profound interest to the student of history, and especially so to the student of religious progress and the rise of the exercise of liberty of conscience and private judgment. Other writers have concentrated attention with greater or less skill upon the effects of this great spiritual, intellectual, and political struggle, and the conflicts it occasioned within particular nations, but for a broad and yet microscopic view of the operation of this phenomenal upheaval and movement on the whole field of Europe, and on the entire family of nations then composing the civilized world, we must go to the graphic works of the great historian of the Reformation, D'Aubigné. Indeed, in order to be satisfactorily equipped for an intelligent study of the growth of civil and religious liberty in any of the European nations, there can be no more desirable preparation than a previous thorough familiarity with that candid and philosophic writer's exhaustive volumes. His *History of the Reformation in the Time of Calvin*,[15] which has just been republished in a form easily accessible to scholars of limited means, was D'Aubigné's latest contribution to historical literature, and is peculiarly interesting for its animated recital of the struggle of the people of Geneva for liberty and independence, its careful delineation of the character, exertions, and teachings of the great Genevan reformer, its history of the influential theological school he founded, and its eloquent and enthusiastic, though perhaps exaggerated, estimate of the influence it exerted upon the world of theology, morals, and politics in his own age and in the years that have succeeded it. The work is a masterly record of the conflict of force and opinion generated by the Reformation, and waged throughout Europe, and comprises an elaborate consideration of every historical event of any magnitude, political, dynastical, diplomatic, geographical, or military, that modified governments and society during the sixteenth century, and made a permanent impression on modern society and opinion.

IT is a good omen that, in response to the growing taste and refinement of our countrymen and country-women, a place has been accorded to poetry in the curriculum of many of our best public and private schools, and that capable and experienced scholars are aiming to direct this taste to models that will insure its fuller and more perfect development. There is no danger that poetry will be given an undue prominence, or that it will be pushed to

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[14] *The Telephone, the Microphone, and the Phonograph.* By COUNT DU MONCEL. Authorized Translation. With Additions and Corrections by the Author. 12mo, pp. 277. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *History of the Reformation in the Time of Calvin.* By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, D.D. 8 Vols., 12mo. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

the exclusion of other more practical studies. The prosaic and matter-of-fact requirements of our age and people will prevent this, and will confine poetry to the class of exercises which are employed as recreative aids rather than looked upon as ultimate ends. If its introduction in our schools shall secure nothing more than an improvement in the art of reading our tongue understandingly and with expression, and an increased familiarity with the best examples of construction and composition it can afford, a valuable result will have been accomplished. Necessarily, however, in addition to this, poetry must exert a refining influence upon those who are made familiar with its noblest forms, and create a disrelish for the destructive rubbish which is now so eagerly devoured by the young. We therefore heartily welcome a volume of *American Poems*,[16] which has been prepared by one of our most accomplished scholars, with special reference to the interests of young people both at home and at school, and which consists of judicious selections of entire poems from the works of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, and Emerson, with biographical sketches of each of these poets, and explanatory notes of such passages as require interpretation or exposition. It will be perceived that this volume differs essentially from the conventional reading-books and collections hitherto in use, inasmuch as it is made up of *complete* poems of considerable magnitude, the object being to cultivate the faculty of sustained attention, and to lead youth to prize poetry for the rich enjoyment and delight it affords, instead of looking upon it as an irksome grammatical exercise or elocutionary task. For the same reason the critical apparatus supplied by the editor is literary rather than pedagogical; and he has sought to familiarize the pupil with, and interest him in, the best poetry, as one of the highest, purest, most engaging, and most elevating forms of art.

THE republication of *The Pickwick Papers*[17] in the popular form of "The Franklin Square Library" now, for the first time, places that inexhaustible treasury of genial fun and humorous character-painting within reach of "the million." We can easily fancy the recreation and delight it will afford the tired clerk or mechanic, or the weary and hard-worked artisan or seamstress, in their humble homes, after their day's toils, during the long evenings that are at hand. Its gayety will be like a gleam of sunshine across their paths, and its unfailing variety and good humor will divert them from brooding over their troubles and hardships. To thousands who can not afford the luxury of theatre-going, it will prove "as good as a play," as they follow Mr. Pickwick and his verdant companions through their comical adventures, or listen to the shrewd sayings and doings of Sam Weller and the imperturbable wisdom of his solid old father, with the advantage that the whole family may participate in the enjoyment if one of their number should be a fairly good reader.

THE varied and encyclopedic character of "Harper's Half-hour Series" is well illustrated by three of its latest issues. One of these is made up of two engaging chapters of natural history, by Mrs. Mary Treat,[18] the first being the history of slave-making ants, their physiology, habits, and political and social economy; and the other, an entertaining account of the harvesting ants of Florida.—Another is a valuable practical essay, by Sir Henry Thompson, on the selection and preparation of food,[19] comprising a preliminary statement of the important effects of food upon the moral and physical conditions of man; a brief sketch of its influence upon some of the commonest types of human life; an examination of its value as material for building up the bodily structure; the results of professional experience as to the best modes of preparing it so as to be most relishing and best calculated to promote health and strength; and valuable suggestions as to serving and cooking food, or the art of combining dishes so as to form a wholesome, inexpensive, and elegant meal.—The remaining one of the series to which we have referred is a brief and luminous historical outline of the origin of the English nation,[20] compressed in three popular lectures by the celebrated historian Freeman, showing who the English people are, and whence they came, tracing the institutions, customs, and language of England to their several sources, and describing the origin and gradual growth of its laws, government, and geographical and political divisions in the early Saxon period.

AMONG the earliest intimations of the approach of the holiday season is the appearance of illustrated juveniles in gay binding and large type. These are the rich-plumaged early birds of the children's year, and they are met by the little folk with a welcome as cordial as that which we all extend to the feathered harbingers of spring. A flock of these has alighted on our table, fresh from the parent nests in our publishing houses, and suited to the graded years that make up the happy life-period of childhood. Adapted to the ca-

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[16] *American Poems.* LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, BRYANT, HOLMES, LOWELL, EMERSON. With Biographical Sketches and Notes. 12mo, pp. 455. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

[17] *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.* By CHARLES DICKENS. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 152. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *Chapters on Ants.* By MARY TREAT. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 96. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[19] *Food and Feeding.* By Sir HENRY THOMPSON. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 119. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[20] *The Origin of the English Nation.* By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, LL.D. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 172. New York: Harper and Brothers.

pacities of very young folk is a beautiful quarto, *The Captain's Children*, by Mrs. SANFORD (E. P. Dutton and Co., New York). This is a tale which first depicts in pleasing colors the home and school life of a family of boys and girls, and then takes them on a voyage to South America, and describes the places they visited and the strange sights they saw, with many attractive stories interspersed, in which useful fact and sparkling adventure are agreeably commingled.—A pretty little volume for children of the same early age contains a well-selected collection of *Poetry for Children* (E. P. Dutton and Co., New York), including many old and favorite nursery, home, and fireside poems, together with numerous new ones that deserve to become favorites.—A book to win the hearts of little girls, because it most genially reflects their feelings and pictures their moods and ways, is a tale by OLIVE THORNE MILLER, entitled *Nimpo's Troubles* (E. P. Dutton and Co.). This is the story of a little girl who liked to do as she pleased, and is an amusing record of the misadventures that befell her in her efforts to do so.—Addressed to the understanding of those who are somewhat more advanced is an illustrated quarto volume of natural history, also by OLIVE THORNE MILLER, and entitled *Little Folks in Feathers and Furs, and Others in Neither* (E. P. Dutton and Co.). It comprises a large round of charming sketches of birds, animals, and insects, their appearance, habits, clothing, food, instincts, and all that appertains to the surroundings of their babyhood.—The large class of intelligent parents and friends who depend upon their daily work for their livelihood will have it in their power to indulge in the happy amenities of the gift-bearing season, by the republication, in a form within reach of the narrowest means, of a volume that we consider in many respects the best story-book for boys that has been written since *Robinson Crusoe*, and which it resembles in its graphic minuteness of detail, and the sense of reality with which it invests its characters and incidents. We speak of Greenwood's fine story of travel and adventure by land and sea, *The Adventures of Reuben Davidger*,[21] whose ingenuity, fertility of resource, hair-breadth escapes, and faculty of always falling on his feet are chronicled with a spirit and *naïveté* that have only been equalled by Defoe.

NEARLY fifty years ago, when the great English naturalist Darwin was only twenty-two years old, he accompanied Captain Fitzroy, of H. M. S. *Beagle*, on an expedition commissioned by the British government with the completion of the survey of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and also to survey the shores of Chili and Peru, and some of the Pacific islands. During this expedition, which lasted from 1831 till 1836, Mr. Darwin kept a journal of his observations and discoveries in the natural history and geology of the regions he visited, which was received with great favor by the scientific world for its many valuable contributions to knowledge. It was a happy thought and a wise one that has led a considerate friend of American boys and girls to glean from this journal of the then young but since famous philosopher his fresh and accurate accounts of the countries he visited, the strange people he saw, the birds, animals, insects, and reptiles he found, and the chief natural objects and geographical features that attracted his attention. This is what has been done with tact and discrimination by the compiler of a beautiful illustrated quarto, styled *What Mr. Darwin Saw in his Voyage Round the World*,[22] and which comprises in a flowing and easy narrative a large body of interesting information. The gleanings are grouped under the heads of Animals, Man, Geography, and Nature. Under the first head are collected many entertaining stories about birds, beasts, insects, and reptiles, in which these creatures are skillfully connected with the places where they exist, thus conveying a correct notion of the distribution of the animal kingdom. Under the second head full accounts are given of the savage and barbarous peoples that were encountered, their habits, customs, and modes of life. Under the third are lively descriptions of cities, habitations, rivers, mountains, valleys, and other physical features of the regions visited; and the last supplies accounts of the grand or curious terrestrial phenomena and processes that have changed the face of the South American continent. The book is one of the most fascinating and instructive we have seen in many a day.

BOYS and girls who have been interested in the doings of the irrepressible Bodley Family, at home, and on wheels, have now an opportunity to enjoy their experience as travellers afoot.[23] Although their longest excursion extended to Mexico, Nicaragua, Peru, and other South American countries, and introduces us to the people, animals, products, etc., of those countries, and to many interesting incidents connected with their antiquities, discovery, conquest, and present condition, it involves no longer or more wearisome journeys than from the barn to the library and other portions of the inexhaustible Bodley mansion and grounds. In reality it is an imaginary journey, acted over by an old sailor, with the Bodley boys for companions, in which he gives them a number of admirable object lessons in improvised railroad building, engineering, surveying, and fertility in expedients. After the imaginary jour-

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[21] *The Adventures of Reuben Davidger*, Seventeen Years and Four Months a Captive among the Dyaks of Borneo. A Story for Boys. By JAMES GREENWOOD. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 67. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[22] *What Mr. Darwin Saw in His Voyage Round the World in the Ship Beagle.* Illustrated. 4to, pp. 236. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *The Bodleys Afoot.* By the Author of *The Bodleys on Wheels.* 4to, pp. 212. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

ney, a real journey is described, which was made by one of the Bodley boys and a friend, on foot, from Boston to New York, and in which we have a spirited account of their adventures on the way thither, and of the places of historical and other interest through which they passed. These accounts are interspersed with anecdotes, annals, legends, and relishing bits of practical and philosophical information, covering a large range of useful and elevating knowledge.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of October. —State elections were held in Ohio and Iowa October 14, both resulting in favor of the Republicans. The Republican majority in Ohio was from 17,000 to 20,000. The Republicans have a majority of eight in the Ohio Senate, and of thirty-five on joint ballot in both Houses.

The Minnesota State Democratic Convention, at St. Paul, September 26, nominated Edmund Rice for Governor.

The Massachusetts State Democratic Convention, at Boston, October 7, nominated John Quincy Adams for Governor.

Major Thornburgh's command was engaged in a desperate conflict, September 29, with the Ute Indians at Milk Creek Cañon, twenty-five miles from White River, the Ute Reservation. Major Thornburgh and ten men were killed. For six days the rest of the command were intrenched, surrounded by Indians, when they were relieved by the arrival of re-enforcements. Mr. N. C. Meeker, the agent at White River, was killed by hostile Utes.

Prince Bismarck arrived in Vienna September 23. A close alliance has been arranged between Germany and Austro-Hungary.

In the new Prussian Reichstag the Conservatives and their supporters number 257 out of 432 seats.

Lord Salisbury, the British Foreign Minister, made an important speech at Manchester October 17. In regard to the fact that Turkey had not occupied the Balkans, he said: "In the present state of the Russian Empire Turkey has no reason to expect aggression. The badness of the government of Turkey or any other country would never justify us in handing over our great strategic positions to any power whose aggressions threaten the happiness and independence of the world. But there are other points of the Treaty of Berlin besides the occupation of the Balkans. If you do not trust the Turkish sentinel on the ramparts, you may trust the Austrian sentinel at the door. Since the Austrian occupation of Novi-Bazar the advance of the Russians beyond the Balkans and the Danube is impossible. In the independence and strength of Austria rests the last hope of European stability. If the assertion of the newspapers that a defensive alliance has been formed between Austria and Germany prove to be true, all who value the peace of Europe will hail it as glad tidings of great joy."

In commenting upon the situation, the *Golos*, a leading Russian journal, says: "If the reported Austro-German alliance prove to be a reality, Russia must secure to herself allies to act in the rear of the enemy in case of an emergency. Lord Salisbury's speech not only opens Russia's eyes, but gives her freedom of action."

The advanced column of the Russian expedition that left Krasnovodsk, on the Caspian Sea, 20,000 strong, early in the year, having advanced into the Tekke country, has been defeated by the Turcomans, with a loss of 700 men. This was reported from Sumla, September 23. A later Russian dispatch states the loss as 178 killed and 250 wounded, and claims a victory.

General Roberts, commanding the British troops advancing on Cabool, reached that point October 8, after a severe fight. On the 12th he was in possession of Bala Hissar, the citadel. The London *Daily Telegraph* of October 20 publishes a dispatch from Ali Kheyl, stating that the magazine of the Bala Hissar had exploded, killing twenty-seven of the British force and many Afghans. After the capture of Cabool the Ameer Yakoob Khan abdicated the government.

More than two thousand lives are reported lost by the recent floods in southeastern Spain.

DISASTERS.

September 22.—Boiler explosion on tug-boat, just off Chicago, on Lake Michigan. Four lives lost.

September 26.—Great conflagration at Deadwood, Dakota Territory, destroying the entire business portion of the town.

October 9.—Collision at Jackson on the Michigan Central Railroad. Fourteen persons killed, and thirty-two wounded.

OBITUARY.

October 6.—In New York city, William H. Powell, the artist, aged fifty-six years.

October 13.—In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Henry C. Carey, the political economist, aged eighty-six years.

October 17.—In West Orange, New Jersey, the Right Reverend William R. Whittingham, Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, aged seventy-four years.

October 20.—At Frankfort-on-the-Main, Ernst von Bülow, German Minister of Foreign Affairs, aged sixty-four years.

Editor's Drawer.

A KENTUCKY friend sends us the following, which occurred at the period when the late Charles Sumner was at his zenith as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs:

The Hon. Mr. [Smith], of the House of Representatives, had taken occasion in a speech to animadvert pretty severely upon the distinguished Senator. Happening in at the room of Senator McCreery, the old man looked up from his game of casino long enough to remark: "Poor fellow! wait till Sumner gets through with you, and you will feel smaller than you do now."

"Wait till Sumner gets through with me!" said Smith.

"Do you *know* Mr. Sumner?" asked Senator McCreery. "Why, Sir, Mr. Sumner lives in a palace adjoining the Arlington. His various apartments are filled, as I am informed, with rare paintings, and works of art in marble, bronze, and bric-à-brac, worth their weight in gold. Books in all languages crowd his library, and four accomplished secretaries are constantly employed conducting his correspondence with all the courts of Europe, each in a different language. *He don't know there is such a man as Smith.*"

ALISON pronounces this to be "the most perfect and unmixed metaphor in the English language:

> 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before.
>
> —CAMPBELL.

A LADY in Lowell, Massachusetts, writes:

"Soon after the new baby came, the whole family went in with little Don to hear his first remark at sight of the strange face in the cradle. Don surveyed him critically, and exclaimed, 'Papa, who cut his hair?'"

FROM Fall River:

The schools in Fall River, Massachusetts, have again opened. The juvenile geographers have got as far as "What is the population" of various cities. Discussing the matter at home, Jamie says, "What's the population of Fall River?"

Peg replies, "Much as four hundred."

"Oh no," laughs Jamie, "there's more'n four hundred people in Fall River."

To which Peg responds: "Well, I know the population *has been* much larger, but you know a *great many* people have gone to State-prison."

IN the recent flurry in Fall River, William, whose knowledge of cotton operations had been confined to his native soil "down Souf," asked, "What's dis all 'bout, Miss Milton? What tink 'bout what Mr. —— and Mr. —— been doin'?"

"Oh," says Mrs. M., not caring to discuss it, "it's all very sad, William."

To which William: "Sh'd tink 'twas. If dere's gwine to be such goin's on es dese 'mong our p'om'nent chu'ch members, I begin to tink p'fane hist'ry 's good as any odder!"

THE methods of lawyers doubtless vary in different latitudes; hence more of fire and gore characterizes the appeal of the advocate in Texas than in the cold and clammy North. Imagine Mr. O'Conor or Mr. Evarts before a jury, and adopting the style of ex-Governor Throckmorton, of Texas, who was recently defending a man on trial for murder in Gainesville, in that State. The Governor desired to convince the jury that the man whom his client killed, although in his shirt sleeves and without a pistol pocket in his trousers, might still have been armed, and he had prepared himself to illustrate his argument. Taking off his coat and standing before the jurors, he said, "Can you see any signs of arms about me?" They shook their heads. He then drew a pistol from under each arm, one from each boot leg, and a bowie-knife from the back of his neck. The Governor knew how garments could be utilized. He had "been thar" himself.

THE memoir of his wife and son, published under sanction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, contains much that will interest American readers, and is here and there brightened up with anecdote. Among others is a smart saying of Archbishop Trench, who, being invited to Lambeth to meet Mr. Gladstone, in 1869, during the disestablishment legislation, caught his foot in Mrs. Tait's train, and stumbled as they were going to dinner, but recovering himself, exclaimed that "the best thing he could do was to hang on the skirts of Canterbury."

THERE was much gumption evinced by that particular darky whose master was a surgeon, who had performed on another darky an operation requiring a high degree of skill. This latter darky was well-to-do, and the surgeon charged him twenty-five dollars for the operation. Meeting the doctor's servant afterward, this dialogue occurred:

"Dat was a mighty steep charge of the doctor's for cutting on me tudder day."

"How much did de boss charge?"

"Well, Julius, he charge me twenty-five dollars."

"Go 'long, niggah, dat ain't much charge."

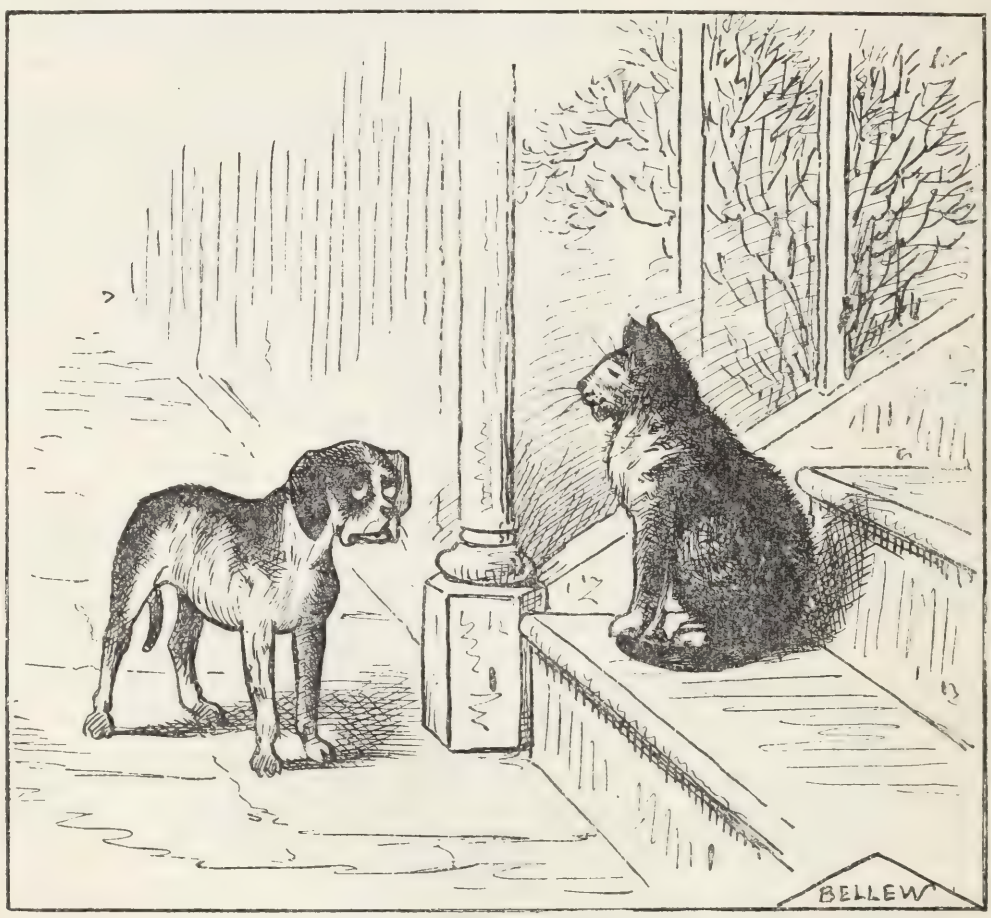
"Well, he wasn't more dan three or four minutes doin' it, and I tink five dollars was all he oughter took."

"Look-a-heah, Sam; you don't un'stan' 'bout dat ting. You see de boss have to spend a

great many year *larnin' how* to use dat knife, an' it cost him heaps o' money. Now de fact am dat he only charge you five dollars for de operation; de tudder twenty he charge for de *know how*."

That's it—the time and money to learn the *know how*.

One of the most interesting works published by Harper and Brothers is Tom Taylor's *Autobiography of Haydon*, the distinguished artist. In reperusing it the other day we had a fresh guffaw over that curious experience of his with a negro who was remarkable for the perfection of his figure. "Haydon had moulded him twice, with great difficulty and some imperfections, and bethought him of a new plan, which was to build a wall round him, so that plaster might be poured in and set all round him at once. This was agreed upon. The man was put into a position, extremely happy at the promise of success, as he was very proud of his figure. Seven bushels of plaster were mixed at once and poured in till it floated him up to the neck. The moment it set it pressed so equally upon him that his ribs had no room to expand for his lungs to play, and he gasped out, 'I—I—I die.' Terrified at his appearance—for he had actually dropped his head—I seized, with the workmen, the front part of the mould, and by one supernatural effort split it in three large pieces, and pulled the man out, who, almost gone, lay on the ground, senseless and steaming with perspiration. By degrees we recovered him, and then, looking at the hinder part of the mould, which had not been injured, I saw the most beautiful sight on earth. It had taken the impression of his figure with all the purity of a shell, and when it was joined to the three front pieces there appeared the most beautiful cast ever taken from nature; but I was so alarmed when I reflected on what I had nearly done that I moulded no more whole figures. The fellow himself was quite as eager as ever, though very weak for a day or two. The surgeons said he would have died in a second or two longer. I rewarded the man well for his sufferings, and before three days he came, after having been up all night, drinking, quite tipsy, and begged to know, with his eyes fixed, if I should want to kill him any more, for he was quite ready. But I would run no more risks."



THERE'S ALWAYS A SOMETHING.

Miss Tabby. "It must be a great weight off your mind, Carlo, now this miserable dog-pound is closed."
Carlo. "Well, I don't know—the dog-pound closes, but the sausage season commences. It is only the change from a dog-pound to a pound of dog."

The other day, in Carthage, Missouri, a prisoner was brought into court on an indictment for theft and burglary. On being asked by

the judge if he desired counsel, he deliberately and closely scrutinized each of the formidable array of legal luminaries there assembled, and turning to the Court, with a solemn countenance and a sad shake of the head, replied: "No, judge, I think not: I had better plead guilty."

Three years for the burglary, two for the larceny. Lawyers all laughed.

From the local column of the *Herald*, published in Washington, Illinois, we extract a touching "In Memoriam, written on the death of James Henry Trimble, aged twenty-one, by D. G. H., Night Operator C. and A. Ry., Dwight, Illinois—a Particular Friend and Companion:"

Friendship, honesty, and virtue were mingled with his name,
And had he lived man's average time, we still could say the same;
We can reflect with pleasure on the manly things he's done,
While on its moral pathway his life so smoothly run.

Chills and fever afflicted him for quite a number of months,
Which finally assumed a bilious shape, and caused his death at once.
One sad incident must be mentioned of his dying day:
'Twas the sending of a message to his brother far away.

Charley couldn't reach his home in time to say a loving word
To his motherless brother, whose death could not be deferred.
Our sympathy extends to all on his acquaintance list,
For we know that by them all friendly Henry will be missed.

The growing use of absinthe in this country is to be deplored, for a continued indulgence in the stimulant invariably results in *absence* of mind. The following from a correspondent affords an example:

"'Paddy McGraw' of your Louisville waiter is equalled by our black George, who caused a roar by asking the bar-keeper in a knowing under-tone for 'an abscess.' Absinthe had been ordered by a sprig of unsteady nerves."

This touching story was told by Eastman Johnson to our correspondent in Nantucket:

On a narrow island near the New England coast, where primitive customs still obtain, where the crier goes about the streets by day and the watchman by night, where they dispose of surplus meat by auction, and the merry maiden and the tar go junketing together in an ancient calash, lives an old lady, Auntie B——. The same roof has sheltered three generations of her family, and it would require little less than an earthquake to dislodge her from her seat by the old-fashioned fire-place. There she sits, a picture of peace and contentment. "Haven't you a single regret in your whole life?" we asked her once. She dropped her knitting, and a dreamy look crept over her placid eyes. "Yes," she said at length, "I have. Ten years ago, when my dear dead sister was alive, a man with a hand-organ came to this island by the steamer. Oh! he could play beautifully. He came near our street, and my sister says to me, 'Let us go down to the corner and see him play.' Well, do you know, I didn't go, after all, but she said it was just splendid, and I suppose I shall regret not hearing that hand-organ to my dying day." And the dear old soul dropped a tear on the half-heeled stocking.

The anecdote of the "Charleston moon," in the October number of the Drawer, recalls to a correspondent in Marietta, Georgia, a similar instance of the *non sequitur*:

"Being in Florida a few winters ago, I was caught, while on a fishing excursion, in a violent thunder-storm, and took refuge in the house of an old lady of the native breed. There was a great demand for the plumes of the white birds, egrets and herons, from Northern tourists who thronged the State, and the sons of the house had collected some of these plumes, which they were showing me, when the old lady remarked, 'Well, it's curious how these 'ere cranes never had no plumes till after the wah!' The confusion of ideas was amusing, but natural. There had been little travel 'befo' the wah,' consequently no demand for plumes, therefore no birds had been shot, and the old lady, not seeing the plumes, supposed there were none."

It was an engineer on one of those rough roads of the West who, on being discharged, remarked that it was about time he left, for the sake of his life, as there was "nothing left of the track but two streaks of rust and the right of way."

A lady in Sacramento, California, recently sent to the puzzle column of the *Union*, published in that place, the following charade:

Wandered my first in days of old,
Telling many a song and story
Of maiden fair and lover bold,
And warlike deeds of glory.

Till men obey that old command,
Which is, "Thou shalt not kill,"
My last, upon both sea and land,
The cruel shot and shell will fill.

With wit or wisdom in each line,
My whole upon every page
Shows that, like good wine,
It has improved with age.

It is creditable to the lady's wit, and complimentary to ourselves, that the solution of the charade is simply *Harper's Magazine*.

During the great storm of August 18 last, which swept the coast from the Carolinas to Cape Cod, the window-panes of a house on the grounds of the Hampton (Virginia) Normal and Agricultural College were broken in by the wind and rain, and the house was shaken to its foundations. The mistress of the house and her colored servant were rather scared at the outlook, and did their best to keep out

wind and water. One of the shutters was pounding fearfully, and the mistress said to her servant, "Jane, you must go out and fasten that shutter."

The colored girl, in great fright and with decided energy, replied: "No, I dusn't, ma'am. Judgment-day's come, and it's de duty ob ebbery Christian woman to look arter herse'f now."

Ah, those boys!—three particular little boys, whose home is on Woodland Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, and their dad an officer of the army. They had been taken to a circus, and their mother, who was going into the country, had exacted from each a promise that he would not ask his father to take him to the next one. The circus came, and, as it happened, on their father's birthday. So the three put their pocket-money together, and presented him, as a birthday present, *a ticket to the circus.* The sequel is plain.

What curious things—such a mixing up of sorrow and bathos—find their way into the obituary columns of the papers! For instance, in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* we see announced the death of Mrs. Rosa Cornelia Daugherty, "who died at 4.10 P.M., at the residence of her mother, who will accompany her remains to Baltimore forthwith." After mentioning the various virtues of Mrs. Daugherty, the notice concludes with this delicious hit at the undertaker:

> Her last request was to be interred in the same humble manner in which her husband and his brother were buried; and her last prayer was for the conversion of the man who had so deeply wronged herself and her mother by faithlessly burying her husband and his brother in wooden caskets and presenting his bill for the ordered metallic caskets.

Colonel M——, of Philadelphia, one of the old-time innkeepers, lately deceased, was a peculiar individual, whose passion sometimes mastered his discretion, though his wit rarely failed him. On one occasion, when in court as a plaintiff, a witness for the defense testified to what the colonel considered false, whereupon he jumped to his feet and pronounced the man a liar. The judge promptly fined him twenty dollars for contempt of court. The colonel paid the fine, but determined to have a shot back for his money.

"Your honor," he said, "has a man the right to think?"

"Certainly," replied the Court.

"Then, Sir, I think yet the witness is a liar."



Portrait of Herr Von Finck, an intellectual young German, who has resolved upon the study of the English language.

"The sound of 'th' is a somewhat peculiar one, but of course a little bit of practice is all that is wanted," says Von Finck, as he makes a first attempt.

"The tongue is evidently placed between the teeth in making this barbarous sound," thinks he to himself.



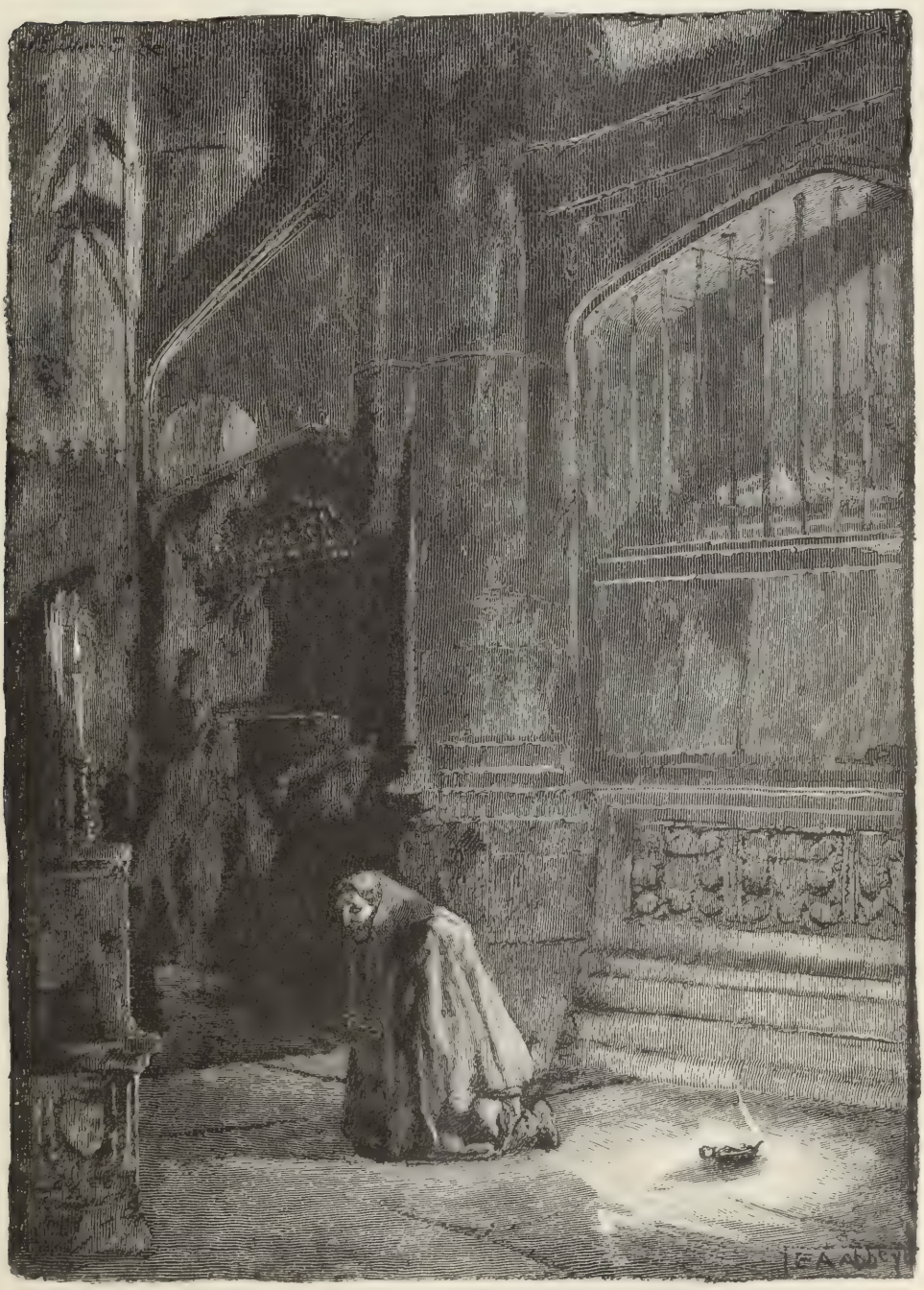
"Donnerwetter! Is a German, and above all, a Von Finck, to be beaten by such a simple little thing as this? It must be that a greater volume of sound is necessary."

"The Devil take such a hideous combination as that! However, just let me once seriously devote my mind to it, and it will come."

"Oho! I knew I should get it! How easy! Strange I should have had any trouble with it. 'De man, dis horse, dose vomans!'"

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLVI.—JANUARY, 1880.—Vol. LX.

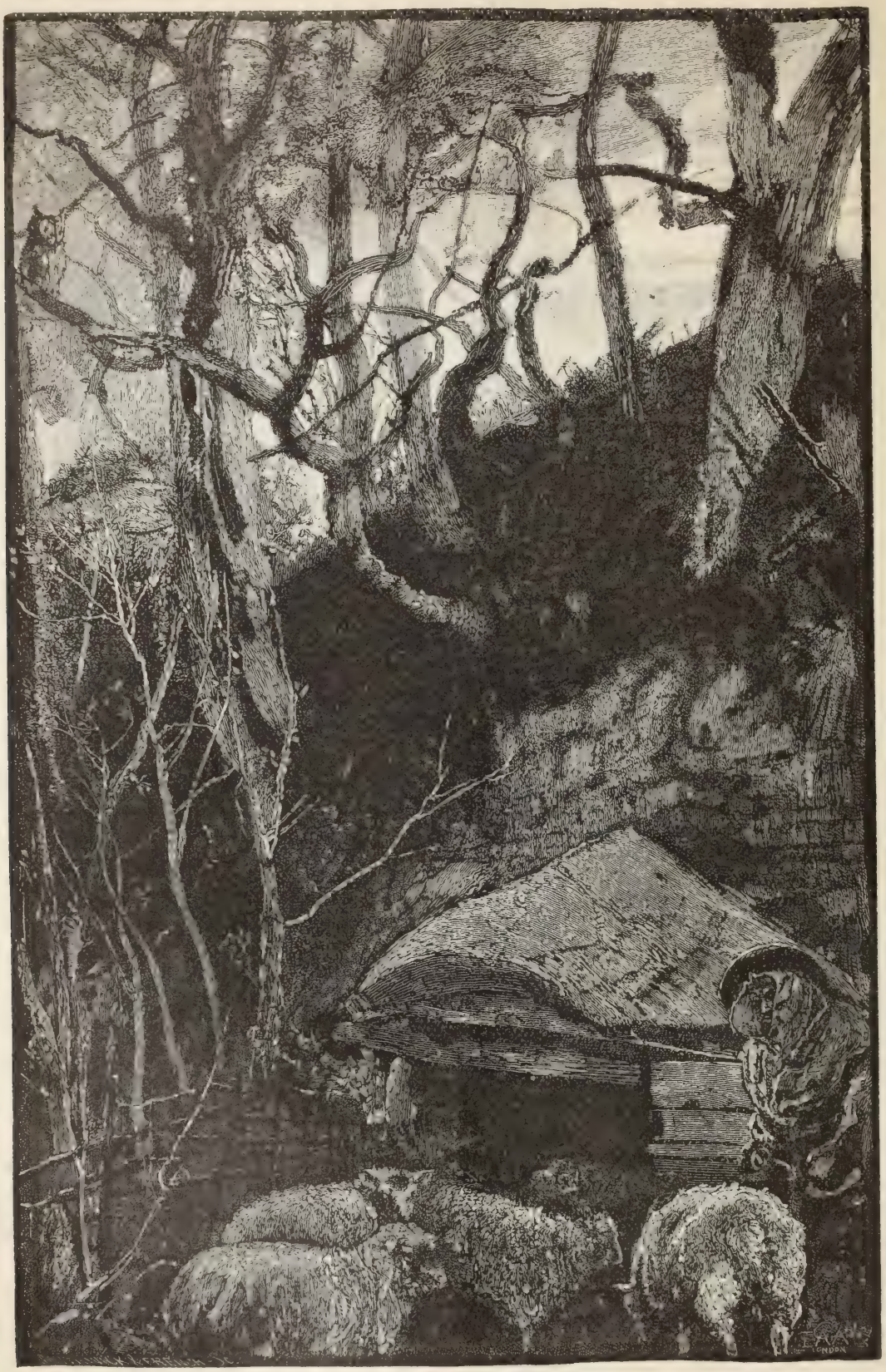


"NUMB WERE THE BEADSMAN'S FINGERS WHILE HE TOLD."

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



"AND SILENT WAS THE FLOCK IN WOOLLY FOLD."

Numb were the Beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,



"NORTHWARD HE TURNETH THROUGH A LITTLE DOOR."

Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptured dead on each side seem to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his death-bell rung;



"HER MAIDEN EYES DIVINE, FIX'D ON THE FLOOR, SAW MANY A SWEEPING TRAIN."

The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide.
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,

The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new-stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,



"MEANTIME, ACROSS THE MOORS, HAD COME YOUNG PORPHYRO."

And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain

Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere;
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy: all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's feverous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

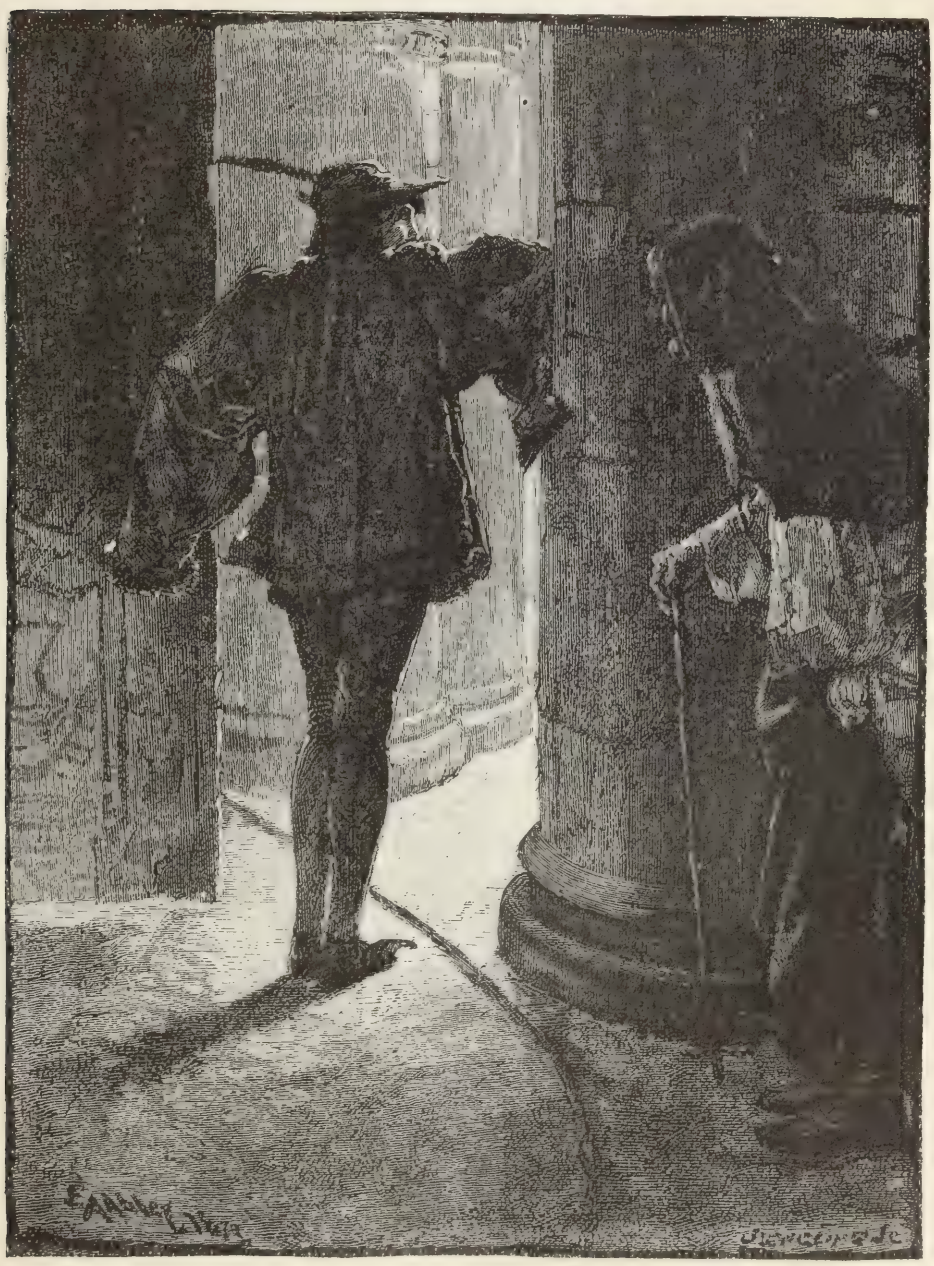
Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away." "Ah, Gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how—" "Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she muttered, "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,

Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he.
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days:



"AH, HAPPY CHANCE! THE AGED CREATURE CAME."

Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night: good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art!
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd." Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in prayer
The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The Dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,



"THROUGH MANY A DUSKY GALLERY, THEY GAIN THE MAIDEN'S CHAMBER."

She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed!
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No utter'd syllable, or woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in her dell.

A casement high and triple arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven: Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!—how fast she slept!

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.



"PENSIVE AWHILE SHE DREAMS AWAKE."

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute—
Tumultuous—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd "La belle dame sans mercy:"
Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep,
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh, leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum, pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.



"THEY GLIDE, LIKE PHANTOMS, INTO THE WIDE HALL."

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!

Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim, saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel."

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from faery-land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise! arise! the morning is at hand;—
The bloated wassailers will never heed:
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see—
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears:
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found—
In all the house was heard no human sound;
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful blood-hound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide—
The chains lie silent on the foot-worn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone:—ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

LET us seat ourselves beneath the venerable oaks of Druid Hill Park, the pride of Baltimore, and summon its ghostly guardians to our aid. Emerging from the deep shadow, gray and gnarled as the forest around him, stands in rude majesty a venerable Druid, a priest of Baal. In the husky tones of extreme age he tells of a former home under groves of Irish oak, of a Druidical circle and a worship of the sun and of fire, of the sacred mistletoe and the great god Baal, the Phœnician type of life and power; and how, David being then king in Israel, his ancestry had blessed a grove and built a temple in Erin, and called the place Baál-ti-môr, or "the great place of Baal." Loyal to his sacred office, and like a true Phœnician of old, his spirit braved the ocean, and haunts the grove that bears his name, the guardian of this city of the sun.

And so, Lords of Baltimore in Ireland, the well-beloved Calverts gave the oldest name to the youngest city of our seaboard; for New York was already one hundred and sixteen years old, and Boston aged a century, when, "In the 15th year of the Dominion of the Right Honorable Charles, absolute Lord and Proprietary of the province of Maryland and Avalon, Lord Baron of Baltimore, etc., Anno Domini 1729," a law was enacted for erecting a town on the Patapsco, and for laying out in lots sixty acres of land, etc. This location was the fruit of a lucky blunder, for when the owner of a previously selected site got wind of the attempt to be made to put a town upon his property, setting prodigious store by certain iron mines which he believed to be upon his territory, he posted off to Annapolis and defeated the plan, much to his own satisfaction and the subsequent regret of his heirs, but greatly to the advantage of posterity. It was on the 12th of January, 1730, that "commissioners, assisted by Philip Jones, the county surveyor, laid off the town," under the advice of those primitive engineers the cows, whose instinctive selection of easy grades might have continued to save the tear and wear of the breeches and legs of subsequent generations, had not that evil genius of American cities, the demon of right angles, found a pliant agent some years later in one Poppleton, whose "plat"—a covenant with the spirits of materialism—has, ever since its adoption as a plan of the city, waged a merciless war against nature's curves in the cause of rectangular inconvenience and monotony. However, hills, watercourses, and marshes were not to be tri-



THE DRUIDS.

NOTE.—The writer is indebted to Scharf's *Chronicles of Baltimore* for valuable aid.



LAYING OUT THE TOWN.

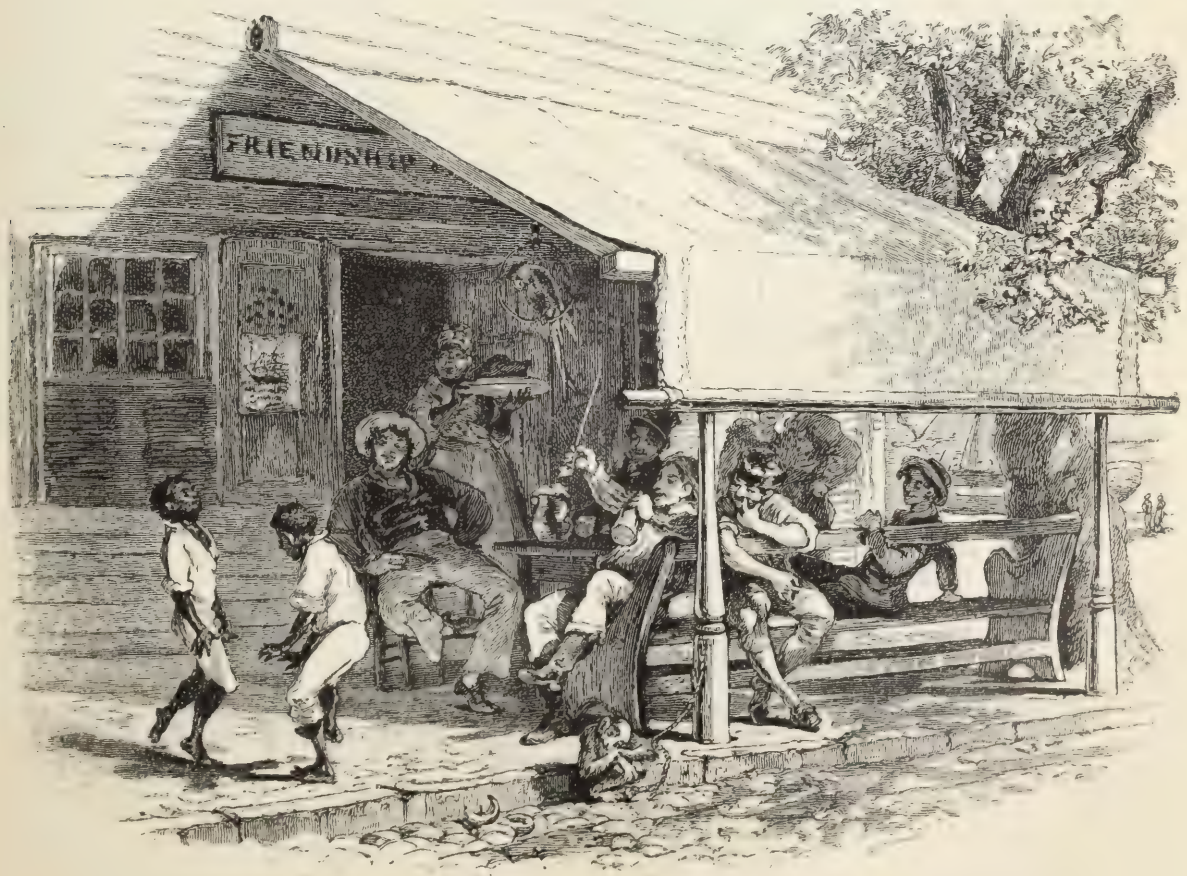
fled with so curtly as to destroy utterly the cheering irregularity of a varied surface, but, thanks to the cows, and in spite of Poppleton, some street scenery of charming diversity survives in crooked ways and steep ascents and commanding heights.

The town of the enactment was but one of a conglomerate of settlements which became finally merged in the title of Baltimore, but which, under the names of "The Town," "Old Town," "Fell's Point," "The Hill," etc., held distinctive claims to individuality, and presented defined characteristics as marked as the people of separate provinces, and until finally obliterated through the agency of street railways, these distinctions were a marked peculiarity of the place. It was at Fell's Point, a quarter nearly two miles distant from the spot where Jones and the cows began their survey, that the heavy shipping lay, and where the older merchants, prior to the Revolution, had their spacious residences and their counting-rooms, looking out over their wharves and through the towering spars of shipping to the broad water. Their homes were those of old English merchants, blooming with the added graces of a warmer sun and sharper shadows. They were panelled and tiled, and spacious and secure, honestly built, but not weighed down by extravagant excrescences either in the way of cupola or mortgage. A vague savor of far-away lands suggested itself in odd bits of marine mementos, as in the conch-shell borders of the flower beds, the narwhal's tusk and the sharks' teeth on the mantel, East India settees, and "Forty-thieves" jars from the Levant. Old anchors and chains rusted in damp shadows, and the streets and shops had a pungent smell of oakum and tar. Storm-worn figure-heads served as signs of tobacco shops and taverns, and old salts sat around them clinging to their chairs and benches with as tenacious a twist of their legs and arms as though rocked in a gale, spinning the while unconscionable yarns, or lamenting the fate of poor Jack. As in all sea-ports, a sadness and anxiety questioned inscrutable fate, and the awful mystery and uncertainty of the sea penetrated every hearth. Many left these wharves never to return, cast away, wandered off. Far-away sweethearts and husbands were anxious facts, and solaced widows not too sure of the death of the late lamented.

Of those primitive days before the Revolution, it is recorded of "Baltimore town" that "as all were peaceable and healthy, lawyers and doctors found little to do, but tradesmen and working-men found ready pay and constant employment. Women's wages especially were high, as the sex was not numerous; and as they generally married by the time they were twenty, they sought a maid-servant for themselves in turn. A duty of from five to twenty shillings per annum was laid upon all bachelors, and old maids were not to be met with, neither jealousy of husbands. The children were well-favored and beautiful to behold, and without the least blemish. A frank and generous hospitality prevailed, devoid of glare and show, but always abundant and good. Bashfulness and modesty in the young were regarded as virtues, and young lovers listened gravely and took sidelong glances before their elders. At even-tide the family, neatly dressed, sat in the street porch and welcomed their neighbors. It was customary to live at one's place of business, and the wives and daughters served the shop, retailers of dry-goods being mostly widows and spinsters. If a townsman failed in trade, it was a cause of general and deep regret. Every man who met his neighbor expressed his sorrow. Bankruptcy was a rare occurrence, because honesty and temperance in trade were then universal, and none embarked without means adequate to their business. At Christmas, dinners and suppers went the round of every social circle, and they who partook of the former were expected to remain for the supper. Afternoon visits were made at



ARMS OF THE CALVERT FAMILY.



JACK ASHORE.



AN OLD-TIME COUNTING-ROOM.

such an hour as to permit matrons to go home and see their children put to bed.

"Between tradesmen and the gentry there was a marked difference. The aristocracy of the gentleman was noticed, if not felt. Such as followed rough trades, and all men and boys from the country, were seen on the streets in leather breeches and aprons, and would have been deemed out of place without them. Hired women wore short gowns and linsey-woolsey petticoats, and some are still alive who used to call *master* and *mistress* who will no longer do it. Cookery was plainer than now, and coffee as a beverage was used but rarely. Chocolate was the morning and evening drink, and thickened milk for children. A white floor sprinkled with clean silver sand, large tables and high-backed chairs of solid walnut or mahogany, decorated a parlor enough for the best. Sometimes a carpet, not, however, covering the whole floor, was seen upon the dining-room. There was a show parlor up stairs, not used but upon gala occasions. Pewter plates were in general use, but china was a rarity. Plate, in the form of bowls, tankards, and waiters, was seen in most families of easy circumstances. Punch, the most common beverage, was drunk from one large bowl, and beer from a tankard of silver. At dancing assemblies no gentleman under twenty-one or lady under eighteen was admitted, and the supper consisted of tea, chocolate, and rusk. Six married managers distributed partners by lot for the evening, leaving nothing to the success of forwardness or favoritism. Gentlemen always drank tea with the parents of the ladies who were their partners the day after the assembly." Invitations were printed on playing-cards: "The honor of Miss ——'s company at a ball to be held at six o'clock, P.M.," indorses the queen of hearts, and is one of many such trophies still preserved.

In sight of his ships and his goods, on the ground-floor of his warehouse usually, the old-time merchant had his counting-room. It was separated by a slight partition from the surrounding mass of merchandise and from his muscular auxiliaries, the stevedores and draymen, who lounged around the archway—lusty negroes generally, who basked in the broiling sun stretched on a range of barrels, their yawning mouths displaying a wealth of ivory, and their skin glistening like oiled ebony. From the warehouse beams and

joists, which extended in rugged strength through the counting-room, were hung rows of leather buckets and a ladder, "for the more effectual remedy to extinguish fire in Baltimore town," as the act reads which obliged "every householder to keep two leather buckets hung up near the door of his house." None of the elegance of modern counting-rooms graced the interior; the affected simplicity of Eastlake was unknown, but in its place a business-like directness and orderly confusion amounting to picturesqueness. In harmony with the rude beams, an arch of solid masonry supported the *safe*, built into the walls, and closed by its iron door with a lock to make a modern burglar laugh. In the wide hearth a "black-jack" fire was reflected in the brass andirons, and from an armchair by it, as from a throne, the "head of the house" surveyed a row of deferential clerks at their high desks, almost buried behind their ponderous ledgers. Six-by-eight panes filled the windows, half closed by green blinds, above which appeared the topmasts of ships and the blue sky. On the walls hung maps, models of ships' hulls, and limnings of the same vessels under full sail, drawn with nautical fidelity, but which would have scarcely escaped the lash of a captious critic in art. Innumerable bills, ruthlessly impaled on wires, met a deserved fate, and were exposed conspicuously, probably as warnings against misplaced confidence. Rows of tin or wooden coffers, marked with the names of dead years, rested in dusty security on a high shelf, and suggested long-passed transactions with correspondents who had closed their accounts in paying the debt of nature.

The discipline, thoroughness, and simplicity of mercantile training in Europe were brought over by our English and salt-water ancestors, and the habits of the quarter-deck in some measure transferred to the counting-room. No slovenly habits of dress or demeanor were allowed among the clerks, who were often inmates of the family, on the basis of equals, but in subordination, and whose hair, in some houses, was daily dressed by the barber,



THE PRIMITIVE UMBRELLA.

who came for that purpose at a fixed hour to the counting-room. Punctuality and courtesy were exacted, and the neglect to pay his respects to the heads of the house on commencing and terminating his daily duties subjected the delinquent to a caustic reprimand. These youths, whom it was a favor to admit to a great commercial house, were in training as the future merchants and as gentlemen. Memory recalls the vividness of a child's impression of three old merchants, the last of their generation, the one venerable in his bent form, his snowy hair gathered in a queue of black ribbon, his plum-colored coat receiving a share of the powder which covered it, a white cravat and lemon waistcoat, light breeches and broad-brimmed beaver; another in his suit of drab; and the third in the lively blue coat and brass buttons, ruffled shirt and costume of harmonious tints—all scrupulous



THE REGULATOR.

in niceties of apparel and person, as they were exact in rendering the courtesies of life. The oldest of these gentlemen carried an umbrella which must have been the primeval one. It was a ponderous machine, with a brass handle placed above the frame-work of rattan, and when not in use carried as a staff. Efforts were made in 1772 to introduce the use of umbrellas in Baltimore, then scouted as a ridiculous effeminacy, but finally the doctors, "who recommended them to avert vertigoes, epilepsies, sore eyes, and fevers," set an example which was generally adopted. Before this time only in severe storms physicians and clergymen wore a roquelaure, or oiled cape, hooked around the shoulders. The gold-headed cane and the watch and seals were distinctions of the gentry of the day, and afforded a mild form of gymnastics to the elderly gentlemen who carried them—the latter particularly, as to extract it from the depths of the breeches fob required a prolonged hand-over-hand movement, involving, if the bearer were pursy, considerable exertion. This nautical exercise took place daily, whenever your old-fashioned merchant on his progress to or from 'change reached the town "regulator"—an immense dial occupying the greater part of a shop window. Assured of the accuracy of the chronometer, he, with great deliberation, lowered his timepiece into its hold again, and resumed his habitual gait, his tasselled cane keeping time to the cadence of his walk. None of your elevator rapidity existed in those days, when grain was loaded or unloaded in half-bushel measures by a gang of negroes under the guidance of an ancient son of Africa, who was known in his latter days as the "old elevator." There was no corn exchange, but the captain of a bay craft made his cruise of the counting-rooms with a sample of his cargo tied up in a Madras handkerchief, and the merchant had no nervous apprehensions of a disastrous telegram in naming his terms.

There must have been a gallant array of buckskin breeches when the tradesmen and manufacturers of Baltimore town, from a true patriotic spirit, determined to clothe themselves in home manufactures, and gave an order for the nether garments of the association, hoping at the same time to find sufficient American woollen and linen to clothe their families.

Under such social influences existed the merchants whose patriotism during all the varying fortune of war had sustained the cause of Independence, so nobly illustrated in the glories of the Maryland line. "We are sending all that we have that can be armed and equipped; and the people of New York, for whom we have great



BALTIMORE AND NEW YORK.

affection, can have no more than our all." These words from Maryland expressed the spirit of her merchants and people, and the fixed bayonets which in every engagement met the veteran foe attested their sincerity.

By the exertions of the Baltimore merchants the army of Lafayette, on its way to the South, was fed and fully equipped, and the good marquis seems never to have forgotten the ladies whose fair fingers had clothed his ragged troops. The French camps and the cordial intercourse between towns-folk and military remain a cheerful tradition of the war, and Lafayette, after a lapse of forty years, acknowledged with tears the kindness. It is with the naval history of the republic that Baltimore is peculiarly connected. Both in the war of the Revolution and that of 1812 she appears as a champion of the sea, and many a keel laid in her ship-yards brought victory to our flag. Her sailors were the first officers of the Continental navy, and Nicholson, in the *Virginia* frigate, the first officer in rank in the infant service. The *Virginia*, the *Defense*, *Buckskin*, *Enterprise*, *Sturdy Beggar*, *Harlequin*, *Fox*, and others were Baltimore ships, whose successful cruises aided Congress with the means of carrying on the war. But it was in the war of 1812 that the "Baltimore clippers" gained world-wide reputation, for on every sea as privateers they smote the enemy with unprecedented audacity, and astonished the stolid Briton by their rapid movements and skillful seamanship and gunnery. This fleet numbered fifty-eight—an excess over every other port of the Union.

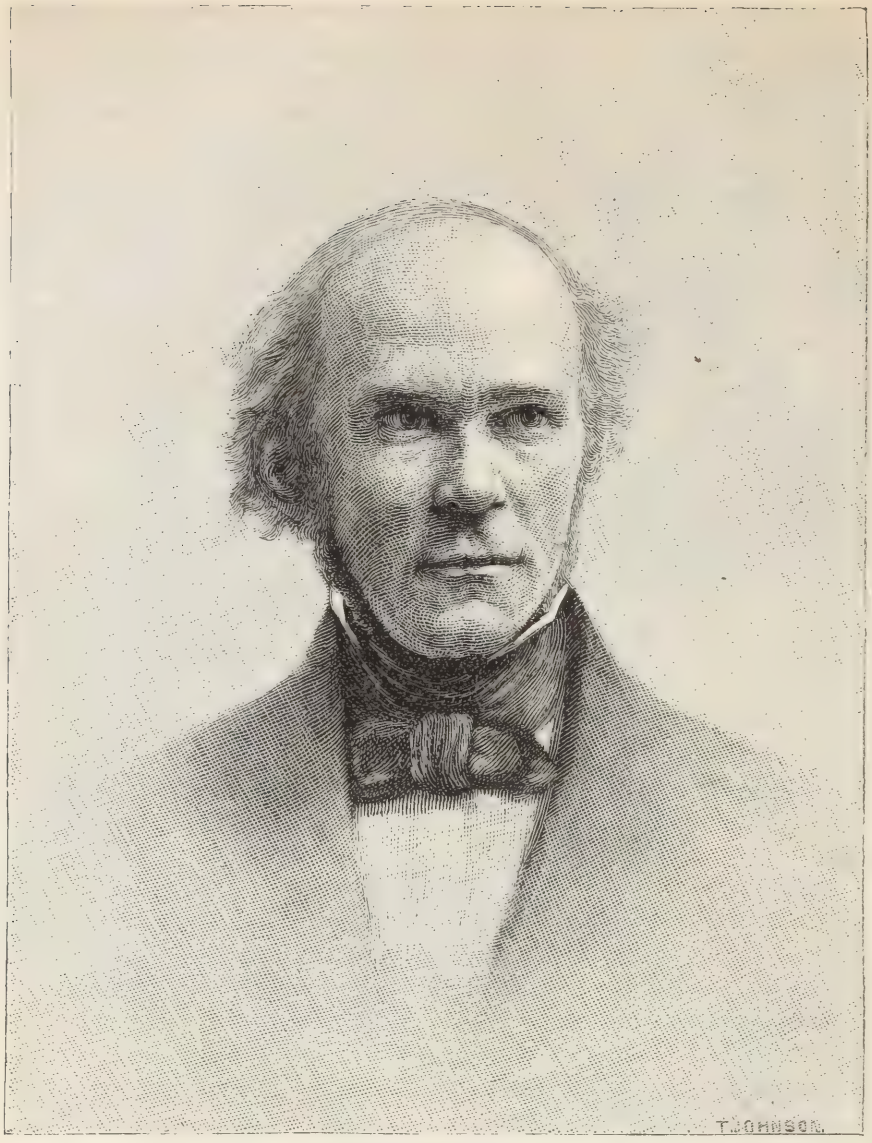
It was the successes of these privateers which made Baltimore a peculiar thorn in our adversary's side, and excited a concentrated venom which brought about the attack upon the city, and the enemy's repulse and discomfiture before the guns of Fort McHenry and at North Point.

As sharing the glories of that day, we must recall a forgotten hero that maintained the honor of the "star-spangled banner." During the bombardment of Fort McHenry, at a time when the explosions were most tremendous, a rooster mounted a parapet and crowed heartily. This excited the laughter and animated the feelings of all present. A man who was worn down with fatigue, and ill, declared that if ever he lived to see Baltimore, the rooster should be treated with pound-cake. Not being able to leave the fort, the day after the bombardment he sent to the city, procured the cake, and had fine sport in treating his favorite.

In recognizing the obligations of wealth, the merchants of Baltimore have left many noble examples, recalled by the names of Patterson, Oliver, McKim, Donnell, Sheppard, Peabody, McDonough, Johns Hopkins, Kelso, Watson, Ready, Wyman, Wilson, and others. In many cases their own executors, their generous endowments, aggregating many millions of dollars, illustrate the true use of money.



FORT McHENRY



THEODORE PARKER.

THE ISMS OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

THE seventh chapter of the Rev. O. B. Frothingham's *Life of Theodore Parker* (Boston, 1874) opens with these words:

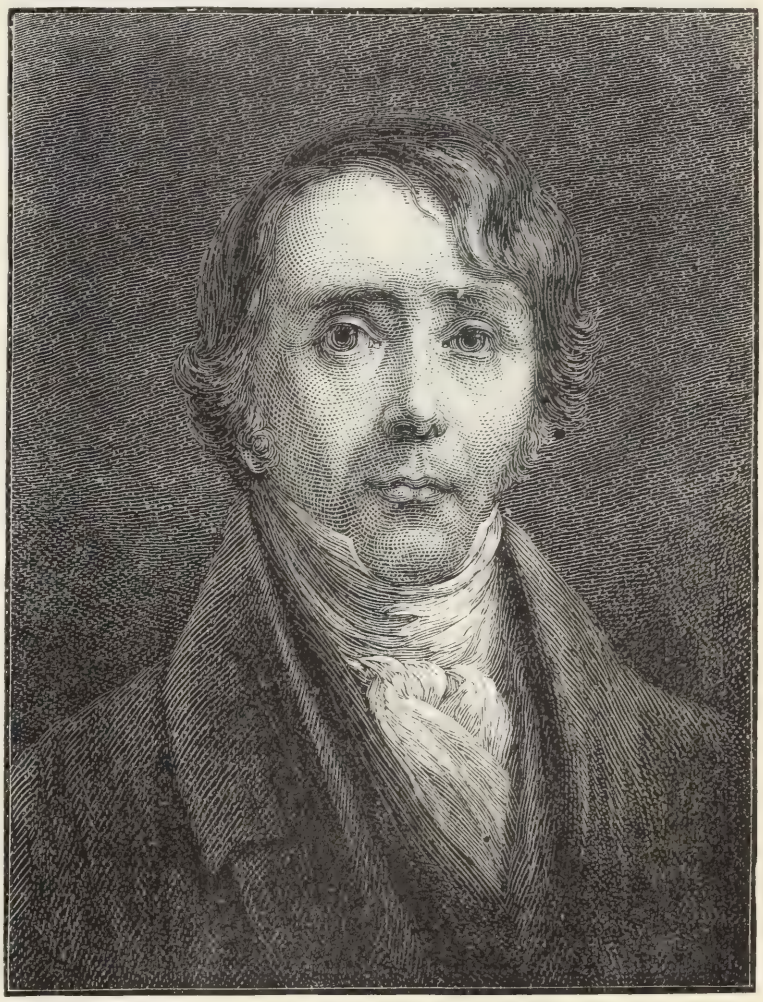
"It was a remarkable agitation of mind that went on in Massachusetts thirty years ago. All institutions and all ideas went into the furnace of reason, and were tried by fire. Church and state were put to the proof; and the wood, hay, stubble—everything combustible—were consumed. The process of proving was not confined to Boston: the whole State took part in it. It did not proceed from Boston as a centre: it began simultaneously in different parts of the Commonwealth. It did not seem to be communicated, to spread by contagion, but was rather an intellectual experience produced by some latent causes which were active in the air. No special class of people were responsible for it, or affected by it. . . .It was a time of meetings and conventions for reforms of every description."

It was a time, in one word, of *isms*. Mr. Parker himself, in August, 1840, walked thirty miles, from Boston to Groton, to attend a convention called by Second Adventists and "Come-outers." His companion all the way was George Ripley; at Newton they picked up Christopher Pearse Cranch; at Concord, Bronson Alcott. They heard Brother Jones hold forth on the second coming of Christ, and Mr. Parker too addressed the convention. In September he attended a Non-resistant Convention in Boston. In November he joined in calling a convention to consider questions concerning the Sabbath, the ministry, and the church—a step over which Dr. Channing shook his head. But the good doctor that very year had started a movement not less disruptive of old traditions and usages. He had consulted with Ripley and Emerson and Margaret Fuller as to whether it was possible "to bring cultivated, thoughtful people together, and make a society that deserved

the name." The first result of such an inquiry was the founding of the *Dial*, the organ of the Transcendentalists, in July, 1840. The next was the establishment, in 1841, of the socialistic community of Brook Farm, which lay only a mile from Parker's residence in West Roxbury, and which, though it did not reckon him among its members, was frequently visited by him for the sake of intercourse with Ripley, Curtis, Hawthorne, Dana, and the rest of that remarkable company. In 1841 the Hopedale Community, in 1842 the Northampton Community, both distinct and original Yankee attempts after an ideal society, were likewise founded. Fourierism came with the following wave. Brisbane, it is true, had published in 1840 his *Social Destiny of Mankind*, but his zeal first found a proper vehicle in the daily columns of the new-born *Tribune*, presently to be re-enforced by the Brook Farm *Harbinger* (harbinger "of the Renaissance," as they explained it), when that experiment had gone over to the new doctrine. In 1843 Fourierism was at its height. If Transcendentalism had paved the way for it, Swedenborgianism lent it a helping hand. Those who looked upon Swedenborg as "the most remarkable phenomenon of the age," noticed with satisfaction "the singular fact that the groups and series of Fourier's plan of society are in accordance with Swedenborg's description of the order in heaven," and thought they beheld the kingdom coming on earth as it is in heaven. "In religion," wrote John S. Dwight in the *Harbinger*, "we have Swedenborg; in social economy, Fourier; in music, Beethoven." Finally, Robert Owen was issuing his "manifestoes" in the columns of the Washington *National Intelligencer* in the winter of 1844–45, and in 1846 addressing that New York Constitutional Convention whose labors were inspired by a sort of "Communism," not then understood.

Before passing from Socialism to the other isms of the period, let us enjoy this extract from a private letter of the late Charles C. Burleigh, describing a Community Convention held in Boston in the last week of December, 1843, the first exposition of the system in that city:

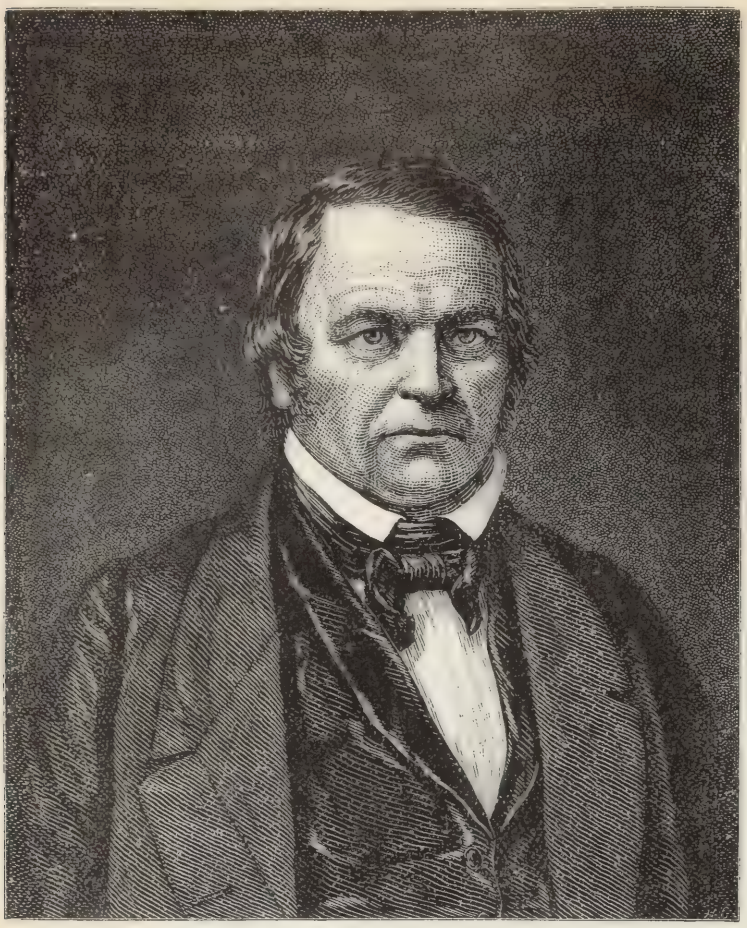
"Garrison spoke while I was in, and spoke well, but not in accordance with the views of the community leaders. Collins said a few words. Two or three



WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

good speeches besides were made, and there was considerable interesting talk, but not much system or method was manifest in what was said, or much definite information given tending to any specific point. Some noble sentiments were uttered in a happy style, but on the whole I was not enough interested to go in again in the afternoon. I was told that the preceding evening's session had been a grand one; that Channing [not the doctor, who had gone to his rest, but his nephew, William H.] had made a splendid speech, and several others had spoken very well. . . . Brisbane and Channing were to present to-day, I believe, somewhat more in detail, with a view to something practical, the Fourier system of social organization. Had it been convenient for me to attend, I doubt not I should have been much more interested and gratified than I was by the desultory discussions of yesterday forenoon.

"The meeting was well attended, though not crowded; yet I do not remember to have ever seen a larger number of distinct individuals at any one gathering than it seemed to me were there. Abby



WILLIAM MILLER.

Folsom was present, and had a few words to say—good and to the purpose, too, crazy as she is generally thought to be. One man was there (Lamson by name) who announced himself a sinless man, if I rightly took his meaning. He had a long beard, venerably white—as was also his hair—and was dressed in garments of undyed cloth. A. B. Alcott was there, and S. J. May, and some of the Roxbury and the Hopedale and the Northampton Community people. I had a pleasant chat with Alcott. He classifies the three communities just named as exemplifying—the first, refined and elegant taste; the second, piety, simple-hearted goodness, and honesty of soul; the third, enterprise and reformatory energy. He wants all three to be blended in one association. His little community of himself and Charles Lane, he tells me, is likely to be broken up by various adverse circumstances, one of which is the unfavorableness of the climate to Lane's constitution."

The year 1840 marked a new era in the progress of Second Adventism. Not only was the "day of probation" drawing nigh—the day on which the universe should shrivel with fire, the resurrection and ascension of the just attend the awful coming of Christ, and the millennium begin, after which the wicked would be raised for their eternal discomfort—of which the date was at first approximately fixed between the vernal equinoxes of 1843–44; but Father Miller, "the-end-of-the-world man," as he was irreverently called by those whose sense of humor was greater than that of his followers, began more freely to extend the sphere of his personal exhortations, particularly in Eastern New England. Though a native of Pittsfield, his labors up to his fifty-eighth year had been almost wholly confined to the border counties of New York and Vermont, until in April, 1839, he appeared for the first time in Massachusetts as a prophet—a reed shaken by palsy, if not by the wind. In December he was again in Boston; and in February, 1840, he saw the publication of the *Signs of the Times* (afterward *Advent Herald*) begun, the first of the Millerite organs, which afterward reckoned the *Midnight Cry* (New York), the *Glad Tidings* (Rochester), the *Millennial Harbinger*, etc. From this time to his death he lectured frequently in his native State in halls and groves, expounding his rules of interpretation by which the harmony of the Scriptures was assured, and interpreting by the aid of Revelations the "time, times and a half" of Daniel, on which his destructive calculations rested. It was in Massachusetts that his venerable and sincere presence first failed to restrain the rotten egg, which in those times awaited the utterer of unpopular doctrine, for he was mobbed with missiles at Newburyport in May, 1842. A month later we find him holding forth at the first Second Advent Camp-meeting, held at East Kingston, New Hampshire, and in the audience the poet Whittier taking notes of the strange, impressive, picturesque scene—a tall growth of pine and hemlock throwing its melancholy shadow over the multitude, who were arranged upon rough seats of boards and logs; the white tents, drawn about in a circle, forming a background of snowy whiteness to the dark masses of men and foliage; a hymn pealing through the dim aisles of the forest; preachers thundering from a bower of hemlock boughs. The poet continues:

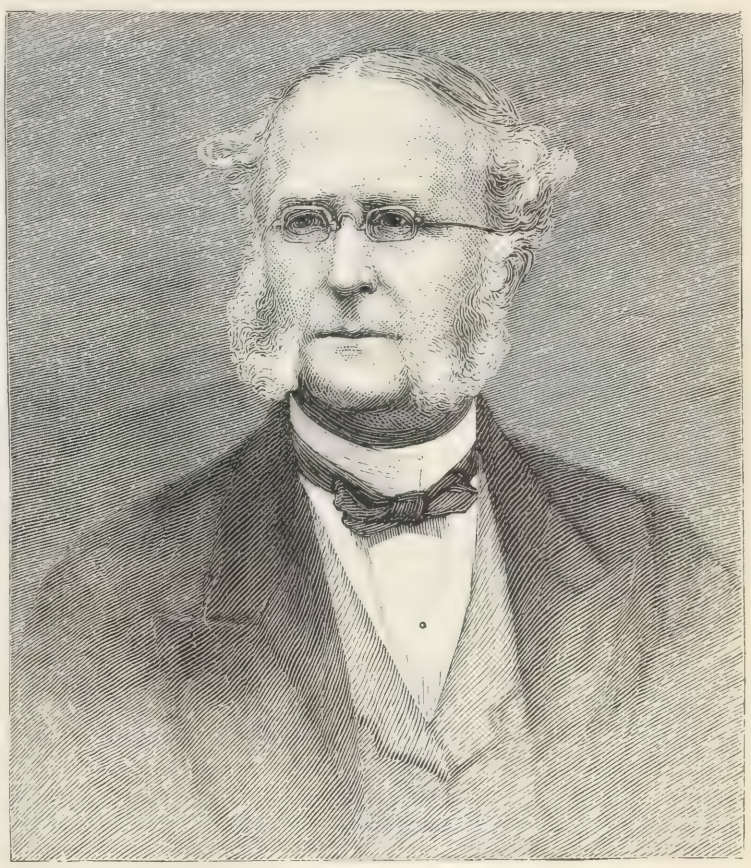
"Suspended from the front of the rude pulpit were two broad sheets of canvas, upon one of which was the figure of a man, the head of gold, the breast

and arms of silver, the belly of brass, the legs of iron, and feet of clay—the dream of Nebuchadnezzar! On the other were depicted the wonders of the Apocalyptic vision: the beasts, the dragons, the scarlet woman seen by the seer of Patmos—Oriental types and figures and mystic symbols, translated into staring Yankee realities, and exhibited like the beasts of a travelling menagerie. One horrible image, with its hideous heads and scaly caudal extremity, reminded me of the tremendous line of Milton, who, in speaking of the same evil dragon, describes him as

'Swingeing the scaly horrors of his folded tail.'

To an imaginative mind the scene was full of novel interest. The white circle of tents; the dim wood arches; the upturned, earnest faces; the loud voices of the speakers, burdened with the awful symbolic language of the Bible; the smoke from the fires, rising like incense from forest altars, carrying one back to the days of primitive worship, when

"'The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them.'"

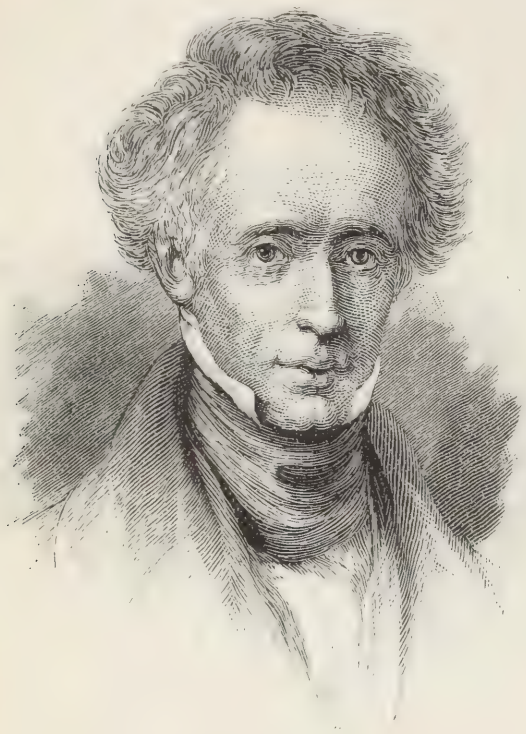


EDMUND QUINCY.

On the 14th of March, 1844, Father Miller closed the diary of his public labors, and reckoned up his 3200 lectures given since 1832. It was almost the only change in the regularity of his daily life which betokened the approach of "the burning day." When March had gone out, and April saw not the heavens in commotion, and May had come, the poor old man was heard confessing his error and acknowledging his disappointment, but not his unbelief. October might yet witness the fulfillment of prophecy: "The Lord will certainly leave the mercy-seat on the 13th, and appear visibly in the clouds of heaven on the 22d." During this interval of ten days, secular business was suspended among the Adventists. In New York, as Mrs. Child records, at a shop in the Bowery, muslin for ascension robes was offered; tradesmen shut up shop, or gave away goods, or dealt more liberal measure, to make their record good with the Almighty —all the while that the ungodly disturbed the meetings with stones and brickbats, and crackers and torpedoes. The *Advent Herald* issued its last number with a valedictory. And then the sun rose on the 23d, and the sad prophet could only say, "I have fixed my mind on another time, and here I mean to stand until God gives me more light, and that is, *to-day*, TO-DAY, and TO-DAY, until He comes." Some, however, alleged that the Lord *had* come, but invisibly, and "closed the door of mercy to the sinner;" and then arose a contention between the orthodox and the "shut-door" party as to which should gain over Father Miller. This was exquisite cruelty, but not without a logical cause. The shut-door faction, given up to fanatical excesses, or neglecting its worldly affairs in a way to call for guardianship or the work-house at the hands of judges and selectmen, did not in the end prevail. The orthodox party became a tame and uninteresting sect like any other, with an indefinite lease of life. The "Come-outers," who had made with the Adventists the joint convention at Groton, were chiefly from Cape Cod, and appear to have formed a lasting union with them. The Cape is still the country *par excellence* of camp-meetings and Adventists, and there the wretched Freeman, offering his little daughter as a sacrifice, recalled an almost forgotten superstition.

A Non-resistant Convention was perhaps the last place in which to expect to find the grandson of Captain John Parker. And in truth even then the gentle

and tender-hearted Theodore regarded none of his earthly possessions more fondly—more proudly, too—than that ancestor's fowling-piece and the musket yielded to him by a grenadier at Bunker Hill—the twin ornaments of his study; while ten years after that Boston gathering, in



GEORGE COMBE.

marrying two fugitive slaves, he gave the husband a copy of the Bible "for the salvation of his own soul and his wife's soul," and, "with words of equal pertinency," says Mr. Frothingham, a bowie-knife for the defense of his wife's liberty. Still, in 1840, as we have seen, the spirit of Lexington and Bunker Hill was not exempt from being put to the test. The year before (January 3, 1839) had been issued the first number of the *Non-Resistant*, a paper which, while not an official mouthpiece of the Abolitionists, represented the peaceful methods to which they had pledged themselves as an organization, and was conducted by William Lloyd Garrison, Edmund Quincy, and Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman—three eminent associates in the antislavery warfare. Mr. Quincy was the chief editor, and furnished most of the original articles, Mr. Garrison's part being confined to the "selections" and to the general oversight. The paper barely survived a couple of years, for the disastrous division in the antislavery ranks in 1840 made it necessary to avoid dissipation of forces. Its significance for the philosophic historian is that it is one more proof of the millennial character of the reformatory ferment of that wonderful period. It should not be overlooked, too, that the military provisions of the Constitution prevented many Abolitionists from voting as effectively as did its pro-slavery guarantees.

Chance had given some distinction to Boston as the focus of a doctrine which, though probably to be classed as pseudo-scientific, has had a permanent effect on theological belief through its bearing on the question of moral accountability—we mean phrenology. Those admitted to the intimacy of a late popular physician in Boston remember an ear of Spurzheim's neatly preserved in alcohol; and thousands of visitors to Mount Auburn have had their attention called to the monument which marks his last resting-place. Six years after the German apostle had planted his seed and been himself interred in a foreign soil, the interest already excited in figured and lettered skulls, and bumps, and organs, and "examinations," was confirmed by the arrival of George Combe, with his dry, unhumorous Scotch mind, his pure and earnest nature, and his considerable reputation as a writer and as a strictly scientific expounder of the truths of phrenology. For nearly two years his lectures were listened to in all the great cities of the Union. In June, 1840, he returned to England. "It was the frequent remark of Mr. Combe," says Mrs. Child, in her familiar *Letters from New York*, "that of all nations whose heads he had ever had the opportunity to observe, the Americans had the organ of veneration the least developed." "Veneration" was marked "full" on the chart made of Father Miller in 1842 by a "phrenological friend," and on the same chart "Marvellousness" was set down as "moderate." But the good old man perhaps made some allowance for the prepossessions of the examiner, seeing that the prejudice of another had in that very year laughably betrayed the uncertainties of this sort of divination. His incognito being preserved, as was customary, the phrenologist remarked to his introducer: "I tell you



LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

what it is, Mr. Miller could not easily make a convert of *this man* to his hare-brained theory. He has too much good sense." Putting his hand on the organ of marvellousness, he proceeded: "There! I'll bet you anything that old Miller has got a bump on his head there as big as my fist." Such mistakes seem like a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole system; but, other considerations apart, they hardly do more than prove the incompetency or charlatanry of the individual professor who makes them. Every attempt to popularize the result of learning and research is exposed to such disgraces, and it was for this reason that the old Puritans founded Harvard College, expressly to avoid "leaving an illiterate ministry to the churches," Father Miller himself being precisely one of this kind, and his calculations and predictions being the result of his want of scholarly discipline, though it must in candor be allowed that his theory of Scriptural interpretation is not open to this objection from the orthodox. Some of these, by-the-way, complained of phrenology as favoring fatalism too much. Mrs. Child, on the other hand, hailed it as "the democracy of metaphysics"—a view not less abhorrent to the clergy, whose occupation it threatened to take away.

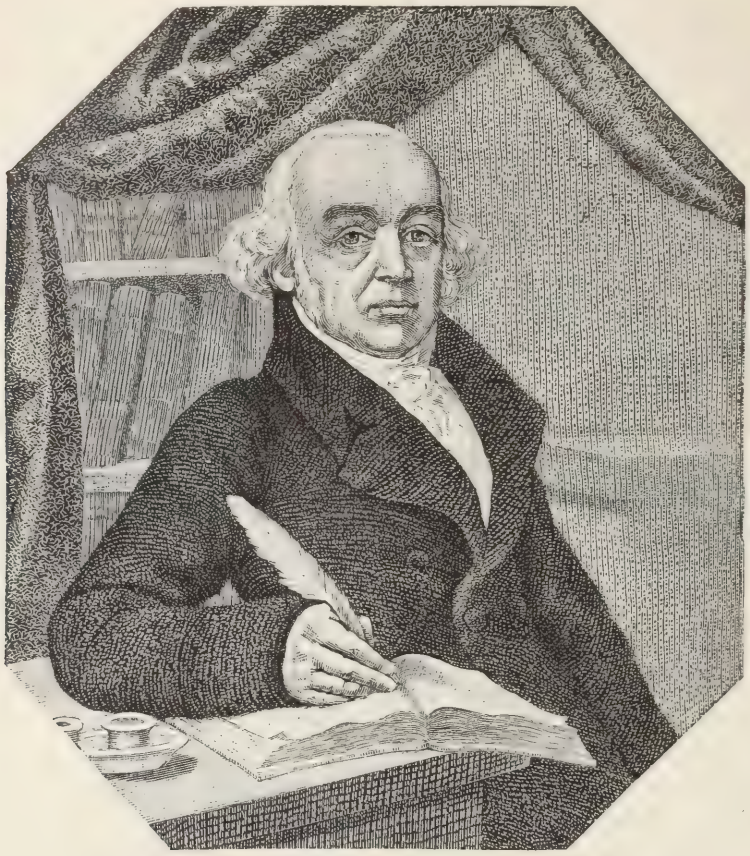
Both the physics and the metaphysics of the brain were embraced in another rage of the period under review—the still mysterious and scientifically unexplored and unexplained mesmerism. Harriet Martineau, whose experience with "practical" phrenologists had been as ludicrous as Father Miller's, had at least the excuse of bodily restoration—resurrection, she would rather call it—for a profound belief in the virtues of mesmerism. Her letters on this subject were published by the Messrs. Harper in 1845, at which time such advances had been made in this country that teeth were extracted mesmerically, without pain, in Washington, in the certified presence of Congressmen. Nevertheless, in spite of this high indorsement, mesmerists were generally classed among Millerites, Mormons, and other fanatics of the hour. Mrs. Child, writing in 1842 of the "recent phenomena in animal magnetism or mesmerism," tells her correspondent that she was "ten years ago convinced that animal magnetism was



VINCENZ PRIESSNITZ.

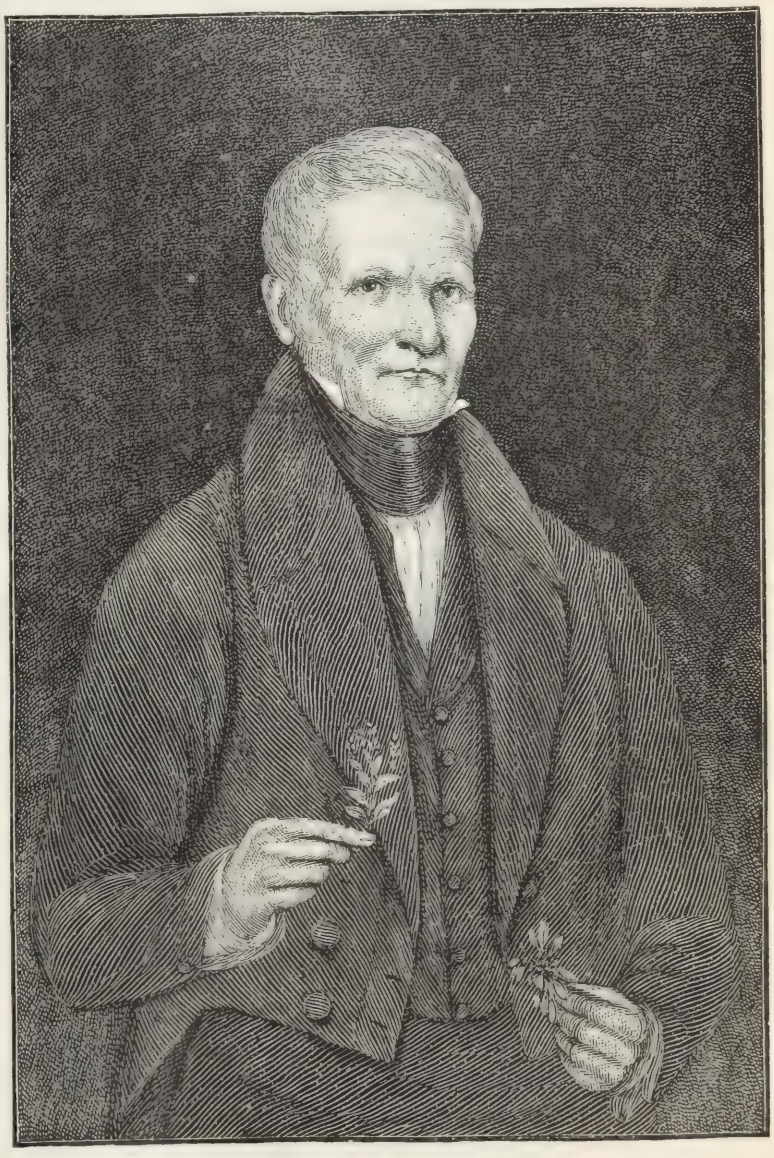
destined to produce great changes in the science of medicine, and in the whole philosophy of spirit and matter." When she goes on to relate how a venerable friend of hers fell into a deadly swoon, in the midst of which she was conscious of being dizzy, and of standing beside her own lifeless body, watching the efforts to resuscitate it, she seems to be anticipating those spiritual manifestations which the "Rochester knockings" were presently to revive and rename, but not to originate. Some of the terminology of spiritualism is already to be found in an English work published in 1840, entitled, "*Facts in Mesmerism* (as Somnambulism, Sleep-walking, Consciousness, Sensation, Mediums, etc.), with Reasons for a Dispassionate Enquiry into it," by C. H. Townsend.

The great expectations in regard to the therapeutic province of mesmerism have not been justified, but neither have those of the new schools of medicine whose exclusive claims forty years ago were the subject of so much and so vehement discussion. "*The Water-Cure applied to every known Disease:* a complete Demonstration of the Hydropathic System of Curing Diseases; showing, also, the Fallacy of the Medicinal Method, and its utter Inability to effect a Permanent Cure"—such is the modest title of a work translated from the German, and published by the phrenological house of Fowler and Wells, in New York, in 1847. Priessnitz, who was still alive, might have blushed a little at this. As usual, Massachusetts was early in applying the test. The Round Hill Water-Cure at Northampton succeeded Mr. Bancroft's famous school on the same site; and not far away, in the suburb now known as Florence, a blind Æsculapius, named Ruggles, profiting by the attractions of the neighboring Northampton Community, established a water-cure on Mill River, which for a quarter of a century at least found abundant patronage. No such odium attached to hydropathy as to homœopathy, a system originally founded by Hahnemann, and which, about 1840, was beginning to acquire respectability in Boston through the skillful practice of the Wesselhoefts. Nor did either of these important systems fare so hardly at the hands of the "regular" practitioners as did Thomsonianism, a pure Yankee product, whose founder, Dr. Samuel Thomson, was a native of New Hampshire, but practiced largely in Massachusetts, and was long a resident of Boston, where he died



SAMUEL HAHNEMANN.

in 1843. The persecutions to which he was subjected read strangely now, whatever predilection we may have for a learned basis to every profession. Dr. Thomson was self-taught, it is true, but he was sincere and unaggressive; he was undoubtedly philanthropic, and we must now acknowledge that he co-operated with hydropathy and homœopathy in asserting the *vis medicatrix naturæ*—the most important principle established in medicine during the century—and in forcing the regular school to diminish the quantity of drugs administered, and otherwise to modify its practice for the better. Smile as we may at the doctrinaire who held that "all diseases are the effect of one general cause, and may be removed by one general remedy," *i. e.*, by restoring the natural heat of the body, starting the perspiration, and clearing away "canker" and "putrefaction," we must not forget his opposition to the reckless and frightful use of mercury and the indiscriminate bloodletting which he found in vogue; and the steam-bath alone would entitle him to grateful recollection. "All in time must become Thomsonian," wrote his son in 1841: but the failure of this prophecy does not excuse the atrocity of his treatment when thrown into prison on a charge of murder preferred by one Dr. French. In Dr. Thomson's autobiography we read (and the extract throws light on the state of society at the time, as well as on the bigotry and malignity of the prosecutor):

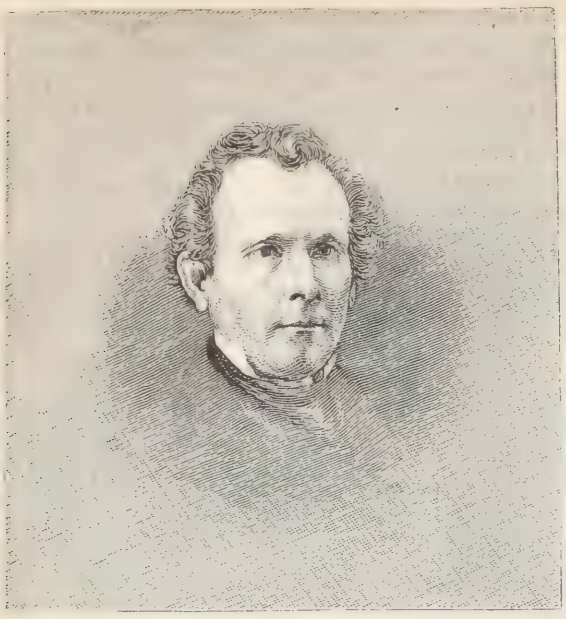


SAMUEL THOMSON.

"I was then put in irons by the sheriff, and conveyed to the jail in Newburyport, and confined in a dungeon with a man who had been convicted of an assault on a girl six years of age, and sentenced to solitary confinement for one year. He seemed to be glad of company, and reminded me of the old saying that misery loves company. I was not allowed a chair or a table, and nothing but a miserable straw bunk on the floor, with one poor blanket which had never been washed. I was put into this prison on the 10th day of November, 1809; the weather was very cold, and no fire, and not even the light of the sun or a candle; and, to complete the whole, the filth ran from the upper rooms into our cell, and was so offensive that I was almost stifled with the smell. I tried to rest myself as well as I could, but got no sleep that night, for I felt something crawling over me which caused an itching, and not knowing what the cause was, inquired of my fellow-sufferer; he said that it was the lice, and that there were enough of them to shingle a meeting-house.

"In the morning there was just light enough came through the iron grates to show the horror of my situation. My spirits and the justice of my cause prevented me from making any lamentation, and I bore my sufferings without complaint. At breakfast-time I was called on through the grates to take our miserable breakfast. It consisted of an old tin pot of musty coffee, without sweetening or milk, and was so bad as to be unwholesome, with a tin pan containing a hard piece of Indian-bread, and the nape of a fish, which was so hard I could not eat it. This had to serve us till three o'clock in the afternoon, when we had about an equal fare, which was all we had till the next morning."

If Dr. Thomson aroused the ire of physicians whose patients, given up by them to



SYLVESTER GRAHAM.

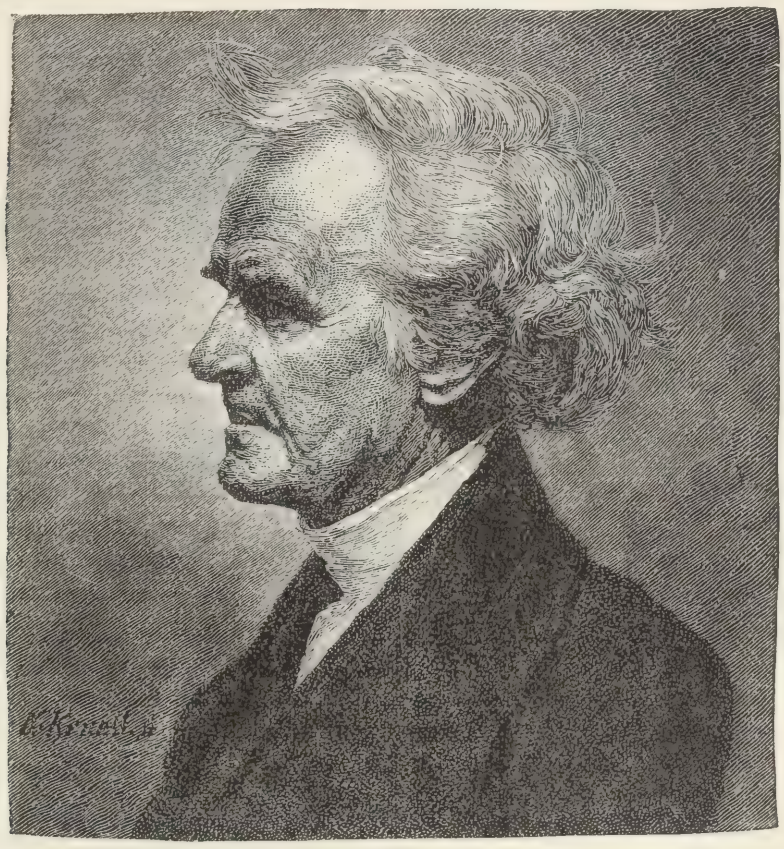
die, he succeeded in saving, other classes were incensed by the doctrines of Dr. Sylvester Graham, a native of Connecticut, who preached the moral and physical advantages of a vegetable diet. In the ranks of his opponents one would naturally expect to find the butchers, but Graham contrived to outrage the bakers also, by extolling the superiority of home-made bread. It is ludicrous to read of the stir this caused, and of the measures they took to suppress him. He was lecturing in Amory Hall, Boston, in the winter of 1837, when the bakers' rising took place. The proprietors of the hall, becoming alarmed for their property, closed it on him, and no other could be had. Happily the owner of the new Marlborough Hotel, then nearly completed, offered Dr. Graham the use of his dining-room. The mayor interposed, protesting that he could not protect the meeting with his constables; but the warning was unheeded. The lower story of the hotel was barricaded, the upper stories provided with a quantity of slacked lime and a shovel brigade. The brave proprietor planted himself at the door, parleyed with the mob that filled the street, and then, as the crisis approached, gave the signal to the shovellers above, whereupon, the "eyes" having it, the rabble incontinently adjourned. Graham died, by no violence, in 1851, having by his *Lectures on the Science of Human Life* made numerous proselytes, not yet extinct; and if he failed to establish his system of dietetics, he at least favorably modified the prevailing habit by showing that muscular strength does not depend on the consumption of meat, by popularizing the unbolted flour to which his name was given, and generally by paving the way for the use of the coarser grains which now regularly appear on the most refined breakfast tables. His rank as a benefactor will not seem slight to those who reflect on the gain to the public health and wealth resulting from the enlarged use of fruit and vegetables, and that variety which so distinguishes the American from the European *menu*.

In 1830 Dr. Graham was lecturing on temperance, some three years before the first National Temperance Convention was held in this country, and this early advocacy of the good cause made it fitting that he should find shelter in the first temperance house in America, which the



ABBY KELLEY FOSTER.

Marlborough Hotel had the honorable distinction of being. In legislation what characterized this later period was the continued struggle between license and no license. In April, 1838, Massachusetts had passed its famous Fifteen-gallon Law —far more stringent than that of Mississippi (1839), which forbade the selling of liquor in quantities of less than a gallon. In 1840 the Massachusetts statute was repealed, with twelve months' notice. How intense the struggle was, was illustrated that year in Boston by the dissensions in the Hollis Street Church, whose pastor, John Pierpont, was arraigned in July before an ecclesiastical council by a committee of his parish. He was charged with "too busy interference" with prohibitory legislation, with legislation on imprisonment for debt, and with the popular controversy on abolition. He had even shown scruples about the letting of the basement of the church for the storage of liquors. The result of the trial was that the connection existing between him and the parish was then and there dissolved —a milder penalty than that which the courts awarded the Rev. George B. Cheever, of Salem, whose *Deacon Giles's Distillery* cost him a few days' imprisonment. But that was in 1835. What further signalized the year 1840 was the "Washington movement," instituted on April 2 at Chase's Tavern, Baltimore, by six inebriates, for the conversion of drunkards and rum-sellers by moral suasion. Its success did not prevent the subsequent resort to "pledges" and prohibition, but its influence is still visible in the Washingtonian homes which usefully supplement the charities of our large cities.



JOHN PIERPONT.

Like temperance, the woman's rights agitation may be said to have passed its fervid stage of growth. It is the youngest of the isms, and the legitimate offspring of the antislavery movement. In 1836 and 1837 two refined and cultivated South Carolina ladies, Sarah and Angelina Grimké, were giving private parlor addresses to women at the North on the subject of slavery. These conferences were presently attended by men also, and before long pulpits were opened to them by Samuel J. May and others. At the May meeting of the New England Antislavery Society, in 1838, all persons, men or women, were invited to become members, and participate in the proceedings.

As half the slaves were females, this seemed a very rational invitation; but eight orthodox clergymen immediately took their names off the rolls, while the General Association of clergymen in Massachusetts launched a pastoral letter against the speaking of women in public. The division of sentiment on this important question reached a climax at the annual convention of the American Antislavery



ISAAC PITMAN.

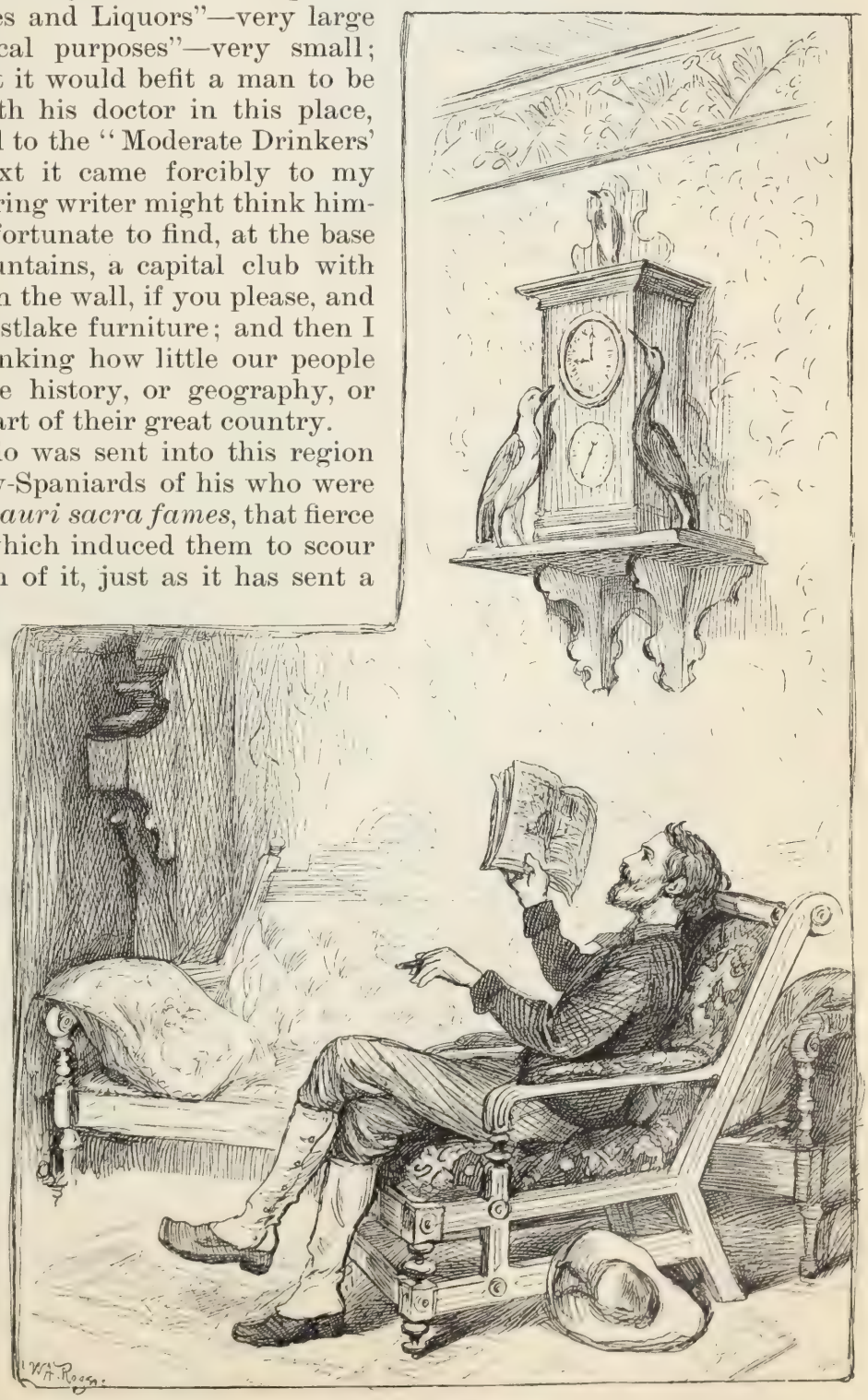
Society in New York in May, 1840. The chairman, Francis Jackson, of Boston, placed on one of the committees Miss Abby Kelley, a well-known lecturer (afterward Mrs. Stephen Foster), and the split then declared itself. Henceforth the "Old Organization" went its way, welcoming without question all who were opposed to slavery, the "New Organization" declining all fellowship with women and infidels. At another time it may be in place to narrate what happened a little later in the same eventful year, when the question of the sexes sitting and acting together for a philanthropic purpose arose in the World's Antislavery Convention in London. The two incidents in the metropolis of the Old and in that of the New World make the year 1840 the proper one from which to date the woman's rights movement, and both markedly show its relation to the antislavery cause.

We stop here, but not because our subject is exhausted. One must turn over the newspapers of the time to realize the character of the period 1835–1845, of which we have dwelt on a few phases. We have not mentioned the societies for the reform of prisons and their inmates, and for the abolition of capital punishment, nor a host of minor traits, like the popular lectures on anatomy, illustrated with manikins, or Professor Gouraud's lectures at the New York Tabernacle on phrenomnemotechny—a new system of mnemonics in ten lessons of one hour each, insuring "a memory of incalculable powers of retention." We have not even alluded to phonography, a name first borne on the title of the second edition of Isaac Pitman's *Stenographic Hand-Book* in January, 1840. What remains to be emphasized, in order to bind all these together into the "spirit of the age," is the interlacing of them. Theodore Parker, as we have seen, could give attention (not necessarily sympathy) to half a dozen causes. Graham, in addition to temperance and dietetics, we find lecturing on the water-cure in 1845. Fowler and Wells thirty years ago advertised as part of their regular list "the works of Gall, Spurzheim, Combe, and Graham, together with all works on phrenology, physiology, and magnetism; also on the water-cure;" and in the same connection the following titles:—*Woman: her Education and Influence; Tobacco: its Use and Abuse; Tea and Coffee; Temperance and Tight Lacing; Phonographic Class-Book and Reader*, etc. Their successors have this year (1879) put forth a translation of Deleuze's *Practical Instruction in Animal Magnetism*. On the other hand, the current list of publications of the New Church Board of Publication, New York, begins with Swedenborg's theological works, and adds what it calls "collateral works," among which we find Ellis's *Family Homœopathy* (!). It is but a few years since the Oneida Community gave up, with an effort almost equivalent to a moral scruple, the use of Graham bread as a staple and orthodox article of socialistic diet. In New England, within twenty years, in certain circles, it has seemed strange that any one who was a homœopathist could be at the same time a Calvinist; and Dr. Holmes's intolerance of homœopathy has been deemed inconsistent with his ardent Unitarianism. This may seem ridiculous, but there is here a nexus between premise and conclusion which is real if not logical. We can not pause to point it out.

THE SHEPHERDS OF COLORADO.

AS I sat, on a summer afternoon, on the balcony of El Paso Club, at Colorado Springs, I found myself inclined to meditation. Before me, and not far away, rose that beautiful Cheyenne Mountain (*Chy-ann*, they call it in the West) of which poor Fitz Hugh Ludlow said: "Its height is several thousand feet less than Pike's, but its contour is so noble and massive that this disadvantage is overlooked. There is a unity of conception in it unsurpassed by any mountain I have ever seen. It is full of living power. In the declining daylight its vast simple surface becomes the broadest mass of blue and purple shadow that ever lay on the easel of nature." I felt that I quite agreed with Mr. Ludlow, even if I failed to put the matter quite so expansively; and then my attention was diverted by a mule team, with the driver lying on his load, and just over it a sign, on which was, "Wines and Liquors"—very large—and, "for medical purposes"—very small; and I thought that it would befit a man to be on good terms with his doctor in this place, even if he belonged to the "Moderate Drinkers' Association." Next it came forcibly to my mind that a wandering writer might think himself exceptionally fortunate to find, at the base of the Rocky Mountains, a capital club with sage-green paper on the wall, if you please, and a gilt dado, and Eastlake furniture; and then I could not help thinking how little our people really know of the history, or geography, or resources, of this part of their great country.

In 1540 Coronado was sent into this region by those old fellow-Spaniards of his who were consumed with the *auri sacra fames*, that fierce hunger for gold, which induced them to scour the earth in search of it, just as it has sent a good many people who are not Spaniards into regions wild and desert. Eighty years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth he was perilously traversing the San Luis Park, and perhaps seeing the Wet Mountain Valley lying, as it does to-day, green and fertile between the two ranges; and he went away disappointed, after all. Then, in 1806, when Mr. Jefferson was President, and Aaron Burr was engaged in his treasonable conspiracy to found a new empire west



EL PASO CLUB ROOM.

of the Alleghanies, General Wilkinson ordered Lieutenant Zebulon Pike, an adventurous and persevering officer of the United States army, to proceed westward, and explore the region between the Missouri and the frontier of Mexico. He left St. Louis on the 24th of June, and camped in the foot-hills at this point on the 25th of November. Now I had made the same journey in 1879, and beaten Pike hollow, for I left St. Louis at 9.15 P.M. on a Thursday, and arrived at the same place as he at 5 P.M. on Saturday, and I would not camp for the world, but was assigned a room by a hotel clerk with eyeglasses. I sympathized with Pike in one thing, however, as must many travellers, including the Englishman who wouldn't jump the three-foot irrigating ditch because he "couldn't tell, by Jove! you know, that the blasted thing wasn't three-quarters of a mile wide." Pike saw the great peak on the 15th of November, when he says that it "appeared like a small blue cloud." On the 17th he "marched at the usual hour, pushed with the idea of arriving at the mountains; but found at night no visible difference in their appearance from yesterday." And on the 25th he again "marched early, with expectation of ascending the mountain, but was only able to camp at its base." Poor Pike! he was modest, for he called it Mexican Mountain, and left others to give it his name; and he was a brave patriot, for, after serving his country faithfully, he laid down his life for her at Toronto in 1813.

Again, in 1843, Fremont, the "Pathfinder"—now living quietly in Arizona as Governor of "the Marvellous Country"—reached the base of this peak, and wrote about it; but still, in the imagination of the average American citizen, it lay beyond the "Great American Desert," as remote as Greenland, as mystical as the Delectable Mountains. Of white men only a few saw it—the scattered trappers and fur traders, camping, perhaps, on the Fontaine, and drinking from the Soda Spring (price nothing per glass), as they passed down from their little forts to winter on the Arkansas; and perhaps it was some of them who gave utterance to the sentiments which a Western poet has paraphrased as follows:

"I'm looking at your lofty head
Away up in the air,
Eight thousand feet above the plain
Where grows the prickly-pear.
A great big thing with ice on,
You seem to be up there.

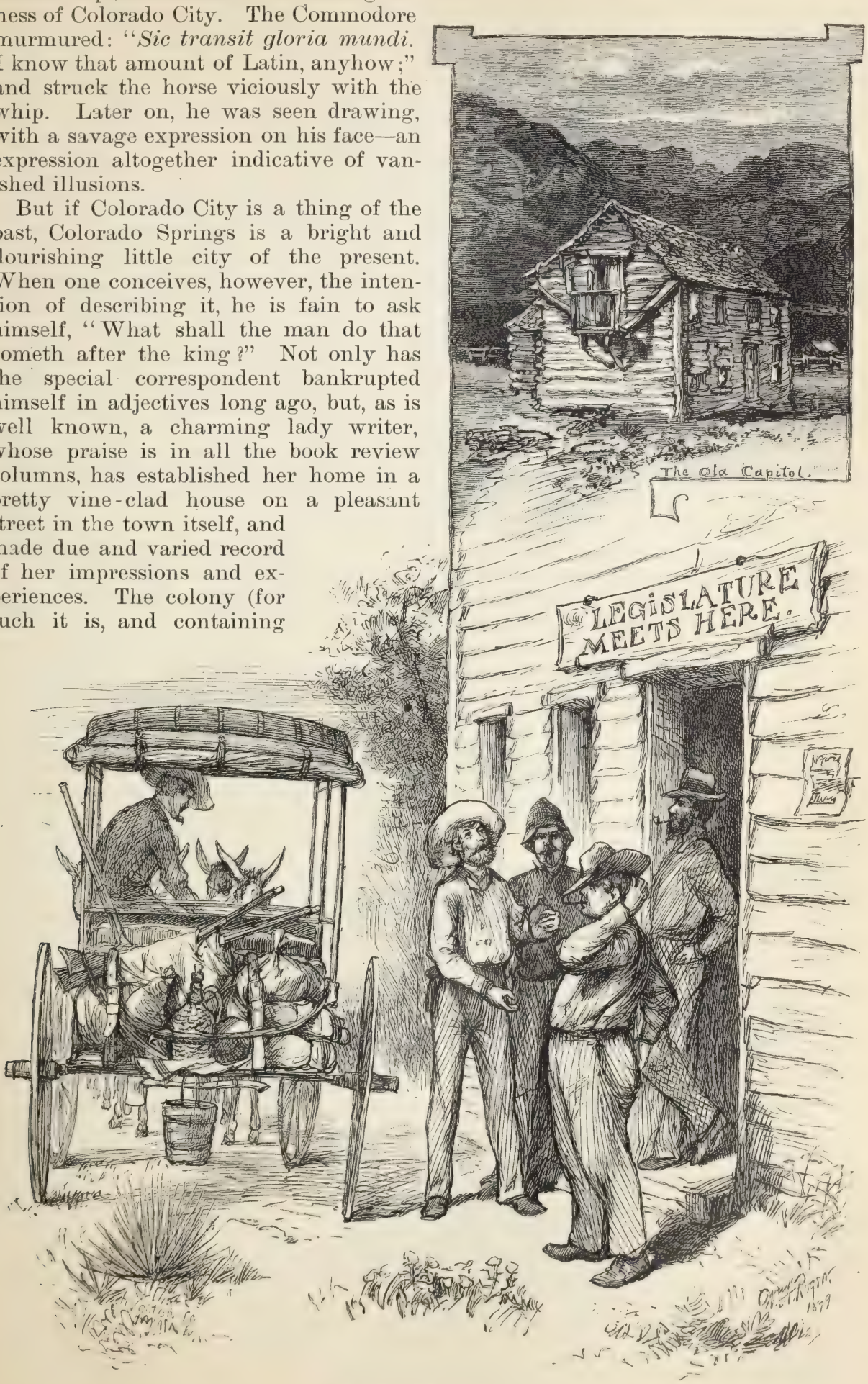
"Away above the timber-line
You lift your frosty head,
Where lightnings are engendered,
And thunder-storms are bred.
But you'd be a bigger tract of land
If you were thin outspread."

It was the "old, old story" which turned the tide of migration in this direction. People probably never wanted gold more than after the panic of 1857, and the reports of its finding here in 1858 caused such a stampede across the plains as has never been equalled, except in early Californian days. Events moved rapidly, and in the winter of 1860–61 a Territorial Legislature, numbering some twenty-five devoted patriots, met at Colorado City, just about where Pike and Fremont had camped. Candor compels one to state that the surroundings were not those of grandeur or pomp; rather of a stern and Spartan simplicity. The State-house is still standing. Tradition states that it contained three rooms; in one the members met, in one they slept, the third contained the bar! In the course of the proceedings a motion was made to transfer the seat of government to Denver. "And we carried our point," said a most entertaining pioneer, with whom it was my good fortune to converse, "because we had the best wagon, and four mules, *and the most whiskey.* In fact," he added, sententiously, "I rather think that we had a kind of a *wagon capital* most of the time in those days."

The Colonel and the Commodore rode into Colorado City from the north one bright moonlight evening, musing on its departed glories. In the pale, glimmering light the rear view of a pretentious brick and adobe building brought faint suggestions of Syria to their minds, and the flat-roofed dwellings of Palestine. The Commodore with a pensive air drew his pencil from his pocket. Alas! another moment dispelled our visions: in this Oriental dwelling they bottle lager-beer; in a wooden building opposite they drink it (largely). I believe that "Hay and Feed" are sold in the ancient Capitol. A young lady, accompanied by a gentleman in a linen duster and wide felt hat, passed in a buggy, and was heard to ask, "Oh, ain't this real pleasant?" and a stray burro, emerging into the road, lifted up his voice in a wail that sounded like a dirge

for the departed statesmen and lost greatness of Colorado City. The Commodore murmured: "*Sic transit gloria mundi.* I know that amount of Latin, anyhow;" and struck the horse viciously with the whip. Later on, he was seen drawing, with a savage expression on his face—an expression altogether indicative of vanished illusions.

But if Colorado City is a thing of the past, Colorado Springs is a bright and flourishing little city of the present. When one conceives, however, the intention of describing it, he is fain to ask himself, "What shall the man do that cometh after the king?" Not only has the special correspondent bankrupted himself in adjectives long ago, but, as is well known, a charming lady writer, whose praise is in all the book review columns, has established her home in a pretty vine-clad house on a pleasant street in the town itself, and made due and varied record of her impressions and experiences. The colony (for such it is, and containing



MOVING THE CAPITAL.



UNDER THE ROSE.

now some 4000 souls) lies on a little narrow-gauge railroad, starting at Denver, running at present to Southern Colorado and San Juan, and destined and confidently expected, say its friends, to establish its ultimate terminal station in one of those "halls of the Montezumas" of which we so often hear. It is a charm of this country that its residents are filled with a large and cheering, if somewhat vague, hopefulness, and there is no doubt that the station agent at Colorado Springs beguiles his leisure, when not selling the honest miner a ticket for El Moro or Alamosa, with roseate visions of dispatching the "City of Mexico Fast Express," and checking luggage for Chihuahua and Guaymas. The little city is undeniably growing, and it has pleasant residences, well-stocked stores, water from the mountains, and a college and gas-works in prospect. An inspection of the forms of deeds of property and of the municipal regulations will satisfy the most skeptical inquirer that the sale of beer, wines, and liquors is most strictly prohibited, unless "for medical purposes," and on the certificate of a physician. Now the Colonel knew that the town was founded by some worthy Pennsylvania Quakers, and he told the Commodore all about these regulations, and how rigid and effective they were; but he regretted to notice a tendency on the part of the latter worthy to disbelieve some of the statements made to him, especially since his visit to Colorado City. He made a remark, common to naval men, about "telling that to the marines," and went out. In a short time he returned, and with a growing cynicism of manner proceeded to demonstrate, with as much mathematical exactness as if working up his longitude or "taking a lunar," that the support of the number of drug stores which he had seen would involve the furnishing to each able-bodied inhabitant of a *per diem* allowance of two average prescriptions, one and one-half tooth-brushes, three glasses of soda (with syrup), five yards of sticking-plaster, and a bottle of perfumery. He also muttered something about this being "too thin." During that evening he was missed from his accustomed haunts, and in the morning placed in the Colonel's hands a sketch which he said was given him by a wicked young man whom he had met in the street. It purported to represent a number of people partaking of beer in a place which bore no resemblance to a druggist's shop; but as the Colonel knew very well that such practices were prohibited in the town, he assured his friend that it must have been taken in some other place.

Colorado Springs it was that killed poor Colorado City, only about three miles to the westward, and all that is left to the latter is the selling of lager-beer in serene lawlessness, while the former is the county town, and has a court-house, and a fine school building of light-colored stone, and a hotel very pleasantly situated in view of the mountains. Down from the Divide comes the Monument Creek, joining, just below the town, the Fontaine qui Bouille, which we shall by-and-by see at Manitou, and away up in the Ute Pass. Along the wide central street or avenue (and what fine names they have!—Cascade, Willamette, Tejon, Nevada, and Huerfano), and up the grade toward the pass and the South Park, go the great canvas-covered four-mule teams, bound, "freighting," for Fairplay, Leadville, and "the Gunnison." But we must go five miles northwest (the Commodore *would* ride his burro Montezuma, and the Colonel positively refused, and took a horse), and climb Austin's Bluffs, and look out. To the north rises the Divide, nearly as high above the sea as Sherman, on the Union Pacific Railroad. Westward the great mountains seem to have taken on thousands of feet in height, and to loom up with added grandeur. Away at the south, whither the course of the Fontaine is marked by the line of cottonwood-trees, are seen the

Sierra Mojada, and on a clear day, the Spanish Peaks: and to the eastward stretch, across two States, and afar to the Missouri, the great "plains."

It was to this pleasant region that the Colonel and the Commodore, after their researches, already chronicled, among the cattle ranches farther south, had come in search of fresh fields and pastures new; and they were not long in discovering that El Paso County was famed for its sheep, and the quality of its wool product. It stretches from a point well over the range, out toward the Kansas line some seventy-two miles, and from the Divide on the north well down toward Pueblo; and there are between 150,000 and 200,000 head of sheep returned as held this year within its borders. Although in many respects the sheep business is less attractive than that of cattle-raising, it deserves attention as an important and growing industry, and it is doing very much for the prosperity of the country. There is, to be sure, something exciting, and, in a sense, romantic, about the steer and his breeding, while the sheep is a quiet and modest animal. One can fancy the broad-hatted "cow-boy" on his fleet horse, and throwing his lasso at full gallop, as feeling himself a kind of Spanish *toreador*, and perhaps imparting a spice of danger into the chase by flaunting a red scarf in the eyes of the lordly bull. The Mexican herder, on the other hand, plods monotonously after his flock, and all the chasing is done by his shepherd dog, while I know of but one man who was ever able to find anything alarming in the nature of this simple animal. This worthy, desiring a supply of mutton for his table, shot one of his neighbor's sheep, and was overtaken by the owner while carrying it away on his shoulder.

"Now I've caught you, you rascal," said he. "What do you mean by shooting my sheep?"

Sternly and grimly replied the accused: "I'll shoot any man's sheep that *tries to bite me!*"

But the gentle sheep does not lack friends and adherents, especially in El Paso County. It may here be stated that between the flock and the herd there is

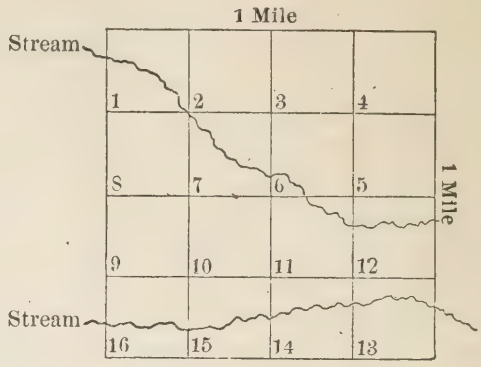


FLOCK ON AUSTIN'S BLUFFS.

an irrepressible conflict. The sheep puts in a mild plaint to the effect that when he is nibbling away at the grass in company with his relations and friends, the steer comes in with a party and "stampedes" him, and sets him running so far away that sometimes he can not find his way back; also that the steer stands a long time in the water, and tramples about there, and makes it so muddy that he (whose cleanly habits are well known) is debarred from drinking. He further deposes that while he stays at home, on his master's range, the steer is a first-class tramp, and roams about, trying to get meals from the neighbors. To this the steer disdainfully replies that no well-bred cattle can associate with such mud-sills as sheep, and that the latter gnaw the grass so close that there would be nothing left for him in any case. It is a clear instance of "incompatibility of temperament," and a separation has generally to be effected.

Sheep are kept in many parts of Colorado, but they have a special hold on this county, and have done a good deal in the way of dispossessing the cattle, the taking up and inclosure of water privileges tending materially to that end. This county affords a favorable opportunity for studying the life and work of the shepherd, for although there may be more sheep in some of the others, the wool from this neighborhood commands a high price, and it is claimed that the growth of grass and weeds here is particularly suitable for food.

The public lands of the United States are divided into two classes—those held at the usual price of $1 25 per acre, and those which lie in sections alternate with railroad lands, and are consequently put at $2 50. It is on the cheaper ones that the prospective sheep-owner wishes to settle, and his first object is to find that one great and important requisite—water. He examines the county map, and finds the public domain laid out in "townships" measuring six miles each way. Each township is divided into thirty-six "sections" of 640 acres each, and these again into "quarter sections" of 160 acres. Of a quarter section the whole, three-quarters, one-half, or one-quarter (the minimum) can be had in one of various ways. The sheep man finds a stream, which we will suppose to run in one of the two courses shown on the diagram, which represents a section of 640 acres. In the case of the lower stream his plan is simple. The law requires that his plots of forty acres each shall touch along one



side, and plots Nos. 13, 14, 15, and 16 will give him 160 acres and a mile of water frontage. In the former case, after taking No. 1, he must take either No. 2 or No. 8 (containing no water) in order to secure Nos. 6 and 7. This land can be had in different ways. In the first place, there are sales held by the government, at which any amount, great or small, down to the minimum, and within the offerings, can be taken by the highest bidder; and portions offered and not sold can be taken subsequently at $1 25 per acre. Next, each man can "preempt" 160 acres, *i. e.*, give notice that he is going to take it up, and receive patent at the end of either six or thirty months, for $1 25 per acre and fees. Next, again, he can occupy 160 acres under the Homestead Law, and having actually lived on it for five years, secure title, paying only fees—a fact which is respectfully commended to the attention of Socialist orators. But there may not be "offered lands" which suit our friend; and although he may have his 320 acres, and be debarred from singing,

> "No foot of land do I possess,
> No dwelling in the wilderness,"

he may require much more, and find no man who wants to sell out to him. Now Uncle Sam gave the soldiers in the civil war the right to 160 acres each, only requiring them to take them up and live thereon five years, from which, up to four years, was deducted the time of their military service. Some of the boys in blue only took up portions, and the Solons at Washington then said that they should not suffer for this, and that "scrip" should issue to each one for the forty, eighty, or 120 acres which he had failed to take

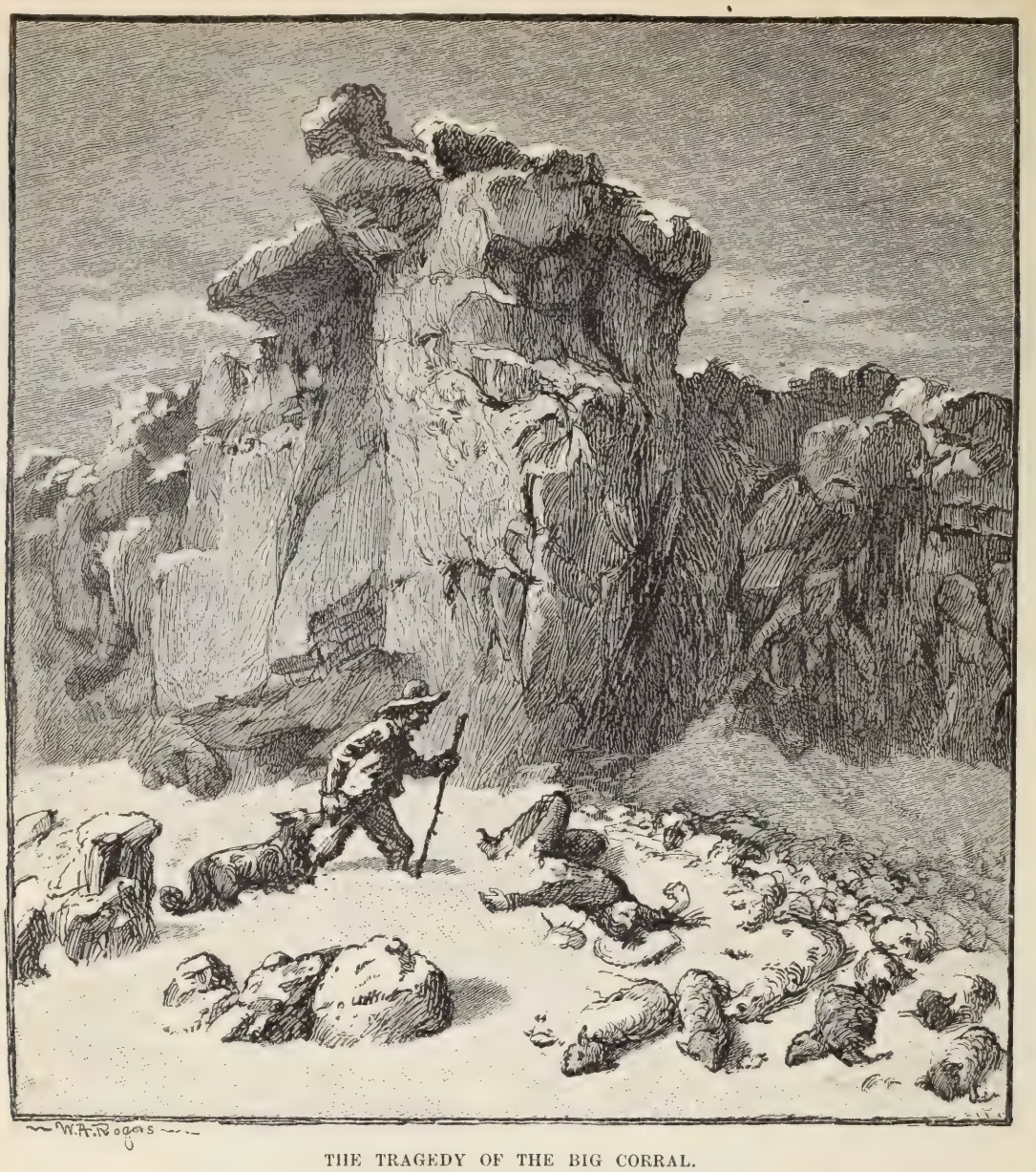


OFF FOR THE RANGE.

up. The beauty of this and other scrip, such as "Louisiana," "Sioux half-breed," etc., is that it can be bought, and the purchaser can locate, in forty-acre parcels, where he pleases. Thus, by paying perhaps at the rate of $3 50 per acre for scrip, our sheep man can secure plots Nos. 11 and 12, and more in that direction, also perhaps a nice spring near by, and, what he most wants, land along another water-course three to five miles away. Between, therefore, his two water frontages his sheep can roam, for no one will take up this waterless tract. Between him and his next neighbor there is a courteous understanding that each shall use half the space. Then up go his wire or post-and-rail fences around the springs; perhaps some more divergent water-courses are secured; and now

> "He is monarch of all he surveys,
> His right there is none to dispute."

Next our shepherd must purchase his sheep; and here come in a good many honest differences of opinion as to the kind which will give the best results. Some will buy cheap "Mexicans," expecting to breed a better quality of lambs, and then dispose of the original purchase. Others affect the California stock, which, of late years, has come into favor in some quarters. The weight of opinion, however, would undoubtedly incline our enterprising young *ranchero* to buy sheep on the spot in good condition, and, what is very important, thoroughly acclimated. His "bucks" (say about three to each hundred ewes) will generally be Merinos. In the autumn, we will say, then, he begins operations under favorable auspices. His cabin is very plainly furnished, and his "corrals," or yards and sheds, properly constructed and in readiness. For feeding in stormy weather he has enough hay safely stored away; and after due care and inquiry, he has secured an experienced and competent herder—better an American. At daylight all hands are called to breakfast, and soon after the bleating flock are moving over the range, and the herder, with his canteen slung over his shoulder, and probably a book in his pocket, has whistled to his shepherd dog and started after them. During the whole day they graze on the short grass, going once to water; and afternoon sees them brought back near to the corrals, in which, later on, they are again confined for the night. Day after day, week after week, month after month, pass in monotonous round; and then the cold weather comes, and the herder puts on a thicker coat, and reads less, and walks about rapidly, and stamps his feet for warmth. And then some day, when he is far away from the ranch, there comes on that dreaded enemy of sheep-raising



THE TRAGEDY OF THE BIG CORRAL.

—a prairie snow-storm. With but little warning the clouds have gathered, and the snow is falling in thick and heavy flakes. The sheep hurriedly huddle together, and no power can make them move. The herder may have had time to get them into a gulch, or under a bank; failing in this, there is nothing for it but to stay with them, sometimes a day and a night, and trust to getting them home when the storm is over. Not far from Colorado Springs is a gulch called the Big Corral, in which more than one thousand sheep were lost a year or two ago, having followed each other up to the brink, and fallen over into the deep snow. Nor did the Mexican herder ever return to tell the tale, for he shared their fate. It is with the snow-storm, indeed, that the dark side of the Colorado shepherd's life is associated, and the great tempest of the spring of 1878 left a sorrowful record behind it. It must be mentioned that sheds are an innovation, that some ranches have none even now, and that before they were built the sheep were exposed, even in the corrals, to the fury of the elements. *Per contra*, it should be said that no such storm as that of March, 1878, has been known since there were any sheep in this part of the country. On this occasion thousands and thousands of sheep perished. The snow was eleven feet deep in the corrals, and sheep were dug out *alive* after being buried for two and even three weeks! Their vitality seems very great, and many perish, not from the pressure of the snow, but from suffocation caused by others falling or crowding upon them. It is asserted that they sometimes, while still buried, work their way down to the grass, and feed thereon. But our shep-

herd has taken care to have plenty of sheds, and he knows, too, that by the doctrine of chances he need not count on such a storm more than once in ten years, and he faces the winter with a stout heart. Whenever it is possible to send the sheep out, the herder takes them, despite the weather; but when that is impossible or indiscreet, they are fed at home.

In May comes "lambing," and the extra hands are busily occupied in taking care of the young lambs. With their mothers, they are separated from the rest of the flock, first in small "bunches," then in larger ones; and in October they are weaned. In June comes shearing—an easy and simple operation; and, if need be, "dipping," or immersing the stock in great troughs containing a solution of tobacco or lime, cures the "scab," and completes the year's programme. Our shepherd sells his wool, counts the increase of his flock after weaning, and if, as is to be hoped, he is a good book-keeper, he sits down and makes up his accounts for the year. It is hard to picture a greater contrast than that which exists between the sheep and the cattle business, the freedom and excitement of the latter bearing about the same relation to the humdrum routine of the former as does the appearance of the great herd of often noble-looking animals widely scattered over the plains, and roaming sometimes for months by themselves, to that of the timid flock bleating in the corral, and frightened at the waving of a piece of white paper. And then to think of the difference between the life of the "cow-puncher" (as he calls himself), riding his spirited horse in the company of his fellows, and that of the herder, on foot and in solitude, is enough to make us wonder how men can be found for the one, while there is the slightest chance of securing the other. And yet there are many such men, and the Colonel and the Commodore saw and talked with them.

It was through the courtesy and kindness of Mr. J. F. Atherton, of Colorado Springs, that we were first enabled to see something for ourselves of the life and operations on sheep ranches. We drove out of the town on a bright morning, and north and east over the prairie. On the front seat sat our guide, philosopher, and friend—a young man of a dry humor, and gifted with a faculty of forcible and incisive expression. Far off in the direction in which we were going rose a high ridge which we must surmount before reaching our destination, and twenty-two miles must be scored off before we could hope for dinner at a small road-side ranch. Had the road been twice as long, the flow of anecdotes from our friend would have made it short enough. First we had a sprightly account of some of the manners and customs of the colony which we had left behind us.

"Temperance town? Not much. If a man wants his beer, all he's got to do is to sign his name in a book, and get a certificate of membership in a beer club, and



SHEARING.

then he's a share-holder—blamed if he ain't—and they can't stop him from drinking his own beer!"

"You've seen old ——, haven't you? Didn't you know that they run him for Senator—just put up a job on him, you know. Blamed if he didn't think he was going to be elected. The boys got a two-wheeled cart, with a little runt of a burro in the shafts, and an everlasting great long pole sticking out in front with a bunch of hay tied to the end. (You see, the burro was just a-reaching out for that



THE PRAIRIE POST-OFFICE.

hay, and that was the only way they could get him to go.) Blamed if the old chap didn't ride round in that outfit, all dressed up in a kind of uniform with gold epaulets, and two fellows behind, one beating a big drum, and the other blowing away at a cornet. He was the worst-looking pill that you ever saw, and dog-goned if he didn't put it up that he was going to be elected *sure*. Well, that night the boys hired a hall; and when he come out to address them, they made such a noise that you couldn't hear a word, and then, in about five minutes, there come a cabbage, and took him alongside of the head, and then eggs, and potatoes, and I don't know what. And when the election come, he had just one blamed vote, and he cast that himself."

"Rain? No; I guess not. But when I was in Pueblo last time—that's the blamedest town, ain't it?—I was caught in a storm, and it turned into hail, and before I got to the hotel, blamed if I didn't turn round three times to see who was throwing stones at me!"

With quaint narrations of this kind, made doubly comical by that manner of telling which the hearer must despair of reproducing, the miles slipped away, until the earth-roofed log-cabin came in sight at which dinner was to be had. At a short distance therefrom we saw the white tents of a party from the United States Geodetic Survey. In one of them we found the cook hard at work baking bread and cake, and engaged him in friendly converse. He informed us that in the matter of pay he came next to the chief, and from the account which he gave of the appetites of the party, we were disposed to think that he was earning his stipend. It may be that it was only because our charioteer judged all occupations by contrast with the hardships of sheep-raising, but we found him inclined to underrate the labors of the surveyors, and he told us that they "had a soft thing."

While we were dining, a man who was sitting near us quietly remarked that he had just lost twelve hundred sheep. With the most perfect nonchalance he went on to say that he and his "pard" had only just come to the country and bought the sheep, that he was driving the wagon, and that his pard, who was behind with the flock, was ill, and lay down, and missed them. To those who know what a showing a body of twelve hundred sheep will make on the plains, this will seem rather like a fish than a sheep story, but it was quite true. Our companions made a show of offering sympathy and advice, but, in confidential converse with us, spoke with a certain lofty disdain of the "tender-feet" (Coloradoan for new-comers), and their efforts to find their lost stock. Nor did they change their tone when the poor man said that he was too tired to search any more, but would pay men to do it for him; and it was left for the Colonel and the Commodore—painfully conscious as they were that, despite their exalted military and naval rank, they were also "tender-feet"—to feel for the sufferers.

Resuming our journey, and after passing a notice of the lost sheep, and a primitive prairie post-office, consisting of a small box on a pole, in which the "cow-punchers'" letters were quite as safe as in any of Uncle Sam's iron receptacles, we met the pard, his long legs dangling on each side of a small broncho, and a calm and happy smile on his face. We made sure that he had found his little flock, and his assurance that he had not seen anything of them elicited the remark from our companions that he "took it mighty easy." It may give some idea of the character and sparse population of this country to mention that these sheep, lost on Thurs-

day night, were found on Sunday, thirty miles away, less some seventy killed by gray wolves and coyotes.

A few hours later, ascending the hill which had loomed up before us all day, we entered a little valley, and came to Mr. Atherton's ranch—a representative one for this region. There were a small cabin, a stable, sheds, a pump at the spring, three corrals connected by "shoots," or



SUPPER WITH THE HERDER.

narrow passages, and a curious swinging gate for throwing the sheep into alternate divisions. A more lonely place it is hard to imagine. The short greenish-yellow grass stretched to the horizon on all four sides, and not even a tree or a shrub was to be seen. Before long a few sheep came in sight, then more, then hundreds, and then the herder, in a long dingy canvas coat, walking with a swinging stride. Smoke, meantime, was coming out of the iron stove-pipe in the cabin roof, and the herder was busy, as soon as the sheep were safe in the corrals, in preparing the supper. The ranchman does not feel inclined to say, with the late Mr. Motley, "Give me the luxuries of life, and I'll dispense with the necessaries." On the other hand, he treats luxuries with a pronounced disdain, but is not without certain comforts. Of the herder's home-made bread and roast mutton, on this particular occasion, no one could complain; nor is "apple-butter" to be altogether despised. *Que voulez-vous?* If you sigh for the flesh-pots of Delmonico, you ought to have staid in New York, or at least gotten into the good graces of the cook of the Survey party. And, after all, these things are a matter of taste and habit. A genial traveller, whose brilliant sketches used often to appear in these pages, remarked to the writer, when engaged in the discussion of a particularly good dinner: "But you know that this formality, this elaborate cooking, these courses, are all barbarism. True civilization is to be found in the Colorado Desert, where one fries his salt pork on a ramrod, and goes his way rejoicing."

We heard rumors of ranch cabins wherein a third room was added to the one in which the occupants eat and sleep and the kitchen; but we saw them not, and were yet content. And after the knife had been duly sharpened on the stove-pipe, and the mutton carved, and the tin porringers of tea served out to all, we cultivated the acquaintance of the herder, and a remarkable character he proved to be. The first words that we heard him speak settled his nationality, for, on being told that the owner of the twelve hundred sheep wanted a man to



MORNING AT THE RANCH.

search for them, he sententiously remarked, "Hi'm 'is 'uckleberry." Then his conversation flowed on in a steady stream:

"I was in the British harmy. Left there? Yes; deserted. Then I was in the United States harmy twice. Used to shoot two or three Indians every day, me and two other good fellers. I didn't have no hard duty. Was the pet of the regiment. Then I was brakeman on a railroad. Oh yes, I have been in all kinds of business. I'm the champion walker for five hundred yards. Lost $700 of my own money on a bet last winter. Leadville? Yes; I've worked in the —— mine. You bet it's the best one there. Lively place? That's so. I used to work all day in the mine, and spar in the theatre at night for twenty dollars per week. You bet they've got the *fattest grave-yard* in the country in Leadville. A pard of mine saw twelve fel-



COUNTING THE SHEEP.

lers dragged out in one night. Been to Hengland lately? Oh yes. Made $1600 in two weeks. Why do I herd sheep at twenty dollars per month? Oh, just for my health. System's kind of run down. I tell you a feller can just make money in this country, but *he's got to have sand.*" (It must be explained that "sand"—one of the happiest and most forcible expressions in the whole vocabulary of Western slang—means dogged resolution, or what we call "grit.")

Neither the Colonel nor the Commodore approves of very early rising, but, the next morning, determining to "assume a virtue if they had it not," they said that it was very pleasant to breakfast at 5.30. Then they saw the sheep run through the shoot to be counted, giving long leaps as they cleared it, and, as soon as the gates of the corral were opened, tumbling over each other as they rushed out to find the grass; and their last sight of the herder, as he stepped off, vividly recalled the atmosphere of Madison Square Garden and the feats of Rowell and O'Leary.

Then again we went to visit the ranch of a resident of Bijou Basin—a pretty valley on the Divide—with a pleasant house in the village, and 8000 sheep in ample corrals just over the first hilly ridge. As we drove into this curious little village it seemed steeped in a sleepy atmosphere most strongly suggestive of Rip Van Winkle. Two stores out of three were closed as we passed them; and when we came back, and found one open, the proprietor rose from his bed to make a small sale. The keeper of the second also reclined on a couch of ease, and the third store—Dick's—remained obstinately closed.

"Blamed if I ever see a day seem so like Sunday," said our cicerone. "If I had to live here, I'd just *bottle up and die.*"

"Dick's got some beer in his shop," charitably suggested the second storekeeper, again gracefully stretched on his counter. "He ain't there a great deal, but he 'most always leaves the key at the blacksmith's."

With a singular unanimity a move was made to the establishment of that artisan, whose sturdy blows on an iron wedge were the first signs of life in the place. Two villagers were watching him; the three new-comers joined them; then three residents came up on horseback, and swelled the throng. The blacksmith had no key, and Dick had gone away. The Colonel and the Commodore felt the somnolent influence coming on them; in common with six other able-bodied men, their sole interest in life seemed to be the completion of that wedge, and only the ring of the hammer saved them from the fate of the sleepers of Ephesus. Suddenly there was a cry, "Dick is coming!" and everything was changed. The blacksmith remarked that he "must wash down that wedge before he made another," and when Dick arrived he took the key from him and opened the door. Then some-



THE SLEEPY STORE-KEEPER OF BIJOU BASIN.

body said "Beer," and the majority of the residents of Bijou Basin held a town-meeting in the store: Dick's coming, like that of the prince in the tale of the *Sleeping Beauty*, had completely broken the spell.

After a talk with our new host, and an inspection of his flocks and corrals and some of the operations in progress, we concluded that no better place could be found than Bijou Basin (where, as an exceptional thing, the family home has replaced the cabin, and the school-house is close to the ranch) wherein to rest a while, and carefully compile some figures, which the reader, unless he intends becoming a shepherd, can readily skip. They apply to the case of a man with capital, coming out, not to take up or preempt land, but to buy a ranch ready to his hand.

Such a one, capable of accommodating 5000 head of sheep, could be had, say, for $4000, comprising at least three claims three to five miles apart, also proper cabins, corrals, etc. A flock of 2000 assorted ewes, two to three years old, should be bought at an average of $3 each, say $6000; and 60 bucks at an average of $30, or $1800. A pair of mules and a saddle-horse will cost $275; and we allow for working capital $1925. Capital invested, say, October 1, $14,000.

Under ordinarily favorable circumstances, and with great care, one may expect during May his lambs, and estimate that there will be alive of them at time of weaning a number equal to seventy-five per cent. of his ewes, or, say, 1500, on the 1st of October, a year from time of beginning operations.

His gross increase of values and receipts will then be, for that year, as follows:

1500 lambs (average one-half ewes, one-half wethers), at $2 each			$3000 00
In June he will shear his wool, and get from:			
2000 ewes, 5 pounds each, or 10,000 pounds, at 21 cents	$2100 00		
60 bucks, 17 pounds each, or 1000 pounds, at 15 cents	150 00		2250 00
			$5250 00
Expenses:			
Herders, teamsters, cook, and provisions	$1835 00		
Shearing 2060 sheep, at 6 cents	123 60		
Hay and grain	275 00		
	$2233 60		
Losses (all estimated as made up, in money):			
Ewes, 4 per cent. on $6000	$240 00		
Bucks, 5 per cent. on $1800	90 00	330 00	
Depreciation:			
On bucks, 5 per cent. on $1800		90 00	2653 60
Net profits for first year			$2596 40

SECOND YEAR.

The 1500 lambs will be a year older, and worth an additional 15 per cent. (or 15 per cent. on $3000)			$450 00
1500 new lambs will be worth, as before			3000 00
And there will be of wool from			
2000 sheep, 5 pounds each, or 10,000 pounds, at 21 cents	$2100 00		
1500 lambs, 4 pounds each, or 6000 pounds, at 21 cents	1260 00		
60 bucks, 17 pounds each, or 1000 pounds, at 15 cents	150 00		3510 00
			$6960 00
Expenses:			
Herders, etc	$2060 00		
Shearing 3560 sheep, at 6 cents	213 60		
Hay and grain	350 00		
	$2623 60		
Losses:			
On ewes, 4 per cent. on $6000	$240 00		
On bucks, 5 per cent. on $1800	90 00		
On lambs, 7 per cent. on $3000	210 00	540 00	
Depreciation:			
On ewes, 5 per cent. on $6000	$300 00		
On bucks, 5 per cent. on $1800	90 00	390 00	3553 60
Net profits for second year			$3406 40

THIRD YEAR.

The second year's lambs will be worth an additional 15 per cent., or, say (15 per cent. on $3000).	$450 00
There will be 1500 lambs from original 2000 ewes, and, say, from new 750 ewes (one-half of 1500), not more than 60 per cent. in first lambing, or, say, 450—in all, 1950 lambs, at $2 ...	3900 00

Wool will be:			
From 3500 ewes, 5½ pounds each, or 19,250 pounds, at 21 cents		$4042 50	
From 1950 lambs, 4 pounds each, or 7800 pounds, at 21 cents		1638 00	
From 60 bucks, 17 pounds each, or 1000 pounds, at 15 cents		150 00	5830 50
			$10,180 50
Expenses:			
Herders and fodder		$2970 00	
Shearing 5510 sheep, at 6 cents		330 60	
New corrals, etc		300 00	
		$3600 60	
Losses:			
On ewes, 4 per cent. on $6000	$240 00		
On new sheep, 4 per cent. on $4500	180 00		
On lambs, 7 per cent. on $3000	210 00		
On bucks, 5 per cent. on $1800	90 00	720 00	
Depreciation:			
On old ewes, 10 per cent. on $6000	$600 00		
On bucks, 20 per cent. on $1800	360 00	960 00	5280 60
Net profits for third year			$4899 90

RECAPITULATION.

First year's profits	$2596 40
Second year's profits	3406 40
Third year's profits	4899 90
Total	$10,902 70

This statement would probably meet with scant favor from an "old-timer," who would confidently assert that he can "run" a flock of 5000 sheep, year in and year out, at an average cost of fifty cents per head. Such a one (and there are many of them) has perhaps lived twenty years in this part of the country, and tried many kinds of business. He is deeply attached to the soil, and knows no other home. He has spent years and years, it may be, in the mountains, prospecting and mining, and while he may like a soft bed and a tight roof and a good dinner as well as his neighbor, there have been epochs in his life when they, or any one of them, would be no nearer his reach than the joys of a Mohammedan paradise, and "he counteth none of these things dear" when his mind is set on the accomplishment of any object. When this man takes up the business of sheep-raising, he is in dead earnest. At the beginning, at least, he knows nothing, thinks of nothing, but sheep; lives among them, studies and masters every detail of their management, and institutes a rigid and searching economy. He will have good sheep, good corrals, and probably good sheds; but he will care little for comforts in his cabin, and it is well known that one of the most successful sheep men in this region began by living in a *cave* in the bluffs near Colorado Springs. To loneliness the old-timer is a stranger, and very possibly early habits have made him prefer a solitary life. His herder will most assuredly give good value for his wages, and will do exactly as he is told, and know that the master's eye is on him.

"Yes, he was a good herder, when he wanted to be," remarked an old-timer, "but he liked to be boss, and so did I, and there couldn't very well be two."

His pencil would be busy with the foregoing estimates, and if such as he were the only ones to engage in the business, then indeed might they be modified.

On the other hand, we will suppose the case of the young man in the East whose health will, he thinks, be improved by a residence in Colorado, or who fairly believes himself inclined and suited to face a life on the plains, "with all that that implies." This ideal personage, *if* (and that word must be italicized in mind as well as on paper) he is wise, and wisely advised, will come out on a preliminary visit. He will live for some time on a ranch, and make up his mind how the life and the business will suit him; also, if an invalid, will he most carefully, and with good medical advice to aid him, notice the effect on his health. He will not underrate the monotony of the existence, the isolation, the dead level of the year's progress; and unless he be exceptionally constituted, small blame to him if he invite his hosts to a good dinner, propose their very good health and overflowing prosperity, bid them good-by, shake off the dust of his feet on sheep ranches,

and betake himself either to some other avocation in Colorado, or to the nearest railway station where he can catch the Eastern express. But, perhaps, wisely counting the cost, he remains until he has thoroughly learned the business, then leases before he buys, and then launches boldly out as a full-fledged shepherd. It will not be necessary to recall to him or his kind the old, old truth, the cardinal axiom, that there is no royal road to business success of any sort; and that in Colorado, just as in New York, or London, or Calcutta, or Constantinople, there is no hope for him without economy and industry and strict personal attention, and that, even with them, the fates may be sometimes against him.

To such a one, then, are these figures respectfully submitted, showing returns of something like twenty-five per centum per annum. Comparing them with those previously given in these pages about cattle, he sees that the latter promise him larger but more tardy returns, while the former show smaller requirements in the way of adequate capital, and his wool is a yearly cash asset. As regards variety and attractiveness, and in any æsthetic sense, the poor sheep must clearly go to the wall in the comparison, and the steer be elected to the place of honor "by a large majority."

It may here be properly remarked that good men can almost always find employment as subordinates, and ought to learn the business quickly, and perhaps do well for themselves.

"I wanted a man to herd sheep," said, for instance, an old-timer in the hearing of the writer, "and I met one coming out of Pueblo. He said that he would like to work for me. 'Look here,' said I, 'I won't pay you any wages, but I'll give you 250 lambs, which you must herd as part of mine.' He agreed to that, and worked for me three years and a half, and until he had to go away and be married, and then I bought him out. The wool had paid all expenses, and he had $2250 coming to him in cash."

Nor would it be impossible for a hard-working man, with a very much smaller sum at his command than that assumed in the figures, to purchase a few sheep and make a beginning for himself; but, with the gradual absorption of the streams and springs, this is becoming daily more difficult.

For the Colonel and the Commodore there was small need to conjure up ideal shepherds, for they found them in El Paso County in every conceivable variety, and heard most entertaining and veracious narratives of their manners and experiences. Successful old-timers, enjoying the results of their past labors, and clad in the sober garb of civilization, laid down the law over social cigars, while youthful beginners, with doubtful prospects, sported hats with an enormous breadth of brim, and seemed to delight in garments of dubious cut and texture and extreme antiquity. In this connection, indeed, there is room for a homily, for it may surely be said that in a new country the incomers who have enjoyed the blessings of an advanced civilization in their former homes owe it to themselves to do all in their power to translate said blessings to their adopted residence. And so, when water has come, and gas is coming to the county town of El Paso, it would be well for youthful *rancheros* to cease emulating the attire of Buffalo Bill, and make the acquaintance, when they come thither, of a tailor and a boot-black. One of two gentlemen from the Eastern States, visiting Colorado Springs, and calling upon a lady to whom the *convenances* of life were traditionally dear, apologized for the absence of his companion, whose clothes suitable for such an occasion had been delayed by the expressman.

"Only hear that!" she delightedly cried. "Why, I have been meeting the sons of dukes and earls, with their pantaloons tucked in their boots." To which the very natural reply was: "So much the worse for the sons of dukes and earls. They would not presume on such liberties in their own country, and it is high time that they were effectually taught that they shall not take them here." Indeed, there are features of the curious irruption into Colorado of scions of the nobility and aristocracy of Great Britain which are extremely interesting and amusing, and which may justly claim future attention; but at present it may simply be remarked that sheep have no regard for noble birth, and that Piccadilly seems to furnish an inadequate preparation for a successful ranchman.

Then before our observant eyes there passed other figures and faces—two gentlemen from New England, in from a distant ranch; one, after some months' hard

work, to *desipere in loco* at Manitou, another to drive sheep to Las Vegas, in New Mexico, at the rate of *ten miles* per day, through the sage-brush! Next came an Englishman bearing the name of a noble family—a university man of remarkable culture, and manners befitting his birth and education, but in garb and general appearance a veritable figure of fun. Learning that after abandoning a sheep ranch of special squalor, where he had toiled to little purpose, he had been engaged for four months in driving horses up from Texas in company with some Mexican herders, a gentleman engaged him in friendly converse, and finally asked point-blank what possessed him to lead such a life. With great gentleness and courtesy he replied that he was one of Matthew Arnold's "Philistines." And thus the procession went on.

We were indebted at the last to a very lively and outspoken resident for some illustrations, given us "in dialect," of the unfavorable side of the shepherd's existence. His experience of men had not been an agreeable one, and an officer of the law appeared with unpleasant frequency at the end of the vistas of ranch life which he portrayed; but the shepherd of Colorado is not the only man who finds fatal enemies in whiskey and cards, extravagance, inattention and laziness, and stupidity.

"Didn't you never hear of ——?" asked our friend. "He was the worst pill you ever see. High-toned Englishman; always 'blasting this bloody country, you know.' Come here with $50,000; went away owing $20,000. How is that for high? Blamed if he cared what he paid for anything! Offer him a horse worth $40, and charge him $150, and he'd give you a check. You bet he lived high; always set up the drinks. Didn't take long to bust *him*. He didn't care what he paid for his sheep. Had 2500 of them, and you used to see thirty or forty Englishmen loafing on him. You bet he didn't have the trouble of selling them sheep. *Sheriff did that for him.*"

"Then there was —— ——. He just put on heaps of style. Flew high, you know—regular *tony*. He started in with 600 sheep—just think of that; wouldn't pay for his cigars. He used to come into town in great style—four horses to his buggy. Then he come down to three; then two; then one. Then he had none, and had to stay on the ranch. Sheriff sold him up sharp. Then he kept a billiard saloon. You bet he busted on that, because, you see, he used to play with the boys, and always got beat. Then he was a-going about the streets, just everlastingly played out; and the last I see of him he was a kind of rostabout, or dish-washer, to a camping outfit. *Wouldn't that just get some of his high-toned relations up on their ear?*"



MILOR IN FLUSH TIMES.

We thought that it undoubtedly would, and we thought, too, with a certain wonder, of the habit of some parents and friends of sending young men to this country who are either *mauvais sujets*, and better out of their sight, or incapacitated for competition with the keen souls whom they must meet, and then letting them shift for themselves.

But, like the recent writer on Colorado

in an English magazine, we are giving "the dark side of a bright picture;" and it was only with kindly and pleasant impressions and memories of the gentle shepherds of the plains that the Colonel and the Commodore bade them good-by, and turned their steps toward the grim cañons and lofty mountains holding in their remote fastnesses those silver and golden treasures for which most of the dwellers in this land so eagerly strive. They are kindly and hospitable, these lonely ranchmen, and no one goes hungry from their doors, or lacks a sheep-skin on which to sleep; nor are the lighter graces altogether neglected. We had heard much from one of our friends, the proprietor of a large and successful ranch, of the extraordinary gifts and quaint peculiarities of his *chef de cuisine*, and had the honor of making the acquaintance of this gentleman. His appearance suggested the Wild Hunt of Lutzow rather than the surroundings of a peaceful kitchen; but we were bound to credit his assertion that if we "would come out to the ranch he would treat us kindly. You bet he could cook. He was just *on it*." This worthy had run through his cash, and desired to negotiate a small loan. This being effected, he proceeded to invest the funds in a bouquet, which with great courtesy and gravity he presented to his "boss" just before he galloped off. We had understood that he resembled the person of whom Mr. Harte says,

> "He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
> And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town;"

and we therefore made record of this little incident as truly pastoral.

And so, as we looked back from the Ute Pass over the plains dotted with ranches away out to Kansas, the lovely lights and shadows were altogether suggestive of the vicissitudes of their occupants' career; and as an abrupt turn shut them out, we recalled admiringly the herder's epigrammatic saying: "A man can make a lot of money in the sheep business, but *he's just got to have* SAND!"



FINIS.

THE OLD WOMAN WITH A BAG.

I.

"SHE is mad!"

"She is certainly a little cracked."

"Perhaps she is only eccentric."

"Who knows anything about her here in Naples?"

"Nobody. She pays her bills with punctuality, I am told, receives no letters, and speaks only English."

The ladies seated at the breakfast table thus discussed a fellow-boarder in the pension, with an interchange of confidential nods and smiles, varying from compassionate to mysterious, according to the individual character of the speaker.

"She must be a great traveller," pursued the Swiss lady, dropping another piece of sugar into her coffee. "Herr Wolff says he has met her on the quay at Trieste, and the Promenade at Nice."

"Yes, and Captain Thornton has seen her on Regent Street, in London, as well as on the Champs Élysées, at Paris," added the English governess, sipping her tea.

"She appears to be always seeking somebody," mused the American, nibbling her buttered roll.

"Good-morning, ladies," said a sharp, thin voice.

The object of speculative curiosity stood behind them. Had she overheard their comments? The ladies blushed, bent over their plates, and began to discuss with nervous volubility a plan for making an excursion to Pompeii on that day.

An old woman had entered the *salle à manger*, and taken her seat at the table. She was small, and bent in figure, but active in movement. She resembled an antiquated doll laid aside many years after the death of a child to whom it had once been precious. A wintry red tint still bloomed in her cheek, like the permanent hue of all doll ladies; her eyes were blue and round; a flaxen curl depended on either side of her face, beneath a frilled cap and black bonnet of serviceable size and shape. Her costume never varied. It consisted of a gown of changeable silk, faded to the hue of autumn leaves, guiltless of modern draping, while indicating the presence of crinoline and bustle, and a quaint little mantle bordered with English lace. She carried on her arm a bag curiously wrought with threads of tarnished silver, which bore the same relationship to the dainty Viennese fabrications in perfumed leather of our day that the owner did to a fashionable lady of the Boulevards, or the Fifth Avenue. The behavior of this quaint little creature was no less odd than her appearance. She roamed through the most crowded streets of the cities she visited, peering intently into the faces of those she met *en route;* she searched the features of the hurrying throngs, sometimes pausing to gaze after a person who had attracted her interest, or accosting a young man, demanding to know his name, with a certain weird solemnity of manner. The small bent form in the faded silk gown and mantle, the black poke-bonnet, and bag on the arm, flitted everywhere. She had haunted the choir of St. Peter's at Rome, and the galleries of the Vatican; she might have also been seen occupying a box at the most popular theatre, or at a mask ball. The music, the lights, the revelry, did not touch her, since her face was turned invariably toward the audience, seeking something or somebody with that restless gaze. At times she inspired sympathy. In a multitude other eyes turned to the right and left with vague disquiet, seeking what she sought. Now she had reached Naples. She had vouchsafed the explanation of her conduct to a chosen few in the pension, but her recital was marred by discrepancies, abrupt pauses, and secretiveness of actual purpose, which persuaded the listeners of an unsound intellect. She was a native of Wales, and sought a missing friend. Her usual formula of speech was this: "*I heard a voice from the sea bidding me go forth and search: I have obeyed.*"

Such eccentric figures occasionally flit along the highway of European travel, emanating from secluded German homes, from remote Russian provinces, from rural England and America, with a certain resemblance, if only in an aspect of habitual surprise at having emerged from tranquillity into the bright, noisy world.

A constrained silence followed the advent of the old lady at the breakfast table. Had she heard anything? She regarded her companions with a quick glance, and a certain bird-like motion of the head habitual with her. Suddenly she said, "I should like to visit Pompeii also."

The other pensioners exchanged a glance of dismay, and murmured that they should be glad of her company.

"Many strangers go there daily?" she

pursued, interrogatively. "I might find *him* among them. He has been in Naples. His name is Chiswell, but possibly he would lie about it."

"If we can be of service in the search—" began the English governess.

"Thanks; you would only frighten him," returned the old lady, mysteriously, with the aspect of a child fearful of disturbing the robin which has alighted on a bush. "I hear a voice from the sea day and night, sounding in my ear like a shell. You can not be expected to heed its meaning."

"She is certainly cracked," whispered the American to her Swiss neighbor.

The English governess rose and came to the side of the eccentric stranger.

"Can nothing be done?" she suggested, gently. "Tell me more about the object of your interest."

"I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, madam," said the old lady, primly, her blue eye roving absently toward the window. Then she quitted her chair, adjusted the silk bag on her arm, arranged the strings of her black bonnet, and announced: "I am ready to go."

Soon the party of tourists from the pension emerged on the Corso Victor Emanuel. The morning was clear and cold, the city was outspread below, and the bay sparkled in the sunshine. The tramontano wind swept the dust through the streets, where life in every phase of tumult and noise also eddied, while the islands of Capri and Ischia bloomed with soft tints of blue and purple.

The English governess, despite her recent rebuff at the breakfast table, assisted the old lady into the train, after having bought her ticket. The latter submitted affably to these attentions, with that helplessness peculiar to waifs of travel. The party occupied a saloon carriage, which afforded a view of the bay on one side and the bleak volcanic country on the other, stretching to the base of Vesuvius. The old lady sat bolt-upright in her place, with no other evidence of interest in her surroundings than an expression of intense watchfulness. She might have been the evil fairy who appeared unbidden at the christening of the infant prince, awaiting her turn in malicious silence to bestow a magic gift. When the train paused, she peered out at the group of ragged sailors and dirty boys at the dépôt without comment.

"Torre del Greco," announced the English governess.

The train was again slackening speed, before a second group of expectant natives gathered at the town mentioned. At the moment of the arrival of the train, a tall man, with a broad hat half shielding his face, disengaged himself from the crowd, and disappeared in a narrow street leading up to the town. The old lady in the saloon carriage rose, uttered a little cry, and darted out. Her black bonnet was visible amidst the throng on the platform for a second, then also vanished in the gloom of the dark alley, just as the train moved on again. Her recent companions, startled and dismayed, gazed at each other in silence.

"Possibly we should follow her," faltered the English governess.

"Too late," said the Swiss lady, decisively.

"Oh, why do relatives permit such old ladies to travel alone!" exclaimed the American.

Travellers learn to attend to their own affairs. The party of tourists from the Neapolitan pension, mentally consigning their late companion to the care of Providence, pursued their way to Pompeii.

In the mean while the little old woman had escaped from the loungers at the dépôt only to become ingulfed in a regiment of soldiers marching down the hill. No obstacle daunted her, however. She had seen that tall form with the careless ease of carriage, the face half concealed by the broad hat of the man who had turned away disdainfully rather than gape at the train, with the coral fishers and macaroni venders of the port. He had disappeared; she followed. The soldiers came down the narrow street, enveloped in a cloud of dust; but when they had passed, the little old woman with a bag was visible struggling up the acclivity beyond. Her blue eyes, more round than usual, were fixed on the distance; her feet slipped on the damp stones; on either side crumbling walls towered above her head; a brimming gutter flowed down the centre of this thoroughfare.

It was a fête-day at Torre del Greco. The market-place was heaped with pyramids of silvery fish, fruit and vegetables, and strings of macaroni; troops of slipshod women came and went, bartering and buying, mingling their shrill clamor with the song of venders, the drum and

fife of peep-shows, and the strains of a barrel-organ on the corner. A dusky boy, with a basket of mandarin oranges on his arm, skipped before the old lady, brandishing his wares, and scrutinizing her with the curiosity only to be found in the glittering eyes of a Neapolitan *gamin*. A party of masqueraders, attired in cotton velvet, plumes, and tinsel, involved her in the mazes of their dance. She escaped all dangers, as if by a miracle, possibly because of her very unconsciousness of them.

A man was just vanishing into the church. She climbed the steps rapidly and lightly.

"I am sure it is he," she murmured, gazing back in a dazed fashion at the skipping mandarin boy, the masqueraders, the tumult of life and color in the market-place.

Then the heavy curtain of the church door fell, and she had also disappeared.

II.

Anina had awakened that morning as blithe as a bird. It was a fête-day at Torre del Greco. It was also the birthday of her little Nanno, who was two years old. Care sat lightly on her own eighteen years; she was wife, mother, matron if you will, and yet she laughed and sang while performing her humble tasks. Poverty, bitter, dolorous poverty, was also her portion, which did not prevent her from sitting outside the door all day long in the sunshine, knitting, and playing with the sturdy Nanno, herself scarcely less a child.

A pretty Anina, with dishevelled tresses, a ragged yellow petticoat, a bodice half laced, and old slippers on her feet, prepared the cup of morning coffee for her husband the artist, reserving for herself the more frugal fare of a crust of bread and a raw onion.

An hour later, a resplendent Anina, in holiday attire, a pink kerchief knotted about her neck, also encircled with strings of coral and gold beads, great burnished ear-rings in her ears, and her lustrous hair braided in a massive coronet about her stately head, again entered the studio, leading the baby Nanno by the hand.

"Kiss Nanno on his birthday," she cried, gayly. "Have you no gift for him?"

"None," said the artist.

Anina pouted, frowned, and glanced about the room. On the walls were sketches, glimpses of coast scenery, vineyards, and studies of herself. Anina danced, mused, laughed, wept, in those portraits; she drifted in a boat beneath the shadow of Sorrento gardens, or knelt at a road-side shrine.

"Poverino!" she finally ejaculated, drawing Nanno to her side. "Will none of the rich forestieri buy these pictures to give us bread?"

"Not if we starved!" muttered the artist in his beard, poising his brush, freshly charged with color. Then he laughed the bitter laugh of an unsuccessful man, wounded and weary in the strife.

"Come to the festa, then," said Anina, her brow clearing. "I will pray the Madonna to send Nanno a gift."

Their story was not unusual. One day the artist had landed on the island of Capri, shaking from his shoes the dust of a larger world. Anina was the grandchild of the old woman where he lodged. The grandmother was cross; Anina wept when she came to serve as model to the Signor Inglese. He consoled her, and no woman understands better than the daughter of Capri, subtle in her ignorance and simplicity, how to manipulate such masculine sympathy. The grandmother married Anina to the foreign gentleman. For the rest, the bride was satisfied. Tears were shed now only when the husband attempted to teach her to read or write. She could have wished, also, that he danced the tarantella like the more congenial fisher-lads of her island home. A whim had led the artist to quit Capri and dwell at Torre del Greco. Anina had followed without complaint, in the wild hope of one day visiting the city of Naples.

The artist threw aside his palette petulantly, and turned the key in his studio. The family party emerged together from the villa above Torre del Greco. A stranger might have considered them an ill-assorted pair. The artist was a tall and handsome man, fair as a Goth, with blonde beard and hair. Anina, beaming and rosy, with the brilliant sunshine smiting sparkles of color from her gold ornaments and raiment, glanced askance at him, and chirped at Nanno, as a less reserved companion.

The house which they inhabited was a low stone structure, colored a creamy red, with a flight of steps leading up outside to the terrace and studio, and dark

chambers below, with empty hearth and cavernous arched doorway. In front stretched the wide expanse of sea, with the encircling mountains beyond Castellamare, and the dilapidated town of Torre del Greco sloping down the hill. Behind the house lava fields, gray and sombre, stretched to the flank of Vesuvius, which loomed majestic and terrible above the town, as if ever threatening destruction from its propinquity. A few pine-trees bordered the path: great cacti clambered over the boundary walls.

The artist mingled with the crowd of the market-place. Anina entered the church by a side door with Nanno. Mother and child were equally tempted by the gay scene without, but Anina resisted the peep-show and music sufficiently long to present two-year-old Nanno before a favorite shrine of Our Lady. The artist turned aside from the market-place speedily, with a keen sense of humiliation at his poverty. Not a spare soldo to buy a birthday gift for Nanno. He walked down to the railway entirely without purpose; then retraced his steps, glanced into the church, and, by an odd impulse, passed out of a side door of the sacred edifice to seek the post-office. If he should receive a letter on Nanno's birthday containing an order for a picture, or a legacy! The post-office is the lottery of the destitute.

Anina had found the church deserted. Incense still floated about the altars, where the tapers had been extinguished. A little acolyte, in purple robe, crossed the nave carrying a candlestick, and disappeared with the dull reverberations of closing doors awakening the echoes. Anina having made the sign of the cross on the forehead of obedient Nanno with holy water from the shell on the wall, knelt at the first side altar. A quaint little old woman entered, and began to flit about the church after the manner of eccentric foreigners. She disappeared behind the high altar; she opened the sacristy door; she even peeped behind the green curtain of the confessional, as if suspecting somebody besides the priest of lurking there. Anina and Nanno stared at her with all the power of their black eyes. Finally she went away.

Never was young mother more conscientious. Anina paused to pray at each altar in turn. Baby Nanno was becoming bored. He whimpered and yawned as he followed his mother to the shrine of Our Lady. Here the image of the Madonna, in blue robes and wearing a tinsel crown, the lamps, the artificial flowers, attracted him for a moment. Then he crawled down the steps. Soon Anina felt her skirt pulled. Baby Nanno had found a prize on the pavement. It was a bag of embroidered silk, with one of the ribbons which served as a handle broken.

Instinct led Anina to conceal the bag in her pocket and continue her devotions. Curiosity drew her outside the door to investigate the contents in the church vestibule. The bag held a pocket-handkerchief and a snuff-box. In the bottom was a card bearing this name on the face of it:

MISS DOROTHEA LEGGAT.
THE LODGE.

On the reverse was written in pencil:

MR. ARTHUR CHISWELL.

Anina could spell out the last name, because it was a familiar one. She recognized the name of her own husband.

Suddenly a little figure darted toward her, two nervous claws of hands snatched the bag, and a voice cried, in English: "A thief! My bag! Caught in the very act!"

Anina beheld before her the same little old woman who had flitted about the church half an hour ago. She recoiled with a faint cry, still holding the card, while the stranger, trembling with excitement, turned the bag, and seemed unable to satisfy herself of its safety.

"Young woman, give me the card," she said at length.

Anina shook her head, flushed with anger, and pointed to the name of Arthur Chiswell.

Miss Dorothea Leggat reflected, and rubbed her nose with an aspect of restored good humor. Anina's heavy brows met in a black frown of doubt and suspicion.

"Eh? The name is Arthur Chiswell. Do you happen to know him?" inquired the old lady, in English.

"I am Arthur Chiswell," said a voice behind them.

The artist had returned for his family. Miss Dorothea turned, and they looked at each other in mutual recognition. The old lady was dumb. Arthur Chiswell had at last come behind her unobserved.



"SHE THRUST IT INTO ARTHUR CHISWELL'S PALM."

"Miss Dorothea Leggat, of Amroth, Begelly," exclaimed the artist, and held out his hand.

The emotions of age are not demonstrative. One of the rare frosty tears of seventy-five dimmed Miss Dorothea's blue eyes as she stretched forth her tremulous fingers to meet his clasp.

"Oh, my dear, I have sought you for two years," she gasped. "Why have you concealed yourself? I heard a voice from the sea—your father's voice—bidding me find you, after brother Godfrey's death. I have visited every capital of Europe, I have advertised, I have looked at each face in passing. Ah, I was sure God would let me find you at last."

"What am I to you?" demanded Arthur Chiswell, in a tone of stern gravity.

"Much! Everything! Take me to your home," she retorted, eagerly.

The artist gave her his arm, and they sought the red villa above the town. Anina snatched up Nanno, and followed. She had been treated like a thief, and the bag snatched from her hand. A storm of jealousy and tears swept over her spirit. Nanno wailed in vague sympathy.

Arrived at the studio, Arthur Chiswell gave the old lady a chair, and seated himself opposite. Anina followed defiantly, and stood leaning against the wall, still clasping Nanno to her breast. Her tears had been quenched by the most lively interest in the visitor. Nanno ceased to whimper, and stared with large eyes at the black bonnet of Miss Dorothea. She had come to buy a picture, doubtless. Possibly she wished her portrait painted. Anina reflected with unconscious sarcasm, secure in her own rich beauty, and ready to forgive the recent affront of having been mistaken for a thief in the church vestibule.

Miss Dorothea took from her pocket a little case containing scissors and thimble. Imagine the astonishment of her companions when she turned the silk bag, ripped with the scissors a space in the blue lining, and drew forth a thin slip of paper. The slip of paper was a draft on the Bank of England for two thousand pounds. She thrust it into Arthur Chiswell's palm in feverish haste.

"Your mother's dowry," she whispered. "I have carried it concealed in the lining of my bag. No one suspected. No time need be lost in restitution when I found you."

Anina understood by intuition. Her eyes sparkled; she embraced Nanno. The baby might receive a birthday gift, after all.

An hour later Arthur Chiswell still sat opposite his strange guest, smoothing the slip of paper between his fingers. He had heard all explanations, he knew all, and yet he felt himself to be dreaming. He saw again his father, the country clergyman of a remote parish in Wales, humble and faithful, reserving a certain quaint humor for his own hearth-stone. Arthur was the only child. His mother had died in his infancy. How vividly rose before him the low stone cottage where they had lived—a lonely man and a petted boy, with the sea visible from every window. This limitless azure sea, where the sails came and went, had fascinated Arthur from babyhood. It was his school, his library, the great volume of imagination outspread before him, and turning a fresh page with his growth. He conjured out of its gray dawns and gorgeous sunsets those visions only possible to the artist. At twelve years of age his father had discovered him one day seated in his favorite attitude gazing at the breaking waves.

"He shall travel," said the clergyman, with a sigh.

"Best not put foolish notions in the lad's head," said his friend and neighbor, Godfrey Leggat, in his thin, dry voice. The speaker was one of those sallow, reticent men who, like the dried husk of a fruit, give no hope of sap within.

"He will have his mother's dowry of two thousand pounds. I have not touched it," said the clergyman.

"Humph!" assented Godfrey Leggat, and his boots creaked on the shingle of the shore, as his voice had grated on the ear of the listening boy.

Mr. Godfrey Leggat was the rich owner of the Lodge, and his sister, Miss Dorothea Leggat, kept his house. This lady had bestowed on Arthur none of those caresses received by him elsewhere, as the child of a widower, handsome, dignified, and possessing a most winning charm of manner. Miss Dorothea had ever watched him with a disfavor of which he was uncomfortably conscious. Resentment, envy, and indecision were blended in her blue eyes when they rested on the boy. He had heard the ladies, grouped on a croquet lawn, sipping afternoon tea, state that Miss Dorothea had desired to marry the clergyman in her youth. To Arthur she seemed always old. Miss Dorothea young surpassed his imagination. At fifteen years of age his father sent Arthur to Leipsic, Düsseldorf, Stuttgart. In vacation the dawning artist visited Italy and Switzerland. If the Welsh rectory was

deserted and silent, no word of complaint reached the careless youth, idling away the years of study over pipe and beer in the bombastic arguments of student clubs. It was a charming existence; the clergyman had accorded his son a wider horizon. Castle-building was rudely dispelled by the death of the clergyman. He had been drowned while attempting to save the life of a child. To the last the good man had carried his lamp trimmed and burning. Arthur Chiswell, shocked and overwhelmed by the bereavement, returned home, but departed again soon, leaving all business interests in the hands of Godfrey Leggat. Was there remorse in his pain?

Godfrey Leggat, old friend and counsellor, managed matters his own way. Two years later Arthur Chiswell demanded a transfer of his legacy, by letter. Godfrey Leggat's reply was conciliatory but evasive. The legacy was already invested in the new ship *Constance*. Arthur continued to wear a student's cap, drink beer, and smoke at Düsseldorf. In the succeeding autumn he made a trip to Greece and Egypt. After the Nile tour he read an English newspaper, three months old, in a banker's office at Cairo, in which the wreck of the ship *Constance* off the Cape of Good Hope was telegraphed. Godfrey Leggat had also written, three months before, a letter forwarded from place to place, stating that the insurance did not cover Arthur's legacy. The two thousand pounds had been swept away. Arthur gained Naples, and awaited remittances; the problem was presented to his mind in painful form of earning bread on the Continent, without friends or reputation. Then he heard that Godfrey Leggat had died before his letter had reached Cairo. Arthur Chiswell crossed to Capri and buried himself in seclusion and work. He never questioned whether he had acted wisely or otherwise.

These images, with the connecting links of circumstance, recurred to the artist while Miss Dorothea spoke in her nervous, tremulous way.

"My brother was a just man," said the old lady. "He invested his own money in the ship. If the *Constance* went down, you must take your share of loss as well."

Suddenly her face changed color, her features worked, and her hands wandered over the folds of her faded silk gown.

"It was a sin," she added, slowly. "When he faced death he saw it all. Perhaps *he* heard your father's voice calling over the sea, as I have always heard it, even in my sleep, since he was drowned. Ah! there will never be such another man as your father, Arthur Chiswell. Pray God we may all go to the same heaven with him! What was I saying? Brother Godfrey gave me the draft of your legacy."

Outside, Vesuvius sent up a plume of white vapor; the sunshine sparkled on the bay; the clamor of the market-place was subdued to a soft murmur. Within the red villa Anina came and went, singing, spreading such a feast as the larder boasted for the stranger. The old lady must kiss baby Nanno on one dimpled cheek, or at least admire his curly hair. She must also taste the wine pressed from the grapes ripened on the Vesuvian slope.

Miss Dorothea partook of the meal with a prim and old-fashioned elegance of deportment. From the moment of restoring the money to Arthur Chiswell her attention appeared to wander; she became abstracted, even abrupt. Finally she rose, and said, like a child repeating a lesson, "Very pleased to see you at the Lodge, should you visit Wales."

"Surely you will not leave to-day, Miss Dorothea?" exclaimed the artist, starting to his feet.

The old lady waved him aside: there was something fantastic, almost weird, in her aspect.

"I heard a voice from the sea. We can rest in our graves now, my brother Godfrey and I."

The train again paused at Torre del Greco, returning from Castellamare. The party of ladies occupied the saloon carriage, and the English governess uttered an exclamation of relief when a tall young man put the old lady on board. Returning to her seat of the morning as if nothing had happened, Miss Dorothea spoke but once on the brief journey back to Naples. Her pocket had been picked, and the silk bag cleverly cut away from her arm, passing through the crowded market-place of Torre del Greco escorted by Arthur Chiswell.

"You have lost your bag!" cried all the ladies in chorus.

"Yes; it contained a good snuff-box," returned the little old woman, with an indifference incomprehensible to her companions.



"YOU'RE WANTED, JOHNNY."

DIFFICULT is an ascent to the "mount of learning" for the unwilling little disciple in the chief cities of the Empire State, but especially in Brooklyn. Let the birds sing ever so sweetly, he knows where, and the brooks flow murmurously in familiar woods; let the apples gleam ever so distractingly in sunny orchards, just beyond the city line; ay, let every breeze and leaflet whisper, "Come"—still he may not listen, but, like the youth who toiled up the enchanted mountain in the Arabian tale, press steadily on, his ears stuffed with the figurative cotton of steadfast aim, lest, hearing the alluring voices on every side, he be tempted to loiter, and turning backward his longing gaze, find himself suddenly beset by all the terrors prepared for those who wander from the "strait and narrow way." The secret of his hardships lies not in the air, the earth, or the water, nor altogether in his own personality, as compared with that of the "small boy" in other States, but in the more than parental care with which this city provides for and watches over his intellectual growth.

Loves he, "not wisely, but too well," to roam, then there lieth in wait to seize him, not only the police, but a non-uniformed individual from whom there is no escape—the attendance agent, whose mission it is to let loose upon truant scholars and non-attendants the legal "dogs of war," and woe be to the hapless urchin who becomes the target of his terrible eye! Petitions, complaints, warrants, and commitments are hurled at his devoted head, until he is thrust headlong into the Attendance School—a sort of earthly purgatory in which he may expiate the errors of his youthful way, or insure himself a rapid transit to another institution, whence he will not return until he is duly impressed with the majesty and power of the compulsory law.

Such was the tenor of my conclusions after patiently studying a pile of legal papers, and arranging a collection of notes on the educational statutes of New York.

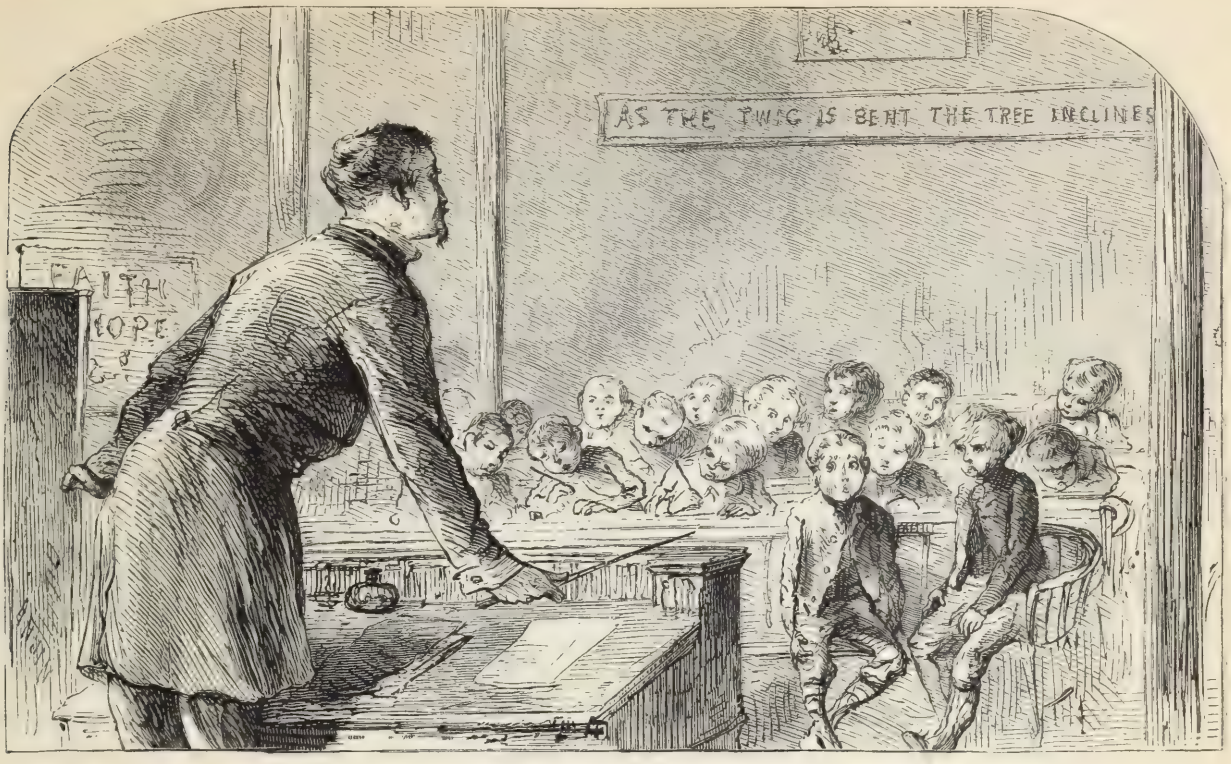
I remembered hearing of the passage in 1874 of an "act to secure to children the benefits of an elementary education," and of its amendment in 1876, but until now I had not thoroughly realized that every parent is bound under penalty of fine, *nolens volens*, to cause his children to be instructed at home or in school.

I was sitting in a "brown-study" of the subject, when my library door opened, and Rhene, in her impetuous way, entered, and flinging down her sketch-book, exclaimed, in a tone of vast discontent: "I can not think what has come over all the children in Brooklyn! Every time this blessed summer that I have wanted a model, this child is in school, and that one is in school, another is studying at home; and there are none to be found on the streets where they were thicker than blackberries last fall. I wonder if they send them to the pound with the dogs?"

"Patience, patience, Rhene," replied I, soothingly; "I have the key to your puzzle in two words—it's compulsory education. Let me read you the law on the subject. Listen:

"'An *Act to secure to Children the Benefits of an Elementary Education*. Passed May 11, 1874, by the Legislature of New York.

"'SECTION 1. All parents, and those who have the care of children, shall instruct them, or cause them to be instructed, in spelling, reading, writing, English grammar, geography, and arithmetic. And every parent, guardian, or other person having control and charge of any child between the ages of eight and



LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

fourteen years, shall cause such child to attend some public or private day school at least fourteen weeks in each year, eight weeks at least of which attendance shall be consecutive; or to be instructed regularly at home at least fourteen weeks in each year in spelling, reading, writing, English grammar, geography, and arithmetic, unless the physical or mental condition of the child is such as to render such attendance or instruction inexpedient or impracticable.

"'SECTION 2. No child under the age of fourteen years shall be employed by any person to labor in any business whatever during the school hours of any school day—'"

"Dear me!" interrupted Rhene, her blue eyes opened wide in wonder; "that's the reason, is it? Don't read any more; that's sufficient."

"If you want any models after three o'clock, you will be sure to get them if you will come with me to the new reform school. It will be worth your while to study faces there."

"Odious and tyrannical!" murmurs Rhene, catching up her sketch-book and preparing to follow me.

In a quaint old chapel of one of the Brooklyn churches, in Pacific Street, we find the first Attendance School established in America. There are as yet only two of these schools, one in the Eastern and one in the Western District of the city, both founded toward the close of 1878, mainly through the efforts of Mr. R. H. Huntley, chairman of the Committee on Attendance, and his colleagues, Messrs. Cole, Klein, Fisher, McKellar, Fox, and Davies. They form an intermediate station between the public schools and the Truant Home, to the manifest relief of both institutions.

A curious picture of contrasts presents itself to us as we enter the little chapel. On either side and over the platform hang the gayly painted banners and gilded mottoes of some Sunday-school festival, whose withered garlands still depend from dingy roof and wall. A cool soft light shimmers through the green vines that clamber around the pointed windows, and falls on the faces of forty or fifty boys seated on narrow benches on either side the aisle, a few neatly dressed, well shod, and bright, but the majority ragged, barefooted, and forlorn.

Here a dozen mites are poring with troubled countenances over their well-worn readers, there half a score labor painfully over their writing lessons, while a group in the corner, with knotted brows, study the intricacies of a problem in fractions on the blackboard, listening anxiously to the explanations of the master,

who stands over them, keeping, however, a watchful eye on the rest of the school.

Rhene, who only sees models in these small bits of humanity, has already commenced to sketch them, seating herself conveniently to study their faces. On invitation from the master I follow her example.

The lessons are slowly being learned, the problem in fractions proceeds, and pot-hooks appear on all the little slates as long as the eye of the master watches. But let him step down a moment to explain to us the discipline of the school, and lo! a perfect Babel of sound invades the ear; he does not see the especial offenders, but, as if by intuition, he turns speedily around, selects two or three of them, and, rod in hand, administers correction.

We were informed that these were all bad little boys, expelled from the public schools for truancy, and that if they accomplished their allotted tasks for fourteen weeks, and were punctual in attendance, they would earn a certificate entitling them to re-admission to the public schools; if not, they well knew what was in store for them at the Truant Home.

"Time and the hour runs through the roughest day," so at last the problem is finished, the reading class has stumbled or drawled in weary monotone through the appointed chapters, the pot-hooks have been exhibited, books and slates put away, and all sit, with folded arms, in attitudes of unpleasant expectation. The master is going to unfold the law to its victims. He steps down, with the rod still in his hand, fronts the boys, and with a grave, magisterial expression, intensified to suit the occasion, addresses them as follows:

"Boys, attention! I am now about to inform you of a proposed change in the Truancy Law. I presume that many of you, either by personal experience or common report, are aware of the far from agreeable characteristics of the Truant Home. Are you not?"

By way of answer forty pairs of shoulders gradually ascend to the neighborhood of forty pairs of ears, and forty pairs of eyes turn so obliquely toward the master that little but the whites is visible.

"Truly this is sufficient commentary on the boys' memories and sentiments of the Home," whispered I to Rhene.

"The Board of Education, Sirs, finding that fourteen weeks' incarceration in the Home has not been sufficient warning to such of you as have been within its walls, and that threats of recommitment have no power to deter you from violation of the law, or to intimidate you to the point of desistance from the evil tenor of your ways, have concluded, after serious deliberations—do you attend, Sirs?—yes, after serious deliberations, have decided to extend the term of sojournment to such of you as prove delinquent from the paths of educational duty to at least one year!"

Here the rod falls with a crash on the desk before the speaker. Thereafter silence fills the room.

The address has had its effect for the time; some are puzzled, some amazed, and some afraid. The majority do not comprehend the words, but over all there hangs a sense of doom.

"Busby redivivus!" exclaims Rhene, as we leave Attendance School No. 1, and taking the cars, depart for Williamsburg, in the Eastern District.

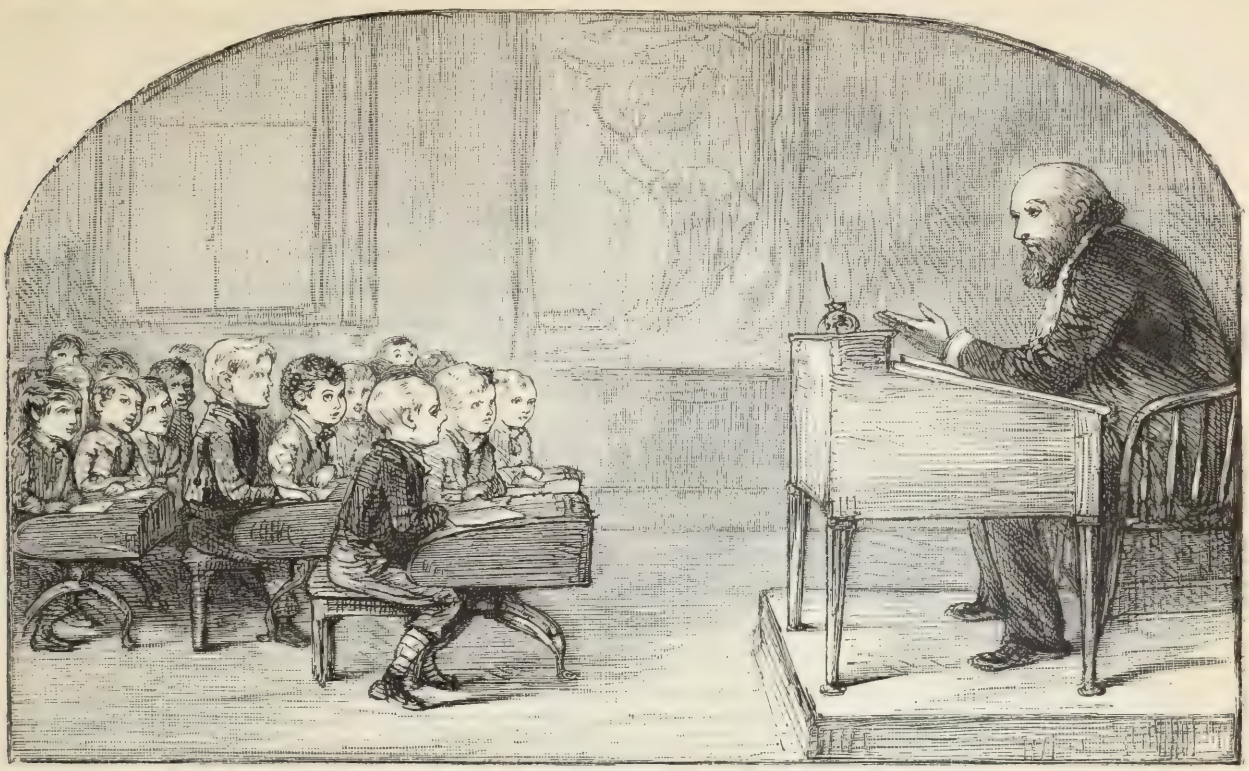
There we find Attendance School No. 2 in the top story of an old public-school building in South Third Street, near Fifth. Mounting the long last flight of stairs, we pause on the landing and listen to the pleasant voice of the master. What is this he is relating? Ah, it is a story, with a suitable moral, you may depend.

A boy will be tried to-morrow for stealing a dress from an old lady in his mother's house. Step by step his career is graphically traced: his first disobedience; his truancy from school; his bad companions' advice; his following it, and being led to lie, and then to steal the dress; his probable commitment to the House of Refuge, and his terrible life there until he is twenty-one years of age. And then the moral of the tale.

Here we peep through the half-open door, and see about sixty boys sitting in attitudes of grave attention, their arms folded, their eyes fixed on the benevolent face of the teacher.

We enter just as the boys are dismissed for recess. Everything, contrary to our expectation, is done in perfect order. Two boys receive the slates and books, and two others hand around the hats; then all file slowly out in divisions, passing down to the play-grounds.

"We wished to see how moral suasion suits the 'bad little boy' of Williamsburg," explain I, as the teacher approaches us.



THE SCHOOL RULED BY LOVE.

"My boys," replies the teacher, with a smile, "are not at all bad; indeed, the majority are very good and clever, poor fellows! It's only their overflowing animal spirits that get them into disgrace in the public schools, and their love of sport; and then their home surroundings! Ah, if we could but instruct the parents!"

"You believe, then, in moral suasion, evidently?"

"I do indeed. When I consider the treatment many of them receive at home, the upbraidings and beatings, the complete misery of their little lives, how can I bring myself to touch them? Of course in rare instances I must, but not so much to give pain as to humiliate them. I desire my boys to grow up into manly men; and in my opinion the rod hardens: it does not ennoble. Our percentage," continues the teacher, with pardonable pride, "is ninety-eight. No school in the city can boast a better record than that, and these, too, are supposed to be the worst little fellows in Brooklyn. What a gross mistake!"

Touching a bell at this moment, the teacher leaves us, stationing himself near the doorway. Presently, with an orderly tramp, on they come, the sixty little urchins on whom the law has laid its iron fingers—Irish, Germans, Americans, and one wee son of Ham, all more or less "tattered and torn," but flushed, smiling, and out of breath; each glances confidently up into the face of the master in passing him.

Two of the elder boys—none are over fourteen—hang up the hats, and two hand around the books and slates, both parties holding their offices as posts of honor, and soon all are engaged in study.

At leisure once more, the master explains that the Attendance School relieves the public school of its disturbing element and the Truant Home from overcrowding, but that its true mission is to give to truants an opportunity to redeem themselves, and to incorrigibles a chance to earn a good reputation, and thereby salvation from the degradation of imprisonment in the Truant Home.

We remain through the final exercises, note the earnest and even cheerful faces of the little fellows, watch their hearty hand-shakes and cheery "Good-day" as each extends a brown hand to the master, and coming away with the babbling throng, cast our mental vote in favor of moral suasion.

Although compulsory education was authorized throughout the State of New York as far back as 1874, no steps were taken to comply with its regulations until 1877. The initial efforts to enforce the law were met by the violent opposition of the people in general, and the principals of

both public and private schools. Among the people, the idle, the avaricious, and the extremely poor opposed it, because it deprived them of their children's earnings; the teachers in the public schools, because they feared a lowering of their percentage; the teachers in the private schools, because they considered it a high-handed interference in matters over which they arrogated to themselves supreme control. No one was prepared to accept what was regarded as a tyrannical innovation, but least of all the heads of these pay schools, many of which were long established and famous.

An incident which occurred a few months ago illustrates this feeling. It was an old educational establishment to which Brooklynites refer with pardonable pride; it was elegant and above par in all respects; so was its learned professor. An attendance agent, in the line of his regular duties, called, explained his instructions from the "Board," and inquired if he could do anything for the professor. That gentleman, being thus addressed, drew himself up to his full height, regarded the truant officer for a moment, and then loftily asked him by what right he presumed to interfere with the management of such an institution as that. The agent read the law to him. This only incensed the already irate professor still more, for he declared, in high tones, that the law could not possibly be intended to affect such a well-conducted and well-known institute. "Besides," added he, "we have no truants *here;* they are all young *ladies.*" "Good-morning, Sir," replied the agent; "I'll call again."

Meanwhile a young gentleman had called at the office of the Board of Attendance with a complaint that his two young sisters—who, by-the-way, were pupils of the above institute—were in the habit of playing truant, and going off to Prospect Park with young gentlemen; he had discovered it, and found it was not an infrequent occurrence, and not wishing to make trouble for the girls at home, he determined to go quietly to the superintendent, whom he knew to be a kindly and honorable gentleman, and ask his advice. The superintendent called at the residence of the young ladies. Only one of them was at home. After a tearful interview on the part of the girl, and passionate promises never to do so any more, but be faithful to her school duties, the official left.

The next morning the attendance agent escorted both of the girls to school, handing them over to the surprised professor with these words: "I have brought two of your truants back to you, Sir. Shall be glad to serve you at any time, Sir. Good-morning."

That the popular prejudice to compulsory education is steadily decreasing is shown by the fact that the office of the Superintendent of Attendance is daily besieged by anxious parents or guardians begging his advice in regard to their refractory little ones. The Board of Attendance has undertaken a vast and noble work, and that it is well performed by the superintendent and his five agents will also be shown when it is stated that seven thousand cases of truancy have been disposed of within the past year, the majority of these having been returned, or for the first time placed in their proper schools, the remainder being committed to the Attendance Schools, whence some have passed to the tender mercies of the Truant Home.

One of the best results of the compulsory law has been the breaking up of many gangs of small boys, some of whom had not been near their homes for months. These are ferreted out of their dens—for dens they are—and brought before the superintendent, who, it should be mentioned to his credit, is a faithful and philanthropic worker in the cause. They are questioned closely as to their mode of living, and sent to their homes, accompanied by the agent of the district, and notice given to their parents to send them to school.

As an instance of this herding together, five small children were discovered sleeping under an old barn. They had conveyed thither a mass of rags and straw, which served them for a bed; they subsisted by begging and thieving, and when these resources failed them, they turned to the garbage boxes and swill pails in the better portions of the city, rising early in the morning to forestall the city scavengers. They had comrades who slept in ash-boxes, empty coal-bins, and under stoops; but they preferred the nest under the barn, where they huddled together like rats.

The Attendance Schools have been so powerful an instrument in aiding the enforcement of the law that permanent buildings are soon to be erected for their

accommodation. Vigorous measures are being taken in other cities, reform schools as adjuncts to the public schools and Truant Homes having proved to be a necessity. New York and Buffalo have sent committees to inquire into the system practiced in Brooklyn. Other towns are also seeking the way, and it is to be hoped that soon all will feel the benefit of a law that admonishes parents so imperatively that they must needs learn that to feed and clothe is but the beginning of their duty to their offspring.

So far the law has twice placed its grasp on the "small boy," first as a non-attendant, then as a truant; next, as an incorrigible, its iron hand closes over him. He now passes to the Truant Home—

"A house of study and contemplation,
A place of discipline and reformation"—

which, chained, bolted, and doubly barred, keeps its own secrets from the outer world.

Thither, to this grim abode, go Rhene and I early the next morning; armed with lunch-baskets, note-books, and sketching material, we mean to spend the day. A five-mile crawl in the East New York horse-cars, a bit of rapid transit on the Jamaica Railway, and a five-minute ride in the oddest of Dutch conveyances, passing the old toll-gate and the flourishing gardens of Cypress Hills, and we halt at the Truant Home, which stands on the old Jamaica plank-road near Eldert's Lane.

The first impression of the visitor can not fail to be a pleasing one. The main building occupied by the scholars stands back from sight, and one only sees an extremely picturesque old mansion showing a sloping roof overshadowed by majestic trees, a long low front, and a broad piazza with an imposing colonnade. This was once the famous "Snedekor's Long Island Hotel," of pleasant memory to Brooklynites and old New-Yorkers, but now an adjunct of the Truant Home.

As we enter the gate the superintendent meets us. We are conducted through the spacious kitchen of the hotel, with its huge soup boilers and piles of bright tin platters, to a sunny garden beyond. We are reminded of the prison aspect of affairs when the great door is unlocked, and we are ushered into the melancholy presence of the ninety and nine little prisoners, sixty of whom occupy the main room, called the Senior Department, the remainder being only separated from them by a glass partition. Never shall I forget my first impression of the despondent boys with awe-stricken faces; tanned and freckled, save here and there that of a pale new-comer, with their closely cropped heads, and full suits of Kentucky jean, each seemed but a repetition of his neighbor.



HAIR-CLIPPING.

On entering the Home the boy passes through various processes of mutation. His hair is clipped by an instrument constructed on the same principle as the lawn-mower; the clipping occupies twenty seconds' time, and is done with as little ceremony as a performance of that machine on a bit of greensward.



HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

The victim is then seized by two boy inmates of the Home, who enjoy their "brief authority," stripped, plunged into a bath, and plentifully doused with soap and water, and scrubbed with a scrubbing-brush from crown to heel till he glows again. He is then arrayed in the uniform of dark brown jean, a large gray felt hat placed on his head, and stout shoes on his feet. "Led like a lamb to the slaughter," he soon finds himself in the dreaded prison school-room, where before the sun sets he is initiated into the rules of the institution, and warned by ocular demonstration of the consequences of breaking them.

The doors being locked and the windows iron-barred, Rhene and I are prisoners for the hour, so we employ our time in studying the situation. Of all the little faces before us, not one can be called really a bad one; many have finely cut and even noble features, but the majority are childishly simple and unformed.

The principal of the school takes no notice of our intrusion, but with head bent on his breast keeps up from under his dark brows a penetrating gaze on the flock before him. Behind him on the wall hang three narrow blackboards, labelled "Caution," "Censure," and "Disgrace," each showing its list of victims.

Seated near the platform at his right hand are half a dozen boys whose woful faces, with their swollen eyes and tear-stained cheeks, testify only too well that the rod on his desk has not been idle.

We long for a rush of the free outer air, and are glad, when the noon bell rings, to follow the little ones out to the school grounds—a large open space inclosed by a very high fence, around which are long wooden seats. On the right hand stands a row of trees, shading some gay flower beds and bits of grass-plat; the remainder is bare ground, trodden hard by the tramp of many feet.

"Forward—march!" shouts the principal; and the little army passes, troop by troop, in double file. After many orders and evolutions, they form in open square, and halt, standing in perfect silence under the noonday glare.

A large box is brought out, and placed on trestles near the stoop, and two huge wooden pails carried to a table beyond.

"What is this ceremony?" asks Rhene, turning toward the principal.

"Lunch," replies he, sententiously.

Again the columns are in motion; this time, in single file, they swing toward the wooden bin, and Rhene, with an expression of high disdain, watches the pilot-crackers shovelled out, two to each boy.

The line passes on toward the pails, each boy pausing long enough to drain a pint cup of milk, and giving way to his successor.

"Scanty nourishment for growing

lads," whispers Rhene, as we saunter down under the trees to the lower part of the grounds.

"Yes," I reply; "and they have not eaten a morsel since seven o'clock—five hours. Think of it!"



DINNER IN THE TRUANT HOME.

We sit in the shade, take our luncheon, and watch a group of boys in a corner; they are discussing oranges, cakes, and other dainties sent them by remembering friends in the outer world, and are evidently the aristocrats of the Home. Presently the teacher of the Junior Department invites us to visit his part of the school. He is a bright young fellow, who manages to keep up a sunshine of his own, notwithstanding the gloom of his surroundings. As we watch his little flock and hear them recite, we wonder if they will take away with them a touch of his culture to brighten their homes.

As the hour for closing school draws near, the young assistant leads the primaries into the larger school-room. Marshalled with military exactness, they stand line upon line. He opens the piano, and soon scores of voices are singing, somewhat dolefully, it must be confessed, though in fair time:

"I met a lad the other day
That ran away from school.
He doubted all his teacher said,
And hated every rule.
His books were underneath his coat,
His dinner in his hat,

And down upon a cheerless stone,
All sorrowful, he sat.
Oh, fie, fie, truant!
Oh, fie, fie, for shame!
Who can respect an idle boy
Who can not spell his name?"

"'They that carried us away captive required of us a song,'" murmurs Rhene,



BREAD-CUTTING.

pensively gazing at the singers; but her gravity is soon changed to delight when the player singles out a boy of perhaps twelve summers, opens an organ near at hand, and bids him sing. The rest of the school remain standing in perfect silence. Hush! listen. It is a hymn to the Virgin, composed by the young player.

"Mary, mother immaculate,"

sings the young voice, faint and low. Now it rises in a pathetic wail sweeter than a flute, clearer than crystal, trembling like a bird, to the soft accompaniment of the reed instrument. Once more it rises, faints, and dies; and we leave the room glad of the refining influences of the "divine art" for these young souls.

We are speedily brought down from our atmosphere of loftier contemplation to the stern realities of life at the Home by hearing the superintendent order the "dining-room committee" to proceed at once to the refectory.

We follow the six little lads whose duty it is this week to fill the office, and watch them put on their snow-white aprons, and remove the tin soup plates and cups from three long wooden tables of more than mediæval rudeness of structure. The platters are piled on a fourth table near the kitchen door; iron spoons brought on, and placed in order.

We now follow the boys into another room, and watch the bread-cutting. Here is apparently an old-fashioned hay-cutter; the blade is clean and bright. One boy takes down loaves from an immense pile standing against the wall, a man works the knife, and as each loaf is placed in the cutter, slices it into a box underneath. Two boys fill their arms, and bear away the bread to the refectory. Meantime the superintendent is ladling out soup from a large tin boiler; the plates are all filled, and carried to the three long tables in the refectory; a slice of bread lies near each. A whistle sounds, there comes a tramp of feet, and in march the boys with a quick step. Soon all are standing at the long tables. The master again sounds his whistle, all heads are bowed, and a blessing is asked on the bounty before them, at the close of which the little Catholics of the company reverently cross themselves on forehead and breast.

Not a word is spoken, but the silence is broken by a din of spoons and platters, and we feel as if witnessing a funeral feast. As each boy concludes his meal he wipes his hands on a towel hanging near, folds his arms, and stands with his back to the table until the whistle sounds again and grace is repeated by the principal; then ho for the play-ground! where they play in solemn fashion, occasionally

giving way to bursts of boyish spirits, which, when advancing too far, are speedily checked, in due deference to order—and the Kentucky jeans.

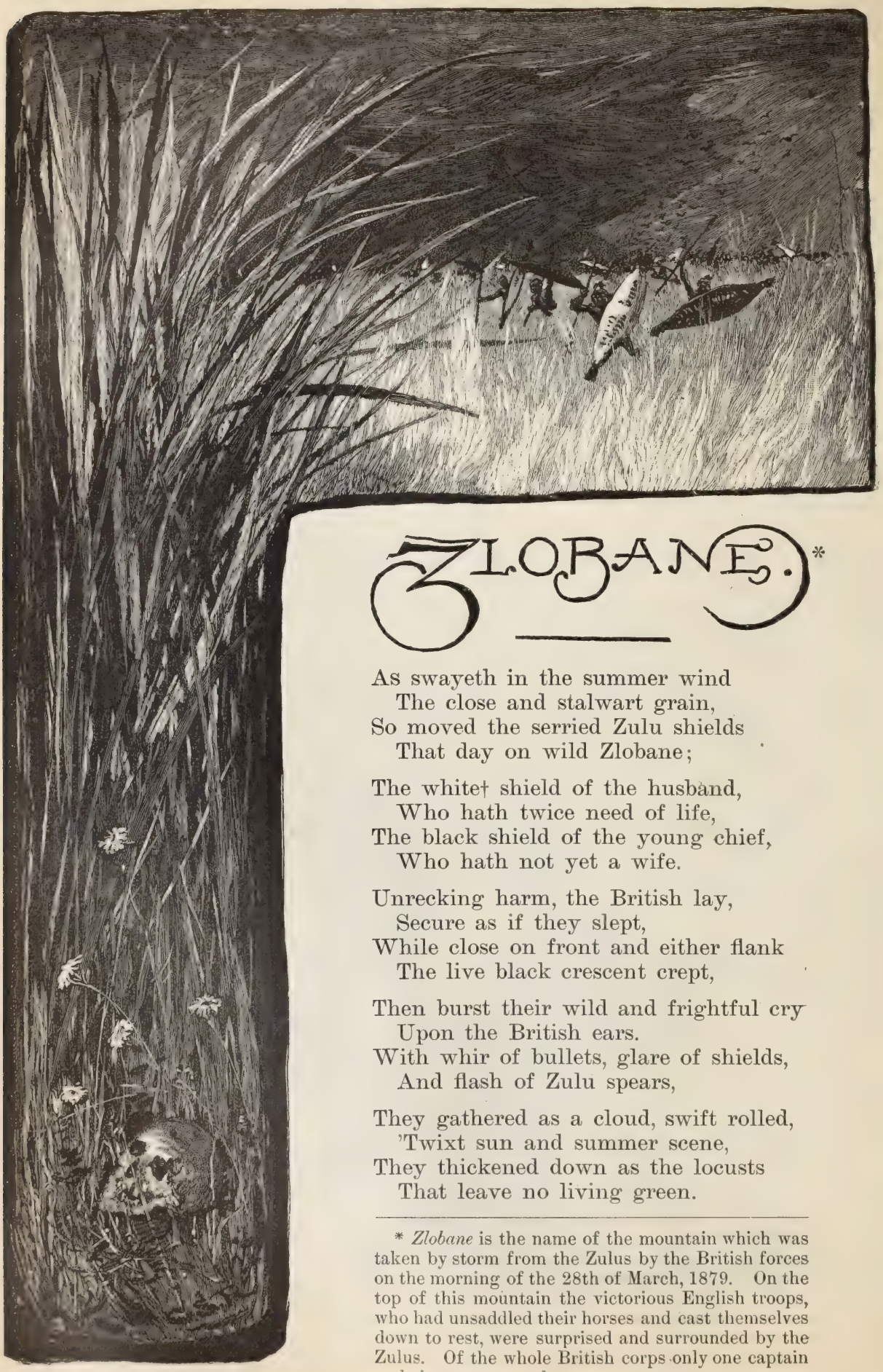
We have visited the dormitories before, coming away with pleasant impressions, marred only by the memory of an ominous "cat-o'-nine-tails" hanging on the wall. Ere we leave we take another look. It is now evening; the clock strikes eight; the lamps are lighted, revealing a hundred snowy little beds and fair white pillows, soon to be pressed by as many weary forms. At the foot of each bed, robed in loose white gowns, with hands clasped on their breasts, kneel the children. It is a touching picture! Listen once more! With one voice, as it were, they repeat:

> "Here on my bed my limbs I lay;
> O, hear, great God, the words I say!
> Preserve my friends and kindred dear
> In life and health for many a year.
> And still, O Lord, to me impart
> A gentle and a grateful heart,
> That after my last sleep I may
> Awake unto eternal day!"

As they conclude with the simple "Now I lay me down to sleep" they remain kneeling for private prayer. We softly say "Good-night," and come away, hoping that soon in happy dreams the cares and trials of the day will be forgotten.



PRAYERS.



ZLOBANE.*

As swayeth in the summer wind
  The close and stalwart grain,
So moved the serried Zulu shields
  That day on wild Zlobane;

The white† shield of the husband,
  Who hath twice need of life,
The black shield of the young chief,
  Who hath not yet a wife.

Unrecking harm, the British lay,
  Secure as if they slept,
While close on front and either flank
  The live black crescent crept,

Then burst their wild and frightful cry
  Upon the British ears.
With whir of bullets, glare of shields,
  And flash of Zulu spears,

They gathered as a cloud, swift rolled,
  'Twixt sun and summer scene,
They thickened down as the locusts
  That leave no living green.

* *Zlobane* is the name of the mountain which was taken by storm from the Zulus by the British forces on the morning of the 28th of March, 1879. On the top of this mountain the victorious English troops, who had unsaddled their horses and cast themselves down to rest, were surprised and surrounded by the Zulus. Of the whole British corps only one captain and six men escaped.

† Among the Zulus, the married men carry white shields, the bachelors black.

Uprose the British; in the shock
Reeled but an instant; then,
Shoulder to shoulder, faced the foe,
And met their doom like men.

But one was there whose heart was torn
In a more awful strife;
He had the soldier's steady nerve,
And calm disdain of life;

And lips yet curled in that sweet pout
Shaped by the mother's breast,
Stood by his side, and silently
To his brave father pressed.

The horse stood nigh; the father kissed
And tossed the boy astride.
"Farewell!" he cried, "and for thy life,
That way, my darling, ride!"



Yet now, half turning from the fray,
Knee smiting against knee,
He scanned the hills, if yet were left
An open way to flee.

Not for himself. His little son,
Scarce thirteen summers born,
With hair that shone upon his brows
Like tassels of the corn,

Scarce touched the saddle ere the boy
Leaped lightly to the ground,
And smote the horse upon its flank,
That with a quivering bound

It sprang and galloped for the hills,
With one sonorous neigh;
The fire flashed where its spurning feet
Clanged o'er the stony way.

So, shod with fear, fled like the wind,
From where in ancient fray
Rome grappled Tusculum, the slain
Mamilius' charger gray.

"Father, I'll die with you!"* The sire,
As this he saw and heard,
Turned, and stood breathless in the joy
And pang that knows no word.

Once, each, as do long knitted friends,
Upon the other smiled,
And then—he had but time to give
A weapon to the child

Ere, leaping o'er the British dead,
The supple Zulus drew
The cruel assegais, and first
The younger hero slew.

Still grew the father's heart, his eye
Bright with unflickering flame:
Five Zulus bit the dust in death
By his unblenching aim.

Then, covered with uncounted wounds,
He sank beside his child,
And they who found them say, in death
Each on the other smiled.

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS AS MINISTER AT ROME IN 1849.

THE name and fame of Ferdinand de Lesseps have been so closely identified with the Suez Canal that the fact is familiar to few of his having had two careers. He was in the diplomatic service of his country until his forty-fifth year, and did not commence his efforts in behalf of the great work by which he is now generally known until he had closed that career in a way and for a reason eminently characteristic of the man. He may be said to have been almost born in the French diplomatic service, his father, Matthew de Lesseps, having acted as France's first representative at the court of Mehemet Ali, and for many years having figured in Eastern diplomacy.

The son at an early age was enlisted in the same service, commencing with consular duties in or near Egypt, rising to the grade of acting consul-general there, and finally filling the important post of French minister at Rome in 1849, when the old historic city was made a battle-field by factions, and her young republic, under Mazzini, bombarded out of existence by General Oudinot with French cannon.

From the seed of Ferdinand de Lesseps's early intimacy with the young Said Pasha, younger son of Mehemet Ali, and afterward Viceroy, germinated the Suez Canal concession. For it was from the hands of his former playmate, twenty-five years later, that De Lesseps received that grant—the stepping-stone to his fame and fortune. The young men, though so widely different in blood, training, and culture, yet had qualities in common which attached them to each other. Both were frank, fearless, gay, and adventurous in temper; both loved manly sports and horsemanship; both had a keen zest for feats of strength or skill, and the management of the unrivalled Arab steeds.

But Said Pasha did not attain the throne until 1854; and De Lesseps, many years before, had drifted far away from the East, and in 1849 was French minister at Rome—a position equally critical and embarrassing, owing to the vacillating policy of the government he served, at one time encouraging the revolutionists, at another sending them greeting in the shape of shot and shell.

Mazzini (perhaps next to Cavour the most remarkable Italian of the century) was the heart and soul of the movement for Italian liberation, and a more enthusiastic and self-devoted patriot no land could boast of. At that period he stood before the world as the first of Romans, and the charms of his society and the contagion of his enthusiasm were caught by the French minister, himself ever an enthusiast for liberty.

No man ever saw and conversed freely with Mazzini (as has the writer) without being impressed with the thorough sincerity and unselfish patriotism of the man, beside whom that soldier of fortune and filibuster Garibaldi was almost dwarfed into an adventurer. The broad open brow, the luminous eyes, the earnest intensity of look, the silvery persuasiveness of voice and speech, and the enthusiasm which glowed under all like a flame, made

* When the Zulus rushed in on the small British detachment of Colonel Wood, and while there was yet an open road in one direction, Colonel Weatherly, an English cavalry officer, clapped his son, a boy of thirteen, who was with him, on horseback, kissed him, and told him to fly for life. The lad jumped from the saddle, striking the horse a lash which sent it galloping off, and said, "Father, I'll die with you." The father handed his revolver to the child just as the Zulus reached, over British bodies, the spot where they stood. Weatherly slew five Zulus before he fell, but the son was killed at once.

Mazzini an irresistible advocate with men of kindred natures. In the *rôle* he was then playing at Rome there was everything to assist these personal attributes. For whatever errors may be charged on Mazzini's later acts, when driven to be a plotter in exile, this Roman episode is luminous, and casts no shadow on his name.

The year 1848–49 was memorable as a year of national convulsions—of an upheaval of populations and crash of falling thrones. The Pope, who had commenced as a reformer, but turned into other paths, terrified at the disaffection of his people, fled from Rome in disguise, and left the Romans free to adopt what form of government they might prefer. The Pope's flight was accepted as an abdication, and on the 9th February, 1849, the Roman Parliament proclaimed Rome a republic. Mazzini was declared a Roman citizen, and made a member of the Assembly, and he forthwith hurried to Rome, where he soon was placed at the head of the republic as one of three Triumvirs. He at once prepared for war with Austria, flushed with her victory over Charles Albert at Novara. While they were organizing their forces to resist their avowed enemy, before a month had elapsed, France, from whom they had every reason to expect aid, perfidiously sent an army, under General Oudinot, to crush the republic. Yet even against these fearful odds Mazzini inspired his people to resistance. He took the bold measure of assembling all the troops, defiling them in battalions before the palace of the Assembly, and put the question of peace or war to them. The universal shout of "War!" that rose from the ranks "drowned in an instant the timid doubts of their leaders," to use his own language in narrating this event. Louis Napoleon was then President of the French Republic, and Italy never forgave him for this act, which he afterward strove to redeem. After two months' siege, during which time the Romans proved worthy of their old renown, the French gained possession of the heights dominating the city, and threatened to destroy it with their artillery, as they easily could have done. The Assembly, declaring further resistance to be impossible, called on the Triumvirate to treat for peace with the French general. This Mazzini refused to do, saying he "had been elected a Triumvir to defend, not destroy, the republic;" and, with his two colleagues, sent in his resignation.

It was at this critical period, when the army of France was sent to Rome, that Ferdinand de Lesseps showed the stuff that was in him. He, as minister of France at Rome, boldly took issue with the French ministry, and denounced the sin and shame of the bombardment of a sister republic, in violation of solemn pledges. He refused absolutely to have act or part in such proceedings, and finding his protest to the ministry and Council of State disregarded, resigned his position, and passed from the service to which he had devoted his life, rather than violate principle, truth, and justice; for he surrendered not only this high position, but his diplomatic career at the same time, and met the denunciation not only of the ministers, but also of the National Assembly, for daring to run counter to the action of France. With the frankness and fearlessness of his nature, M. De Lesseps confronted his accusers and adversaries, and in a printed *brochure* of thirty-eight pages, under his own signature, dated 25th August, 1849, with merciless logic and irrefragable facts, vindicated himself, and hurled back the denunciations of his accusers in the cabinet and the Assembly.

That vindication (presented me by M. De Lesseps when he came on his new private mission to Egypt in 1854 to agitate the Suez Canal question) is now lying before me, and a few extracts from it will open a new page of Roman history as well as of personal biography. In this defense he convicts the ministry of falsehood and treachery, and furnishes a curious chapter of history, from extracts from notes daily jotted down by him from the 15th of May until his departure.

The pamphlet is divided into three parts: firstly, a reply to the ministry; secondly, appearance before the Council of State; thirdly, response to the report of the Council of State.

His defense commences thus: "The ministry which, after confiding to me, under circumstances of the most critical kind for its own existence, a mission bristling with difficulties, and which, its own peril passed, so easily abandoned me, without even deigning to examine into my acts, has also instigated public attacks on me from the highest national tribunal, before the Council of State,

charged with the examination into my conduct, had even commenced its inquiry. I have been slow in using my right of self-defense, and I now do so with all reserve, moderation, and sincerity, as be-



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

comes a man who, through respect for public opinion and his own dignity, will not imitate the arts of his adversaries. Yet for this I am denounced as having taken too great a liberty. I am accused of insubordination; and because a simple statement of the facts lays bare the policy under which I have been so unreasonable as not to permit myself to be crushed silently, they again assail me with new blows—*always in advance of an inquiry into the facts*—in the meetings of the Legislative Assembly of the 6th and 7th of August. I shall therefore briefly respond to the later allegations of the ministry, and shall then show the character of the examination made by the Council of State, as well as its report, based thereon, which, by another peculiarity in this strange affair, was first made known to me through a publication in the official *Moniteur* of the 22d August."

He commences by complaining of the use and falsification of a private letter addressed by him to M. Drouyn de Lhuys, his personal friend, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, by the then minister, who attempted to prove that this letter was the moving cause of the French occupation.

By a citation of dates M. De Lesseps proves the falsity of this statement, and at the same time reveals the remarkable fact that from the 10th May to the 1st of June *he was left by the ministry without one word of instruction, or response to his repeated requests for such answer or instructions, were it but in the words "Yes" or "No" by telegram.*

The ministry was silent, evidently intending to make their representative their scapegoat, should it be necessary for their own safety. But they found to their cost that their scapegoat had sharp horns, and they came badly damaged out of the conflict they had provoked. M. De Tocqueville and M. De Falloux were the chief assailants of M. De Lesseps in the Assembly, and to these gentlemen he pays his re-

spects, politely proving their utter ignorance of the facts of the case on which they dogmatized so arrogantly.

"In my answers to an investigation which lasted four hours," he goes on to say, "I have covered all the facts of the case, I have shown how impartially I judged the internal condition of Rome, absolutely free, as I was, of all political prejudice or private interest. Intercepted by the ministry at Paris a few days after my return from Madrid, on my way to Berne, my new post, I only accepted a temporary mission to Italy which was then offered me, and could have had no preconceived policy to carry out. My sole purpose was, if possible, to prevent a renewal of hostilities between the French forces and the Romans, and to avoid any misunderstandings between them. But chiefly *to avoid the destruction of the Roman Republic by our arms*, was the point on which my attention was fixed on leaving Paris."

He proves that M. Drouyn de Lhuys, one of the cleverest heads in French diplomacy, was equally anxious to keep the peace with Rome, and placed him in relations with M. Accursi, Minister of the Interior at Rome—then an envoy to France—who was to meet him at Toulon, and furthermore that Drouyn de Lhuys placed him in immediate communication with Mazzini through a mutual friend, an Italian.

The "notes" of M. De Lesseps, referred to above, contain some curious facts. Among others, he cites the opinion of the captain of an American man-of-war, who, having visited the defenses, declared that it would require at least 30,000 or 40,000 men and a protracted siege to take the city. In this opinion our American was right, and Lord Napier, captain of the *Bull-dog*, expressed the same opinion. De Lesseps's opinion of the policy to be pursued is thus briefly sketched:

"It were unworthy of France, under the pretext of disputing Austrian influence in Italy, to charge herself with the odious task which the policy, natural tendencies, and interests of that power have devolved upon her. Austria has ever been better informed than we as to the opinions which constitute the strength of parties on the peninsula. She knows the horror inspired by the government of priests in the Roman mind, and would gladly see us charge ourselves with a restoration more political than religious, one greatly more desired by absolutism than by the Church.

"Should we seek to occupy Rome by force, without the papal sanction, we will be greatly embarrassed. Certainly our soldiers can triumph over mere material difficulties, but that is the smallest consideration. For should we crush the republic, the Pope will not return under the conditions we must impose upon him. M. D'Harcourt agrees with me on this point. We should therefore be forced into a permanent occupation. We would finish by losing our influence over all parties, and forfeiting all the objects of our expedition. Our efforts and expenditures will end in uniting against us the passions of the whole Italian people."

These statements M. D'Harcourt confirmed at the Council of State, of which he was a member, expressing astonishment that M. De Lesseps should be blamed for conduct of which the Council had previously approved, as he personally knew. But his opinion was overruled, although, as the testimony of an able and eminent statesman, it carries great weight with it, and makes the vindication conclusive.

In the third division of M. De Lesseps's plea there occur some reflections on the "theory of the infallibility of instructions," which are ingenious and forcible. He says: "The theory of the infallibility of instructions inaugurated by the report of the Council of State overturns all received ideas on diplomacy, making an ambassador but an automaton, without the power of initiating anything, and binding him with a chain which prevents his making any movement under circumstances unforeseen, or not literally explained by his government in advance. For my own part, while insisting that neither in letter nor spirit did I act against my instructions, I yet can not admit the doctrine, and proceed to lay down the true principles from indisputable authorities." After which he quotes from *Marten's Diplomatic Manual* to sustain his position, as well as the instructions of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, which say, "Your enlightened judgment must guide you, according to the circumstances; for to make your instructions more precise we should require detailed information as to the condition of the Roman States, inaccessible to us;" and he triumphantly adds, "Must, therefore, all that was said to me by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, by M. Odilon Barrot, and by the President of the Re-

public [Louis Napoleon], count for nothing, as weighed against this dictum of the Council of State?" He then quotes largely from the declarations of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his proclamations, and explanations to Parliament, as to the scope and object of the Oudinot expedition, one of which gives him discretionary power, thus: "As to the real purpose and scope of this expedition, to preserve them intact in spite of all eventualities, by decision of the cabinet we have sent to Rome an envoy who enjoys our entire confidence, and who has proven under difficult circumstances that he would ever advocate the cause of liberty and humanity. M. De Lesseps has been chosen as that envoy."

The justification of this eulogium by the minister thus sent was the moving cause of his withdrawal from the diplomatic service. He would palter neither with truth nor justice; he would not lend himself to a policy equally cowardly and cruel, nor sanction the crushing out of a young republic whose baptism of blood and tears appealed to the sympathy of every enlightened mind and generous heart in Europe. Under the timid and truckling policy of the then French cabinet the crime against the Italian people was perpetrated, equally against policy and principle, and years since Ferdinand de Lesseps stood justified before France and the world for the attitude he then assumed and the predictions he then made. It is a curious fact that Louis Napoleon but ten years later, when Emperor, should have taken M. De Lesseps into his confidence, and exerted all the weight of his then powerful influence in behalf of the Suez Canal scheme, essentially aiding in its speedy execution.

Equally curious is it to speculate on the consequences that might have resulted to M. De Lesseps and the world had his government not disapproved of his action at Rome, and had he continued in his diplomatic career. For when he came to seek that concession in 1854 he was upward of fifty years old—an age in which few men change the whole direction of their thoughts and labors, although it can not be doubted that his diplomatic training aided greatly in his successful prosecution of his work. For the natural difficulties in cutting through that narrow isthmus of sand were as nothing to the international rivalries and jealousies to be removed before spade or dredging-machine could be set to work efficiently. The Suez Canal had to be cut as much with tongue and pen as with pick and shovel, and to this work the ever-ready tongue and pen of the ex-diplomate were invaluable adjuncts. Like Cleopatra,

> "age can not wither him,
> Nor custom stale his infinite variety."

Although past the allotted Scriptural term of man's life, M. De Lesseps is as youthful in body, brain, and heart as men twenty years his juniors, and the charm of his manner and presence and vivacity as unflagging as when he went on that mission to Rome just thirty years ago. The only indications of the touch of time are to be found in the plentiful snowy hair which crowns a vivacious countenance, a healthy complexion, and a lustrous eye. With a family of small children clustering around him, and a lovely young wife, he seems to have renewed his youth by some process like that which Bulwer assigned to Zanóni; and even now, like Alexander, is sighing, not for new worlds to conquer, but for new canals to cut in Greece, in Africa, and in America.

One curious trait of the man, from youth to age, has been his utter incapacity for concealment of his plans or purposes, or indirection of any kind. He has always taken the world into his confidence, and gone to his object straight as an arrow to its mark, with a conviction of his own success always which has greatly assisted in his attaining it. The frankness with which he admits his changes of conviction is a key-note to his character. In the defense from which I have been quoting he says: "I can not see why I should be blamed for not having persevered in following up an erroneous appreciation of the situation. No man is infallible, nor is there any representative man who does not find good cause under altered circumstances to rectify his original impressions, without incurring the reproach of inconsistency."

But space will not allow an extended notice of the personal traits of a man who has stamped himself on his era, and whose career, like a bright sunset, throws as brilliant hues over the heavens as when it rose up to public view more than a quarter of a century ago.

MUSIC AND WORDS.

O Music, come forth and clasp thou my word,
Clasp it and cling till it merge all in thee;
For my verse is but streamlet or soaring bird,
While thou art the sunlight and measureless sea.

And as the lark flies to be lost in the light,
To be lost in the ocean all rivulets flow,
So thou art as home to my saddened words' flight,
And as flowers to the seed which my fragile hands sow.

For more than by fire flies dross from the gold
Do thy mystery and magic our sorrow transmute.
See! what was Despair when the rhyme only told
Was Rapture when sung to the passionate lute.

For the words have been false so oft on the lips,
And they bear on their front the scar and the stain,
And the orb of the soul is half light, half eclipse,
In their purest intent and their loftiest strain.

Ay, the word is as flesh, and the flesh is as grass,
And the spirit must use, and the spirit must scorn;
Poor snow-flakes that drift, mere sands in the glass;
Leaves by the wind from the tree of life torn.

But the music exalts, and the music redeems,
With its passion and measure, its rhythmical joy,
And its numbers all woven to tissue of dreams
Of delight where there enters nor taint nor alloy.

What are words at the best but the weed of the shore,
Where foam is and fret and the doom of unrest;
Where the pendulum—thought—"evermore, nevermore,"
Makes echo to ebb and to flood in the breast?

But the music is there where the moon in her might
At the centre and depth plucks the heart of the sea;
Where the Hours are alone with the Day and the Night,
And earth's spirit exults, disembodied and free.

For at heart of the word lies the doubt and the dread,
As the canker and worm at the heart of the fruit;
For what things hath man said that man hath not gainsaid,
While no angel decides, and the balance is mute?

Be it passion or prayer in our soul-searching need,
Love's heaven that we seek, or the heaven of the saints,
The fires brightly burn while the silences feed,
And the heart's altar-flame nor flickers nor faints.

But the prayer of the lips is the creed and the form,
And denial is there or from Heaven or of man;
And the word-proffered love brings the stress and the storm,
Though the sweet broken light of a rainbow may span.

And we listen with spirit ecstatic, translate
From our limits and griefs to the life without bounds;
And our fibre that wastes feels the master of fate
'Mid that order and passion and glory of sounds.

Oh, foolish to question of better and worse,
And of meanings that hide, and of ill and of good,
In the art that redeems from the snake and the curse,
And as healer to brain and enrichment to blood.

Those be clews that may guide, and a sword that defends,
As we creep through the brute-haunted mazes of earth;
That is wings for a flight that aspires and ascends
To a kingdom that knows not of sin or of death.

Would ye conquer the grave and the worm and the word?
Then be more of the soul to all harmonies given,
As more and yet more of the music is heard
The sign and the promise and foretaste of heaven.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.



Maidens, mothers that may be,
Bring your wreaths to deck the shrine
Of the Mother-Maid divine
With her Child upon her knee;
Shout your silvery songs of praise
For the birth of better days.

Mothers, come! I see confessed
In your glances deep and mild
The adoration of the Child.
Come, your children at the breast;
Lift your prayerful songs of praise
For the birth of better days.

Children, come with confidence,
Seek the benediction mild
Of this gentle little Child,
Who was love and innocence;
Lisp your guileless songs of praise
For the birth of better days.



WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.



CHAPTER XVII.

VILLAINY ABROAD.

IT is near mid-day; two late people are sitting at breakfast; the sky-light overhead has been lifted, and the cool sea-air fills the saloon.

"Dead calm again," says Angus Sutherland, for he can see the rose-red ensign hanging limp from the mizzen-mast, a blaze of color against the still blue.

There is no doubt that the *White Dove* is quite motionless, and that a perfect silence reigns around her. That is why we can hear so distinctly—through the open sky-light—the gentle footsteps of two people who are pacing up and down the deck, and the soft voice of one of them as she speaks to her friend. What is all this wild enthusiasm about, then?

"It is the noblest profession in the world!"—we can hear so much as she passes the sky-light. "One profession lives by fomenting quarrels, and another studies the art of killing in every form; but this one lives only to heal—only to relieve the suffering and help the miserable. That is the profession I should belong to if I were a man."

Our young doctor says nothing as the voice recedes; but he is obviously listening for the return walk along the deck. And here she comes again.

"The patient drudgery of such a life is quite heroic; whether he is a man of science, working day and night to find out things for the good of the world, nobody thanking him or caring about him, or whether he is a physician in practice with not a minute that can be called his own—liable to be summoned at any hour—"

The voice again becomes inaudible. It is remarked to this young man that Mary Avon seems to have a pretty high opinion of the medical profession.

"She herself," he says, hastily, with a touch of color in his face, "has the patience and fortitude of a dozen doctors."

Once more the light tread on deck comes near the sky-light.

"If I were the government," says Mary Avon, warmly, "I should be ashamed to see so rich a country as England content to take her knowledge second-hand from the German universities, while such men as Dr. Sutherland are harassed and hampered in their proper work by having to write articles and do ordinary doctor's visiting. I should be ashamed. If it is a want of money, why don't they pack off a dozen or two of the young noodles who pass the day whittling quills in the Foreign Office?"

Even when modified by the distance, and by the soft lapping of the water outside, this seems rather strong language for a young lady. Why should Miss Avon again insist in such a warm fashion on the necessity of endowing research?

But Angus Sutherland's face is burning red. Listeners are said to hear ill of themselves.

"However, Dr. Sutherland is not likely to complain," she says, proudly, as she comes by again. "No; he is too proud of his profession. He does his work, and leaves the appreciation of it to others. And when everybody knows that he will one day be among the most famous men in the country, is it not monstrous that he should be harassed by drudgery in the mean time? If I were the government—"

But Angus Sutherland can not suffer this to go on. He leaves his breakfast unfinished, passes along the saloon, and ascends the companion.

"Good-morning!" he says.

"Why, are you up already?" his hostess says. "We have been walking as lightly as we could, for we thought you were both asleep. And Mary has been heaping maledictions on the head of the government because it doesn't subsidize all you microscope men. The next thing she will want is a license for the whole of you to be allowed to vivisect criminals."

"I heard something of what Miss Avon said," he admitted.

The girl, looking rather aghast, glanced at the open sky-light.

"We thought you were asleep," she stammered, and with her face somewhat flushed.

"At least I heard you say something about the government," he said, kindly. "Well, all I ask from the government is to give me a trip like this every summer."

"What," says his hostess, "with a barometer that won't fall?"

"I don't mind."

"And seas like glass?"

"I don't mind."

"And the impossibility of getting back to land?"

"So much the better," he says, defiantly.

"Why," she reminds him, laughing, "you were very anxious about getting back some days ago. What has made you change your wishes?"

He hesitates for a moment, and then he says:

"I believe a sort of madness of idleness has got possession of me. I have dallied so long with that tempting invitation of yours to stay and see the *White Dove* through the equinoctials that—that I think I really must give in."

"You can not help yourself," his hostess says, promptly. "You have already promised. Mary is my witness."

The witness seems anxious to avoid being brought into this matter; she turns to the Laird quickly, and asks him some question about Ru-na-Gaul light over there.

Ru-na-Gaul light no doubt it is—shining white in the sun at the point of the great cliffs; and there is the entrance to Tobermory; and here is Mingary Castle—brown ruins amid the brilliant greens of those sloping shores—and there are the misty hills over Loch Sunart. For the rest, blue seas around us, glassy and still; and blue skies overhead, cloudless and pale. The barometer refuses to budge.

But suddenly there is a brisk excitement. What though the breeze that is darkening the water there is coming on right ahead?—we shall be moving anyway. And as the first puffs of it catch the sails, Angus Sutherland places Mary Avon in command; and she is now—by the permission of her travelling physician—allowed to stand as she guides the course of the vessel. She has become an experienced pilot: the occasional glance at the leach of the top-sail is all that is needed; she keeps as accurately "full and by" as the master of one of the famous cup-takers.

"Now, Mary," says her hostess, "it all depends on you as to whether Angus will catch the steamer this evening."

"Oh, does it?" she says, with apparent innocence.

"Yes; we shall want very good steering to get within sight of Castle Osprey before the evening."

"Very well, then," says this audacious person.

At the same instant she deliberately puts the helm down. Of course the yacht directly runs up to the wind, her sails flapping helplessly. Everybody looks surprised; and John of Skye, thinking that the new skipper has only been a bit careless, calls out:

"Keep her full, mem, if you please."

"What do you mean, Mary? What are you about?" cries Queen T——.

"I am not going to be responsible for sending Dr. Sutherland away," she says, in a matter-of-fact manner, "since he says he is in no hurry to go. If you wish to drive your guest away, I won't be a party to it. I mean to steer as badly as I can."

"Then I depose you," says Dr. Sutherland, promptly. "I can not have a pilot who disobeys orders."

"Very well," she says, "you may take the tiller yourself;" and she goes away, and sits down, in high dudgeon, by the Laird.

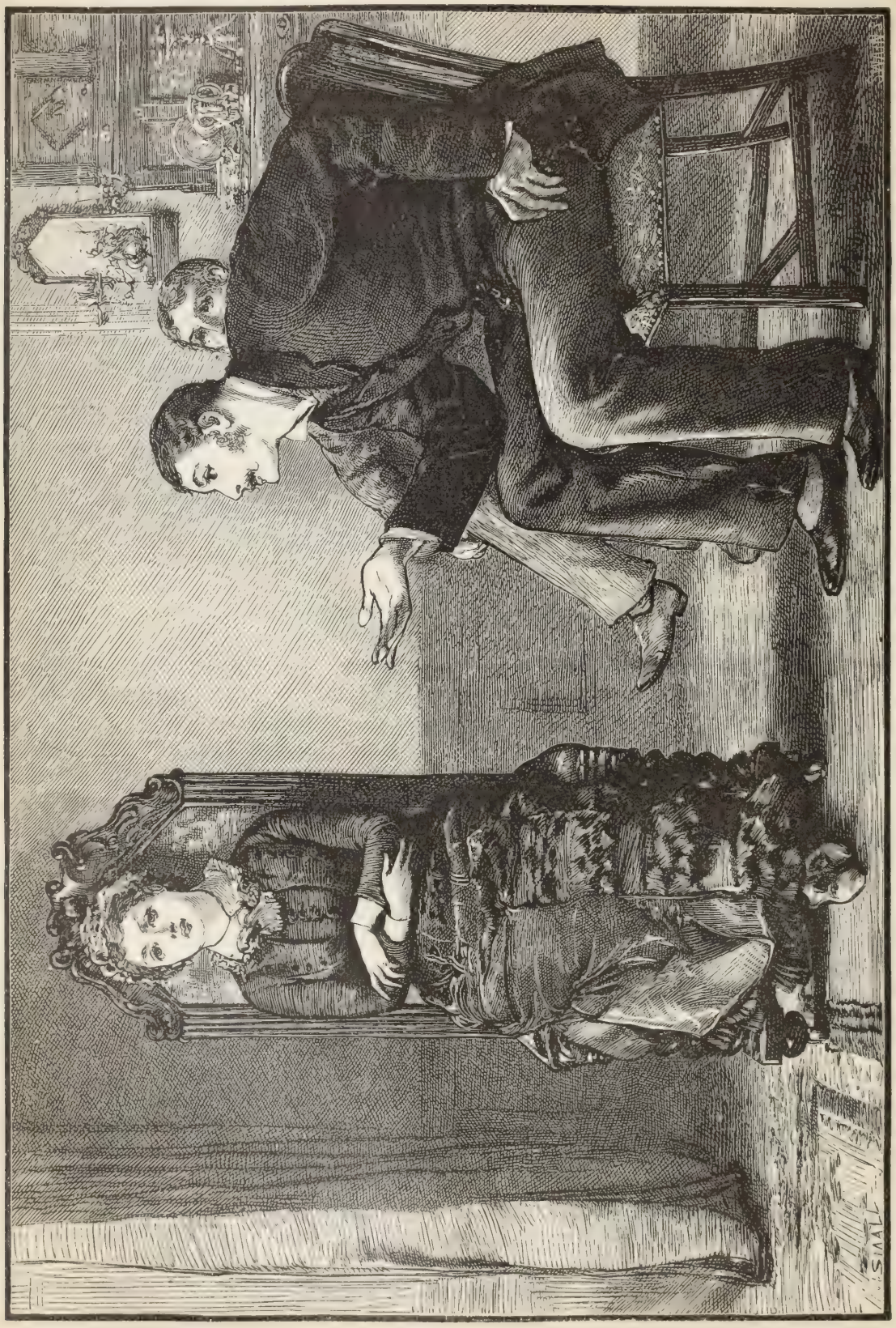
So once more we get the vessel under way; and the breeze is beginning to blow somewhat more briskly; and we notice with hopefulness that there is rougher water further down the Sound. But with this slow process of beating, how are we to get within sight of Castle Osprey before the great steamer comes up from the South?

The Laird is puzzling over the Admiralty Sailing Directions. The young lady,

deeply offended, who sits beside him, pays him great attention, and talks "at" the rest of the passengers with undisguised contempt.

"It is all hap-hazard, the sailing of a yacht," she says to him, though we can all hear. "Anybody can do it. But they make a jargon about it to puzzle other people, and pretend it is a science, and all that."

"Well," says the Laird, who is quite unaware of the fury that fills her brain,



"'YOU WOULD JUSTIFY THAT TOO?' HE CRIED."—[SEE PAGE 248.]

"there are some of the phrases in this book that are verra extraordinary. In navigating this same Sound of Mull, they say you are to keep the 'weather shore

aboard.' How can ye keep the weather shore aboard?"

"Indeed, if we don't get into a port soon," remarks our hostess and chief commissariat officer, "it will be the only thing we shall have on board. How would you like it cooked, Mary?"

"I won't speak to any of you," says the disgraced skipper, with much composure.

"Will you sing to us, then?"

"Will you behave properly if you are re-instated in command?" asks Angus Sutherland.

"Yes, I will," she says, quite humbly; and forthwith she is allowed to have the tiller again.

Brisker and brisker grows the breeze; it is veering to the south, too; the sea is rising, and with it the spirits of everybody on board. The ordinarily sedate and respectable *White Dove* is showing herself a trifle frisky, moreover; an occasional clatter below of hair-brushes or candlesticks tells us that people accustomed to calms fall into the habit of leaving their cabins ill arranged.

"There will be more wind, Sir," says John of Skye, coming aft; and he is looking at some long and streaky "mares'-tails" in the southwestern sky. "And if there wass a gale o' wind, I would let her have it."

Why that grim ferocity of look, Captain John? Is the poor old *White Dove* responsible for the too fine weather, that you would like to see her driven, all wet and bedraggled, before a southwesterly gale? If you must quarrel with something, quarrel with the barometer: you may admonish it with a belaying-pin if you please.

Brisker and brisker grows the breeze. Now we hear the first pistol-shots of the spray come rattling over the bows; and Hector of Moidart has from time to time to duck his head, or shake the water from his jersey. The *White Dove* breasts these rushing waves, and a foam of white water goes hissing away from either side of her. Speine Môr and Speine Beg we leave behind; in the distance we can descry the ruins of Aros Castle and the deep indentation of Salen Bay; here we are passing the thick woods of Funeray. "*Farewell, farewell, to Funeray!*" The squally look in the southwest increases; the wind veers more and more. Commander Mary Avon is glad to resign the helm, for it is not easy to retain hold in these plunging seas.

"Why, you will catch the steamer, after all, Angus," says his hostess, as we go tearing by the mouth of Loch Aline.

"This is a good one for the last," he calls to her. "Give her some more sheet, John; the wind is going round to the north."

Whence comes the whirling storm in the midst of the calm summer weather? The blue heavens are as blue as the petal of a crane's-bill: surely such a sky has nothing to do with a hurricane. But wherever it comes from, it is welcome enough; and the brave *White Dove* goes driving through those heavy seas, sometimes cresting them buoyantly, at other times meeting them with a dull shock, followed by a swish of water that rushes along the lee scuppers. And those two women-folk, without Ulsters or other covering: it is a merry game to play jack-in-the-box, and duck their heads under the shelter of the gig when the spray springs into the air. But somehow the sea gets the best of it. Laugh as they may, they must be feeling rather damp about their hair; and as for Mary Avon's face, that has got a bath of salt-water at least a dozen times. She cares not. Sun, wind, and sea she allows to do their worst with her complexion. Soon we shall have to call her the Nut-brown Maid.

Brisker and brisker grows the breeze. Angus Sutherland, with a rope round the tiller, has his teeth set hard: he is indeed letting the *White Dove* have it at last, for he absolutely refuses to have the top-sail down. The main tack, then: might not that be hauled up? No; he will have none of John of Skye's counsels. The *White Dove* tears her way through the water—we raise a cloud of birds from the rocks opposite Scallasdale—we see the white surf breaking in at Craignure—ahead of us is Lismore Light-house, perched over the whirling and struggling tides, shining white in the sunlight above the dark and driven sea.

"Ahead she goes; the land she knows!"

—past the shadowy ruins of Duart, and out and through the turbulent tides off the light-house rocks. The golden afternoon is not yet far advanced: let but this brave breeze continue, and soon they will descry the *White Dove* from the far heights of Castle Osprey.

But there was to be no Castle Osprey for Angus Sutherland that evening, de-

spite the splendid run the *White Dove* had made. It was a race, indeed, between the yacht and the steamer for the quay; and notwithstanding that Mary Avon was counselling everybody to give it up as impossible, John of Skye would hold to it in the hope of pleasing Dr. Sutherland himself. And no sooner was the anchor let go in the bay than the gig was down from the davits, the men had jumped in, the solitary portmanteau was tossed into the stern, and Angus Sutherland was hurriedly bidding his adieux. The steamer was at this instant slowing into the quay.

"I forbid any one to say good-by to him," says our admiral-in-chief, sternly. "*Au revoir—auf wiedersehen*—anything you like—no good-by."

Last of all he took Mary Avon's hand.

"You have promised, you know," she said, with her eyes cast down.

"Yes," said he, regarding her for an instant with a strange look—earnest, perhaps, and yet timid—as if it would ask a question, and dared not—"I will keep my promise." Then he jumped into the boat.

That was a hard pull away to the quay; and even in the bay the water was rough, so that the back-sweep of the oars sometimes caught the waves and sent the spray flying in the wind. The *Chevalier* had rung her bells. We made sure he would be too late. What was the reason of this good-natured indulgence?* We lost sight of the gig in at the landing-slip.

Then the great steamer slowly steamed away from the quay: who was that on the paddle-box waving good-by to us?

"Oh yes, I can see him plainly," calls out Queen T——, looking through a glass; and there is a general waving of handkerchiefs in reply to the still visible signal. Mary Avon waves her handkerchief too—in a limp fashion. We do not look at her eyes.

And when the gig came back, and we bade good-by for the time to the brave old *White Dove*, and set out for Castle Osprey, she was rather silent. In vain did the Laird tell her some of the very best ones about Homesh; she seemed anxious to get into the house, and to reach the solitude of her own room.

But in the mean time there was a notable bundle of letters, newspapers, and what not lying on the hall table. This was the first welcome that civilization gave us. And although we defied these claims, and determined that not an envelope should be opened till after dinner, Mary Avon, having only one letter awaiting her, was allowed to read that. She did it mechanically, listlessly—she was not in very good spirits. But suddenly we heard her utter some slight exclamation; and then we turned and saw that there was a strange look on her face—of dismay and dread. She was pale, too, and bewildered—like one stunned. Then without a word she handed the letter to her friend.

"What is the matter, Mary?"

But she read the letter; and, in her amazement, she repeated the reading of it aloud. It was a brief, business-like, and yet friendly letter, from the manager of a certain bank in London. He said he was sorry to refer to painful matters; but no doubt Miss Avon had seen in the papers some mention of the absconding of Mr. Frederick Smethurst, of —— ——. He hoped there was nothing wrong; but he thought it right to inform Miss Avon that, a day or two before this disappearance, Mr. Smethurst had called at the bank and received, in obedience to her written instructions, the securities — U. S. Five-Twenties—which the bank held in her name. Mr. Smethurst had explained that these bonds were deliverable to a certain broker, and that securities of a like value would be deposited with the bank in a day or two afterward. Since then nothing had been heard of him till the Hue and Cry appeared in the newspapers. Such was the substance of the letter.

"But it isn't true!" said Mary Avon, almost wildly. "I can not believe it. I will not believe it. I saw no announcement in the papers. And I did give him the letter—he was acting quite rightly. What do they want me to believe?"

"Oh, Mary!" cries her friend, "why did you not tell us? Have you parted with everything?"

"The money?" says the girl, with her white face and frightened pathetic eyes. "Oh, I do not care about the money. It has got nothing to do with the money. But—but—he—was my mother's only brother."

The lips tremble for a moment; but she collects herself. Her courage fights through the stun of this sudden blow.

* Thank you very much, Mr. L——, for calling the attention of the captain to the approaching boat. It was one of many good deeds that we are grateful for.

"I will not believe it!" she says. "How dare they say such things of him? How is it we have never seen anything of it in the papers?"

But the Laird leaves these and other wild questions to be answered at leisure. In the mean time his eyes are burning like coals of fire; and he is twisting his hands together in a vain endeavor to repress his anger and indignation.

"Tell them to put a horse to," he says, in a voice the abruptness of which startles every one. "I want to drive to the telegraph office. This is a thing for men to deal wi'—not weemen."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN ULTIMATION.

When our good friend the Laird of Denny-mains came back from the post-office he seemed quite beside himself with wrath. And yet his rage was not of the furious and loquacious sort; it was reticent, and deep, and dangerous. He kept pacing up and down the gravel-path in front of the house, while as yet dinner was not ready. Occasionally he would rub his hands vehemently, as if to get rid of some sort of electricity; and once or twice we heard him ejaculate to himself: "The scoondrel!—the scoondrel!" It was in vain that our gentle Queen Titania, always anxious to think the best of everybody, broke in on these fierce meditations, and asked the Laird to suspend his judgment. How could he be sure, she asked, that Frederick Smethurst had really run away with his niece's little property? He had come to her and represented that he was in serious difficulties; that this temporary loan of six or seven thousand pounds would save him; that he would repay her directly certain remittances came to him from abroad. How could he, the Laird, know that Frederick Smethurst did not mean to keep his promise?

But Denny-mains would have none of these possibilities. He saw the whole story clearly. He had telegraphed for confirmation; but already he was convinced. As for Frederick Smethurst being a swindler, that did not concern him, he said. As for the creditors, that was their own look-out: men in business had to take their chance. But that this miscreant, this ruffian, this mean hound, should have robbed his own niece of her last farthing, and left her absolutely without resources or protection of any kind in the world—this it was that made the Laird's eyes burn with a dark fire. "The scoondrel!—the scoondrel!" he said; and he rubbed his hands as though he would wrench the fingers off.

We should have been more surprised at this exhibition of rage on the part of a person so ordinarily placid as Denny-mains, but that every one had observed how strong had become his affection for Mary Avon during our long days on the Atlantic. If she had been twenty times his own daughter, he could not have regarded her with a greater tenderness. He had become at once her champion and her slave. When there was any playful quarrel between the young lady and her hostess, he took the side of Mary Avon with a seriousness that soon disposed of the contest. He studied her convenience to the smallest particular when she wished to paint on deck; and so far from hinting that he would like to have Tom Galbraith revise and improve her work, he now said that he would have pride in showing her productions to that famous artist. And perhaps it was not quite so much the actual fact of the stealing of the money as the manner and circumstance of it that now wholly upset his equilibrium and drove him into this passion of rage. "The scoondrel!—the scoondrel!" he muttered to himself, in these angry pacings to and fro.

Then he surprised his hostess by suddenly stopping short and uttering some brief chuckle of laughter.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, "for the leeberty I have taken; but I was at the telegraph office in any case; and I thought ye would not mind my sending for my nephew Howard. Ye were so good as to say—"

"Oh, we shall be most pleased to see him," said she, promptly. "I am sure he must have heard us talking about the yacht; he will not mind a little discomfort—"

"He will have to take what is given him, and be thankful," said the Laird, sharply. "In my opeenion the young people of the present day are too much given to picking and choosing. They will not begin as their parents began. Only the best of everything is good enough for them."

But here the Laird checked himself.

"No, no, ma'am," said he. "My nephew Howard is not like that. He is a good lad—a sensible lad. And as for his comfort on board that yacht, I'm thinking it's not that, but the opposite, he has to fear most. Ye are spoiling us all, the crew included."

"Now we must go in to dinner," is the practical answer.

"Has she come down?" asks the Laird, in a whisper.

"I suppose so."

In the drawing-room we found Mary Avon. She was rather pale, and silent—that was all; and she seemed to wish to avoid observation. But when dinner was announced the Laird went over to her, and took her hand, and led her into the dining-room, just as he might have led a child. And he arranged her chair for her, and patted her on the back as he passed on, and said, cheerfully:

"Quite right—quite right; don't believe all the stories ye hear. *Nil desperandum*—we're not beaten down yet!"

She sat cold and white, with her eyes cast down. He did not know that in the interval her hostess had been forced to show the girl that paragraph of the Hue and Cry.

"*Nil desperandum*—that's it," continued the good-hearted Laird, in his blithest manner. "Keep your own conscience clear, and let other people do as they please—that is the philosophy of life. That is what Dr. Sutherland would say to ye if he was here."

This chance reference to Angus Sutherland was surely made with the best intentions, but it produced a strange effect on the girl. For an instant or two she tried to maintain her composure, though her lips trembled; then she gave way, and bent her head, and burst out crying, and covered her face with her hands. Of course her kind friend and hostess was with her in a moment, and soothed her, and caressed her, and got her to dry her eyes. Then the Laird said, after a second or two of inward struggle,

"Oh, do you know that there is a steamer run on the rocks at the mouth of Loch Etive?"

"Oh yes," his hostess, who had resumed her seat, said, cheerfully. "That is a good joke. They say the captain wanted to be very clever; and would not have a pilot, though he knows nothing about the coast. So he thought he would keep mid-channel in going into the loch!"

The Laird looked puzzled: where was the joke?

"Oh," said she, noticing his bewilderment, "don't you know that at the mouth of Loch Etive the rocks are right in the middle, and the channel on each side? He chose precisely the straight line for bringing his vessel full tilt on the rocks."

So this was the joke, then: that a valuable ship should be sunk! But it soon became apparent that any topic was of profound interest—was exceedingly facetious, even—that could distract Mary Avon's attention. They would not let her brood over this thing. They would have found a joke in a coffin. And indeed, amidst all this talking and laughing, Mary Avon brightened up considerably, and took her part bravely, and seemed to have forgotten all about her uncle and his evil deeds. You could only have guessed from a certain preoccupation that from time to time these words must have been appearing before her mind, their commonplace and matter-of-fact phraseology in no way detracting from their horrible import: "*Police officers and others are requested to make immediate search and inquiry for the above-named; and those stationed at sea-port towns are particularly requested to search outward-bound vessels.*" The description of Mr. Frederick Smethurst that preceded this injunction was not very flattering.

But among all the subjects, grave and gay, on which the Laird touched during this repast, there was none he was so serious and pertinacious about as the duty owed by young people to their parents and guardians. It did not seem an opportune topic. He might, for example, have enlarged upon the duties of guardians toward their helpless and unprotected wards. However, on this matter he was most decided. He even cross-examined his hostess, with an unusual sternness, on the point. What was the limit—was there any limit—she would impose on the duty which young folks owed to those who were their parents, or who stood to them in the relation of parents? Our sovereign mistress, a little bit frightened, said she had always found her boys obedient enough. But this would not do. Considering the care and affection bestowed on them, considering the hardly

earned wealth spent on them, considering the easy fortune offered to them, was it not bounden on young people to consult and obey the wishes of those who had done so much for them? She admitted that such was the case. Pressed to say where the limit of such duty should lie, she said there was hardly any. So far good; and the Laird was satisfied.

It was not until two days afterward that we obtained full information by letter of what was known regarding the proceedings of Frederick Smethurst, who, it appears, before he bolted, had laid hands on every farthing of money he could touch, and borrowed from the credulous among his friends; so that there remained no reasonable doubt that the story he had told his niece was among his other deceptions, and that she was left penniless. No one was surprised. It had been almost a foregone conclusion. Mary Avon seemed to care little about it; the loss of her fortune was less to her than the shame and dishonor that this scoundrel had brought on her mother's name.

But this further news only served to stir up once more the Laird's slumbering wrath. He kept looking at his watch.

"She'll be off Easdale now," said he to himself; and we knew he was speaking of the steamer that was bringing his nephew from the south.

By-and-by, "She'll be near Kerrara now," he said aloud. "Is it not time to drive to the quay?"

It was not time, but we set out. There was the usual crowd on the quay when we got there; and far off we could descry the red funnels and the smoke of the steamer. Mary Avon had not come with us.

"What a beautiful day your nephew must have had for his sail from the Crinan!" said the Laird's gentle hostess to him.

Did he not hear her? Or was he absorbed in his own thoughts? His answer, at all events, was a strange one.

"It is the first time I have asked anything of him," he said, almost gloomily. "I have a right to expect him to do something for me now."

The steamer slows in; the ropes are thrown across; the gangways run up; and the crowd begins to pour out. And here is a tall and handsome young fellow who comes along with a pleasant smile of greeting on his face.

"How do you do, Mr. Smith?" says Queen T——, very graciously—but she does not call him "Howard," as she calls Dr. Sutherland "Angus."

"Well, uncle," says he, brightly, when he has shaken hands all round, "what is the meaning of it all? Are you starting for Iceland in a hurry? I have brought a rifle as well as my breech-loader. But perhaps I had better wait to be invited?"

This young man, with the clear, pale complexion, and the dark hair, and dark gray eyes, had good looks and a pleasant smile in his favor; he was accustomed to be made welcome; he was at ease with himself. He was not embarrassed that his uncle did not immediately answer; he merely turned and called out to the man who had got his luggage. And when we had got him into the wagonette, and were driving off, what must he needs talk about but the absconding of Mr. Frederick Smethurst, whom he knew to be the uncle of a young lady he had once met at our house.

"Catch him?" said he, with a laugh. "They'll never catch him."

His uncle said nothing at all.

When we reached Castle Osprey, the Laird said, in the hall, when he had satisfied himself that there was no one within hearing,

"Howard, I wish to have a few meenutes' talk with ye; and perhaps our good friends here will come into the room too—"

We followed him into the dining-room, and shut the door.

"—just to see whether there is anything unreasonable in what I have got to say to ye."

The young man looked rather alarmed; there was an unusual coldness and austerity in the elder man's voice.

"We may as well sit down," he said: "it wants a little explanation."

We sat down in silence, Howard Smith looking more concerned than ever. He had a real affection, as we knew, for this pseudo-uncle of his, and was astounded that he should be spoken to in this formal and cold manner.

The Laird put one or two letters on the table before him.

"I have asked our friends here," said he, in a calm and measured voice, "to listen to what I have to say, and they will judge whether it is unreasonable. I have a service to ask of ye. I will say nothing of the relations between you and me be-

fore this time; but I may tell ye frankly —what doubtless ye have understood— that I had intended to leave ye Denny-mains at my death. I have neither kith nor kin of my own blood; and it was my intention that ye should have Denny-mains—perhaps even before I was called away."

The young man said nothing; but the manner in which the Laird spoke of his intentions in the past sense might have made the most disinterested of heirs look frightened. After all, he had certainly been brought up on the understanding that he was to succeed to the property.

"Now," said he, slowly, "I may say I have shown ye some kindness—"

"Indeed you have, Sir!" said the other, warmly.

"—and I have asked nothing from ye in return. I would ask nothing now if I was your age. If I was twenty years younger, I would not have telegraphed for ye—indeed no; I would have taken the matter into my own hands—"

Here the Laird paused for a second or so to regain that coldness of demeanor with which he had started.

"Ay, just so. Well, ye were talking about the man Smethurst as we were coming along. His niece, as ye may be aware, is in this house—a better lass was never seen within any house."

The Laird hesitated more and more as he came to the climax of his discourse: it was obviously difficult for him to put this restraint on himself.

"Yes," said he, speaking a little more hurriedly, "and that scoondrel — that scoondrel—has made off with every penny that the poor lass had—every penny of it—and she is left an orphan—without a farthing to maintain herself wi'—and that infernal scoondrel—"

The Laird jumped from his seat; his anger was too much for him.

"I mean to stand by her," said he, pacing up and down the room, and speaking in short ejaculations. "She will not be left without a farthing. I will reach him too, if I can. Ay, ay, if I was but twenty years younger, and had that man before me!"

He stopped short opposite his nephew, and controlled himself so as to speak quite calmly.

"I would like to see ye settled at Denny-mains, Howard," said he. "And ye would want a wife. Now if ye were to marry this young leddy, it would be the delight of my old age to see ye both comfortable and well provided for. And a better wife ye would not get within this country. Not a better!"

Howard Smith stared.

"Why, uncle!" said he, as if he thought some joke was going forward. We, who had been aware of certain profound plans on the part of Denny-mains, were less startled by this abrupt disclosure of them.

"That is one of two things," said the Laird, with forced composure, "that I wished to put before ye. If it is impossible, I am sorely vexed. But there is another; and one or the other, as I have been thinking, I am fairly entitled to ask of ye. So far I have not thought of any return for what I have done; it has been a pleasure to me to look after your upbringing."

"Well, uncle," said the young man, beginning to look a little less frightened, "I would rather hear of the other thing. You know—eh—that is—a girl does not take anybody who is flung at her, as it were—it would be an insult—and—and people's inclinations and affections—"

"I know—I know—I know," said the Laird, impatiently. "I have gone over all that. Do ye think I am a fool? If the lass will not have ye, there is an end to it: do your best to get her, and that is enough for me."

"There was another thing," the young man suggested, timidly.

"Yes, there is," said the Laird, with a sudden change in his manner. "It is a duty, Sir, ye owe not to me, but to humanity. Ye are young, strong, have plenty of time, and I will give ye the money. Find out that man Smethurst; get him face to face; and fell him! Fell him!"—the Laird brought his fist down on the table with a bang that made everything jump, and his eyes were like coals of fire. "None o' your pistols or rapiers, or trash like that—no, no!—a mark on his face for the rest of his life—the brand of a scoondrel between his eyes—there! will ye do that for me?"

"But, uncle," cried the young man, finding this alternative about as startling as the other, "how on earth can I find him? He is off to Brazil, or Mexico, or California, long ere now, you may depend on it."

The Laird had pulled himself together again.

"I have put two things before ye," said he, calmly. "It is the first time I have asked ye for a service, after having brought ye up as few lads have been brought up. If you think it is unfair of me to make a bargain about such things, I will tell ye frankly that I have more concern in that young thing left to herself than in any creature now living on earth; and I will be a friend to her as well as an old man can. I have asked our friends here to listen to what I had to say; they will tell ye whether I am unreasonable. I will leave ye to talk it over."

He went to the door. Then he turned for a moment to his hostess.

"I am going to see, ma'am, if Mary will go for a bit walk wi' me—down to the shore, or the like; but we will be back before the hour for denner."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEW SUITOR.

It is only those who have lived with her for a number of years who can tell when a certain person becomes possessed with the demon of mischief, and allows sarcasm and malignant laughter and other unholy delights to run riot in her brain. The chief symptom is the assumption of an abnormal gravity, and a look of simple and confiding innocence that appears in the eyes. The eyes tell most of all. The dark pupils seem even clearer than is their wont, as if they would let you read them through and through; and there is a sympathetic appeal in them; the woman seems so anxious to be kind, and friendly, and considerate. And all the time—especially if it be a man who is hopelessly dumfoundered—she is revenging the many wrongs of her sex by covertly laughing at him and enjoying his discomfiture.

And no doubt the expression on Howard Smith's face, as he sat there in a bewildered silence, was ludicrous enough. He was inclined to laugh the thing away as a joke, but he knew that the Laird was not given to practical jokes. And yet—and yet—

"Do you really think he is serious?" he blurted out at length; and he spoke to this lady with the gentle innocent eyes.

"Oh, undoubtedly," she answered, with perfect gravity.

"Oh no; it is impossible!" he said, as if arguing with himself. "Why, my uncle, of all men in the world—and pretending it was serious. Of course people often do wish their sons or daughters to marry a particular person—for a sensible reason, to keep estates together, or to join the fortunes of a family; but this—no, no; this is a joke, or else he wants to drive me into giving that fellow a licking. And that, you know, is quite absurd; you might as well drag the Atlantic for a penknife."

"I am afraid your uncle is quite serious," said she, demurely.

"But it was to be left to you," he answered, quickly. "You were to say whether it was unreasonable. Surely you must see it is not reasonable. Neither the one thing nor the other is possible—"

Here the young man paused for a moment.

"Surely," he said, "my uncle can't mean, by putting these impossible things before me, to justify his leaving his property to somebody else? There was no need for any such excuse; I have no claim on him; he has a right to do what he pleases."

"That has nothing to do with it," said Queen T——, promptly. "Your uncle is quite resolved, I know, that you should have Denny-mains."

"Yes—and a wife," responded the young man, with a somewhat wry smile. "Oh, but you know it is quite absurd; you will reason him out of it, won't you? He has such a high opinion of your judgment, I know."

The ingenious youth!

"Besides," said he, warmly, "do you think it very complimentary to your friend Miss Avon that any one should be asked to come and marry her?"

This was better; it was an artful thrust. But the bland sympathetic eyes only paid him a respectful attention.

"I know my uncle is pretty firm when he has got a notion into his head," said he, "and—and—no doubt he is quite right in thinking that the young lady has been badly treated, and that somebody should give the absconder a thrashing. All that is quite right; but why should I be made responsible for it? I can't do impossible things."

"Well, you see," said his sage adviser, with a highly matter-of-fact air, "your

uncle may not regard either the one thing or the other as impossible."

"But they are impossible," said he.

"Then I am very sorry," said she, with great sweetness. "Because Denny-mains is really a beautiful place. And the house would lend itself splendidly to a thorough scheme of redecoration; the hall could be made perfectly lovely. I would have the wooden dado painted a dark bottle-green, and the wall over it a rich Pompeiian red —I don't believe the colors of a hall can be too bold if the tones are good in themselves. Pompeiian red is a capital background for pictures, too; and I like to see pictures in the hall; the gentlemen can look at them while they are waiting for their wives. Don't you think Indian matting makes a very nice, serviceable, sober-colored dado for a dining-room—so long as it does not drive your pictures too high on the wall?"

The fiendishness of this woman! Denny-mains was being withdrawn from him at this very moment, and she was bothering him with questions about its decoration. What did he think of Indian matting?

"Well," said he, "if I am to lose my chance of Denny-mains through this piece of absurdity, I can't help it."

"I beg your pardon," said she, most amiably; "but I don't think your uncle's proposal so very absurd. It is the commonest thing in the world for people to wish persons in whom they are interested to marry each other; and very often they succeed by merely getting the young people to meet, and so forth. You say yourself that it is reasonable in certain cases. Well, in this case, you probably don't know how great an interest your uncle takes in Miss Avon, and the affection that he has for her. It is quite remarkable. And he has been dwelling on this possibility of a match between you—of seeing you both settled at Denny-mains—until he almost regards it as already arranged. 'Put yourself in his place,' as Mr. Reade says. It seems to him the most natural thing in the world, and I am afraid he will consider you very ungrateful if you don't fall in with his plan."

Deeper and deeper grew the shadow of perplexity on the young man's brow. At first he had seemed inclined to laugh the whole matter aside, but the gentle reasoning of this small person had a ghastly aspect of seriousness about it.

"Then his notion of my seeking out the man Smethurst and giving him a thrashing: you would justify that too?" he cried.

"No, not quite," she answered, with a bit of a smile. "That is a little absurd, I admit—it is merely an ebullition of anger. He won't think any more of that in a day or two, I am certain. But the other —the other, I fear, is a fixed idea."

At this point we heard some one calling outside:

"Miss Mary! I have been searching for ye everywhere; are ye coming for a walk down to the shore?"

Then a voice, apparently overhead at an open window:

"All right, Sir; I will be down in a moment."

Another second or two, and we hear some one singing on the stair, with a fine air of bravado:

"'A strong sou'wester's blowing, Billy, can't you hear it roar now?'"

—the gay voice passes through the hall—

"'Lord help 'em, how I pities all un—'"

—then the last phrase is heard outside—

"'—folks on shore now!'"

Queen Titania darts to the open window of the dining-room.

"Mary! Mary!" she calls. "Come here."

The next instant a pretty enough picture is framed by the lower half of the window, which is open. The background is a blaze of scarlet and yellow and green —a mixture of sunlight and red poppies and nasturtiums and glancing fuchsia leaves. Then this slight figure that has appeared is dark in shadow; but there is a soft reflected light from the front of the house, and that just shows you the smile on Mary Avon's face and the friendliness of her dark soft eyes.

"Oh, how do you do?" she says, reaching in her hand and shaking hands with him. There is not any timidity in her manner. No one has been whispering to her of the dark plots surrounding her.

Nor was Mr. Smith much embarrassed, though he did not show himself as grateful as a young man might have done for so frank and friendly a welcome.

"I scarcely thought you would have remembered me," said he, modestly. But at this moment Denny-mains interfered, and took the young lady by the arm, and

dragged her away. We heard their retreating footsteps on the gravel-walk.

"So you remember her?" says our hostess, to break the awkward silence.

"Oh yes, well enough," said he; and then he goes on to say, stammeringly, "Of course I—I have nothing to say against her—"

"If you have," it is here interposed, as a wholesome warning, "you had better not mention it here. Ten thousand hornets' nests would be a fool compared to this house if you said anything in it against Mary Avon."

"On the contrary," says he, "I suppose she is a very nice girl indeed—very; I suppose there's no doubt of it. And if she has been robbed like that, I am very sorry for her; and I don't wonder my uncle should be interested in her, and concerned about her, and—and all that's quite right. But it is too bad—it is too bad—that one should be expected to—to ask her to be one's wife, and a sort of penalty hanging over your head, too. Why, it is enough to set anybody against the whole thing; I thought everybody knew that you can't get people to marry if you drive them to it—except in France, I suppose, where the whole business is arranged for you by your relatives. This isn't France; and I am quite sure Miss Avon would consider herself very unfairly treated if she thought she was being made part and parcel of any such arrangement. As for me—well, I am very grateful to my uncle for his long kindness to me; he has been kindness itself to me; and it is quite true, as he says, that he has asked for nothing in return. Well, what he asks now is just a trifle too much. I won't sell myself for any property. If he is really serious—if it is to be a compulsory marriage like that—Denny-mains can go. I shall be able to earn my own living somehow."

There was a chord struck in this brief, hesitating, but emphatic speech that went straight to his torturer's heart. A look of liking and approval sprang to her eyes. She would no longer worry him.

"Don't you think," said she, gently, "that you are taking the matter too seriously? Your uncle does not wish to force you into a marriage against your will; he knows nothing about Adelphi melodramas. What he asks is simple and natural enough. He is, as you see, very fond of Mary Avon; he would like to see her well provided for; he would like to see you settled and established at Denny-mains. But he does not ask the impossible. If she does not agree, neither he nor you can help it. Don't you think it would be a very simple matter for you to remain with us for a time, pay her some ordinary friendly attention, and then show your uncle that the arrangement he would like does not recommend itself to either you or her? He asks no more than that; it is not much of a sacrifice."

There was no stammering about this lady's exposition of the case. Her head is not very big, but its perceptive powers are remarkable.

Then the young man's face brightened considerably.

"Well," said he, "that would be more sensible, surely. If you take away the threat, and the compulsion, and all that, there can be no harm in my being civil to a girl, especially when she is, I am sure, just the sort of girl one ought to be civil to. I am sure she has plenty of common-sense—"

It is here suggested once more that, in this house, negative praise of Mary Avon is likely to awake slumbering lions.

"Oh, I have no doubt," says he, readily, "that she is a very nice girl indeed. One would not have to pretend to be civil to some creature stuffed with affectation, or a ghoul. I don't object to that at all. If my uncle thinks that enough, very well. And I am quite sure that a girl you think so much of would have more self-respect than to expect anybody to go and make love to her in the country bumpkin style."

Artful again; but it was a bad shot. There was just a little asperity in madame's manner when she said:

"I beg you not to forget that Mary does not wish to be made love to by anybody. She is quite content as she is. Perhaps she has quite other views, which you would not regret, I am sure. But don't imagine that she is looking for a husband, or that a husband is necessary for her, or that she won't find friends to look after her. It is your interests we are considering, not hers."

Was the snubbing sufficient?

"Oh, of course, of course," said he, quite humbly. "But then, you know, I was only thinking that—that if I am to go in and make believe about being

civil to your young lady friend, in order to please my uncle, too much should not be expected. It isn't a very nice thing—at least, for you it may be very nice—to look on at a comedy—"

"And is it so very hard to be civil to a girl?" says his monitress, sharply. "Mary will not shock you with the surprise of her gratitude. She might have been married ere now if she had chosen."

"She—isn't—quite a school-girl, you know," he says, timidly.

"I was not aware that men preferred to marry school-girls," says the other, with a gathering majesty of demeanor.

Here a humble witness of this interview has once more to interpose to save this daring young man from a thunderbolt. Will he not understand that the remotest and most roundabout reflection on Mary Avon is in this house the unpardonable sin?

"Well," said he, frankly, "it is exceedingly kind of you to show me how I am to get out of this troublesome affair; and I am afraid I must leave it to you to convince my uncle that I have done sufficient. And it is very kind of you to ask me to go yachting with you: I hope I shall not be in the way. And—and there is no reason at all why Miss Avon and I should not become very good friends; in fact, I hope we shall become such good friends that my uncle will see we could not be anything else."

Could anything be fairer than this? His submission quite conquered his hostess. She said she would show him some of Mary Avon's sketches in oil, and led him away for that purpose. His warm admiration confirmed her good opinion of him; henceforth he had nothing to fear.

At dinner that evening he was at first a little shy; perhaps he had a suspicion that there were present one or two spectators of a certain comedy which he had to play all by himself. But indeed our eyes and ears were not for him alone. Miss Avon was delighting the Laird with stories of the suggestions she had got about her pictures from the people who had seen them—even from the people who had bought them—in London.

"And you know," said she, quite frankly, "I must study popular taste as much as I fairly can now, for I have to live by it. If people will have sea-pieces spoiled by having figures put in, I must put in figures. By-and-by I may be in a position to do my own work in my own way."

The Laird glanced at his nephew: was it not for him to emancipate this great and original artist from the fear of critics, and dealers, and purchasers? There was no response.

"I mean to be in London soon myself," the Laird said, abruptly; "ye must tell me where I can see some of your pictures."

"Oh no," she said, laughing, "I shall not victimize my friends. I mean to prey on the public—if possible. It is Mr. White, in King Street, St. James's, however, who has taken most of my pictures hitherto; and so if you know of anybody who would like to acquire immortal works for a few guineas apièce, that is the address."

"I am going to London myself soon," said he, with a serious air, as if he had suddenly determined on buying the National Gallery.

Then Howard Smith, perceiving that no one was watching him, or expecting impossibilities of him, became quite cheerful and talkative; and told some excellent stories of his experiences at various shooting quarters the previous winter. Light-hearted, good-natured, fairly humorous, he talked very well indeed. We gathered that during the last months of the year the shooting of pheasants occupied a good deal more of his time and attention than the study of law. And how could one wonder that so pleasant-mannered a young man was a welcome guest at those various country houses in the South?

But it appeared that, despite all this careless talk, he had been keeping an eye on Mary Avon during dinner. Walking down to the yacht afterward—the blood-red not quite gone from the western skies, a cool wind coming up from the sea—he said, casually, to his uncle:

"Well, Sir, whatever trouble that young lady may have gone through has not crushed her spirits yet. She is as merry as a lark."

"She has more than cheerfulness—she has courage," said the Laird, almost severely. "Oh ay; plenty of courage. And I have no doubt she could fight the world for herself just as well as any man I know. But I mean to make it my business that she shall not have to fight the world for herself—not as long as there is a stick standing on Denny-mains!"

THE GHOST OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"ARE you really sincere in asserting that you are utterly incredulous in belief in the existence of all sights, sounds, and omens?" She hesitated a moment before she answered. There was a far-away, dreamy look in her eyes, and a general delicacy of feature and contour, that physically appeared to disprove this assertion; but her mouth was firm, and the chin would have been masculine but for the soft dimple indented in it.

The present summer had been very hot and debilitating, and although far advanced into September, there had been no cooling change in the temperature of the Southern city where they lived. She had passed her first youth, but the rose was as lovely as the bud had been. Not the mere beauty of coloring and feature, but the higher grace of symmetry, and the nameless charm that, lacking the proper expression, we call fascination. The full but slight limbs, the graceful fall of shoulders and arms, the setting of the spirited head upon the throat and neck, were correct, even classic. The eye became satisfied in looking, and when she spoke, the crowning charm of woman was hers—the slow, soft voice, sweet, low, and distinct. Her companion had been always her friend, and they had lived as neighbors from childhood. If at times a passing anger at attentions shown her by other men fretted him, a little sisterly soothing on her part, and the absence of apparent interest toward the aspirants, soon quelled the feeling.

Still he was not her lover, their intimacy from childhood precluding her looking upon him differently to her brothers, whose companion he was, and if any passion lingered in her heart, it was dormant. The subject of love as applied to their intimacy had never intruded its presence.

Once there had arisen a coldness—a fancy on her side, an estrangement on his—but the object was dead, and how deeply she had suffered she alone knew. None questioned, and she gave no sign, save in shrinking from all mention of a name, and an avoidance of aught that could recall a memory. At the time a long and wasting illness had prostrated her, but the physician suggested a malarious atmosphere, and as she had no female relative save a paralyzed old grandmother, who, with her two brothers and her father composed their household, and who were as obtuse in such matters as those of their sex generally are, no one surmised any cause beyond local fever.

They were seated upon the stone steps leading down into the garden, with the long, dark conservatory, odorous with tropical plants, behind them. The house, an old discolored mass of bricks, monopolized the whole square, for it stood in the centre of a perfect wilderness of greenery. Tall forest trees grew there, straight magnolias towering above roof and chimney, feathery acacias with their yellow hair, dense fig-trees, all shading a wilderness of rose-bushes. Thick vines threw their embracing arms from bough to bough, dropping twisted loops of giant tendrils almost to the ground, and, softening the ruggedness of branch and bark, the tender gray moss clung around them, light almost as the mist of the Indian summer. Even at noonday there brooded shadow and mystery around the place. The old master had been opposed to all modern innovations, and the few flitting candles that hardly supply the need of gas made the spacious rooms seem larger, and the high walls higher. Only familiarity with these gloomy surroundings from early childhood could have rendered the pair indifferent to the dreariness of the place. They may still have had their influence, for the conversation often insensibly took, as it did this night, a mysterious tone.

She was leaning against the stone balustrade now, having left him a moment to tie up a wandering bud, with her soft white mull muslin dress clinging to the outline of her graceful shoulders. The stephanotis flowers dropped mutely from the vine above her head, and fell like stars about her dark hair, as the soft south wind shook them from their loose stems. Her mind was evidently much occupied with thoughts apart from her surroundings, for her answers were very unsatisfactory to his lively attempts to amuse and interest her. They were alone, the father and brothers having joined a hunting party early in the spring, whom they had met marooning on one of the sea islands, waiting for their annual sport. Except her old grandmother and an intelligent woman, partly companion and partly nurse, there had been no one living in the house with her since they left.

The question that had at last roused her attention was a challenge from Linton to go to a chamber in the garret which had always been locked up on account of foolish rumors among the servants of strange sounds having been there heard. The missing key had been found by him that morning when searching for fishing-tackle. She refused with some impatience, which provoked a jesting retort from him, and then an accusation that "she and Mrs. Prynne were both afraid of ghosts."

"Mrs. Prynne left us some weeks since," she said, calmly, "and I have only that stupid Candis to supply her place. I fear my grandmother needs me now."

Still she lingered, casting long apprehensive glances down the dim wide hall. The summer evenings stretched far into the night, and the dull heavily cut glass lamp, that made the passage only more gloomy, had not yet been lit, the air seeming cooler in darkness.

Linton was not very observant, but love quickens the senses, and as he looked attentively into her face, struck by the gravity of her manner, he became aware that some change had thinned her figure and hollowed her cheeks. The blood came and receded too quickly in her fair face, and the quiet composure which was her chief charm seemed to be maintained only by great control. If he had noticed this before, it had made no impression, but the full nature of the alteration in face and form burst upon him now with startling force.

"Esther," he said, springing to his feet, "what is troubling you? Are you sick again? Why did you turn so white, and then red, when I jested about ghosts? Has any one dared to play a trick upon you, knowing your solitary position at present, and the silly rumors concerning this house?"

"Who do you suppose would dare to take such a liberty?" she answered, gravely.

"But there must be some cause for your manner, your looks, and the abstraction of your mind from all that once interested and amused you. Good Heaven! how blind I have been!"

She seemed about to speak, then hesitated, and he noticed how uneasily she glanced around her. "If only—" she said, under her breath, but the words died upon her lips.

"Esther," he said, "you have known me, boy and man, from childhood; can not you trust me?"

"Yes, yes," she eagerly cried; "it is not the trust that is wanting. If only I could, if only I dared! I have tried in vain to be self-reliant, to be sensible if possible, and I have failed so entirely—so entirely!"

"Then let me judge for you," he said. "I am a man, Esther, and have, I think, as much power of will and as much brain as are apportioned to most men. You do not seem willing to believe this. Be just, and give me the same consideration you accord to others. Have I no influence with you, because long familiarity of intercourse, untrammelled by etiquette, has blinded you to the changes of time? Whatever I may lack in your sight, I shall never be any more of a man than I now am."

Undoubtedly he felt aright. He had never yet been aught to her but her boy-playmate grown a bigger boy, for she looked at him with some surprise, and a dawning sense that he had true cause for his complaint. Her eyes filled with tears, and her voice trembled, as she answered him: "I know that you are kind and brave, manly and tender-hearted, and I need help so much! My brain feels giving way. I have been *so* skeptical, *so* determined in my disbelief, and *it* has been so fearful, so horrible, so unaccountable. Why should it have been forced upon me?"

He took her shaking hand, and waited to hear more, but she seemed to regret what she had already said. He entreated her to trust in his interest and power to aid her, but she shrank away.

"Leave me now," she said. "I may not be disturbed to-night. Sometimes, but very rarely, I am allowed to rest without hinderance—when it is stormy, or when the night is dark and wild; and whatever it is, it seems to shun the conflict of the elements. There is a storm brooding now, and I may escape to-night. Come to me to-morrow evening, and if I can, I will tell you everything. Indeed, I *must*, for I can not bear it alone; and yet"—she spoke under her breath—"any one rather than you."

He checked his rising impulse of resentment, for he saw how pale she grew, and how the strong agitation she labored under shook her fragile form. He had waited and hoped apparently in vain for

years, serving faithfully for his reward, and never knowing what was the nature of the invisible and intangible but impassable barrier which separated them.

"As you please," he replied, gravely. "You are the best judge of how far I am to be relied upon in any emergency. Give or withhold your confidence, it will make no difference. I shall always, I think, be the same to you."

"Always the same," she said. "Always the truest, the kindest, the most unselfish friend that any woman was ever blessed with. I can not tell you why I shrink from confiding to you this story, for a fearful story it is."

He checked her words, seeing her increasing agitation, called Candis—a heavy, stupid negro girl, only brought from the kitchen to fill Mrs. Prynne's place during her temporary absence—tried to bid Esther good-night as coldly as he could, for he feared to trust his excited feelings of tenderness, and telling the girl not to leave her young lady until she saw that she slept, left the house before the storm burst.

It was, indeed, a wild September night, so stormy that all sounds were swallowed up in the roar of wind and the rush of rain; but it swept away for a time the intense summer heat, and the next day the sun arose brilliantly, disclosing the destruction of roses and jasmines, which in that generous clime it takes but one day's sunshine to renew in their perfect beauty. The torn branches of trees strewed the streets, but the soft sandy soil had already drunk up the rain. All nature seemed healthier, stronger, and fresher.

He found Esther more in unison with the change. The bracing atmosphere had apparently invigorated her, for her movements were not so languid; but her face was deadly pale, and the violet shadows deeper under her eyes. Sad or bright, they were the loveliest, tenderest eyes he had ever looked into.

The twilight was melting into the deep sapphire of the summer night as they seated themselves in their accustomed spot, but they still talked upon indifferent subjects, as if shunning one particular one. She seemed loath to allude to her promise of the previous night, and he felt a natural delicacy in urging her confidence. The young crescent moon, with a bright star just touching her horn, floated over the mimosa-trees, where a young mocking-bird tried his melodious notes. Linton fancied once or twice that she made an effort to commence her story, for her breath came short at times, and then would end in a long painful sigh. At last he turned suddenly to her.

"Esther, what have you to reveal to me? It can be nothing but for which an easy solution can be found. Your imagination has been excited, and has exaggerated whatever it is into an alarming matter. I wish to hear all about it now—this instant. I can not see you so distressed, and feign indifference."

"You shall hear," she said; "but promise not to interrupt me. Listen to the very, very end, I entreat you, and then give me some explanation that may satisfy me, or I shall die, I believe."

They were seated as usual on the steps of the veranda overlooking the garden. So thick was the undergrowth of vines and rose-bushes and honeysuckles that it appeared to stretch miles away. The boundaries were hidden from sight by close hedges, and only here and there a mass of green caught the rays of the bright crescent light.

"You remember the years we passed in Europe," she commenced, "the time you were finishing your collegiate career, when our house and grounds were rented to Mr. Winstoun, while his were painting and repairing? Winny Winstoun and I had always been fast friends from the day we entered school together, and the intimacy continued unbroken for many years, for we shared our girlish pleasures too in after-life. We had no jealousies then, our attractions being as different as our characters. It is just five years since we made our *début*, and for a long time after our entrance into society there seemed to be no one among the young men who associated with us who could be considered a favored lover for either. Then came a naval vessel to our port, and among her officers one proved as attractive in society as he appeared to be among his friends. He was with us very often, and almost domesticated in Mr. Winstoun's family, and our little world soon decided that Winny's bright face and gay manners had won him. I never could draw from her any serious avowal on the subject. She seemed uneasy when questioned, laughing as long as she could evade inquiry by jesting, and then growing angry if pressed; but she always declared when

I appealed to her for confidence that he did not know whom he wanted, and that whatever his game was, it was too deep for her penetration to fathom. She was an heiress, and my father's affairs at that time were much embarrassed, so I had an advantage over her in never being suspicious of the motives of my lovers. Then a coolness grew up between us, and before I could resolve to ask explanations, my mother's health became much affected, and we left for Europe. It was then that Mr. Winstoun took our house, and occupied it until his was added to and put in complete repair. He gave it up then to my brothers when they returned home that winter. They were young and wild, free from all supervision, and they led a very gay life, and filled the old house with their noisy companions. Foremost among them in reckless daring was our young naval friend, who, after all, had proved the shrewdness of Winny's judgment by flying off with his wings unsinged, apparently fancy-free, never having enacted decidedly the *rôle* of lover. For many months they lived their lively, careless life, until the terrible tragedy occurred which threw a gloom over the whole city, and gave my brothers a shock which sobered their life for many months. We were at Pau, watching my mother's declining days, for she lived only a few weeks afterward, when, among the items in a long letter received from Winny, was a studiously careless account of the death of Captain Santerre" (her voice died away to a faint whisper, and the pale cheeks and lips waned even paler in the moonlight).

"I remember," Linton said, briefly: "a life thrown away recklessly; but it was very sudden, and very awful."

"Awful indeed! You do not know the real circumstances of the case. The reports were false that said it was not accidental. Why should a man choose such a death, if even he was tired of life? and why should he have been—" Again the sweet voice faltered and broke.

"My youngest brother was his chosen friend," she continued, "and he bears witness to the falsehood of the charges made. In the full flush of health and strength, Captain Santerre insisted on making a bet that he could spring over the stone balustrade of the piazza on the west front, leading out from my bedroom (the one I now occupy), and that he could clear the iron fence that separates the garden from the yard, and reach the ground in safety. I *can not* tell you more; you know the rest."

"Hush," he said, soothingly. "Do not force yourself to recount that horrible story. It is all past. Why dwell upon it?"

Her mind still clung to her narrative, and she continued as if he had not spoken: "In the distraction of travel and the constant anxiety about the state of my mother's health, as well as the necessity of preserving her mind from all agitation, and perhaps, also, by reason of our distance from the scene, I did not feel with the acuteness you would suppose the horror of the tragedy that had occurred in our very house, amidst all our daily surroundings. Then my mother died, and with that great sorrow pressing upon me, all reminiscences faded into the background. We were then recalled home immediately to receive my grandmother, who had been struck with paralysis at hearing of her daughter's death, and had become as helpless as she is now. As soon as we became settled, Winny came from the plantation to see me. She was as gay and thoughtless and noisy as ever, inquired why had we resolved to live again in such a gloomy, dreary old prison-house, and what rooms I had determined to immure myself in. I told her that I had exchanged the former nursery, where I had remained before we left, to be near my mother, for a couple of rooms on the western side.

"'Which two?' she asked; 'back or front?'

"'The back ones, for the sake of the westerly view of the river and ocean, and the comfort of the little piazza that led out of the chamber windows.'

"'I should not like to sleep in either of them,' she said, lightly. 'Captain Santerre, when he was picked up apparently lifeless, was taken into one of those rooms, and there laid upon the couch. For nearly a week they watched him day and night, but he gave no sign of life except the loud sobbing, struggling of the breath to escape, and the hurrying beat, beat of his heart. It could be heard even outside of the house, sounding like nothing human. If I were you, Essie, I would change my rooms: you might hear him some night, and you would not easily forget it all. You know he always had a fancy for you, and could not make up his mind to take me, even for the money

that he needed so much. Indeed, people said—'

"But I turned away, and would listen to no more, and the light laugh—not without bitterness—which followed me revealed then the reason of her coldness and captiousness in times past. But her remarks made little impression on my mind, as all my faculties had been dulled and my heart deadened by the loss of my mother, and the daily need I felt for her presence and companionship.

"This conversation occurred about a week after our return. It was then late in the winter. I was very busy for some time getting the house re-arranged comfortably, and distributing the many luxuries we had brought home with us. My father had been specially solicitous that the bedrooms I occupied should be made as pretty and fresh as muslin and cretonne could make them, and there was no trace left of the heavy, old-fashioned look that they had worn for many years. I had never remembered Winny's careless and cruel words, or her description of Captain Santerre's death, and could feel no nervousness living in the changed rooms where so sad a tragedy had been enacted, for there was not a sign of their former appearance left.

"And now, Linton, I come—oh, so reluctantly!—to the cause of my distress, or terror, I should say, for terror and horror worse than death have I borne for weeks. I know that I am sane, and that my bodily health is good. I disbelieve entirely, as I have always asserted, in the existence of any phenomena contrary to the laws of nature. I am not a weak or a fanciful woman, or even a superstitious one, and that I have great control over myself I have shown by bearing for six weeks all the suffering that I will relate to you, as well as by trying in every way my mind could suggest to elucidate the mystery. I have failed. And now I want your help, and am more than relieved that you have persuaded me to rest part of my burden upon your shoulders. God grant that your investigations may lead to the elucidation of the mystery!"

He gazed at her in speechless surprise. She was usually so calm and composed, so self-reliant and free from all feminine nervousness, that her violent agitation and convulsed voice stupefied him.

"I never again thought of Winny's story, as I assured you," she continued, "and all that winter and spring I occupied my rooms contented and happy. Then my father and brothers left for their annual hunt to the lower part of the State, my grandmother, myself, and Mrs. Prynne, whom I had engaged on my own account as well as my grandmother's (for she was an educated, efficient woman, on whom I could depend), alone occupying the house, the quarters of the servant-men being over the stable. My grandmother became so helpless and so deaf that a capable woman was a necessity for her, but when Mrs. Prynne was summoned away to her daughter, and wrote me that she would be unable to come back, I replaced her with Candis, a stupid negro girl, thinking I could supervise her duties, as I preferred not getting a stranger to fill the office until my father's return.

"It was very quiet in the house before you came. All our friends had left for a cooler atmosphere, but it was necessary for me to remain with grandmother, as she could not be moved, and I had no inclination, I had been so long away, to leave home again. The gloom of the high, wide passages and rooms had never depressed me, for we use so little light in the summer months at the South that the absence of gas was naturally unnoticed.

"One night, a week after Mrs. Prynne's departure, I awoke suddenly with a confused feeling of fright—wide-awake, with every sense alive, as we are when aroused in the dead of night by the unexpected cry of fire or murder. I sat up in bed, listening intently in the deep silence around me, when there smote upon my ear a faint, oppressed, and smothered breathing, low and distinct. Quick as light Winny Winstoun's careless speech came to me. I pushed my hair back, and waited, motionless; and then, regularly, steadily, commencing softly, as if half suppressed, then momently increasing in volume and agony they came—those awful sounds. Gasp after gasp. They filled the room. They labored like a soul in mortal agony, ever growing louder and louder, stronger and stronger, and between the suffocating sobs came the bewildering beat, beat, beat of the crushed and lacerated heart. The room, the air, the walls from which they re-echoed, everything around me, above me, below me, resounded with the ghastly tumult, and was burdened with the horrible regularity of the struggling breath that came fluttering and sobbing and writhing in the

still night like a tortured spirit in torment, like an agonized body broken upon the wheel. I sat up in my bed, motionless, pulseless, breathless, but my senses ever keenly alive. I *knew* that I was not dreaming, and that my imagination had not conjured up that scene, that there was no deception in the sounds I heard, and I forced myself to remain calm.

"For three-quarters of an hour it lasted, commencing low, then rising, and lastly culminating into a tumult of tones that forced me to crush my hands into my ears, and then it died away as it had commenced, and I strained my ears to hear the last of the faint, far-away sobs that had ceased.

"The next morning I awoke late, for I had dropped asleep near day-dawn from exhaustion, and my first thought, under the brightness of the summer sun streaming in the windows, was entire disbelief in the possibility of the night's occurrence. It was a feverish dream, and nothing more, and at the time, could I have summoned courage to have sprung out of bed, the nightmare would have been dispelled. All day I busily occupied myself, and allowed but scant time for reflection upon supernatural phenomena. Even when night came, I gathered the late roses, and sitting where we now are, made bouquets for my vases, wondering when I should have you with me to cheer my loneliness—for you were absent just then—and when it grew too dark for work, I thought of the coming pleasures for the winter, and what occupations I would make. I thought of everything I could conjure up that was amusing, and that could interest a girl's mind.

"In this healthy mood I went up to my chamber, said my prayers, went to bed, and dropped quietly to sleep almost immediately. The only difference made in my usual habits was the addition of a candle and box of matches at my bedside.

"Linton, in the dead of night, at the same hour, again I awoke, for my ear as suddenly caught that first faint struggling gasp. I did not wait one moment, but sprang out of bed, lit my candle, and then I stood still and waited. It was not for long. The gasps, the struggles, the stertorous heaving of the laboring chest, again filled all space, while the terrible monotone of the beat, beat, beat of the anguished heart never varied half a second.

"This was no freak of the imagination, no delusion of the senses, but an awful reality. Still, it could not be what I dared not think of. I quieted my nerves, and went mechanically around my chamber and sitting-room. I stepped out into the calm of the sweet-smelling summer night, out on the piazza—that piazza from which he had sprung; but I shrank back, for the horror grew louder, the struggles stronger. I wandered into the hall, and across it to the opposite room, and awoke my poor old grandmother. 'Do you hear any one suffering?' I screamed to her; but she shook her head silently, and was asleep almost before my voice had died away. Candis I knew of old; there would be no use in trying to make her hear, much less understand, when once fallen asleep. Her intellects are dull at all times. Through the long hall, candle in hand, I returned to my rooms, never for a moment losing those sounds, that had only become fainter as I went farther along the passage, and as I neared my chamber filled the dark space, and beat the air with a regularity that was maddening.

"I did not faint, Linton. I did not feel like fainting. I could only die once of horror; but why did not either insensibility or death come? On the contrary, every nerve was strong. I did not, I could not, I would not, believe! I opened all my doors—of closet and cabinet and dressing-room, even the small one that closed my escritoire; but I did not again go into the hall—I would never have dared to return to my rooms! I peered into the obscurity of the garden, for my ears were so filled with the ghastly horror that I did not know where to seek it. It was all around me, but it came louder and more shudderingly from that piazza, and I shrank back into a corner of the sofa.

"But I am no coward. I come of a race who never feared, and a passion of anger at my helplessness flamed into my brain, and set my blood boiling and the heretofore still pulses beating to fever-heat, and in my sudden passion I called to him—to it—to whatever the horror might be that was blasting my life. I could no longer endure the quiescence that accorded to such sounds their aggravated terror.

"'Speak to me, Captain Santerre,' I cried aloud. 'I am alone and suffering. Through what power are you here, and why this ghastly presentment to me alone of a past agony? If aught of the manliness is left that was yours in life, cease

this horrible travesty of vitality. Come to me, if come you must, in a more seemly shape.' My brain was throbbing, and my wild address, as you may suppose, died on the air; but the tumult was again fading away, and then came silence—still, dead silence, like the calm of exhaustion. Hardly a breath could be heard.

"The first night that I was disturbed, Linton, was the 2d of August. It is now the middle of September; so for six weeks I have lived with this nightly terror near me. Do you wonder that my cheeks are pale and my eyes hollow? You look incredulously at me: why should you not? for believe me that I do not, even in the presence of this horrible experience, rely entirely on the evidence of my own senses; that is, I can not realize those night scenes when the daylight comes, but at night—" Her lips contracted, and she trembled all through her delicate frame.

He had listened with surprise at first, then with a kind of puzzled amusement, and lastly with infinite compassion. All the tenderness of his love, and love controlled almost beyond repression for years, was thrilling his nerves and throbbing at his heart. The narration itself influenced but little his masculine incredulity, but the suffering she had evidently endured, and her unconscious appeal to him, to his care, his protection, sank into the very depths of his soul. Mingling, too, with this feeling rose a suspicion, gathering force as it grew, that there was an added horror she had not alluded to in her narration, nor could he ask any explanation; but he knew that the scenes she had described were the death-bed scenes of the man she had once loved, perhaps still mourned, and the only solution he could at that moment confusedly grasp at was that a dormant sympathy had been reawakened in her heart by returning to the neighborhood of the surroundings of the terrible tragedy which had closed Santerre's life, and had conjured up the nightly scenes she had borne with such secrecy and courage, and had blown the embers of an almost forgotten fancy into flame.

But how to meet the emergency pushed more abstract feelings into the background. That she had suffered deeply was evident from her hollow eyes and extreme depression. Her story showed no signs of hypochondria. She had struggled against illusions and deceptions, and had maintained a courage that few women under similar circumstances could have summoned. Here was no weak nature to be laughed out of fanciful moods, or be scolded into common-sense.

"Have you been reading lately any of Dale Owen's books?" he said, carelessly. "Been poring over *Foot-Prints on the Borders of Another World*, or Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*?"

"I know of what you are thinking. I have not read books of that style for years. They make no impression upon me even at the time of reading them. There is not a single well-attested or well-authenticated fact in them, and although I can not doubt that I have absolutely heard for the last six weeks all I have related to you, still I do not believe in the possibility of its being of a supernatural nature. What have I ever done to him" (suddenly bursting into hysterical sobs) "that he should come to me nightly to rend my heart with his awful agony."

Now that the excitement had taken the relief of tears, he did not disturb her, but let her weep it away. This outburst, the removal of the pressure of secrecy, and the comfort of unrestrained confidence, all tended to tranquillize her, so that she listened almost cheerfully to his explanation of future plans for the elucidation of the mystery.

"You did not tell me if you were disturbed last night," he said. "What an awful storm! I thought often of you, and wondered if you were alarmed. I did not then know" (tenderly taking her hand) "of the more serious horrors you had to contend with!"

"I was spared it all," she said. "In the turmoil of wind and rain, and the swaying and crashing of the old trees, I dreaded the added sounds I had every reason to expect. None came, thank God! Not a groan, not a sob. Can it all be over? And if it is, what has it been?"

"Never mind what it *has* been, my Esther, my dear Esther, my poor little Essie! If only it is all over, we can sooner or later find the key to the mystery. And now listen to me, and be guided by my judgment, I pray you. Who cares so much for you, and loves—"

But not now. Surely not now, when her weakness, her trial, should call forth his forbearance, his tenderness. He steadied his voice, and calmed his manner.

"It is past eleven o'clock," he said. "I will go over home and tell them not to ex-

pect me there to-night, and then I will return, and we will go up to your fearful little piazza, and spend the night there. You can enjoy your European experiences over again by recounting them to me, and while you are so engaged, I will keep a sharp look-out for—" He glanced at her face, and did not finish his sentence. The impression her story had at first made upon him was already dying away. Indeed, his brave, bold nature could hardly be affected by her wild narration of the strange events she had suffered from, particularly when the actual enactment of them was impossible from his common-sense point of view; but he saw she could not then endure any disbelief expressed by him on the subject.

"That is what I should like," she eagerly assented. "You can only elucidate the mystery (if it can be elucidated) by hearing it for yourself. Come back to me as soon as possible; and, oh! do not leave me alone too long. I *could not* bear it another night."

There was nothing further at present to be said, so he silently left. All subjects of former interest appeared to have been banished from her mind by her last six weeks' experience, but her trouble had surely been his gain, and he returned, after a few minutes' absence, hopeful, buoyant, and happy. What a charming ghost was this, he thought, who had frightened her so thoroughly that his care was an absolute necessity! He could hardly control the expression of his gratification, and act with the solemnity which befitted the occasion.

It was a lovely night that followed the storm. Esther was very still and composed, but every nerve was quivering with suppressed expectancy, and even fear that the absence of that which she dreaded most might throw discredit upon her story, and make her appear the weak dupe of a nervous delusion. *He* was too well satisfied with any cause that would draw them together to care what the nature of it might be. There was but little conversation. Her small slim hands were folded tightly on her lap, and both tried to appear at their ease, as if the circumstances that drew them together at that hour were matters of usual occurrence. They had left their nightly position on the stone steps of the veranda about twelve o'clock, and taken their post of observation on the piazza leading from her bedroom.

Away to the west glided the tranquil river, too much in shadow under its wooded banks to add to the beauty of the scene, but beyond it gleamed a broad stretch of silver sand, running out a long tongue of land separating the river from the ocean. Even during the heaviest Atlantic gales the curve of the coast made this stretch a safe passage for small steamers and schooners that coasted along its bend, thus escaping rougher waves. It was called the inland passage, and although very distant, almost too far to add to the view, a quivering, bright line of molten silver always glittered there under the sun or moon beams.

And gazing upon this peaceful scene they watched the night wear on, undisturbed by any present attempt at elucidating the cause of their vigil. Now and then a word from him, and a murmured answer or a slight sigh of relief from her. Her heart, which had fluttered so often with the dread of catching that first struggling sob, fluttered still more wildly for fear that it might not come that night. It was nearly three in the morning when, glancing at him, she fancied she detected the dawning of a faint smile.

"I know, Linton, what you are beginning to doubt," she commenced, when her voice sank away to a faint whisper, as a low, suppressed, gasping sob breathed lightly into the still air of the summer night, and then another, and another—struggling, gasping, heaving, sobbing sighs, as if the soul beating against its earthly bars strove and fought and writhed to be free, and yet suppressed, restraining the sounds that they might not penetrate too far. Muffled as they were, they filled all the space around. Above, below, wherever the ear met them, their fullness swelled upon the tension; and now, added to the anguish of the struggling soul, came with mechanical regularity the beat, beat, beat of the throbbing heart, agonized beyond endurance.

They had both risen simultaneously. She, lost to all surroundings, only awake to the excitement and dread of the hour, stood clasping his arm with her trembling fingers, her head hidden upon his breast. He, with eyes, ears, senses, all alive, too startled to be conscious of even the sweet burden he bore, listening intently as his mind swept like lightning over all the as-

pects of the situation and its surroundings. Even her vivid description of her fearful experience had not prepared him for what he now heard.

But this lasted only for some minutes, and then the tension of his face and figure relaxed as he put his arms around her yielding form.

"Essie, my darling," he said, "I do not wonder at the delusion you have labored under. I can well imagine your feelings during this terrible trial. Winny's foolish speech, and the wonderful similarity of the sounds we hear to her description of the scenes of that awful death-bed, may well have deceived you. Your terrors were quite natural, my poor girl; but can not you imagine even now what has caused them?"

"No," she answered, quieted by his composure, and conscious already that her trouble was over, and the solution clear to him. "What are they? From where do they come? Listen, they are dying away—fainter and fainter."

"They will be gone entirely in a few moments, Esther; quite as soon as Mr. Winstoun's little steamboat has rounded the tongue of land and steamed out to sea. Your ghost, my dearest, is a modern ghost. The sobs that struggled through the air were the steam-throbs of her engine, mellowed by the distance; the agonized and oppressed heart-beats, the beat of her paddle-wheels. The silence of night, the echo of the woods between us and the ocean, the situation of the house, and the strange peculiarities of the laws which govern acoustics have all combined to produce this delusion. When to these causes were added the mysticism of night, and the strong influence of the previous thoughts which had for a considerable time affected your mind, it is not strange that your senses, prepared as a medium for such impressions, should have succumbed to the result."

"But the disturbances have occurred with such frightful regularity. They commence and die at exactly the same hour."

"Because the steamer makes her nightly trips at the same hour. When she leaves the plantation wharf she is farthest from us. As she touches the edge of the wood of water-oaks, we catch the first pant of her engines and beat of her wheels. The sounds culminate as she nears the point, and as she rounds it and makes for the open sea they die away till they are lost in the distance."

"And last night? Why did I not hear it?"

"Last night was too stormy for any small vessel to leave port, particularly when she would have to put out to sea as soon as she got beyond the point. Your not hearing her during the storm helped me to my solution of the mystery. Bring me the night-glass, and I will show you your ghost. He has but limited powers of progress, and can not have made much headway yet. Why, Essie, collect your faculties, and throw off this nightmare. Can you doubt the evidence of our combined senses?"

"But why should I never have heard it until the 2d of August, the anniversary of the very night of his death?"

"The corresponding date is the only strange part of the whole affair. It has been simply a coincidence," he said. "Mr. Winstoun had before then used the outside ocean steamer for transit and freight for his cotton. She ceased running the 1st of August until business should revive in the fall, and so he was compelled to use his own little private steamer, which he had purchased in case of just such an emergency. Bring me the night-glass, that you may see her before she steams out of sight."

She brought it silently, and fixing the focus, he showed her the faint light and vapor of the little vessel beating and throbbing against wind and tide. He held the glass with one hand to steady it, but the other had sought a rest around her waist. It remained there, if noticed, at least unrebuked, while a long sigh of relief and satisfaction proved at last her faith in his solution of the mystery.

"And now," he said, after a long pause, "can not you let all other illusions die away with this one? I have seen and felt for two years the depressing influence of that more important spectre which has stood between us like a wall of ice, and I dared not before to-night venture in his presence to put my fate to the test; but may not a living, loving devotion that has stood the wear of time, coldness, and, worse, indifference, be worth the shadow of a fancy or a memory that I think was only called into being after the object had ceased to exist? It was Santerre's terrible death, in the prime of youth, strength, and health, added to the knowledge of his secret love for you, that has held your

fancy, more than filled your heart, for so long. You have given a great deal in return, as the suffering of the last six weeks proves. Is not a warm human love an equivalent for this phantom romance? Oh, my darling, my playmate from childhood, my earliest and only love, give me the privilege to protect and comfort you always. I want so little in return!"

The fading dream of her girlish romance, more of brain than heart, vanished before the light of his strong human love, and as the last star of night melted into the dawning day, she laid her weary head upon his breast with a long sigh of relief and—consent; and in the quiet of a deep content they stood, while the pink flush of early morn blushed all over the face of nature, and deepened and deepened until the sun, like the triumphant young god he is in Southern climes, glowing with strength and fire, sprang up suddenly from his rest, and threw his network of diamonds over every blade of grass, leaf, and flower.

"I must leave you now, Esther, but I lay upon you my first command, which is, to rest as quietly as you can. I will not seek you before this evening at our usual hour of meeting; and, Essie, before I go make me a promise that as long as you live you will never join in any disparagement of ghosts. *I* shall sympathize with them, believe in them, even adore them forever. Long live the ghosts of the nineteenth century!"

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.



CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Roderick came home at night, not without a certain masculine apprehensiveness of domestic worry plainly written on his face, he found the household settled into surprising peace.

In the first place, baby was not crying, but asleep, Janet's young sister being installed as temporary nurse-maid, and a very clever one; and baby's mother, her grand silk dress replaced by a soft woollen one of Silence's—the two women were nearly the same height—sat by the parlor fire. Idle certainly (Roderick remembered how Bella would sit for an hour at a time "toasting her toes," with her hands before her), but apparently quiet and content. He went up and kissed her with brotherly affection, saying something about his pleasure in having her in his house.

"Then you'll not send me back to mine? You did not telegraph to mamma as you said you would?"

"No."

"Nor write?"

"How could I write to my mother?" said Roderick, with a mixture of pride and sadness. "No; whatever is done you must do it, not I. We will talk of it after dinner." For he saw that Silence had given herself the unwonted trouble of late dinner, just to make Bella feel things "more like her own ways." It was a little matter, but it touched the young husband's heart. While he sat talking to his sister his eyes were perpetually following the flitting figure of one who never sat still—never knew what idleness was till she had done everything for everybody.

"That wife of yours makes me so comfortable," said Bella, benignly. "And she is so clever, so inventive, really quite a treasure in a small household. In mine, now, I never could do anything myself, as she does. It must be very pleasant."

"Only, perhaps, rather fatiguing. My wife, come here and rest, just for five minutes." And as he kissed the tired face, he felt sure that the "comfort" which Bella so enjoyed had cost Silence something.

Dinner passed, and the half hour afterward, during which Roderick tried hard to admire his new niece, and to make things as easy and cheerful as possible with his sister. When Silence—always Silence—had put baby to bed, the three gathered round the cozy fire, listening to the howl of the wind and the patter of the rain outside, which only made most peaceful the deep peace within.

"What a quiet, pleasant life you must have here, you two!" said Bella, with a sigh.

They looked at one another, and smiled.

"And are you so very poor? What do you live upon?"

"First, there is Blackhall. Then, my wife has her income which Cousin Silence left her, and I earn mine. We put the two together—marriage should be a fair partnership."

"But it is not," broke in Bella; "it is mere slavery, unbearable slavery. Oh, that mine was ended! Oh, that I were free!"

Roderick took a hand of wife and sister. "Let us have a little talk together, and face our position, which is not an easy one. Bella, what do you mean to do?"

"I don't know."

"Then what do you wish me to do?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. But oh, Rody, why bother me, when I am so comfortable?"

Just the old Bella—easy, pleasure-loving—dwelling only in the present moment, acting entirely on her impulses, of which both the good and the bad ones were equally shallow, equally transitory. There are many such women, who please a great many men—as she had done; who generally find some one or other to bear their burdens for them, and go through life, as she expressed it, quite "comfortably." But, as Roderick looked from one to the other of the two beside him, he thought—no, he loyally refused to think—but he instinctively clasped his wife's hand tighter in his own. Small as it was, and tender, that was the hand for a man to cling to, ay, and lean on—as, soon or late, men must lean on women when trouble comes.

"Bella," he said, earnestly, "do you at all understand—"

"I understand that I am henceforth what is called a 'grass widow,'" interrupted she, with her reckless laugh. "Mamma must keep me, or give me my money and let me keep myself. My husband will never give me a halfpenny. And Silence says I ought not to ask him. She has the very oddest notions, that wife of yours."

Roderick pressed the hand he held. "Have you two been talking together?"

"A little."

"And you have told her everything?"

"Everything—made a clean breast of it. A pretty story, isn't it, Silence? But it's at an end now, thank God!" said Bella, setting her teeth together. "Even a worm will turn at last."

"Shall you not go back to your husband? that is, if he will take you back?"

"Trust him for that! He knows on which side his bread is buttered; all the Thomsons do. They were glad enough to catch me, a bright, clever, pretty girl—yes, I was both clever and pretty once, my dear—to be a sort of care-taker or keeper over him: he needs a keeper when he is drunk. And a wife is the best sort of one—saves appearances. Thomsons as well as Jardines would do anything in the world to save appearances."

Roderick made no answer. He knew it was true. The sight of his sister had brought back the memory of many a boyish struggle, Quixotic as vain, against the predominant spirit of the family—a family in which the first question that arose was never "Is it right?" or "Is it wrong?" but only "Is it expedient?"

This law of expediency, not righteous prudence, but petty, worldly wisdom, had been at the root of Bella's marriage. Those who had had the making of it, would they not on the same principle do their best to prevent its being unmade? He felt sure his mother would. Anything, everything, she would sacrifice rather than be "talked about," as the world would talk, if there was a public separation between Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Thomson—two people who, in their own opinion, and that of their respective families, held such a very important place in society.

He knew his mother and the rest would view this catastrophe, as they had viewed the marriage which resulted in it, solely from the stand-point of society. No higher law than what the world would think and say ever actuated or guided them. In old times he had dimly guessed this—secondarily and chiefly by its effect on

his silent, patient father; but now, when he himself came to man's estate, and viewed things with his own eyes, he saw it clearly.

Still, this affair was, as all such cases are, most complicated and difficult; and in it Roderick's own position was not the least painful. To act a brother's part toward his poor sister he did not shrink from; but to aid and abet a runaway wife in concealing herself from her husband was most galling, not only to his pride, but to his sense of honor. Yet to thrust her from him into hopeless misery was worse than cruel, dangerous, knowing her temperament, which was to escape from present pain as foolishly as a child does, at any future risk and cost. The medium course, to come boldly forward, and insist upon the separation she desired, was equally difficult and responsible for any brother, being himself a man and a husband.

Roderick looked at his own wife, growing closer to him every day, in the mutual dependence which so gently and naturally replaces passion, and gives to both that sense of ineffable rest, of unseparated joys, and divided cares.

"Bella," he said, in a moved voice, "do you know, my dear, exactly what you are doing, or wishing to do? Remember what your Bible says: 'What God hath joined, let no man put asunder.'"

"But God did not join us; it was the devil, I think," she answered, with a bitter laugh. "And if all other help fails, the devil shall help me to get rid of him."

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind. Wait till I'm driven desperate. I am nearly, already. If only I could tear off this." She took hold of her marriage ring, and made as though she would throw it into the fire. "If at any price, at any cost, I could be Bella Jardine again, and never more set eyes upon that brute, that fool, that—"

"Hush!" said Silence. "He is baby's father."

"Ah, that's it—that's the misery. I don't hate my child. I did at first, but not now: it's nature, I suppose. Besides, she is my child, all I have of my own; and even that is half his, if he chose to claim her. Oh, Rody, what must I do? what can I do?"

It was, indeed, a piteous strait. The one false step, marriage unconsecrated by love, almost as great a sin as love unconsecrated by marriage, had brought its own punishment with it. The young pair, to whom these things appeared as a ghastly nightmare, scarcely comprehensible as a daylight reality, instinctively drew closer together, while they regarded the hapless woman, who had, as she truly said, no future. A loathing wife, an unthankful mother, what future could she have, either in herself or in "the world," for which she had sacrificed so much and gained so little?

What could she do? As she put the question, her despairing eyes supplied the answer. Nothing!

"I know very little about these things," said Roderick, sadly; "but I believe there are two ways of parting man and wife—by divorce, enabling both to marry again, and by judicial separation. But, oh, the pain, the scandal of it! Think of your child! think, too, of your mother!"

While using this argument he knew its futility. Whether from disposition or circumstances, Bella had always been that rather rare character among women, a woman who thinks only of herself. With a perplexed longing for help, for counsel, her brother turned to the other woman beside him.

"What does my wife say?"

"I don't care what she says—what anybody says," cried Bella, violently. "I will get rid of my husband somehow. I have no love for him; I never had. It is a simple question of money. If I run away, how am I to keep myself and the child? She says—that voice of wisdom there—that if I leave him, I ought not to accept a halfpenny from him. Very well, get mamma to maintain me, or else I'll maintain myself."

"How?"

"I don't know, or care. It may not be for long. He will drink himself to death one of these days."

Roderick turned away in horror, but Silence laid a firm, stern hand on her sister-in-law's arm.

"One word more such as that, and we will neither of us help you."

Bella shrank into submission, even a little shame, then burst into piteous entreaties.

"Oh, Rody, do not be hard upon me. I have nobody in the world to come to but you. How am I to get rid of my husband? Not harming him—I'll not harm

him—only let me escape from him. I will do it, and I'm right: your wife says so."

Roderick started.

"Yes, she is quite right," said Silence, not lifting her eyes, but speaking, as her husband knew she could speak sometimes, with unmistakable decision.

"My wife is a daring woman to say such a thing."

"Am I?"

She looked up a minute with a quivering lip, and did not attempt to put back her hand, which he had let go, but folded her fingers together, after a way she had, as if to give herself strength, when she had any difficult or painful thing to do.

"This is very strange advice for my wife—I hope a happy wife—to give to my sister. Your reasons?"

"They are not easy to explain, but I will try." She stopped, then with a firm, clear voice went on again. "If Bella had only herself to sacrifice, she might do it, though I am not sure. It is a sin against Heaven to condone sin, even in one's own husband. But in this and similar cases a woman does not sacrifice herself alone. There are others upon whom the sins of the father may descend, generation after generation. She must think of them. She is responsible to God for them. If I were in Bella's place"—her voice sank almost to a whisper; she turned deadly pale, and then flushed crimson all over her face—"if I were in your sister's place, I would die rather than be mother to a drunkard's children."

There was a total silence. Bella, accustomed to make self the stand-point of all her opinions and acts, perhaps could scarcely understand; but Roderick did. Startled he might be, yet there was something in his wife's stern righteousness which he could not gainsay. As he looked on that small sweet face, so sweet yet so strong, he saw in her, for the first time, not merely his wife, but the woman, the conjoint and yet separate existence, intrusted by God and nature with far more than her own petty life, inheriting—and conscious that she inherited—the destiny which came to her from sacred Eve, "mother of all living."

Man as he was, with a man's natural leaning to the masculine side, with a man's natural blindness to much that women see by instinct, still his wife's words smote him with a certain respect, even awe. That she had strength to say them at all, she so timid, so shy, so reticent, proved how deeply she must have thought and felt on the matter.

"Dear," he said, holding out his hand, "if all women were like you—especially if all sons had mothers like you—there would be fewer bad men in this world."

She answered nothing; but her whole face brightened in recognition of what is to women like her as sweet as being loved—honored. And so without more arguments all three seemed tacitly to accept the position which poor Bella had so fiercely insisted upon—that, for her, married life, or rather that unholy travesty of marriage which had been her self-inflicted doom, was over and done forever.

"Let her live as a widow," Silence said. "Her life is lost—I know that—but let the sacrifice end here. Let her not submit to be the ruin of other lives."

"But she may be the ruin of her husband's, whom she took 'for better, for worse.' How do you answer that?"

Silence shrank back, full of pain. "Oh, it is difficult, so difficult, to see the right; worse, perhaps, to do it. Still, still—No;" and again the strong, clear Abdiel look came into her eyes. "No, there can be but one right and one wrong, alike for men and for women. She must leave him. Think, Roderick, if the case was reversed—if you, or any other husband, were expected to keep as mistress of your house, as mother of your children, a drunken woman!"

"God forbid!"

"Then men ought to forbid it too. Drunkenness, dissoluteness, anything by which a man degrades himself and destroys his children, gives his wife the right to save them and herself from him, to cut him adrift, like a burning ship, and be free. Poverty, contumely, loneliness—let her endure all. Pity her lot if you will, but to ignore it, to accept it and submit to it, above all, to let the innocent suffer from it—never! Bella tells me that the law gives her possession of her child for seven years. My advice is, let her take it in her arms and fly—anywhere, so that her husband can not get her back, or make the law follow her. Nay, if I were she, I would defy the law; I would hide myself at the world's end, change my name, earn my bread as a common working-woman, but I would save my child, and go."

As Silence stood, holding close to her

breast the poor babe—she had fetched it, and was walking up and down the room with it, for no one else seemed to have patience with the miserable, sickly, wailing creature—she looked the very incarnation of womanhood in its highest form—motherhood; absolutely calm, absolutely fearless, as mothers ought to be.

Roderick, touched with many new thoughts which come crowding to a man when he has ceased to be merely a young man, absorbed in himself alone, and begun to look into the far future, the future of those who may yet bless or curse him for his part therein—Roderick caught her arm as she passed, and drew her to his side.

"Perhaps you are right—I do not quite know. We must take time to think. But just at this moment you must give baby to its own mother, and come and sit down by me. Remember, you are mine!"

"Yes."

She obeyed, apparently without a thought of disobeying, for the authority was that of love, and the voice, though decisive, was thrilled with unspeakable tenderness. "Mine!" Ay, she acknowledged the possession—the subjection. You could see by her look that she would have served him like a slave; but only him, her just and righteous lord. Never for one moment would she have submitted to unrighteousness or to tyranny.

"What a fierce little woman this is!" he whispered, with a smile. "I never could have believed it of her."

"Oh, forgive me! It is because I am so happy—so happy!—that I can understand what it must be to be miserable."

But Bella's misery, however deeply it had moved her sister-in-law, did not seem to have overwhelmed herself. She began talking over all her affairs, volubly and freely: silent endurance was not her gift. Once having got her brother to agree with her in the opinion which, at any rate, she held to-day, though it might change to-morrow, she became quite cheerful, and planned her future life as a "widow bewitched" with an eagerness that a little astonished Silence.

"If mamma would only give me some money, I could spend the summer in Switzerland, the winter in Paris. I always wanted to travel abroad for a while; and to be travelling without him, able to go where I liked, and do what I wanted. Oh!"—a sigh of intense relief—"Rody, you must try and persuade mamma to give me plenty of money."

"You forget—" he began, gravely.

"Dear me, yes! I had forgotten all about it. But never mind, Rody dear," in a coaxing tone; "can't you put your wrongs in your pocket, and write to her for me? You always wrote such capital letters; and she would listen to you when she listened to nobody else. Her only son, worth all her daughters put together—at least she thought so. Come—do it! This morning I objected to her being told where I was, but now I see it must be. You'll save me the trouble of it by writing to her yourself."

Poor Bella! she was always ready to lay her burdens upon anybody who was willing to bear them. He knew that, and yet when he looked at her, and heard her familiar caressing voice, the good brother felt again like the little boy who had carried his big sister's parcels, flowers, garden tools, even her doll sometimes when she got tired of it.

"I can not write to my mother," he said, with a sad earnestness; "but I will telegraph to her in your name, saying where you are, and that you wish to stay with me—you really do wish it?—till something can be settled between you and your husband—reconciliation or, if it must be, separation."

"Separation—only that: *she* says so," cried Bella, always ready (another peculiarity—how strangely, cruelly clear they all came out now!)—ready and eager to lay the responsibility of her doings and opinions upon somebody else.

"What I say is," Silence answered, "that if your husband is as bad as you aver, and if you have that hatred to him which you profess to have, there is no righteous course for you but separation. But you must not wander about the world as you propose. Live simply and quietly. Be a real mother, and take care of your child. You can never be quite desolate with a child."

Bella shrugged her shoulders. "You have the most extraordinary ideas! But you are a good woman—a very good woman. I shall tell mamma so. It shall not be the worse for you to have been kind to me, my dear," she added, with a certain touch of feeling, and then plunged back into her own affairs, which absorbed her so entirely, and which she

expected every one else to be absorbed in too.

Far into the night they talked, for Mrs. Alexander Thomson, who never rose early, was accustomed to sit up late; and, besides, she seemed to take a certain satisfaction in discussing her misfortunes. It was like a person with an ugly wound, or a remarkably severe illness, who at last comes even to take a sort of pride in the same. The self-respect, the reticence, the silence of a broken heart, was not hers at all, though unquestionably she had been a cruelly wronged woman. Taking advantage of her folly, worldliness, and love of wealth and position, her husband's family had married him to her, just to shift from themselves the burden of him —a man who, as she truly said, "wanted a keeper" rather than a wife. She had walked into the snare open-eyed, but it had been a snare nevertheless; and Roderick, as he heard her revelations, felt his blood boil with that righteous indignation, that instinctive chivalry in defense of the injured and the weak, which if every strong man felt as he ought to feel, there would be no need for feeble women to vex the world with clamors about their rights or their wrongs. The truly noble of either sex never care to put forward either the one or the other.

While Bella talked, Roderick and his wife were almost entirely silent; and when, afterward, day after day passed by, and no answer came to the telegram, or to a second, which, weary of waiting, she sent after it, still they made as few comments as possible on what now began seriously to perplex them both.

Mrs. Thomson did not seem in the least perplexed. She made herself extremely comfortable, without much regarding the comfort of other people, exacted a great deal of attendance, and amused herself with suggesting many luxuries hitherto unknown at Blackhall.

"No, there's no fear of my husband's coming to fetch me," she said one day, in answer to a question of Roderick's. "He is a Richerden man all over—hates the country; would never face a Highland pass in winter; and if he came, he would run away again. You haven't big enough rooms or grand enough dinners for him. By-the-bye, Blackhall is a rather cold house, Silence; and a little gloomy, you'll allow. You ought to keep up good fires; and, I think, if I were you, I would have entirely new curtains and carpets before next winter."

Silence smiled. It was one of the numerous little remarks which she had already learned quietly to smile at without showing offense, even if she felt any. As days sped on, the constant presence of an idle woman in a busy house, a luxurious woman in a not rich house, had, to say the least, its difficulties. The master did not feel them—his wife took care of that; but the mistress did. Many a time would Roderick notice how tired she looked; and why was it so? Had she not Bella to help her? women were always company for one another at home while the men were away. His wife's only answer was that silent smile. The fact that her guest was his sister tied her tongue, even with her own husband.

"It is not for very long," she said every morning to herself, and went through the day's work as well as she could. At night she would often creep away, leaving the brother and sister together, and mount to the attic (which Bella had insisted should be made into a nursery, "because there one can't hear the little wretch crying"), to sit with the child on her lap—the ugly, elfish, troublesome child, doomed to disease and weakness from its cradle—and wonder with an agony of pity how it would fight through life, or whether, after all, God's mercy might not be best shown by taking it back again out of a world where nobody wanted it, and into which it had never asked to be born. A great mystery—which none can solve.

She and Bella were always friendly, even affectionate, in a sort of way; but nevertheless she often felt weary, so weary: like a person who had to speak all day long in a foreign tongue. At least such was the moral effect of her sister's companionship. The two women might have been brought up in two hemispheres. Their views of life were so altogether different that they could not understand one another's language at all. Still, this must be borne; and it was borne. Things might have been a great deal worse.

Only when she heard her husband's restless call for her all over the house, and noticed a nervous irritation in him whenever he was left long alone with his sister, Silence began to wish for some sign of their suspense being over. Evidently both mother and husband had discarded the run-away wife, either on her own ac-

count or that of the brother with whom she had taken refuge.

"We row in the same boat now, Rody," Bella said one morning, when the seventh day's post had gone by. "I don't care; do you? Clearly, you will have to adopt us as waifs and strays, both me and the child. I'll call it after you, 'Roderica,' or perhaps 'Silence.'"

"No, not Silence," he answered, hastily. "I beg your pardon, but there can be only one Silence in the world for me," taking lovingly his wife's hand. "Advise with her, Bella; she will be sure to suggest the wisest and best thing."

But when the sisters-in-law talked things over, which they had full opportunity of doing, for a deep fall of Christmas snow shut them in, and made Blackhall impregnable even to more courageous and less luxurious folk than Mr. Alexander Thomson, they came to no satisfactory conclusions. Though strong on the question of her wrongs and her corresponding rights, Mrs. Thomson seemed to have a very feeble idea of her duties. To any course which involved the slightest trouble, or exertion, or self-denial, she always offered innumerable mild but insurmountable objections.

"It's all very fine to tell me that if I cut my husband adrift, and refuse to live with him, I can't expect him to maintain me, and must maintain myself—how can I maintain myself? It isn't genteel for women to work, and it isn't pleasant either. You talk of independence, and all that, and the comfort my child will be to me; but I don't like children; and I'm sure, Silence, I shall never enjoy being poor. You know"—she glanced round the old-fashioned room, and helped herself with an air of exemplary condescension to the best dish of that meal which had been considered dinner, but which she always called lunch—"you, my dear, who have always been accustomed to that sort of thing, may find it easy, but I should not."

"No," said Silence, absently. She was thinking, not of herself, but of her husband—of his long hard-working days spent at the mill, amidst surroundings not too pleasant, and with the perpetual whir of machinery in his ears; and to sensitive organizations incessant noise is of itself a torment almost indescribable, though unexplainable to those who do not understand this. He did, and felt it too, yet he never complained. Even now, as Silence watched him come up the brae, with somewhat lagging steps, she knew he would enter with a cheerful face, and when he had "put off the mechanic, and put on the gentleman," as he said, laughing, one day to Bella, be his own tender self to both of them. For the common notion that a man may justifiably vent all his business worries on his womenkind at home did not seem as yet to have occurred to Roderick Jardine. Whatever vexed him out-of-doors, in-doors he was always the kind, pleasant master and husband—always, under all circumstances, the gentleman.

"Yes, I like my work," he answered, when his sister inquired about it, which she rarely did, evidently considering it a topic which had better be ignored. "And I like working. Once, Bell, I was a great idler, but *she* has cured me of that. If I had ten thousand a year even, I could never be idle any more."

Sitting down beside his wife, he leaned his head against her—a tired head it was—and laid on hers one of his brown hands, not such handsome hands as they used to be when they did nothing. She clasped it fondly, though she said not a word; she too was not given to complaining. Besides, hard as things were both for him and for her, to see him thus, doing cheerfully what he did not like (through all his tender fictions she knew he could not like the mill very much); fighting with hardships, submitting to poverty, and proudly conquering any false shame about either; taking up his daily burden and carrying it without a murmur or reproach—she felt—yes, amidst all her pain, she felt something as the mediæval women must have done—the noble ladies who buckled on their good knights' armor and sent them forth to battle—to live or die, as God willed, but never to be conquered, never ceasing to fight, like true knights, to their last breath.

But Bella could not understand this sort of thing at all. She shrugged her shoulders and raised her brows.

"It's an odd taste, Rody, but you always were so odd. To be out at work all day, and come home tired and dirty, hungry and cold, and then say you 'like' it!—I wouldn't be you for the world, nor Silence either—shut up in this lonely place all the year round. No wonder mamma would not come to Blackhall; it would never

have suited her at all," and Bella laughed at the bare idea. "But I ought not to find fault with the poor old house, for I may have to come down to it, after all. No telegram or letter?"

"Nothing."

"Well, don't look so grave about it. Plainly they have all cut me, left me to fall back upon you. Will you take me in, Rody? I'll sell my jewels—I brought a lot with me, you know—and pay you for my keep. When it's all gone, you can turn me out to starve, only it wouldn't be creditable to either Thomsons or Jardines if Mrs. Alexander Thomson and her baby had to starve."

"What nonsense you talk!" said Roderick, turning away, and changing the conversation at once.

But that night, when the household was all gone to bed, and they three sat over the fire, listening to the wind howling and the sleet pattering against the panes, he resumed the subject, and, somewhat to Silence's surprise, began very tenderly, but with unmistakable decision, to arrange what his sister should do. His arrangement it was—not his wife's—as he plainly said, thereby taking from her the weight of a difficult and painful thing.

"I will not promise to keep you always, Bella, for I think husband and wife are better left alone together; but we shall not turn you out, my poor girl, whatever comes," said he, laying a brotherly hand on Bella's shoulder. "The little we have—you see how little it is—you shall share till something can be arranged between you and your husband. Then, with what you have of your own—my mother will surely pay it over to you—we will find you a home close by us, in the manse, perhaps, where I heard to-day there are two vacant rooms."

"What! to be shut up in a miserable country lodging, with only baby and nurse! Dreadful."

"Not quite so dreadful as your other alternative—starving. And, Bella, we must look things in the face. If you have no marriage settlement, and my mother keeps her money in her own hands during her lifetime, and both she and your husband cast you off, you have only your brother to fall back upon. I am not rich now, you know that; but you know also that, rich or poor, I should never let my sister 'starve.'"

"No, a thousand times, no!" cried Silence, taking her hand—for Bella, seeing this was no joking matter, had suddenly taken fright, and, as usual, burst into tears. "It may not come to that; but if it does, believe me, poverty is not so bad as it seems. You shall never want for love. You will live close beside us; our home will be open to you; and the child—the children" (in a timid whisper) "shall grow up together. Oh, we shall be very happy, never fear."

"No, no; I should be miserable." And she sobbed and moaned, and talked of "cruelty," "hard usage," wished she was "dead and out of the way"—the usual bitter outcries against fate of those who, having made their own fate what it is, have not the strength to bear it.

Deeply grieved, and not a little wounded, Roderick sat beside his sister, his wife not interfering—who could interfere?—till her misery had a little subsided, and then said, quietly:

"Now, we will speak no more to-night; but to-morrow I will consult a lawyer, and find out the right and wrong of the case, and your exact position with regard to your husband. Will that do?"

"No, no," she said. "Don't be in such a hurry. Wait till I make up my mind. It's so difficult to make up one's mind always. Money isn't everything, as Silence says, but I never had her enthusiasm for poverty. And the drink—which to her is such a horror—why, we're used to it at Richerden. Alexander Thomson isn't the only drunkard in Scotland. If I could but put up with him a little longer!"

Both Roderick and his wife looked exceeding surprised. They made no remark—they always had carefully avoided making any remarks to Bella about her husband. But when she was gone, and they stood alone together over the dying fire, they spoke of her with a pity deeper than either had ever yet expressed.

"Mark my words—she will go back to him yet. Do you think, my wife, she would be right, or wrong?"

"Wrong!" was the answer, clear and firm.

"Why?"

"Because she will do it neither for love, nor duty, nor even pity, but only for expediency. Think! the horror of a married life begun and continued for the sake of expediency!"

Silence looked up in her husband's face—her husband whom she was ready to live

for, however hard a life, ready to die for, and he knew it.

"You are right," he said. "And yet both erred—both ought to suffer."

"But not more than they. And the sins of the parents shall be visited on the children even unto the third and fourth generation." She spoke in a low, solemn voice. "I told her once, and I shall tell her again, if she asks me, that she who makes a bad man the father of her children is little better than a murderess."

"Poor Bella—poor Bella!" said the brother, mournfully; but he did not gainsay a single word.

Bella, however, did not seem at all to deserve or to desire the epithet "poor." She appeared at breakfast next morning in the best of spirits, nor did she fall into her usual half hour of despondency after the post went by. She watched the weather with a slight anxiety, but that was all. She even began to take an interest in Blackhall affairs, and especially in an invitation for New-Year's Eve at Symington, which her brother and sister were discussing together.

"Of course you will go, and take me with you? I had no idea, Silence, that you had such grand friends! Do you often see them?"

"Not very often. It is a good way to walk, and besides—"

"Walk! You don't mean to say your husband lets you walk?"

A sharp quiver of pain passed over Roderick's face. "I let her, as I am obliged to let her do many things which cut me to the heart, but we bear them. Bella, when you and I were children, we had no need to think of money; now we have—at least I have. If I hired a carriage, and took my wife and you to Symington, it would cost me fifteen shillings, and my earnings are just two pounds a week. Now, you see? Let us say no more."

They did not, for Bella afterward owned to being "quite frightened" by her brother's manner; but several times that morning she fell into brown-studies, as if something was secretly vexing her, and in the afternoon was suddenly missing for an hour, having gone herself—"for the good of her health," she said—to the village, and, as by mere chance they afterward discovered, to the post-office.

Had she, after refusing so often, at last written to her mother? They did not like to ask, and she did not tell; but being not at all of a reticent nature, she soon betrayed that something was on her mind. For three days after that she was in a restless, slightly irritable condition, very difficult to please, in trifles, and noticing more than ever, in that annoyingly condescending way she had, the weak points of the establishment.

"And so Cousin Silence left you the house just as it stands, my dear? as it must have been in papa's time, of course? Well, no wonder mamma did not care for it. Such poky rooms, such shabby old furniture! In your place I would have turned out every stick of it, and refurnished it from top to bottom. But you can do this by-and-by, if you stay here."

"I have no wish to go."

"Probably not, a quiet soul like you; it suits you exactly. But my brother, you surely would not keep him shut up all his days at Blackhall, he who would be an ornament in any society? Do think better of it. Poke him up, make him push himself forward in the world and get rich—there's nothing like money, after all. If mamma saw him well off, so that he could come back to Richerden, and live in good Richerden style, such as we have all of us been brought up to, she might forgive him; who knows?"

"Who knows?" repeated Silence, assenting. She would have been amused, but for the sting which Bella's most good-natured words often carried. She did not mean it; it was simply that she could not understand.

"Just think of what I say," continued Mrs. Thomson, as she gazed lazily out of the window, down the winding glen, at the end of which curled upward, in a fairy-like pillar, the smoke of the mill. "I wonder you can endure the sight of it—that horrid place where Rody works all day, Rody that used to be such a gentleman."

"He is a gentleman!" said the young wife, with a flash of the eye. "And I do not dislike—I like the mill. It has helped to make him what he is, and show him what he could do; and he does it, does it cheerfully, for me. Bella, if I die—and I may die, who can tell? this spring"—with a sudden appeal from her eyes to this woman, so unlike herself, but yet a woman—"if I die, remember we were perfectly happy, my husband and I. We never have regretted anything, never shall re-

gret anything, except perhaps that his mother— I always feel so for mothers."

Her voice broke with emotion, but it was an emotion quite thrown away. Bella scarcely heard what her sister-in-law was saying. She sat listening, as she had listened a good many times the last few days, to any sound outside.

"Hark! What is that? Carriage wheels?"

"Possibly. We do have visitors sometimes, even here," said Silence, with a smile.

But Bella heeded her not. She ran to the window, and watched, in a tremor of anxiety, the arrival: a large handsome carriage, with post-horses and postilion, and two liveried footmen behind, coming slowly up to the door.

"It is! it is our carriage! Perhaps she has come herself, poor dear mamma! I did not tell you, my dear, but I wrote to mamma, and said, if she thought it best, I would come home. And I suppose she has sent for me. Look there! look there! No, it is not mamma—oh, God help me! it is my husband."



"I WONDER YOU CAN ENDURE THE SIGHT OF IT."

Horror, disgust, despair, were written on every feature of her face, as she watched Mr. Alexander Thomson descend, leaning on his two footmen, and in a loud, imperious voice inquire "if Mrs. Thomson were here." How she shuddered, the miserable woman who had not had strength

to free herself from her misery. But this was its last outcry. In another minute her worldly upbringing, her love of ease and luxury, and a certain pride to preserve appearances, asserted their sway.

"Yes, that is our carriage; isn't it a nice one? And he has brought it to fetch me. Well, he is not so bad, after all. I suppose he wants to get me back in time for the New-Year: the Thomsons always have a grand family gathering at the New-Year. They are a highly respectable family, and in an exceedingly good position, I assure you, my dear," added she, with a mixture of haughtiness and deprecation, as if she thought her sister would blame her. But Silence merely said,

"Shall I go and receive your husband, or will you?"

"You. No; perhaps I had better do it myself. Send him in here; I'll manage my own affairs."

And she did manage them—how was never accurately known. But half an hour afterward Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Thomson were seen sitting together on the drawing-room sofa, as comfortable as if they had never been separated.

And most likely half the world would say the wife was quite right in thus fulfilling to the letter her marriage vow, condoning everything, shutting her eyes to everything, making believe that wrong was right, and going back in the most respectable manner to her husband's house, there to sustain the character of a blameless British matron. She did it "for the best," as many women would argue, or "for the sake of the child," which is the argument of hundreds more, who deliberately continue in wealthy dishonor; for what dishonor can be worse than marriage without respect and without love?

But, as the proverb says, Bella had "made her bed, and must lie on it." Nobody had a right to interfere or advise. Silence never attempted to do either. She sat with the child in her lap, the poor pitiful little creature whom she had grown fond of, and was almost sorry to lose, till she was sent for into the drawing-room, and then, to make things less difficult, she entered with baby in her arms.

Its father civilly noticed it and her, and there was a slight gleam of pleasure in his dull fishy eyes, as if he were proud, after a fashion, of his good-looking, clever wife, and of his new paternal dignity.

"Nice little thing! And Mrs. Thomson tells me you have been so kind to it and to her, Mrs. Jardine. Accept my thanks—my very best thanks. It was quite a good idea of my wife's, this—this coming to you for change of air."

"Yes, Blackhall is an exceedingly healthy place," said Bella, with a laugh—her old careless laugh. If there was a ring of mockery, even contempt, in it, the man was too dull to find it out. He eyed her with extreme respect—nay, admiration—and put his arm round her waist with a pompous demonstrativeness, as if to prove to all the world what an exceedingly happy couple they were.

The tragedy had melted into genteel comedy, nay, almost into broad farce, were it not for the slender line that so often is drawn between the ludicrous and the ghastly.

"I suppose we had better leave at once. By changing horses we shall post fast enough to reach home to-night, and go to your father's on New-Year's Eve," said Bella, hurriedly. "So, my dear Silence, we won't wait till my brother comes home. Mr. Thomson is decent enough now," she added, in a whisper, "but by-and-by, after dinner—I don't want Rody to see him after dinner. We shall post all the way," she said aloud, "and by midnight we shall be at home."

"Where I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Jardine," continued Mr. Thomson, with ponderous politeness. "Assure your husband that he will be always welcome at our place, and I'll give him the best glass of wine, or whiskey if he likes it, to be found in all Scotland. And—and—"

"Come away, Silence. I'll get my things ready, and the child's, in ten minutes. Make haste."

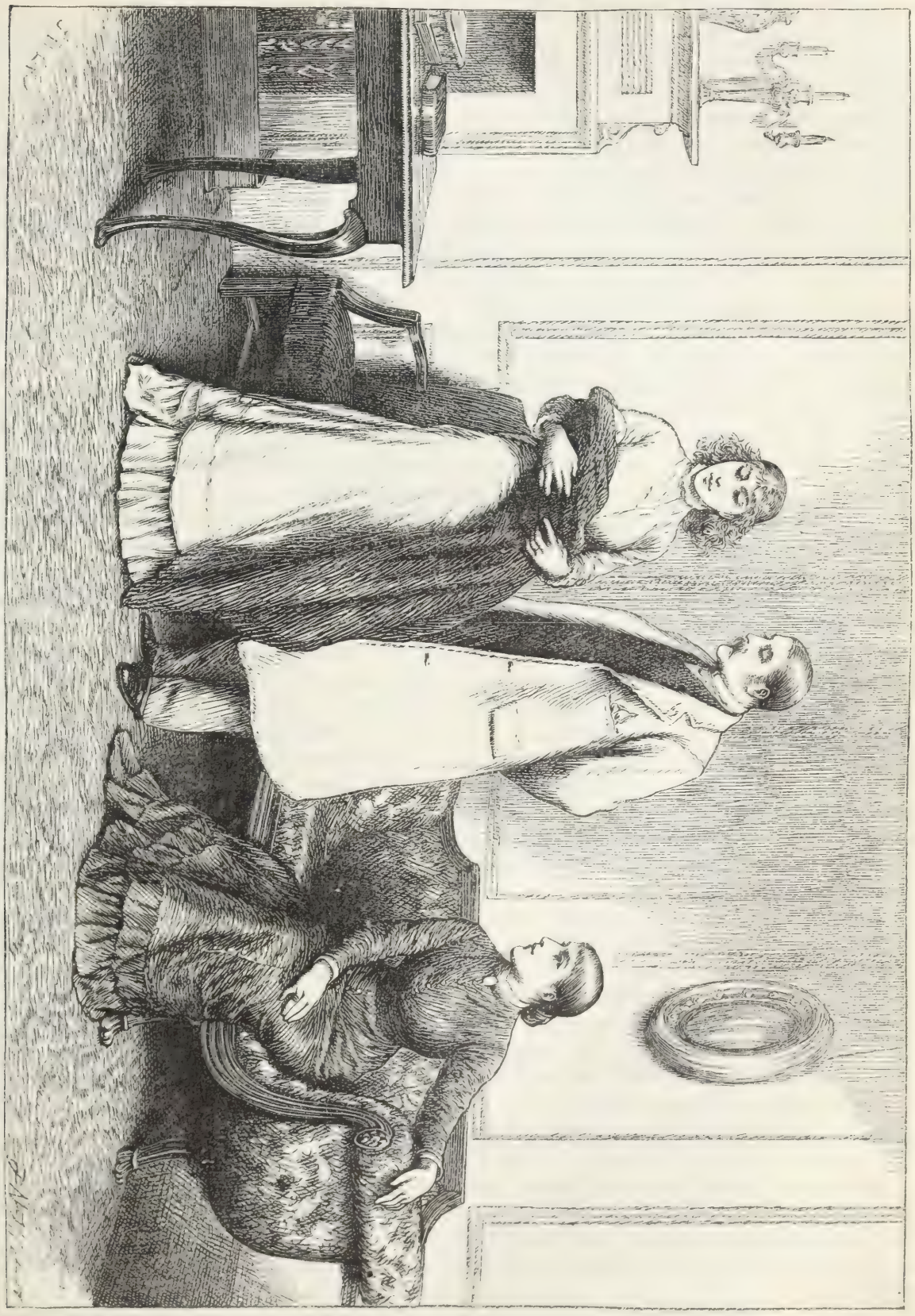
But even when the two sisters were alone together, both carefully avoided any confidential word. Bella made no explanation, and never named her husband but once, when Silence proposed to go down and give him some refreshment.

"Oh, he has taken care of himself already; trust him for that. He always takes care of himself. Why, my dear, if there is one creature in the world whom that man never forgets, it is Alexander Thomson."

No answer. None was possible. And Bella kept up her hard, gay, reckless man-

ner, neither shedding a tear nor uttering one grateful or regretful word all the time Silence was dressing baby. Only at the very last minute, when she saw its aunt press a last tender kiss on the poor little pinched-up face, the woman in her could not help showing itself, even through the "grand air" which had now wholly returned to Mrs. Alexander Thomson.

"God bless you, and give you one of your own!" said she, pressing her sister's hand. "You have been very kind to me and mine, and always would have been; I know that. But it's better as it is. I



"'TIS FATHER CATLLY NOTICED IT AND HER."

couldn't stand poverty. I always did enjoy life, and I always must. He is in very good circumstances, and he promises me I shall have everything I can wish for. So good-by, Silence; I suppose nobody is ever very happy, except you!"

Bella went down stairs, the other following and accepting mutely her voluminous public thanks for the "great kindness" she had received, and how she hoped to come again soon to Blackhall.

"And, my dear, mind you clear out by then all Cousin Silence's old sticks, and have the house thoroughly done up, modern fashion. There is a man at Richerden who will do it well; Rody knows him. By-the-bye, tell Rody"—she turned a shade paler, and her lip quivered for a moment. "No, tell him nothing; he won't care! He will be only too glad to find his house empty, and have his wife all to himself—some husbands are. Come, Mr. Thomson"—she always called him Mr. Thomson—"if we don't make haste, we shall be benighted, and you will have to dine in some horrid roadside inn, which you know you couldn't stand upon any account. Good-by, Silence; a thousand thanks, and a happy New-Year! It's close at hand now. I suppose I shall dance the old year out and the new year in, as usual, at the Thomsons' house. Ta-ta! good-by!"

She kissed her hand out of the carriage window, and thus, in the most commonplace and cheerful manner, departed with her husband, as if there had never come a cloud between them, and as if he were the best husband in the world. Not a poetical or dramatic *dénouement* certainly, but scarcely unnatural—to her. She was one of those who have, and must have, their good things in this life. She found them once more about her, and possibly they satisfied her; at any rate she could not do without them.

But young Mrs. Jardine, poor all her days, a poor man's wife this day, with little prospect of ever being anything else, as she saw that splendid carriage drive away, felt almost as sad at heart as if she had been watching her sister-in-law's funeral.

CHAPTER XIV.

When Roderick found his sister had gone, gone without even waiting to say to him, "Good-by, and thank you," he looked grieved, but neither surprised nor angry.

"We will not judge her," was all he said. "We ought not—we that are so happy."

"But there is something beyond both happiness and misery—the question of right and wrong."

"Nevertheless, I still say, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,' especially in a question of husband and wife. Each individual case has its different aspect, which no outsider can quite understand. My darling, let us say no more about it."

And she knew by his manner that he was determined to say no more about it; so, being a wise woman, she also held her tongue.

But all that evening they seemed to breathe freer—certainly he did—thoroughly enjoying the empty house and the quiet fireside, where there was no need to make conversation, but the two sat together in the sweet unreserve and complete rest of married life, as free as being alone, and yet without any of the dreariness of solitude.

"Nevertheless, I mean you to go out into 'the world' to-morrow night," said Silence. "Have you forgotten the dinner at Symington?"

This was the New-Year's Eve party which they had discussed before Bella, and which Silence had urged him to accept, as it was half pleasure, half business. A certain "man of letters" (good old-fashioned words, and very appropriate in this case, as contradistinguished from "man of genius") who had talked much with Roderick at the first dinner had been rash enough to express a wish to see the rejected novel—now lying, forlorn and dust-enshrouded, on the top shelf of the old oaken press. Silence made her husband lift it down, and watched his eye brighten as he turned it over.

"'Nothing venture, nothing win,'" said she, as she re-arranged it tenderly and tied it up afresh. "As you say in this very book, dear, 'Take the world at its best, and it will not give you its worst; believe in it, and it will believe in you.'"

"To convict me out of my own mouth, you traitor," said he, laughing. He had been half inclined to hide his head at home, having grown very weary of late, in body and mind, but the light in his wife's eyes lit up his own courage once

more—he consented to do as she wished. "But you, my darling?"

"I shall be glad to get rid of you. I have plenty to do at home."

"Only too much," said he, sighing. "Tell me honestly, was your visitor a trouble to you?"

"Yes; in some ways. But she could not help it, and I did not mind."

"Why did you not tell me?"

She smiled in his face, with that half playful, half tender, yet wholly determined look she had at times. "Roderick, if you think I shall inform you of all my little household affairs—you, a man, with quite enough cares of your own—you are greatly mistaken; I never shall. We will have fair division of labor: you the bread-winner, I the bread-dispenser. Did you not once tell me 'lady' was a Saxon word, and meant 'loaf-giver'? which implies that the wife should manage the house and take care of the money. I intend to do it. I can't do your work, but I should be ashamed of myself if I could not do my own, without laying the burden of it upon you, who are—slightly incapable."

Roderick laughed outright. "My queen!—as I used to call you—you are beginning to govern in good earnest. But your husband is not afraid."

"He need not be," she said, softly, taking his hand and kissing it. "He will always be stronger and wiser than I, in his own way. And now go to your grand dinner at Symington."

Though he had not liked going, when he really was there Roderick found he liked it very much. He had always been that best type of his sex—a man whom men appreciate, even as the woman whom women are fond of is certainly the noblest kind of woman. And now that, his fate settled, his wife chosen, his home made, he took his place among men as a man and a citizen, ready to help on in the world's work, without doubts or drawbacks, he found his position both pleasant and honorable. Sure of it and of himself, and finding himself among people who evidently neither knew nor cared how much he had a year, and whether he kept two servants or twenty, the young man's spirits rose, and he enjoyed himself heartily—so heartily that it was not until Lady Symington said something to him about a New-Year's gift to his wife that he remembered what night it was, and how Silence was sitting alone at home. All the party were to wait up together, Scotch fashion, to see "the old year out and the new year in," but he hastily made his adieux, and walked off, rather vexed with himself, and yet not much, since he had good news to bring home. And he knew his wife was not one of those foolish women who exact endless outside observances; she was content to lie safe in his heart, knowing that she was as completely a part of himself as that true heart which went on silently beating, keeping fresh all the springs of life, whether he ever noticed it or not.

Walking rapidly through the star-lit night, strangely mild and still, as often happens on New-Year's Eve, just as though nature took a pleasure in this motionless watch over the old year that "lies a-dying," Roderick felt a softness almost like spring in the air. It seemed to stir all his young blood—he, with life all before him to will and to do. And some of the talk that night had given him a renewed impulse both as to will and deed.

"I must tell her at once. I know she will approve of it," said he to himself.

"It" was an idea started by the kindly "man of letters"—that did Mr. Jardine's imaginative writing fail, there was a subject very popular just now, and likely to attract attention, which, with a little pains, he might examine, read up for, and write about, so as to make an excellent quarterly article, sure of at least a moderate audience. The first step on the ladder, which if taken cautiously and firmly, might lead him, either by literature or politics, or both, to the very top.

"'Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.'

Only she will never say to me,

'If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all.'

She would keep my heart up so that I could not fall. Bless her! I am sure of that."

So thinking, he came to his own door, stepping lightly across the grassy lawn, half in boyish mischief to look in at the parlor window—she liked to keep her light visible—and see what his wife was doing now the household had all gone to bed.

Sitting quietly and alone, beside her a pretty box of sandal-wood, which looked like a present, for it had a Christmas card on the top, she was emptying it, layer aft-

er layer, and spreading its contents on her lap. Only little clothes—the "little clothes" that women and mothers think the prettiest in all the world. One after the other she unfolded them, putting her fingers through the tiny empty sleeves, looking at them admiringly, smilingly, and yet again with a strange sadness. All at once Roderick called to mind what Lady Symington had said to him, and her tone of saying it; he had been full of his own affairs just then, and not noticed much else; but now, as he slipped quietly indoors, and kneeling down beside his wife, helped her to examine her New-Year's gift—man as he was—it touched him deeply.

"And the little fellow only lived seven years, yet his mother has remembered him all this while! Poor Lady Symington!"

He said it with a curious awe, as with his slightly awkward fingers he helped his wife to refold the wonderful little garments, and replace them, as they had lain, untouched, for nearly forty years. Then they put the box away and sat down by the fire, hand in hand; and he told her of all his new hopes, new ambitions—the life that somehow seemed opening before him, if only he had strength to carry it out.

"I shall do nothing rashly. 'Authorship,' they say, 'is a capital staff, but a very bad crutch.' I shall stick to the mill at present. But you were right to send me away to-night. It does me good to have something beyond the mill, to mix with men and feel myself one of them, with life all before me, and power to do my work in it, with what poor old Tommy Moore calls, conceitedly,

> "'The mind that burns within me,
> And pure smiles from thee at home.'"

That quiet home smile, serene and pure, it beamed upon him now; and his whole heart was satisfied.

"This is the first New-Year we ever spent together, my wife. Shall we go outside and greet it in the open air, as is our Scotch fashion? My father always did so—and my mother too—my poor mother!" he sighed. "I wonder whether Bella's being with us will do good or harm—whether they will be thinking of me just now? We always had a grand family gathering at Hogmanay—my two elder sisters, their husbands and children. They never cared for me much; I was a mere boy when they married. Still, to have quite forsaken me! Well, well, I wish them all a happy New-Year—my 'ain folk,' as we say in Scotland."

Silence had no "ain folk"—only two far-away graves—but she had her husband. He and she walked up and down in front of the hall door, talking of this and that, and especially of his work in the future, which seemed already to have taken a strong hold on his imagination, till in the dead stillness the distant stable clock at Symington was heard beginning to strike twelve.

Until then there had not been a breath stirring, the night was so wonderfully calm and mild, and dusk rather than dark; the half-moon, slowly sloping westward behind the house, still showed faintly the belt of trees round the lawn, and even the dim outline of the distant hills. Above, the sky was *parsemé*—no English word expresses it—with myriads of stars. When the last stroke of the clock ceased, there seemed to descend from it, right down from these mysterious stars, a sough of wind, equally mysterious. It rustled through the tree-tops, wandered round the house, and then passed away into stillness, almost like a living thing.

"Listen, listen, Roderick!"

"It is the sough of the air—the old year's last breath. I have often noticed it, and heard other people notice it too. And now—our new year is begun. May it be a very happy one to you—to us—my darling!"

He kissed her, and then seeing how mute and passive she was, made a little innocent joke about not being able to add the usual Scotch wish of "a happy new year, and a man afore the end on't," because she had already got her "man," and must make the best of him, bad as he was, to the end of the chapter.

"Which is such a long way off, my love. Quite alarming. Only to think that thirty, forty, even fifty years hence, you and I may be standing—two old people, old and gray-headed—under these very stars. I remember looking up at them this time last year, and thinking of you, and wondering if we should ever be married."

"You were 'in love' with me then; you love me now; and you will love me even when I am 'old and gray-headed' as you say. I shall love you, Roderick, even

when you are an elderly gentleman, and—not handsome at all. Nothing on earth could ever part us—nothing—nothing—"

"What is wrong, dear? Are you cold? We will go in."

"No—wait—just one minute."

He wrapped her closely in his plaid, and she nestled in his arms; but still kept gazing up, far up, into that mystic floor of heaven, which, though we see it every night of our lives, never loses its wonder, glory, and beauty.

"I should like to live to be an old woman—I should like us both to be old, and yet love one another as dearly as when we were young. It makes one feel immortal, this love: I should like, as you say, fifty years hence, to stand with you under these stars—feeling that *nothing* could kill our love—or us. But, if things were to be different; if, this time next year, I am—not here, but away—beyond the stars!"

"What do you mean?"

She turned upon him those eyes of hers—"heavenly eyes" he had called them since the day he first saw them on the Terrasse at Berne.

"I may die this spring. Sometimes, you know, women do."

He shivered, but violently controlled himself.

"Yes, I know that; but—you are not afraid?"

"No, I am afraid of nothing—neither life nor death—now. And I would have died, if I might have chosen—died gladly!—to have been for this one year—this one happy year—my Roderick's wife, and—his child's mother."

There was such a rapture in her face, that whatever dread her words might have aroused in him sank down. It was one of those supreme moments when two who are wholly united, as these were, feel that no real parting is possible, that "whatever happens" (as people say), they are one through all eternity.

"Hush!" Roderick said at last, in a broken voice. "God knows best. Let us leave it all."

And then taking her in-doors, he declared that the 1st of January was no time for moonlight rambles, and that he should abolish them altogether till the summer nights came.

Which seemed a long way off now; for, not unusual in the North,

> "As the days lengthened,
> So the cold strengthened."

and a long frost and snow shut up Silence entirely within her own peaceful home. A dull time to most people; but nothing ever seemed to make her dull. Not even when, for some weeks after Bella's departure, her husband was restless and troubled, evidently expecting some news which never came. One formal letter of thanks, announcing her safe arrival, a month after date, but explaining nothing further, was all Mrs. Alexander Thomson vouchsafed to her brother and sister. She never mentioned her mother at all.

"Evidently Blackhall is tabooed," said he, with a bitter laugh. "Never mind, my darling. Let us give it up, and not vex ourselves about the inevitable."

And by that she knew how, until this moment, he had not given it up: had never ceased to hope and crave for something—the one blessing which no man gets twice in a lifetime. He may have as many wives and children as fate allows: he never can have two mothers.

But—and some mothers would do well to remember this—when a man has his wife and his home, his interests and his work, he does not mourn eternally; as Roderick said, he "accepts the inevitable," and turns his mind to other things. Though the young Jardines had a shut-up and rather lonely life, it was anything but an idle one. The MS. novel came back once more—alas! historical novels always do come back nowadays—but the "solid" article did not, until it had become transmuted into a bundle of those delightful proof-sheets which raise into the seventh heaven of happiness young authors, and which even old authors can hardly see without a certain thrill of pleasure, a faint reflection of the time when, as now with Roderick,

> "The world was all before them, which to choose,
> Reason their guard, and Providence their guide."

And both reason and Providence seemed to have taken in charge this young author. Roderick had "no nonsense about him." He did not start in literature with a picturesque and imaginative view of his own deservings, and how they were to be appreciated; he worked heartily at whatever came to his hand to do, and consequently he did good work. It might not have been the highest work, or the utmost he was capable of doing—Silence often

thought so. But she copied his MSS., taught herself to criticise them fairly, to see all the faults she could, "in order to prevent the world from seeing them," as she one day said.

"You see, dear, if you had to be killed, I would much rather kill you myself than let another person do it."

At which he laughed heartily, and submitted to all fault-finding and subsequent correction with the best grace in the world.

"Who knows! Such a severe domestic critic ought to make me a celebrated author in no time. I think I will begin another *magnum opus*—not a novel, though; and by working at all leisure moments, I may finish it before the year is out."

"Before the year is out," repeated Silence, softly. "Yes, yes; but will you not begin it now?"

And she not only got him to begin it, but she kept him steadily at it, copying in the mornings what he wrote overnight, and arranging all that he had to "read up," according to his literary friend's orders, so as to give him the least trouble possible. It was hard work, but the mill work happened to be slack just then, and Mr. Black was very kind and friendly—touchingly so. And thus, from day to day, Roderick's time was kept full, and his mind also.

He never spoke of his mother at all now; yet he was neither dull nor melancholy. It is a remarkable fact, which people who desire to punish other people, deservedly or undeservedly, would do well to remember, that the sharpest pain can not last forever, and that a young couple thoroughly happy in each other will remain happy in spite of all their affectionate relatives, who think they ought to be miserable. Ay, and in spite of many outside things that might have been hard in later years; but youth is the time to fight with fate—youth, with its infinite courage, its eternal hope.

Working at the mill all day, writing his book at night, with little society—for the Symingtons had gone into Edinburgh—with no relaxation except the daily walk "between the lights," which his wife insisted upon, Roderick had yet, he declared, never spent a happier three months. And he looked so well, too, for it is not work that kills, but "worry:" foolish ambitions, unsatisfied cravings, jarring tempers, stinging remorse, or unrepented sin. Not mere sorrow: that can be borne. Both of these had known sorrow, she especially; but there was a holy serenity in her face now, even when one day she spoke of that grave at Neuchâtel.

"Sophie Reynier sent me these violets from it. She says they are having such a lovely spring. And so are we. Just look at those primroses, and the daffodils all in bud already. And only listen, Roderick, how that mavis is singing!"

They were walking up and down the sheltered kitchen-garden—lovely though it was a kitchen-garden, with its walks all bordered by flowers, sweet old-fashioned perennials, which sprung up year by year, not disdaining the neighborhood of the vegetables, but growing together, each after its kind, in happy union. "Like you and your poor folk," Roderick once said, noticing how everybody loved her, and did her honor; maid-servants, mill-girls, all the people about the place.

"They are so kind! I have such a happy life!" was all the young mistress answered. And her fair pale face bent down over her flowers, and up again to her budding apple blossoms, and her tall forest trees, now growing full of nest-building birds.

"That mavis, I have watched him this week past. I am sure he has a young family somewhere near. And he sings—how he does sing! in the top of that sycamore. He began the very day they planted out the hyacinths in my garden under my window."

This too was a labor of love, arranged surreptitiously between Mr. Black and his old gardener—a little mathematical diagram of beds, with grass lawn between, in the which had sprung up, as if by magic, successions of spring flowers, snow-drops, crocuses, hepaticas. Now, April being come, even in the dour Scotch climate, the sunshine was strengthening and the garden brightening every week.

"I shall have a quite beautiful nosegay presently," she said; "just in time for my wedding day."

He had almost forgotten it—the villain! He could hardly believe he had been married a year. And yet it felt sometimes as if they had been married all their lives, so completely had they grown into one another. It was only by an effort that either could recall their old selves, in the days when they were apart.

"That sunset" (they were watching it

from a favorite seat she had—a summer-house, warm and dry, facing the south-west, and looking down the winding glen toward the mill, which, hidden by trees, only presented a few chimney-tops, and that fairy-like column of white smoke, unobjectionable to even the most æsthetic eyes)—"that sunset," she said, "it makes the whole sky 'colorisé,' as we used to say in Switzerland. Do you remember the Jungfrau and the Wetterhorn that day at Berne? and the Alpes Bernoises from Lausanne? O my land! it is a heavenly land! I can never forget it. But this is my home."

She had been speaking French, for a wonder; they had dropped almost entirely into English now, even when together, but she said "home"—that one dear word which we Britons specially have—with an intonation inexpressible but unmistakable. All her heart had settled into her husband's country. "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Never, though Roderick Jardine may live to see thousands of sunsets, will he forget this one, nor his wife's face as she looked at it, watching it till the very last glow had died away. Then she rose.

"Now let us go in, dear."

"Are you tired?"

"I think so." Leaning heavily on his arm, she went in-doors; but she sat up sewing till her usual time, and rose as usual when, at a specially early hour—for he happened to have a long and busy day before him—he went off to the mill.

He was sitting in his little dingy office there, quite late in the afternoon, for he had some difficult accounts to make up, which he hated, poor fellow! not having been blessed by nature with a talent for arithmetic; but it was Roderick's peculiarity that what he did worst he always worked hardest at, and what he particularly hated he always forced himself to do at once. His head swam, and his eyes were dazed, yet still he stuck bravely to those mountains of figures, Alp after Alp arising before his troubled brains, when he was startled by a little knock, and old Black, who he thought had gone home two hours ago, presented himself with a beaming countenance.

"Busy? Ye're always busy! And so I thought, Sir, I'd just come mysel' and be the first to give ye the good news. Laddie, laddie," with a slap on the back which contrasted oddly with the respectful "Sir," "Go your ways, man, and thank the Lord for all His mercies. Your wife's doing well; and ye've got a bairn."

"My wife!" Roderick sprang up like a shot.

"Ou, ay, she's fine; and it's a lad-bairn. She bade Janet come and tell ye. She wadna hae ye fashed about it till all was over. My certie! but she's a brave woman—a woman in a thousand, is young Mrs. Jardine."

The old fellow drew out his snuff-box, took several pinches, and blew his nose with great violence, deliberately turning his back upon the young man, as perhaps was best.

"Thank God!" Roderick said at last, quietly and gravely. "Have I a son, or a daughter? I forget. I did not quite hear."

"A son, Sir. Another Jardine of Blackhall. They tell me—I've been up at the house mysel'—that he's such a grand bairn, that his mother is so proud of him."

"His mother—my son—how strange it sounds!"

Roderick put his hand over his eyes, vainly trying to realize that great change in a young man's life when he has actually "given hostages to fortune," and sees himself not merely as himself, but as the father of a race to come, who will carry down his name, laden with curses or blessings, to remote posterity. A certain momentary terror—or less terror than awe—came over him. Then, as if accepting the responsibility which no good man need fear, and which most men in their secret hearts are rather proud of, he shook hands with Mr. Black, put his account-books aside—luckily they were nearly finished—and prepared to go home at once.

It was a wet night, had been pelting with rain all day; truly the small Jardine of Blackhall got but a weeping welcome into this "wearifu' warld." But the young father never noticed it. He was fully and overpoweringly happy. The fear which half unconsciously had hung over him like a cloud for weeks was now all changed into delicious hope and joy.

Bidding a cheery good-night to Mr. Black ("By-the-bye, I had a line from your wife yesterday, but that's no matter now," said he, as they parted), Roderick walked rapidly up the brae—the familiar walk, with the light in the parlor window shining ahead all the way. It was

dark now, but there was a faint glimmer from the room up stairs, his wife's room. His heart swelled almost to bursting as he looked at it.

"My son, our son. Another Henry Jardine. If my father had only known! And my mother—shall I write to my mother? Perhaps? No!"

Choking down the pain that would rise, turning resolutely from the ever-lurking shadow which no sunshine of joy could quite banish, the young man passed through the dark garden to the hall door.

Faithful Janet was there to open it; only she. All was safe now, but it had been an anxious day. The house felt quiet—painfully quiet, its master thought, as he went into the empty parlor. They would not let him speak to his wife, but only look at her as she lay asleep, like a marble image. Her eyes were closed, but a sweet smile flitted about her mouth; and her left hand was extended outside the coverlet, over a small heap, a little helpless something. What a slender soft hand it seemed, with the wedding ring shining upon it, and yet how strong it was!—strong and tender—essentially a mother's hand.

The young husband's eyes were dim, but he had self-control enough to obey orders and keep quietly down stairs, not even asking to see his little son; in truth, just then he hardly thought of him at all as a human entity, but only of the mother, the precious life imperilled, and saved. And he had known nothing—nothing all this time. With what silent courage had she sent him away at breakfast-time, and kept him ignorantly content at his work, all that long day—that terrible day!

"Just like her. She never thinks of herself, but of me. My darling! my only darling!"

By-and-by she awoke, and he was allowed to kiss her, without speaking; indeed, she made no attempt to speak, only smiled—her own ineffably peaceful smile. Then he settled himself in the parlor, which looked frightfully empty—all the more so that so many of her things were lying about—her garden shawl and hat, which she had taken off when she came in the evening before, her work-box, her desk—carefully left open, with a little heap of addressed envelopes placed on the top of it, so as to save him all possible trouble. There were even the foreign stamps ready affixed to the Neuchâtel letters. No one at home had been forgotten; neither Mrs. Grierson nor Lady Symington—not even Mrs. Alexander Thomson. At which Roderick again muttered, "Just like her." But there was no letter—how could there be?—addressed to Mrs. Jardine.

"Best not," he said, with a thrill of anger, the sharpest he had ever yet felt; "we bore all our sorrows alone—we will not make her a sharer in our joy. It is nothing to her; and she is nothing to us now."

But even while he said it, Roderick's heart melted. It seemed as if, now he was a father himself, he felt all the more yearning toward his mother—the mother who bore him. Nothing could alter that fact.

With a great sigh, he sat down to his solitary supper, and prepared for an equally solitary evening.

He was slightly occupied, however, by the letters he had to write—in French or English—letters to those whom his wife loved, and who loved her, and would sympathize with her to the uttermost, he knew. Faithfully he fulfilled all her wishes—even writing a line to his sister Bella. But this, unlike the others, was brief and cold. As he did it, hot indignation, righteous indignation, flamed up in the young man's heart—he would not have been a true man else; a wrathful sense of all his darling had been made to endure—his innocent darling, whom his mother had never known, nor taken any pains to know, and whom his sisters, following her lead, had as completely ignored as if she were no wife at all. But the storm did not last long; he was of too gentle a nature; and then he was so happy, so very happy. From his calm height of content that night he felt as if he could afford to look with placable and even compassionate eye on his whole family—on the whole world.

Until near morning he sat writing; and then, finding that all was well in the silent room up stairs, he went to bed, just looking out first upon the dim dawn—only one long yellow streak in the horizon—and thinking, if to-morrow happened to be a fine day, how pleasant all would be in his wife's room, where the sun shone almost all day long; how the hyacinths would send up their fragrant breath from the garden below, and the mavis, her own particular mavis, would sing his incessant

song "from morn till dewy eve," over his busy mate and newly hatched young. All the world seemed full of life, and joy, and hope. He had to cover his ears ere he could get to sleep, for the birds were already awake and singing so loud.

An hour or two's rest, and Roderick was up again—half dizzy with his unbelievable new joy, and trying hard to talk business with Mr. Black, who had come to Blackhall himself to get the earliest news, and persuade the young father to escape from the ignominious position of total neglect which befalls all fathers under these happy circumstances, and take refuge in "bachelors' hall." Directly after, there drove up the Symington carriage, with Lady Symington in it, who straightway disappeared up stairs.

When she came down, her round rosy face was pale, and her manner painfully quiet. She offered no congratulations, but laid her hand on Roderick's arm.

"I have been up seeing your wife. Have you seen her this morning?"

"Not yet. They would not let me."

"Quite right. Stop! You must not go to her just now. Instead, take my carriage and fetch Dr. ——."

Roderick in his turn became ghastly pale; for this doctor was the most noted man in all the country-side, and he lived twelve miles off.

"Is there, then, such vital necessity? Is she in danger? Why did they not tell me? O my God! my God!"

"Hush! we must not waste time in talking. It may be nothing, my dear" —the old lady's soft "my dear" was more terrifying than aught else—"but we never know. The horses are fresh; they will go there and back without stopping. Bring the doctor with you—don't come without him. I will stay here till you return."

She spoke briefly, almost sharply, but with the calm decision that re-assures even while it alarms.

Without a word Roderick obeyed; allowed Mr. Black, who had listened in silence, to give him his hat and coat, and throw a plaid into the carriage after him.

"Will you not go too, Mr. Black? You had better. He is quite stunned, you see."

"Yes, my lady; but I know him—he's a brave lad, he will bear up alone. And I must go elsewhere."

The old man grasped the young man's hand with a sudden "God bless you!"—then Roderick sprang into the carriage and drove away.

Oh, that awful drive! sitting like a stone, watching mechanically the trees and moors and hills slip by, his watch in one hand, counting the half-hours—no, the very minutes—as they crawled along; in the other hand clutching Lady Symington's note, ready to be given to the doctor as soon as he could be found.

And then the drive back, with the "celebrated" man, to whom "the case" was only a case, and who talked cleverly and cheerfully and indifferently of that and many other things, till he saw he was scarcely heard, and then, with a natural human sympathy for the white set face beside him, dropped into silence and a book: for years Roderick never saw the title of that book without a shudder.

A "ray of hope" he learned there was. Only a ray! and, three hours before, the whole world had seemed to him to be flooded with sunshine. He asked no questions—made no remarks. Mute and unappealing he sat, half stunned, half blind, like a man who has suddenly received sentence of death—death utterly undeserved and unexpected—death in the very midst of life, so that reason refuses to take it in as a reality, and the mind is conscious of neither terror nor pain, only a dull sense of something having happened, or being about to happen, which one can no more escape than one can escape from the falling rock or the advancing breaker, both of which will bring certain and instantaneous doom.

They reached Blackhall, and he heard at the front door the doctor's question, "Is she alive?" and Lady Symington's affirmative answer; then he staggered in, and Janet had to fetch her master a glass of water, and put him into the arm-chair, quite dizzy and blind.

But he soon recovered himself, and went back to listen at the foot of the staircase.

"It will be a hard fight—a hand-to-hand fight—but we'll beat, I trust," the doctor was saying, with a thoroughly professional look on his clever face, and a gleam of his keen eyes, often seen in men like him when they brace up all their skill to do battle with the great enemy. Then he and Lady Symington both vanished, and Roderick was left alone.

Hour after hour he sat, no one coming near him. Once Janet knocked at the

parlor door, and asked if she might bring in baby, whose crying disturbed the mother. Roderick assented, but took no notice of his son; indeed, at the moment, he almost felt as if he hated him. Kind Janet was the only person who paid the least attention to the young heir of Blackhall.

Never, never will little Henry's father forget that day—a lovely April day, half storm, half sunshine, toward evening wholly sunshine. But Roderick turned from it, and hid his eyes. And that mad bird, that loud-voiced mavis, singing incessantly in the sycamore-tree—he covered his ears to deaden the sound. All the sound he cared to hear—and his very soul seemed concentrated in listening—was the moving of feet in that room up stairs, where the terrible battle for life was going on, and during which he seemed himself to be dying a hundred deaths.

He did nothing, absolutely nothing, hour after hour—what was there for him to do? Once, catching sight of the pile of letters—those happy letters, which nobody had thought of posting—he rose mechanically in order to put them away somewhere, and looking about, found his wife's work-basket just as she had left it, the needle still sticking into the unfinished frill. Would it ever be finished? With a gasp, and a wild stare round, as if to call to her—to appeal to her—she who had never before forsaken him thus, been missing when he wanted her, or silent when he called—he seized and kissed it. Then he put everything in its place again, including her garden shawl, which he folded up with his helpless hands as tenderly as if it had been a living thing, and sat down again in the same chair, with his head dropped on his hands.

Presently he had to rouse himself and speak a few commonplace words to Sir John, who came to fetch Lady Symington home to dinner: people must dine, and the dear old lady looked quite exhausted. She went up to Roderick and kissed him, bade him hope still—while there was life there was hope—but nevertheless urged upon him that last solemn prayer, which often seems to bring back the very blessing it resigns: "Thy will be done."

"I can't say it—I can't!" he answered—the young man to whom anguish, such anguish as this, was utterly unknown. But after she had left, promising to come again before midnight, he fell down on his knees, and in an agony such as he had not believed any man could pass through and live, he said it.

After that he seemed to grow quieter, and ready to accept everything.

By-and-by the doctor came down to him for a minute, with an anxious face but a cheery voice.

"Take heart, my dear fellow. As I said, while there's life there's hope. Do not go near her—quite useless, as she knows nobody. By-and-by I'll fetch you, should there come a change."

"A change? For the better?"

"Yes. Or what they call a lightening before death."

Death—and her! The two ideas seemed impossible—irreconcilable. Shuddering, Roderick turned away from the old man, who did not mean to be cruel, who even put his hand kindly on the young fellow's shoulder, and again bade him "keep up," that all was being done which could be done, that he had seen many a worse case, and so on, and so on. But Roderick heard it all as one in a dream, and directly afterward, hearing the sound of a carriage, and believing it was only old Black—faithful old Black!—who always meant well, but the sight of whom would almost madden him just then, he bolted out of the low window, and went and hid himself in the darkest depths of the glen.

When he ventured back into the house the fire had died out—only a solitary candle was left burning on the table. He stole up stairs, and listened at his wife's door. All was quiet. There was not even the sound of the doctor's quick, resolute voice: he must have gone away.

Then all hope died out of Roderick's heart. Groping his way back to the parlor, he sat down in his old seat, waiting in a sort of stupefaction for the final blow, and repeating to himself over and over again a line which seemed persistently to "beat time to nothing" in his overstrained brain—Othello's piteous moan:

"My wife! what wife?—I have no wife."

Perhaps even now he too had no wife. All the sweet days were over, her brief happiness was ended, her young life done. And he?

Such a loss is a common story. Many a young man had lived through it—lived long after it—perhaps won another wife, and had many other children, and been

very happy apparently ; but I question if he is ever quite the man he was before, and I think he would hardly be a true man if some little bit of his heart was not forever buried in his dead wife's grave.

The candle burned itself out, and the moonlight, creeping in between the undrawn curtain, was beginning to fill the room with a pale, ghostly light, when Roderick heard the door open, and some one enter very gently and hesitatingly.

"Well?" he said, not lifting his head—not doubting it was the summons of doom.

No answer; but the intruder came close to him—touched him.

"Who's that?" he said, almost fiercely—"who's that?"

"It's me, Rody: it's your mother."

"Oh, mother! mother!"

For one moment her arms were round his neck, and his head on her shoulder. Then he thrust her violently away.

"I don't want my mother; I want my wife. What of my wife? Is she alive?"

"Yes. And she will live. And I thought I'd be the first to come and tell you. Do you hear, Rody? she's safe—quite safe. Both doctors say so. Thank God! thank God! Oh, Rody, my son! my son!"

Once more she opened to him those fond mother-arms which no man can resist, no man ought to resist, and let him sob his heart out there, patting him, kissing him, treating him almost as if he had been a little child, and sobbing herself the while with undisguised, uncontrollable emotion.

"How did you come, mother? Since when have you been here?"

"Ever so long, my dear."

"I was never told."

"No; I went up straight to her. It did not matter; she knew nobody. The doctor is a friend of mine; he let me be with her. He knew I understood. I nearly died myself when you were born. Oh, Rody, what you must have suffered this day! Let me look at you, my boy—my dearest boy!"

It was a sorrowful gaze for both mother and son. Gradually Roderick's manner hardened, and he loosed himself from her clinging hands.

"Never mind me; it is my wife we must think about. I beg your pardon, mother, but I must go and see her, my wife whom you hate, whom you were so cruel to. But I love her. She is more to me than anything or anybody in this world. I don't know why you come here. I never asked you to come. Still I thank you for coming. But there is not the least occasion for you to stay."

He rose up, with his cold, proud manner, so like his father's. His mother, half frightened, as if she thought he hardly knew what he was about—perhaps he did not, poor fellow!—stood before him, silently wringing her hands.

"I repeat—there is no need for you to trouble yourself about us in any way. If my wife lives—and you say she will live—she and I are quite sufficient to one another. Will you sit down? Can I get you anything? Or shall I order a carriage that you may go home at once?"

"Oh, Rody! Rody! Me—your mother!"

She burst into tears, such tears as it is terrible to see an old woman shed.

And Mrs. Jardine was an old woman now. The struggle between her heart—and it was a good honest heart, after all—and her fierce indomitable will had told upon her severely. Could her son have seen her face, he might have traced there the wrinkles of many added years. As it was, he felt that the hand which grasped him shook as with palsy.

"Rody, I wish just to say one word."

Could a son expect his mother to beg his pardon? Would he not have been an unworthy son to have let her do any such thing? Was it not far better for him, under the circumstances—under any circumstances—to have done—just what he did?

He dropped on his knees beside her, and laid his head in her lap, exactly as when he was her little boy.

"Mother, mother, forgive me! Let us forgive one another."

"Oh yes—yes! Come back to me, my son—my only son!"

There was no other apology or explanation than this, neither now nor at any future time, between them. Both avoided it, and so best. It is always safer not to touch a half-healed wound. Besides, we are none of us perfect, God knows; and some of us see our faults all the plainer when no one points them out, but they are left entirely between ourselves and Him.

"And now," said Roderick, anxiously, "tell me about my wife."

"Poor lamb! poor lamb! I have been with her these two hours. She thought

it was her own mother, for she spoke a few words in French, and called me 'mamma.' Tell her, Rody, that—"

Mrs. Jardine turned away, and again burst into honest, irrepressible tears.

"But still, mother, how did you come—how did you hear?"

She could not speak, but she put into his hand a little note, dated two days before, written in pencil, and in a hand very feeble, very shaky, but neat and clear:

"DEAR MR. BLACK,—If you should hear I am likely to die, will you go at once to Richerden and fetch Mrs. Jardine? You know her. No one will comfort my husband like his mother.

"Yours truly,

"SILENCE JARDINE."

"And now," said Mrs. Jardine, smiling through her tears, the brightest, sweetest smile, Roderick thought, that he had ever seen on her face, "go you to your wife, and let me go to my grandson. My son will not now want his mother to comfort him—thank the Lord!"

CONCLUSION.

A warm, honest heart and a generous nature will cover a multitude of sins—or let us say errors—especially in a grandmamma. Over that baby's cradle the hearts of the two women, young Mrs. Jardine and old Mrs. Jardine, soon came to meet in the most wonderful way; as they met, too, over another thing, or rather person—often an endless "bone of contention" between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law when they happen to be weak, selfish, or jealous women, which these were not—the man whom each loved best of all the world.

Roderick's wife and mother, however opposite their characters, had certain points in common, out of which grew an unmistakable sympathy, namely, strength of will and thoroughness of purpose, great sincerity and affectionateness, the power of self-devotion, and an entire absence of that petty egotism which is always on the watch to guard its own rights, and has no vision for anybody's rights except its own. Besides, meeting her son afresh, as it were, with that great gulf of sorrow between, which had sorely changed both him and her, and finding him now a man—a husband and a father—in many ways very different from the "boy" she had been accustomed to think him, Mrs. Jardine had the sense to accept the position and make the best of it.

For her son's wife—the "poor lamb," as she had called her, and whom, as Roderick afterward found out, her good sense, firmness, and devoted care, coming in at the last ebb of hope, had greatly contributed to save from death—Mrs. Jardine took to loving her, as strong natures are prone to love those whom they have saved, and who depend upon them, as for many days Silence had to depend upon her practical and sensible mother-in-law, in that total, sweet helplessness which was the very best thing to win the old woman's heart.

She was an old woman now—no doubt about it; and years ripen and sweeten many women to an almost incredible degree. Besides, as Silence often whispered to her husband when little things jarred upon him and irritated him, she was his mother, and she loved him—in her own odd way, perhaps, but with a love of which there could be no doubt and no denial. Still, even love can work no miracles, nor blend together opposing natures, characters, and lives into sudden and everlasting harmony; and when, having nursed her "child," as she called Silence, into comparative health, and given her grandchild his grandfather's name, Mrs. Jardine proposed to go home, earnestly begging her son to leave Blackhall, and come and settle in Richerden, Roderick gently but steadily declined. He did not say so, even to his own wife; but he felt it would be far better that they two should continue to live at Blackhall, and his mother and sisters at Richerden.

All, and especially Bella, were "quite well and happy," Mrs. Jardine said. How much she knew of the events of last Christmas, or the differences between Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Thomson, did not transpire. At all events, she never talked about these troubles: it was not "respectable."

But despite their diverse way of viewing things, there was a straightforwardness and rightheartedness about Roderick's mother, which, when her son saw it with fresh, clear eyes, and especially through his wife's eyes, sufficed to blind him wholesomely to her faults. No fear of any more "difficulties" to the end of their days. And when, the last Sunday she was with him, he went, a little against his will, but just to please her, to the ugly Presbyterian church six miles off, and sitting between

his wife and his mother, listened to the singing, rather nasal and drawling, but not unsweet, of the Twenty-third Psalm,

> "My table Thou hast furnished
> In presence of my foes;
> My head with oil Thou dost anoint,
> And my cup overflows,"

his heart melted, for he felt his cup did indeed "overflow."

His "table," too, was likely to be "furnished"—better than he had once had any hope of. When his mother spoke of business matters, and insisted on his giving up his work at the mill, and living as a "gentleman," he had refused point-blank, declaring his determination to carve out his own fortune, and make his own independent way in the world. But when, on the day of baby's christening, he found that Mrs. Jardine, who never did things by halves, and was as generous in her loves as ungenerous in her dislikes, had settled upon baby's mother—not father—a sum of several thousand pounds, sufficient to remove all fear of the future from the parents' hearts, Roderick was deeply moved.

"She is a good woman—my mother! My father was right to respect her and love her—as he did, to the very last. God bless them! I have need to be proud of both my parents."

"Yes," said Silence, gently, as she stooped and kissed her son, who lay fast asleep on her lap. But her own life taught her to understand other lives—what they were and what they might have been.

And her life is all before her still, for she is yet comparatively a young woman, though her boys—and she has not one, but several—begin to measure heights with her, and to reckon how soon they will be "up to mother's shoulder." "Father" is a standard which none of them hope to arrive at, either physically, mentally, or morally. To be so tall, so clever, or so good as he—none of these lads could ever imagine such a thing. They do not merely love him, they adore him. And they are right; or at least two people, their mother and their grandmother, believe so.

Roderick Jardine lives still at Blackhall, keeping up the old family home in comfort, but yet in great simplicity, as is wisest, with his increasing family. Besides, his early experiences have given him a horror of luxury, of that wealth which is mere wealth and nothing more. The Jardines of Blackhall hold themselves to be truly "rich" people, because they always have a little more than they spend; they use their money without abusing it, and therefore enjoy it to the uttermost, and cause others besides themselves to enjoy it too. But their sons are all brought up to abhor extravagance, waste, or self-indulgence, aware that each will have to make his own way in the world, as is best for every man, and woman too, perhaps. Sometimes Roderick says, if he had many girls he would bring them up, like the boys, to earn their own living—as their mother once did—so that they might taste the sweetness of independent bread, and never be tempted to marry for aught but love. But he has only one girl, his little "Tacita"—her right name is Silence, but he will not have her called so—one of "papa's odd ways." Roderick will have a good many "odd ways" as he grows older.

He may never be, strictly speaking, a "great" man, but everybody recognizes him as a cultivated man of very considerable talent—"known in the gates," as his wife delightedly sees, every year more and more. But it is more by his pen than his personality, for he seldom goes from home, except once a year to Richerden to see his mother and the family. A not too attractive family, but he is very kind to them, even to Mrs. Alexander Thomson and her numerous brood of sickly, ill-tempered children, whom she brings with her sometimes to get a breath of wholesome life, within and without, in the happy atmosphere of Blackhall.

"Young Mrs. Jardine," as she continues to be called, for old Mrs. Jardine may live to be ninety, still looks so young, so fair!—her peaceful, contented heart shining through her "heavenly" eyes. The world has never heard of her, never will hear, except through her husband and her sons. She does not greatly "shine in society," though she is well able to keep up the dignity of the family wherever she goes. But of her own dignity, her own praise, she thinks very little, having, indeed, far too many other and more important things to think about. As wife, as mother, as mistress, her burdens are often pretty heavy, but never more than she can bear. And he helps her, as she helps him—the husband of her youth, who will, please God, be the faithfulest, fondest lover of her old age.

That time is still a good way off, and

they may yet have much to bear together. They will bear it, because it is borne together. And I think, if any one were to ask Roderick Jardine what has been—in plain English—the backbone of his life, his preservation from evil, his incentive to all good, he would say it was that strong first love and venturous early marriage; because he had sense to see and to take hold of the blessing that Heaven dropped in his path—that treasure "above rubies," which most men desire, and so few win, or deserve to win. But Roderick did. He says sometimes that he should like to have carved on his tombstone, as the root of all his happiness, all his success, that line, written by one great and good man of another—perhaps the noblest man of this century—

"Who loved one only and who clave to her."

"But," he adds, "it was because my wife was Silence Jardine."

FIRST FAMILIES OF THE ATLANTIC.

IT is the popular supposition that none but predestinated suicides are in the habit of seeking diversion in the fat pages of volumes known as "Pub. Docs.," and that the value of such of these books as wander into the market is to be measured by standards avoirdupois rather than literary. Yet the report of *The Award of the Fisheries Commission*, in more than three thousand large pages, contains some material which is more entertaining than that of the average novel, and more instructive than many a text-book. The Commission was an outcome of the Treaty of Washington, now six years old, and its duty was to ascertain whether in the mutual concessions of fishery rights made by that document Great Britain gave more than she received, and to award her such compensation as might seem her due, in case the investigations proved that her claim was just. The fact of an award of more than five millions of dollars to Britannia has been abundantly made known by the press, without eliciting much enthusiasm from the American public, but some of the testimony upon which a majority of the Commission based its calculations is curious and interesting enough to compensate any inquisitive tax-payer for the loss of that portion of the award which must come from his own pocket.

Among the many persons examined by the Commission were hundreds of fishermen and two specialists, the object of the examiners being to learn something of the numbers, habits, and favorite sea-side resorts of certain fish of prominent commercial standing. Although the marine jurisdiction of a country extends for only a league from the shore, the habit of drawing from headland to headland the dividing line between free and protected territory has the effect of placing under national jurisdiction most of the favoring fishing grounds on the North American coast. Cod, mackerel, and herring, like many other notable sea-side visitors, have local habitations in obscure spots, and they become objects of interest only when found reasonably near to land. During the course of the examination some marvellous fish stories and theories were offered by old sailors; but as truth is stranger than fiction, the testimony of the specialists leads all others in interest. These gentlemen—Professor Henry Youle Hind, who was called on the part of Great Britain, and Professor Spencer F. Baird, the principal witness for the United States—astonished commissioners and counsel with a mass of information which they had collected upon a subject apparently so difficult of investigation.

The fish to which principal attention was given was naturally the cod, he being the leading commercial fish of the civilized world. Besides being the most prolific of food fishes, he is large, easily taken, and quickly prepared for market, while his different parts are utilized as generally as those of his land rival, the hog. Professor Baird says that besides the muscular parts, the sounds and roes are used as food, the oil is valuable for medical and mechanical purposes, the offal is converted into a valuable manure, the bones make good fuel, while the skins serve many nations for leather and clothing. This fish, like the more prominent of his relatives, is at home only in cold water, the latitude of Cape May being his extreme southern boundary, while he lives as close to the pole as he can without risk of being frozen in. He probably exists farther south than the line indicated above, but if so, it is in cool depths too retired to admit of successful interviewing. At certain points off the Massachusetts coast he finds a sufficiently low temperature in shallow water, and at these

places he is frequently seen and caught of fishermen, but his favorite American haunts are the semi-inclosed waters of the coast of Canada and adjacent islands. Fond, however, as he is of very cold water, there are temperatures which he will under no circumstances endure, even though they be but two or three degrees removed from the normal. Among these is the water that comes from melting salt ice, and slowly sinks to the level to which its specific gravity entitles it. In such water the cod will not remain; he will not go through it, even though his dinner be on the opposite side, the distance very short, and the cod very hungry. He prefers to circumnavigate such an inhospitable region if he has business on the other side, as fishermen have learned to their own exceeding profit.

There are different varieties of the cod, and the entire lack of evidence of mixed blood, and the rarity with which more than one variety is found in any given locality, prove either that the cod is a non-migratory fish, or that he regards the preservation of caste as a paramount duty. Like aristocrats everywhere, he is an omnivorous feeder. The "dredge" is considered by naturalists to be the best implement with which to obtain information upon deep-sea life, but Professor Baird says that the stomach of the cod is the best of all dredges, for it generally contains morsels of every sort of marine resident within reach. With a high-born contempt of the requirements of trade, the cod feeds largely upon herring and mackerel, but he is partial to crabs, lobsters, and most other shell-fish. As his digestion is not equal to the task of assimilating these last-named items of the ocean *menu*, he stows them away in the side of his stomach, and when the quantity becomes burdensome, he disposes of them according to the method to which Jonah owed his escape from submarine lodgings. While not migratory by inclination, any failure or deterioration of his habitual larder will cause him to remove to the nearest resort of good livers. Years ago cod-fish were quite plentiful off Newburyport, Massachusetts, but disappeared as the Merrimack River was depleted of fish; since the restocking of the river, however, with shad and alewives, the cod has re-appeared at his old dining-place, gladdening the hearts of the fishermen, and gracing the Sunday breakfast table of the descendants of the Puritans.

The cod resorts to the shore for feeding purposes; but who that is not a cook or a scullion cares always to be in the vicinity of the dining-room? Naturally he is an off-shore, deep-water fish, for at a distance from the land he is always sure of finding those strata of cold water in which he delights. There are times when he will not leave these, even for food; but the seasons in which fresh-water fish revisit the scenes of their childhood are also the seasons when the water is cool inshore. While hot weather remains, with sea-water warm enough to lure human beings into the surf, the cod abhors the beach, and takes what food is nearest at hand, preferring, like summer lodgers elsewhere, to endure the plainest fare for the sake of cool quarters. When, however, the temperature of the water allows him to follow the shad and other fish to the shore, he never travels alone; if he is not accompanied by a family, he takes so much company with him that those who extend hospitable seines to receive him take sometimes as many as thirty thousand fish at a single haul.

The cod is wonderfully prolific, depositing from three to seven millions of eggs at a time. It not only prefers to spawn in the winter months, but in the coldest water it can find, and yet avoid an icy coverlet; a temperature of 32° is the favorite, while nothing above 40° is tolerated. The largest spawning grounds of the cod are in the vicinity of the Loffoden Islands, though the American members of the family put up with such accommodations as they can find near home. The domestic arrangements of this fish are so informal that the eggs have no special abiding-place, nor any protection whatever. Of the millions of eggs that are deposited by a single female, not more than a hundred thousand, probably not more than ten thousand, result in full-grown fish. Like the small boy who, if he could not whip a larger boy, could at least make faces at his sister, the smaller fish upon which the cod preys find delicious revenge in eating the eggs of the latter, while the mass of "low-down" inhabitants of the ocean are true to the instinct of low-downers everywhere to prey upon aristocracy, particularly upon the younger scions thereof. It is probable, too, that many of the eggs

which escape the keen eyes of searchers after delicacies do not become fertilized.

The mackerel, which commercially ranks next to the cod among salt-water fishes, is also partial to a cool home, though it is found somewhat farther south than the cod. Like the last-named fish, it seeks very cold water in which to spawn, preferring that of which the temperature is but little above the freezing-point. Instead of enjoying cold water all the year round, however, as the cod seems to do, there is a possibility that the mackerel hibernates. Seeking a soft muddy or sandy bed at the approach of winter, it buries itself therein, first drawing a scale or film over each eye. Whether this film is an apology for a night-cap, or the result of a dropping of the eyelid through extreme drowsiness, or due to providential design, or development according to environment, *à la* Darwin, is yet to be decided, but the existence of such a covering to the eye during hibernation has been proved by examination of mackerel which have been dragged from their comfortable couches by the dredges of intrusive scientists. It is not impossible that it may yet be discovered that the film is the result of disease, and that the muddy bottom is resorted to, not as winter-quarters, but as a hospital where "earth-cure" is practiced as a specialty. Whether sick or only sleepy, however, the mackerel has an intense aversion to a cold bed, so in selecting a resting-place he avoids ground over which salt ice is likely to drift, and drizzle its chilling water downward. How the fish arrives at certainties or probabilities on this subject is something that no fellow not a mackerel can find out, but the dredge has never found one of these fish in localities where salt ice melts.

The mackerel is quite a sociable fish among those of its own blood, moving always in great families or schools. When it comes inshore from the deep sea it is always with an innumerable company, which seems to move with a sort of regimental front, and wheeling from left to right, the *point d'appui* being that portion of the shore, naturally the southernmost that it frequents, where earliest in the season the fresh-water fish return to their native streams. The mackerel's shoreward movements are not always due to its own hunger, but frequently to that of the tunny and other predaceous fish which are fond of fresh mackerel. The discreetness of the fish under such circumstances is highly praised by scientists, and is cheerfully recognized by the honest fishermen, who welcome the fugitives heartily upon their arrival, and care for them so effectively that when next the tooth of the tormentor threatens them it will be unfelt and uncared for. The means of welcoming the mackerel are several, seines, nets, weirs, and pounds being as effective as the hook. The success of the last-named implement is due to the plebeian habits of the fish while dining. It seldom bites, nor does it prolong the enjoyment of a choice delicacy by nibbling, but it vulgarly swallows at a single gulp whatever is set before it. Selecting its food by appearance instead of flavor, it is not wonderful that a bit of red flannel, a bright "spoon," or even a bare fish-hook may seem worth taking. What disappointed fishermen on "the Banks" are pleased to term the (qualified) fastidiousness of the fish seems to contradict this statement of the mackerel's gustatory habits, but the apparent capriciousness with which these fish appear and disappear at a vessel's side is due to temperature instead of taste. Lying at a depth of perhaps two hundred fathoms, in cool water, the fish hurry to the surface for the chopped bait which fishermen throw overboard to attract them; the surface water, however, is generally too warm to be endured for more than a few moments, and they hurry back home as soon as comfort becomes more desirable than food.

When the mackerel disappear—which they do frequently during the season, and afterward for a long time—they seek for depth rather than distance. They remain off the coast, but far this side of the Gulf Stream, throughout the warm season, but in water sufficiently deep to meet their views in point of temperature. They often lie in vast schools within a mile or less of equally numerous herring, for which fish the mackerel has a yearning throat; but while the mackerel are two hundred fathoms down, the herring are within fifteen or twenty fathoms of the surface. Between these two zones, a distance of only a few seconds, mackerel time, the water is too warm to permit even a hungry mackerel to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, so these life-long enemies remain within sight of each other in a state of truce—until the coming of cold weather.

The herring, though a small fish, is commercially attractive enough to often find its own prospects of peace and longevity seriously endangered. Its diminutive size causes it to suffer more from finny enemies than either the cod or the mackerel, and its spawning capacity is comparatively feeble—a mere trifle of thirty thousand eggs, which the mackerel exceeds by fifteen or twenty times, and the cod by a hundred or more. And yet there seems no limit to the quantity of herring. Were the demand many times as great as it is, it could easily be supplied from this side of the ocean. This is doubtless due in great measure to the peculiar security enjoyed by the spawn and the young. Instead of floating, orifice downward, like the eggs of most other fish, herring spawn sinks to the bottom, the orifices of the eggs being upward, and as it is deposited in deep water, there are but few fish that interfere with it. The young, finding no loving parent near to guide their youthful steps, sensibly remain close to their birth-place, feeding upon diatoms and the smaller crustacea, until they grow old enough and strong enough to venture abroad. Migratory only to a limited extent, it is probable that the herring changes its base only on account of annoyance from larger fish. They are caught inshore by many varieties of seines and pounds, and the hook has occasionally been tried upon them by self-sufficient city youths, urged thereto by sea-shore boys who wished to remove the conceit from their visitors. To attempt to lure with hook and line a fish which can not bite, but lives wholly by suction, and to spend long hours at the attempt, under the stimulus of some wonderful story about how many some other city youth caught in the same way, is very stimulative of one's memory of the imprecatory Psalms and of other Scripture as misquoted by the wicked.

The herring, like the other fish named, inhabits cold water, the line of Long Island Sound being its southern boundary, while it is far to the north that it must be sought in quantity. The secret of the selection of particular localities for fish homes seems explained by an examination of the course of the great arctic current. This body of cold water, starting from the Spitzbergen seas, flows westerly until it strikes the Greenland coast, when it changes its course to the southward, and carries great masses of cold water into localities the latitude of which leads one to look for a high temperature in the water. It is a branch of this current that enables the cod to live and multiply about Block Island and Nantucket Shoals, in water at 40°, while farther north bathers at the beach luxuriate in water at 70°. The same current forces its way into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which is the most profitable fishing ground in the world, and probably has something to do with the phenomenal tides of the Bay of Fundy. This current brings not only cold water, but food for the fish. This food consists of diatoms and other minute forms of vegetable and animal life. Coming into existence in a latitude higher than that of the fish that devour it, this food is swept southward by the great arctic current, and wherever it is found the waters are almost alive with fish. Professor Hind says that although the sea off Canada and the United States appears abundant in life, it is nevertheless almost a desert compared with the Northern seas, particularly on the Labrador and Greenland coasts. There the ocean at times seems to be thick with fish, and to such an extent that during a single night the temperature of the water will be materially influenced by animal life!

The profusion and seeming carelessness of nature, as well as the system of the same mysterious force, can not be better illustrated than by the facts concerning the spawning of the commercial fishes. While cod, mackerel, and herring spawn in midwater, the eggs of the last-mentioned sink, while those of the first two rise to the surface. The milt, or fecundating principle of the male, is also voided in midwater, but rises in the case of cod and mackerel, while that of the herring sinks. Eggs and milt alike are tossed hither and thither by the waves and currents before reaching their proper level. It would seem that this method, or lack of method, would lead to an early extinction of fish, yet life is nowhere else so abundant as in the ocean. The numerical relation of the eggs of fish to their apparent safety or danger, and all else connected with the natural propagation of sea fish, afford powerful arguments equally to the upholder of evolution and he of creation according to design.

The inshore feeding grounds of fishes most esteemed by commerce are not deter-

mined by mere luck, as fishermen are so fond of believing. The mouths of rivers are naturally attractive, particularly during the family reunions of fresh-water fish which have been making the grand tour. Bays with stony bottoms are the homes of some varieties of prolific crustacea dearly beloved of fish, and the motion of the water is constantly detaching this food from the rocks. In land-locked shallows are to be found numerous small fish which either make their homes there, or flee thitherward as to a city of refuge. Straits through which strong tides can not easily force their way, and currents which oppose tides, are generally full of eddies, and these present many attractions to hungry fish. An eddy is a sort of aqueous savings-bank, which absorbs whatever fish food comes near it, and, like savings-banks elsewhere, it frequently yields its treasure to those whose might is their only substitute for right. In the Gulf of St. Lawrence and adjacent waters all these conditions for supplying food exist, so it is not wonderful that the Gulf is as popular a resort for fish as it is for fishermen.

Neither manifest cleanliness, healthful exercise, nor cooling environment can keep fish from cannibalistic practices. Human beings sometimes love their fellows so much that they want to eat them; to the fish this wish is father of the act. A hungry cod or mackerel that finds no other food convenient has no scruples against dining off some of the tender darlings of his own family. The same lack of squeamish sentimentality saves him from any care upon the burials or scavenger question. A dead fish, or the useless portions of the catch which are thrown overboard from fishing vessels, are promptly applied to the sustenance of the living, the lobsters and other occupants of the lower zones getting but the jackal's share of such prey. This habit of swallowing dead fish sometimes leads to undesirable results, particularly for the mackerel. In attacking any choice morsel he always begins at the larger end; but when the object happens to contain a spinal column with ribs attached, which has been thrown overboard by a cleaner, any subsequent attempt to dislodge the useless portions shows the incompatibility which exists between two sets of similar bones in the same fish, for the newer set becomes unduly searching, and exhibits a painful reluctance to departing. Offal that is not put to family uses goes to lobsters, star-fish, and other residents of the bottom, but many a sea-flea lunches on it *en route;* and if these tiny creatures are allowed their own way, they leave nothing but bones, which in turn are entirely absorbed by sea-urchins.

Herring, cod, and mackerel are commercially interesting, principally as dried or salted fish; but the increasing demand for fresh fish, and the improved methods that have been devised for preserving and shipping in fresh condition, are causing study of other sea fish which are abundant and of fine quality. Among these is the mullet, which, though scarcely known by name at the North, is said by Professor Baird to be largely consumed, both fresh and salted, in Virginia, the Carolinas, and Florida. It is larger, fatter, and sweeter than the mackerel; the supply seems to be inexhaustible; and it is so generally a shore fish that it is always taken with seines, the only vessels required being ordinary row-boats from which to lay the seines. Professor Baird believes that when its merits are known, the mullet will be a formidable market rival of the mackerel. The blue-fish will be pursued more eagerly than ever, now that it has earned the reputation of being the most destructive of and among food-fishes. Fortunately for inshore fish at the North, the blue-fish generally goes South to get its growth, and seldom returns. The merits of the halibut are beginning to be known elsewhere than on the coast, and it is to the interest of the cod-fish trade that it be caught in large quantities, for it fights the cod, while the odds of size are overwhelming in favor of the halibut. The disappearance of the cod from any locality is more likely to be due to the halibut than to any other predaceous fish.

Disappearances of sea fish from their long-time homes occur frequently, and for reasons unknown to man. The herring have left the coast of Sweden, where once they were numerous, and the big-eyed or chub-mackerel, which thirty years ago was common on our coasts, is now so rare that Professor Baird has been unable to obtain it for his collection, although he has offered $25 for a single specimen. Whether the merits of this fish have suddenly become known to marine epicures, or whether the chub-mackerel has found a deep-sea larder which is better stored than his old one was, must for the present

be matter for conjecture. Perhaps tunny-fish, sharks, porpoises, dogfish, and other lordly fellows with discriminating appetites might throw some light upon the subject if they could be interviewed. At one time the tunny had driven the cod entirely away from the vicinity of Block Island, but the tunny himself having become attractive to oil men and purveyors to manufacturers of fish guano, the cod hurried back to the family homestead. Professor Baird believes that the demand for tunnies, dogfish, sharks, etc., by the factories which will turn them into oils and manures will have the effect of increasing the number of food fishes by lessening that of their enemies. "Grand, gloomy, and peculiar," like other great slaughterers, these predaceous fish also resemble their human prototypes in being comparatively few in number, and in keeping themselves prominently before the eyes of those who are eager to destroy them.

Extensive as the fisheries are, and interesting as they have become to scientists and statesmen, their monetary value is startlingly small compared with that of some other food-producing industries. The total value of all the sea fisheries of the United States, excluding whales and shell-fish, but including the whole catch by American fishermen in Canadian waters, is less than $15,000,000 per year, while that of oysters alone is $30,000,000. Any single item of animal food produced on the land is more valuable than all the fishes, although in all the cities and many small towns meat is more costly than fish. The cause may probably be found in the custom of despising whatever is plentiful and cheap. Until lately any boy could supply his family table with fish if there was any stream or pond convenient; so any but the rarer fish have been considered plebeian food. There are many well-to-do Eastern families to-day who know only the salted mackerel and the dried cod, and this while the markets of the larger cities offer of fish a variety such as can be found in no other food department, excluding not even that of winter game. Between devices for securing low temperature and dry air, it is now possible to preserve fish in their fresh condition for months, so that, though taken only at the season in which they are best, they may be purchased in any month of the year. Professor Baird tells of seeing in an immense New York refrigerator "a cord of cod-fish, a cord of salmon, a cord of Spanish mackerel and other fish, piled up just like cord-wood; dry, hard, and firm, and retaining their qualities for an indefinite time." By dryness it should not be understood that the fish has been cleaned and dried, for it is in its natural shape and condition, as if just caught. When the public becomes generally aware that such excellent food material can be had so cheaply, the business of fish-taking will doubtless increase greatly, for the supply at present is limited only by the demand.

MARY ANERLEY.

CHAPTER XXII.

YOUNG GILLY FLOWERS.

"DRUM," said Pet, in his free and easy style, about ten days after that escape, to a highly respected individual, Mr. Welldrum, the butler—"Drum, you have heard perhaps about my being poorly."

"Ay, that I have, and too much of it," replied the portly butler, busy in his office with inferior work, which he never should have had to do, if rightly estimated. "What you wants, Master Lancelot, is a little more of this here sort of thing—sleeves up—elbow grease—scrub away at hold ancient plate, and be blowed up if you puts a scratch on it; and the more you sweats, the less thanks you gets."

"Drum, when you come to be my butler, you shall have all the keys allowed you, and walk about with them on a great gold ring, with a gold chain down to your breeches pocket. You shall dine when you like, and have it cooked on purpose, and order it directly after breakfast; and you shall have the very best hot-water plates; because you hate grease, don't you, Drum?"

"That I do; especial from young chaps as wants to get something out of me."

"I am always as good as my word; come, now."

"That you are, Sir; and nothing very grand to say, considering the hepithets you applies to me sometimes. But you han't insulted me for three days now; and that proves to my mind that you can't be quite right."

"But you would like to see me better. I am sure you would. There is nobody so good to you as I am, Drum; and you are very crusty at times, you know. Your daughter shall be the head cook; and then everything must be to your liking."

"Master Lancelot, you speaks fair. What can I have the honor of doing for you, Sir, to set you up again in your poor dear 'ealth?"

"Well, you hate physic, don't you, Drum? And you make a strict point of never taking it."

"I never knew no good to come out of no bottle, without it were a bottle of old crusted port-wine. Ah! you likes that, Master Lancelot."

"I'll tell you what it is, Drum; I am obliged to be very careful. The reason why I don't get on is from taking my meals too much in-doors. There is no fresh air in these old rooms. I have got a man who says—I could read it to you; but perhaps you don't care to hear poetry, Drum?" The butler made a face, and put the leather to his ears. "Very well, then; I am only just beginning; and it's like claret, you must learn to come to it. But from what he says, and from my own stomach, I intend to go and dine out-of-doors to-day."

"Lord! Master Lancelot, you must be gone clean daft. How ever could you have hot gravy, Sir? And all the Yordases hates cold meat. Your poor dear grandfather—ah! he was a man."

"So am I. And I have got half a guinea. Now, Drum, you do just what I tell you; and mind, not a word to any one. It will be the last coin you ever see of mine, either now or in all my life, remember, if you let my mamma ever hear of it. You slip down to the larder and get me a cold grouse, and a cold partridge, and two of the hearth-stone cakes, and a pat of butter, and a pinch of salt, and put them in my army knapsack Aunt Philippa gave me; also a knife and fork and plate; and —let me see—what had I better have to drink?"

"Well, Sir, if I might offer an opinion, a pint bottle of dry port, or your grandfather's Madeira."

"Young ladies—young gentlemen I mean, of course—never take strong wines in the middle of the day. Bucellas, Drum —Bucellas is the proper thing. And when you have got it all together, turn the old cat into the larder, and get away cleverly by your little door, and put my knapsack in the old oak-tree, the one that was struck by lightning. Now do you understand all about it? It must all be ready in half an hour. And if I make a good dinner out on the moor, why, you might get another half guinea before long." And with these words away strode Pet.

"Well, well," the butler began muttering to himself; "what wickedness are you up to next? A lassie in his head, and his dear mammy thought he was sickening over his wisdom-teeth! He is beginning airly, and no mistake. But the gals are a coarse ugly lot about here" —Master Welldrum was not a Yorkshireman—"and the lad hath good taste in the matter of wine; although he is that contrairy, Solomon's self could not be upsides with him. Fall fair, fall foul, I must humor the boy, or out of this place I go, neck and crop."

Accordingly, Pet found all that he had ordered, and several little things which he had not thought of, especially a corkscrew and a glass; and forgetting half his laziness, he set off briskly, keeping through the trees where no window could espy him, and down a little side glen, all afoot; for it seemed to him safer to forego his pony.

The gill (or "ghyll," as the poet writes it), from which the lonely family that dwelt there took their name, was not upon the bridle-road from Scargate Hall toward Middleton, nor even within eye or reach of any road at all; but overlooked by kites alone, and tracked with thoroughfare of nothing but the mountain streamlet. The four who lived there—"Bat and Zilpie, Maunder and Insie, of the Gill"—had nothing to do with, and little to say to, any of the scatterling folk about them, across the blue distance of the moor. They ploughed no land, they kept no cattle, they scarcely put spade in the ground, except for about a fortnight in April, when they broke up a strip of alluvial soil new every season, and abutting on the brook; and there sowed or planted their vegetable crop, and left it to the clemency of heaven. Yet twice every year they were ready with their rent when it suited Master Jordas to come for it, since audits at the hall, and tenants' dinners, were not to their liking. The rent was a trifle; but Jordas respected them highly for handing it done up in white

paper, without even making him leave the saddle. How many paid less, or paid nothing at all, yet came to the dinners under rent reservation of perhaps one mark, then strictly reserved their rent, but failed not to make the most punctual and liberal marks upon roast beef and plum-pudding!

But while the worthy dogman got his little bit of money, sealed up and so correct that (careful as he was) he never stopped now to count it, even his keen eyes could make nothing of these people, except that they stood upon their dignity. To him they appeared to be of gypsy race; or partly of wild and partly perhaps of Lancastrian origin; for they rather "featured" the Lancashire than the Yorkshire type of countenance, yet without any rustic coarseness, whether of aspect, voice, or manners. The story of their settlement in this glen had flagged out of memory of gossip by reason of their calm obscurity, and all that survived was the belief that they were queer, and the certainty that they would not be meddled with.

Lancelot Yordas Carnaby was brave, both in the outward and the inward boy, when he struck into the gill from a trackless spread of moor, not far from the source of the beck that had shaped or been shaped by this fissure. He had made up his mind to learn all about the water that filled sweet Insie's pitcher; and although the great poet of nature as yet was only in early utterance, some of his words had already touched Pet as he had never been touched before; but perhaps that fine effect was due to the sapping power of first love.

Yet first love, however it may soften and enlarge a petulant and wayward nature, instead of increasing, cuts short and crisp the patience of the patient. When Lancelot was as near as manners and prudence allowed to that lonesome house, he sat down quietly for a little while in a little niche of scrubby bush whence he could spy the door. For a short time this was very well; also it was well to be furnishing his mind with a form for the beautiful expressions in it, and prepare it for the order of their coming out. And when he was sure that these were well arranged, and could not fail at any crisis, he found a further pastime in considering his boots, then his gaiters and small-clothes (which were of lofty type), and his waistcoat, elegant for anybody's bosom. But after a bit even this began to pall; and when one of his feet went fast asleep, in spite of its beautiful surroundings, he jumped up and stamped, and was not so very far from hot words as he should have been. For his habit was not so much to want a thing as to get it before he wanted it, which is very poor training for the trials of the love-time.

But just as he was beginning to resolve to be wise, and eat his victuals, now or never, and be sorry for any one who came too late—there came somebody by another track, whose step made the heart rise, and the stomach fall. Lancelot's mind began to fail him all at once; and the spirit that was ready with a host of words fluttered away into a quaking depth of silence. Yet Insie tripped along as if the world held no one to cast a pretty shadow from the sun beside her own.

Even the youngest girls are full of little tricks far beyond the oldest boy's comprehension. But the wonder of all wonders is, they have so pure a conscience as never to be thinking of themselves at all, far less of any one who thinks too much of them. "I declare, she has forgotten that she ever saw me!" Lancelot muttered to the bush in which he trembled. "It would serve her right, if I walked straight away." But he looked again, and could not help looking more than many times again, so piercing (as an ancient poet puts it) is the shaft from the eyes of the female women. And Insie was especially a female girl—which has now ceased to be tautology—so feminine were her walk, and way, and sudden variety of unreasonable charm.

"Dear me! I never thought to see you any more, Sir;" said she, with a bright blush, perhaps at such a story, as Pet jumped out eagerly, with hands stretched forth. "It is the most surprising thing. And we might have done very well with rain-water."

"Oh, Insie! don't be so cold-hearted. Who can drink rain-water? I have got something very good for you indeed. I have carried it all the way myself; and only a strong man could have done it. Why, you have got stockings on, I declare; but I like you much better without them."

"Then, Master Lancelot Yordas Carnaby, you had better go home with all your good things."

"You are totally mistaken about that. I could never get these things into the

house again, without being caught out to a certainty. It shows how little girls know of anything."

"A girl can not be expected," she answered, looking most innocently at him, "to understand anything sly or cunning. Why should anything of that sort be?"

"Well, if it comes to that," cried Pet, who (like all unreasonable people) had large rudiments of reasoning, "why should not I come up to your door, and knock, and say, 'I want to see Miss Insie; I am fond of Miss Insie, and have got something good for her'? That is what I shall do next time."

"If you do, my brother Maunder will beat you dreadfully—so dreadfully that you will never walk home. But don't let us talk of such terrible things. You must never come here, if you think of such things. I would not have you hurt for all the world; for sometimes I think that I like you very much."

The lovely girl looked at the handsome boy, as if they were at school together, learning something difficult, which must be repeated to the other's eyes, with a nod, or a shake of the head, as may be. A kind, and pure, and soft gaze she gave him, as if she would love his thoughts, if he could explain them. And Pet turned away, because he could not do so.

"I'll tell you what it is," he said, bravely, while his heart was thrilling with desire to speak well; "we will set to at once, and have a jolly good spread. I told my man to put up something very good, because I was certain that you would be very hungry."

"Surely you were not so foolish as to speak of me?"

"No, no, no; I know a trick worth two of that. I was not such a fool as to speak of you, of course. But—"

"But I would never condescend to touch one bit. You were ashamed to say a word about me, then, were you?"

"Insie, now, Insie, too bad of you it is. You can have no idea what those butlers and footmen are, if ever you tell them anything. They are worse than the maids; they go down stairs, and they get all the tidbits out of the cook, and sit by the girl they like best, on the strength of having a secret about their master."

"Well, you are cunning!" cried the maiden, with a sigh. "I thought that your nature was loftier than that. No, I do not know anything of butlers and footmen; and I think that the less I know of you the better."

"Oh, Insie, darling Insie, if you run away like that—I have got both your hands, and you shall not run away. Do you want to kill me, Insie? They have had the doctor for me."

"Oh, how very dreadful! that does sound dreadful. I am not at all crying, and you need not look. But what did he say? Please to tell me what he said."

"He said, 'Salts and senna.' But I got up a high tree. Let us think of nicer things. It is enough to spoil one's dinner. Oh, Insie, what is anything to eat or drink, compared with looking at you, when you are good? If I could only tell you the things that I have felt, all day and all night, since this day fortnight, how sorry you would be for having evil thoughts of me!"

"I have no evil thoughts; I have no thoughts at all. But it puzzles me to think what on earth you have been thinking. There, I will sit down, and listen for a moment."

"And I may hold one of your hands? I must, or you would never understand me. Why, your hands are much smaller than mine, I declare! And mine are very small; because of thinking about you. Now you need not laugh—it does spoil everything to laugh so. It is more than a fortnight since I laughed at all. You make me feel so miserable. But would you like to know how I felt? Mind, I would rather cut my head off than tell it to any one in the world but you."

"Now I call that very kind of you. If you please, I should like to know how you have been feeling." With these words Insie came quite close up to his side, and looked at him so that he could hardly speak. "You may say it in a whisper, if you like," she said; "there is nobody coming for at least three hours, and so you may say it in a whisper."

"Then I will tell you; it was just like this. You know that I began to think how beautiful you were at the very first time I looked at you. But you could not expect me so to love you all at once as I love you now, dear Insie."

"I can not understand any meaning in such things." But she took a little distance, quite as if she did.

"Well, I went away without thinking very much, because I had a bad place in my knee—a blue place bigger than the

new half crown, where you saw that the pony kicked me. I had him up, and thrashed him, when I got home; but that has got nothing to do with it—only that I made him know who was his master. And then I tried to go on with a lot of things as usual; but somehow I did not care at all. There was a great rat hunt that I had been thinking of more than three weeks, when they got the straddles down, to be ready for the new ricks to come instead. But I could not go near it; and it made them think that the whole of my inside was out of order. And it must have been. I can see by looking back; it must have been so, without my knowing it. I hit several people with my holly on their shins, because they knew more than I did. But that was no good; nor was anything else. I only got more and more out of sorts, and could not stay quiet anywhere; and yet it was no good to me to try to make a noise. All day I went about as if I did not care whether people contradicted me or not, or where I was, or what time I should get back, or whether there would be any dinner. And I tucked up my feet in my night-gown every night; but instead of stopping there, as they always used to do, they were down in cold places immediately; and instead of any sleep, I bit holes by the hundred in the sheets, with thinking. I hated to be spoken to, and I hated everybody; and so I do now, whenever I come to think about them!"

"Including even poor me, I suppose?" Insie had wonderfully pretty eyebrows, and a pretty way of raising them, and letting more light into her bright hazel eyes.

"No, I never seemed to hate you; though I often was put out, because I could never make your face come well. I was thinking of you always, but I could not see you. Now tell me whether you have been like that."

"Not at all; but I have thought of you once or twice, and wondered what could make you want to come and see me. If I were a boy, perhaps I could understand it."

"I hate boys; I am a man all over now. I am old enough to have a wife; and I mean to have you. How much do you suppose my waistcoat cost? Well, never mind, because you are not rich. But I have got money enough for both of us to live well, and nobody can keep me out of it. You know what a road is, I suppose—a good road leading to a town? Have you ever seen one? A brown place, with hedges on each side, made hard and smooth for horses to go upon, and wheels that make a rumble. Well, if you will have me, and behave well to me, you shall sit up by yourself in a velvet dress, with a man before you and a man behind, and believe that you are flying."

"But what would become of my father, and my mother, and my brother Maunder?"

"Oh, they must stop here, of course. We shouldn't want them. But I would give them all their house rent-free, and a fat pig every Christmas. Now you sit there and spread your lap, that I may help you properly. I want to see you eat; you must learn to eat like a lady of the highest quality; for that you are going to be, I can tell you."

The beautiful maid of the gill smiled sweetly, sitting on the low bank with the grace of simple nature and the playfulness of girlhood. She looked up at Lancelot, the self-appointed man, with a bright glance of curious contemplation; and contemplation (of any other subject than self) is dangerously near contempt. She thought very little of his large, free brag, of his patronizing manner, and fine self-content, reference of everything to his own standard, beauty too feminine, and instead of female gentleness, highly cultivated waywardness. But in spite of all that, she could not help liking, and sometimes admiring him, when he looked away. And now he was very busy with the high feast he had brought.

"To begin with," he said, when his good things were displayed, "you must remember that nothing is more vulgar than to be hungry. A gentleman may have a tremendous appetite, but a lady never."

"But why? but why? That does seem foolish. I have read that the ladies are always helped first. That must be because of their appetites."

"Insie, I tell you things, not the reasons of them. Things are learned by seeing other people, and not by arguing about them."

"Then you had better eat your dinner first, and let me sit and watch you. And then I can eat mine by imitation; that is to say, if there is any left."

"You are one of the oddest people I have ever seen. You go round the corner of all that I say, instead of following

properly. When we are married, you will always make me laugh. At one time they kept a boy to make me laugh; but I got tired of him. Now I help you first, although I am myself so hungry. I do it from a lofty feeling, which my aunt Philippa calls 'chivalry.' Ladies talk about it when they want to get the best of us. I have given you all the best part, you see; and I only keep the worst of it for myself."

If Pet had any hope that his self-denial would promptly be denied to him, he made a great mistake; for the damsel of the gill had a healthy moorland appetite, and did justice to all that was put before her; and presently he began, for the first time in his life, to find pleasure in seeing another person pleased. But the wine she would not even taste, in spite of persuasion and example; the water from the brook was all she drank, and she drank as prettily as a pigeon. Whatever she did was done gracefully and well.

"I am very particular," he said at last; "but you are fit to dine with anybody. How have you managed to learn it all? You take the best of everything, without a word about it, as gently as great ladies do. I thought that you would want me to eat the nicest pieces; but instead of that, you have left me bones and drumsticks."

He gave such a melancholy look at these that Insie laughed quite merrily. "I wanted to see you practice chivalry," she said.

"Well, never mind; I shall know another time. Instead of two birds, I shall order four, and other things in proportion. But now I want to know about your father and your mother. They must be respectable people, to judge by you. What is their proper name, and how much have they got to live upon?"

"More than you—a great deal more than you," she answered, with such a roguish smile that he forgot his grievances, or began to lose them in the mist of beauty.

"More than me! And they live in such a hole, where only the crows come near them?"

"Yes, more than you, Sir. They have their wits to live upon, and industry, and honesty."

Pet was not old enough yet in the world to say, "What is the use of all those? All their income is starvation." He was young enough to think that those who owned them had advantage of him, for he knew that he was very lazy. Moreover, he had heard of such people getting on—through the striking power of exception, so much more brilliant than the rule—when all the blind virtues found luck to lead them. Industry, honesty, and ability always get on in story-books, and nothing is nicer than to hear a pretty story. But in some ways Pet was sharp enough.

"Then they never will want that house rent-free, nor the fat pig, nor any other presents. Oh, Insie, how very much better that will be! I find it so much nicer always to get things than to give them. And people are so good-natured, when they have done it, and can talk of it. Insie, they shall give me something when I marry you, and as often as they like afterward."

"They will give you something you will not like," she answered, with a laugh, and a look along the moor, "if you stay here too long chattering with me. Do you know what o'clock it is? I know always, whether the sun is out or in. You need show no gold watch to me."

"Oh, that comes of living in a draught all day. The out-door people grow too wise. What do you see about ten miles off? It must be ten miles to that hill."

"That hill is scarcely five miles off, and what I see is not half of that. I brought you up here to be quite safe. Maunder's eyes are better than mine. But he will not see us, for another mile, if you cover your grand waistcoat, because we are in the shadows. Slip down into the gill again, and keep below the edge of it, and go home as fast as possible."

Lancelot felt inclined to do as he was told, and keep to safe obscurity. The long uncomfortable loneliness of prospect, and dim airy distance of the sinking sun, and deeply silent emptiness of hollows, where great shadows began to crawl—in the waning of the day, and so far away from home—all these united to impress upon the boy a spiritual influence, whose bodily expression would be the appearance of a clean pair of heels. But, to meet this sensible impulse, there arose the stubborn nature of his race, which hated to be told to do anything, and the dignity of his new-born love—such as it was—and the thought of looking small.

"Why should I go?" he said. "I will

meet them, and tell them that I am their landlord, and have a right to know all about them. My grandfather never ran away from anybody. And they have got a donkey with them."

"They will have two, if you stop," cried Insie, although she admired his spirit. "My father is a very quiet man. But Maunder would take you by the throat and cast you down into the beck."

"I should like to see him try to do it. I am not so very strong, but I am active as a cat. I have no idea of being threatened."

"Then will you be coaxed? I do implore you, for my sake, to go, or it will be too late. Never, never, will you see me again, unless you do what I beseech of you."

"I will not stir one peg, unless you put your arms round my neck and kiss me, and say that you will never have anybody else."

Insie blushed deeply, and her bright eyes flashed with passion not of loving kind. But it went to her heart that he was brave, and that he loved her truly. She flung her comely arms round his neck, and touched her rosy lips with his; and before he could clasp her she was gone, with no more comfort than these words:

"Now if you are a gentleman, you must go, and never come near this place again."

Not a moment too soon he plunged into the gill, and hurried up its winding course; but turning back at the corner, saw a sweet smile in the distance, and a wave of the hand, that warmed his heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LOVE MILITANT.

So far so good. But that noble and exalted condition of the youthful mind which is to itself pure wisdom's zenith, but to folk of coarse maturity and tough experience "calf-love," superior as it is to words and reason, must be left to its own course. The settled resolve of a middle-aged man, with seven large-appetited children, and an eighth approaching the shores of light, while baby-linen too often transmitted betrays a transient texture, and hose has ripened into holes, and breeches verify their name, and a knock at the door knocks at the heart—the fixed resolution of such a man to strike a bold stroke, for the sake of his home, is worthier of attention than the flitting fancy of boy and girl, who pop upon one another, and skip through zigzag vernal ecstasy, like the weathery dalliance of gnats.

Lieutenant Carroway had dealt and done with amorous grace and attitude, soaring rapture, and profundity of sigh, suspense (more agonizing than suspension), despair, prostration, grinding of the teeth, the hollow and spectral laugh of a heart forever broken, and all the other symptoms of an annual bill of vitality; and every new pledge of his affections sped him toward the pledge-shop. But never had he crossed that fatal threshold; the thought of his uniform and dignity prevailed; and he was not so mean as to send a child to do what the father was ashamed of.

So it was scarcely to be expected that even as a man he should sympathize deeply with the tender passion, and far less, as a coast-guardsman, with the wooing of a smuggler. Master Robin Lyth, by this time, was in the contraband condition known to the authorities as love; Carroway had found out this fact; but instead of indulging in generous emotion, he made up his mind to nab him through it. For he reasoned as follows; and granting that reason has any business on such premises, the process does not seem amiss.

A man in love has only got one-eighth part of his wits at home to govern the doings of his arms, legs, and tongue. A large half is occupied with his fancy, in all the wanderings of that creature, dreamy, flimsy, anchoring with gossamer, climbing the sky with steps of fog, cast into abysms (as great writers call it) by imaginary demons, and even at its best in a queer condition, pitiful, yet exceeding proud. A quarter of the mental power is employed in wanting to know what the other people think; an eighth part ought to be dwelling upon the fair distracting object; and only a small eighth can remain to attend to the business of the solid day. But in spite of all this, such lads get on about as well as usual. If Bacchus has a protective power, Venus has no less of it, and possibly is more active, as behooves a female.

And surely it was a cold-blooded scheme, which even the Revenue should have excised from an honest scale of duties, to

catch a poor fellow in the meshes of love, because he was too sharp otherwise. This, however, was the large idea ripening in the breast of Carroway.

"To-night I shall have him," he said to his wife, who was inditing of softer things, her eighth confinement, and the shilling she had laid that it would be a boy this time. "The weather is stormy, yet the fellow makes love between the showers in a barefaced way. That old fool of a tanner knows it, and has no more right feeling than if he were a boy. Aha, my Robin, fine robin as you are, I shall catch you piping with your Jenny Wren to-night!" The lieutenant shared the popular ignorance of simplest natural history.

"Charles, you never should have told me of it. Where is your feeling for the days gone by? And as for his coming between the showers, what should I have thought of you if you had made a point of bringing your umbrella? My dear, it is wrong. And I beg you, for my sake, not to catch him with his true love, but only with his tubs."

"Matilda, your mind is weakened by the coming trial of your nerves. I would rather have him with his tubs, of course; they would set us up for several years, and his silks would come in for your churching. But everything can not be as we desire. And he carries large pistols when he is not courting. Do you wish me to be shot, Matilda?"

"Captain Carroway, how little thought you have, to speak to me in that way! And I felt before dinner that I never should get over it. Oh, who would have the smugglers on her mind, at such a time?"

"My dear, I beg your pardon. Pray exert your strength of mind, and cast such thoughts away from you—or perhaps it will be a smuggler. And yet if it were, how much better it would pay!"

"Then I hope it will, Charles; I heartily hope it will be. It would serve you quite right to be snaring your own son, after snaring a poor youth through his sweetheart."

"Well, well, time will show. Put me up the flat bottle, Tilly, and the knuckle of pork that was left last night. Goodness knows when I shall be back; and I never like to rack my mind upon an empty stomach."

The revenue officer had far to go, and was wise in providing provender. And the weather being on the fall toward the equinox, and the tides running strong and uncertain, he had made up his mind to fare inland, instead of attempting the watery ways. He felt that he could ride, as every sailor always feels; and he had a fine horse upon hire from his butcher, which the king himself would pay for. The inferior men had been sent ahead on foot, with orders to march along and hold their tongues. And one of these men was John Cadman, the self-same man who had descended the cliff without any footpath. They were all to be ready, with hanger and pistol, in a hole toward Byrsa Cottage.

Lieutenant Carroway enjoyed his ride. There are men to whom excitement is an elevation of the sad and slow mind, which otherwise seems to have nothing to do. And what finer excitement can a good mind have than in balancing the chances of its body tumbling out of the saddle, and evicting its poor self?

The mind of Charles Carroway was wide awake to this, and tenderly anxious about the bad foot in which its owner ended—because of the importance of the stirrups—and all the sanguine vigor of the heart (which seemed to like some thumping) conveyed to the seat of reason little more than a wish to be well out of it. The brave lieutenant holding place, and sticking to it through a sense of duty, and of the difficulty of getting off, remembered to have heard, when quite a little boy, that a man who gazes steadily between his horse's ears can not possibly tumble off the back. The saying in its wisdom is akin to that which describes the potency of salt upon a sparrow's tail.

While Carroway gloomily pounded the road, with reflection a dangerous luxury, things of even deeper interest took their course at the goal of his endeavors. Mary Anerley, still an exile in the house of the tanner, by reason of her mother's strict coast-guard, had long been thinking that more injustice is done in the world than ought to be; and especially in the matter of free trade she had imbibed lax opinions, which may not be abhorrent to a tanner's nature, but were most unbecoming to the daughter of a farmer orthodox upon his own land, and an officer of King's Fencibles. But how did Mary make this change, and upon questions of public policy chop sides, as quickly as a clever journal does? She did it in the way in which all women

think, whose thoughts are of any value, by allowing the heart to go to work, being the more active organ, and create large scenery, into which the tempted mind must follow. To anybody whose life has been saved by anybody else, there should arise not only a fine image of the preserver, but a high sense of the service done to the universe, which must have gone into deepest mourning if deprived of N°. One. And then, almost of necessity, succeeds the investment of this benefactor to the world at large with all the great qualities needed for an exploit so stupendous. He has done a great deed, he has proved himself to be gallant, generous, magnanimous; shall I, who exist through his grand nobility, listen to his very low enemies? Therefore Robin was an angel now, and his persecutors must be demons.

Captain Lyth had not been slow to enter into his good luck. He knew that Master Popplewell had a cultivated taste for rare old schnapps, while the partner of his life, and labor, and repose, possessed a desire for the finer kinds of lace. Attending to these points, he was always welcome; and the excellent couple encouraged his affection and liberal goodwill toward them. But Mary would accept no presents from him, and behaved for a long time very strangely, and as if she would rather keep out of his way. Yet he managed to keep on running after her, as much as she managed to run away; for he had been down now into the hold of his heart, searching it with a dark lantern, and there he had discovered "Mary," "Mary," not only branded on the hullage of all things, but the pith and pack of everything; and without any fraud upon charter-party, the cargo entire was "Mary."

Who can tell what a young maid feels, when she herself is doubtful? Somehow she has very large ideas, which only come up when she begins to think; and too often, after some very little thing, she exclaims that all is rubbish. The key-note of her heart is high, and a lot of things fall below harmony, and notably (if she is not a stupe), some of her own dear love's expressions before she has made up her soul to love him. This is a hard time for almost any man, who feels his random mind dipped into with a spirit-gauge and a saccharometer. But in spite of all these indications, Robin Lyth stuck to himself, which is the right way to get credit for sticking.

"Johnny, my dear," said Deborah Popplewell to her valued husband, just about the time when bold Carroway was getting hot and sore upon the Filey Road, yet steadily enlarging all the penance of return, "things ought to be coming to a point, I think. We ought not to let them so be going on forever. Young people like to be married in the spring; the birds are singing, and the price of coal goes down. And they ought to be engaged six months at least. We were married in the spring, my dear, the Tuesday but one that comes next from Easter-day. There was no lilac out, but there ought to have been, because it was not sunny. And we have never repented it, you know."

"Never as long as I live shall I forget that day," said Popplewell; "they sent me home a suit of clothes as were made for kidney-bean sticks. I did want to look nice at church, and crack, crack, crack they went, and out came all the lining. Debby, I had good legs in those days, and could crunch down bark like brewers' grains."

"And so you could now, my dear, every bit as well. Scarcely any of the young men have your legs. How thankful we ought to be for them—and teeth! But everything seems to be different now, and nobody has any dignity of mind. We sowed broad beans, like a pigeon's foot-tread, out and in, all the way to church."

"The folk can never do such things now; we must not expect it of such times, my dear. Five-and-forty years ago was ninety times better than these days, Debby, except that you and I was steadfast, and mean to be so to the end, God willing. Lord! what are the lasses that He makes now?"

"Johnny, they try to look their best; and we must not be hard upon them. Our Mary looks well enow, when she hath a color, though my eyes might 'a been a brighter blue if I never hadn't took to spectacles. Johnny, I am sure a'most that she is in her love-time. She crieth at night, which is nobody's business; the strings of her night-cap run out of their starch; and there looks like a channel on the pillow, though the sharp young hussy turns it upside down. I shall be upsides with her, if you won't."

"Certainly it shall be left to you; you are the one to do it best. You push her on, and I will stir him up. I will smug-

gle some schnapps into his tea to-night, to make him look up bolder; as mild as any milk it is. When I was taken with your cheeks, Debby, and your bit of money, I was never that long in telling you."

"That's true enow, Johnny; you was sarcy. But I'm thinking of the trouble we may get into over at Anerley about it."

"I'll carry that, lass. My back's as broad as Stephen's. What more can they want for her than a fine young fellow, a credit to his business and the country? Lord! how I hate them rough coast-riders! it wouldn't be good for them to come here."

"Then they are here, I tell you, and much they care. You seem to me to have shut your eyes since ever you left off tanning. How many times have I told you, John, that a sneaking fellow hath got in with Sue? I saw him with my own eyes last night skulking past the wicket-gate; and the girl's addle-pate is completely turned. You think her such a wonder, that you won't hearken. But I know the women best, I do."

"Out of this house she goes, neck and crop, if what you say is true, Deb. Don't say it again, that's a kind, good soul; it spoils my pipe to think of it."

Toward sundown Robin Lyth appeared, according to invitation. Dandy as he generally was, he looked unusually smart this time, with snow-white ducks and a velvet waistcoat, pumps like a dressing-glass, lace to his shirt, and a blue coat with gold buttons. His keen eyes glanced about for Mary, and sparkled as soon as she came down; and when he took her hand she blushed, and was half afraid to look at him; for she felt in her heart that he meant to say something, if he could find occasion; but her heart did not tell her what answer she would make, because of her father's grief and wrath; so she tried to hope that nothing would be said, and she kept very near her good aunt's apron-string. Such tactics, however, were doomed to defeat. The host and hostess of Byrsa Cottage were very proud of the tea they gave to any distinguished visitor. Tea was a luxury, being very dear, and although large quantities were smuggled, the quality was not, like that of other goods so imported, equal or superior to the fair legitimate staple. And Robin, who never was shy of his profession, confessed that he could not supply a cup so good.

"You shall come and have another out-of-doors, my friend," said his entertainer, graciously. "Mary, take the captain's cup to the bower; the rain has cleared off, and the evening will be fine. I will smoke my pipe, and we will talk adventures. Things have happened to me that would make you stare, if I could bring myself to tell them. Ah yes, I have lived in stirring times. Fifty years ago men and women knew their minds; and a dog could eat his dinner without a damask napkin."

Master Popplewell, who was of a good round form, and tucked his heels over one another as he walked (which indicates a pleasant self-esteem), now lit his long pipe and marched ahead, carefully gazing to the front and far away; so that the young folk might have free boot and free hand behind him. That they should have flutters of loving-kindness, and crafty little breaths of whispering, and extraordinary gifts of just looking at each other in time not to be looked at again, as well as a strange sort of in and out of feeling, as if they were patterned with the same zigzag—as the famous Herefordshire graft is made—and above all the rest, that they should desire to have no one in the world to look at them, was to be expected by a clever old codger, a tanner who had realized a competence, and eaten many "tanner's pies." The which is a good thing; and so much the better because it costs nothing save the crust and the coal. But instead of any pretty little goings on such as this worthy man made room for, to tell the stupid truth, this lad and lass came down the long walk as far apart and as independent of one another as two stakes of an espalier. There had not been a word gone amiss between them, nor even a thought the wrong way of the grain; but the pressure of fear and of prickly expectation was upon them both, and kept them mute. The lad was afraid that he would get "nay," and the lass was afraid that she could not give it.

The bower was quite at the end of the garden, through and beyond the pot-herb part, and upon a little bank which overhung a little lane. Here in this corner a good woman had contrived what women nearly always understand the best, a little nook of pleasure and of perfume, after the rank ranks of the kitchen-stuff. Not that these are to be disdained; far other-

wise; they indeed are the real business; and herein lies true test of skill. But still the flowers may declare that they do smell better. And not only were there flowers here, and little shrubs planted sprucely, but also good grass, which is always softness, and soothes the impatient eyes of men. And on this grass there stood, or hung, or flowered, or did whatever it was meant to do, a beautiful weeping-ash, the only one anywhere in that neighborhood.

"I can't look at skies, and that—have seen too many of them. You young folk, go and chirp under the tree. What I want is a little rum and water."

With these words the tanner went into his bower, where he kept a good store of materials in moss; and the plaited ivy of the narrow entrance shook with his voice, and steps, and the decision of his thoughts. For he wanted to see things come to a point, and his only way to do it was to get quite out of sight. Such fools the young people of the age were now!

While his thoughts were such, or scarcely any better, his partner in life came down the walk, with a heap of little things which she thought needful for the preservation of the tanner, and she waddled a little and turned her toes out, for she as well was roundish.

"Ah, you ought to have Sue. Where is Sue?" said Master Popplewell. "Now come you in out of the way of the wind, Debby; you know how your back-sinew ached with the darning before last wash."

Mrs. Popplewell grumbled, but obeyed; for she saw that her lord had his reasons. So Mary and Robin were left outside, quite as if they were nothing to any but themselves. Mary was aware of all this manœuvring, and it brought a little frown upon her pretty forehead, as if she were cast before the feet of Robin Lyth; but her gentleness prevailed, because they meant her well. Under the weeping-ash there was a little seat, and the beauty of it was that it would not hold two people. She sat down upon it, and became absorbed in the clouds that were busy with the sunset.

These were very beautiful, as they so often are in the broken weather of the autumn; but sailors would rather see fair sky, and Robin's fair heaven was in Mary's eyes. At these he gazed with a natural desire to learn what the symptoms of the weather were; but it seemed as if little could be made out there, because everything seemed so lofty: perhaps Mary had forgotten his existence.

Could any lad of wax put up with this, least of all a daring mariner? He resolved to run the cargo of his heart right in, at the risk of all breakers and drawn cutlasses; and to make a good beginning he came up and took her hand. The tanner in the bower gave approval with a cough, like Cupid with a sneeze; then he turned it to a snore.

"Mary, why do you carry on like this?" the smuggler inquired, in a very gentle voice. "I have done nothing to offend you, have I? That would be the last thing I would ever do."

"Captain Lyth, you are always very good; you never should think such things of me. I am just looking at a particular cloud. And who ever said that you might call me 'Mary'?"

"Perhaps the particular cloud said so; but you must have been the cloud yourself, for you told me only yesterday."

"Then I will never say another word about it; but people should not take advantage."

"Who are people? How you talk! quite as if I were somebody you never saw before. I should like you just to look round now, and let me see why you are so different from yourself."

Mary Anerley looked round; for she always did what people liked, without good reason otherwise; and if her mind was full of clouds, her eyes had little sign of them.

"You look as lovely as you always do," said the smuggler, growing bolder as she looked at something else. "You know long ago what my opinion of you is, and yet you seem to take no notice. Now I must be off, as you know, to-night; not for any reason of my own, as I told you yesterday, but to carry out a contract. I may not see you for many months again; and you may fall in love with a Preventive man."

"I never fall in love with anybody. Why should I go from one extreme to the other? Captain Carroway has seven children, as well as a very active wife."

"I am not afraid of Carroway, in love or in war. He is an honest fellow, with no more brains than this ash-tree over us. I mean the dashing captains who come in with their cutters, and would carry you off as soon as look."

"Captain Lyth, you are not at all considering what you say: those officers do not want me—they want you."

"Then they shall get neither; they may trust me for that. But, Mary, do tell me how your heart is; you know well how mine has been for ever such a time. I tell you downright that I have thought of girls before—"

"Oh, I was not at all aware of that; surely you had better go on with thinking of them."

"You have not heard me out. I have only thought of them; nothing more than thinking, in a foolish sort of way. But of you I do not think; I seem to feel you all through me."

"What sort of a sensation do I seem to be? A foolish one, I suppose, like all those many others."

"No, not at all. A very wise one; a regular knowledge that I can not live without you; a certainty that I could only mope about a little—"

"And not run any more cargoes on the coast?"

"Not a single tub, nor a quarter bale of silk; except, of course, what is under contract now; and, if you should tell me that you can not care about me—"

"Hush! I am almost sure that I hear footsteps. Listen, just a moment."

"No, I will not listen to any one in the world but you. I beg you not to try to put me off. Think of the winter, and the long time coming; say if you will think of me. I must allow that I am not, like you, of a respectable old family. The Lord alone knows where I came from, or where I may go to. My business is a random and up-and-down one, but no one can call it disreputable; and if you went against it, I would throw it up. There are plenty of trades that I can turn my hand to; and I will turn it to anything you please, if you will only put yours inside it. Mary, only let me have your hand; and you need not say anything unless you like."

"But I always do like to say something, when things are brought before me so. I have to consider my father, and my mother, and others belonging to me. It is not as if I were all alone, and could do exactly as I pleased. My father bears an ill-will toward free trade; and my mother has made bad bargains, when she felt sure of very good ones."

"I know that there are rogues about," Robin answered, with a judicial frown; "but foul play never should hurt fair play; and we haul them through the water when we catch them. Your father is terribly particular, I know, and that is the worst thing there can be; but I do not care a groat for all objections, Mary, unless the objection begins with you. I am sure by your eyes, and your pretty lips and forehead, that you are not the one to change. If once any lucky fellow wins your heart, he will have it—unless he is a fool—forever. I can do most things, but not that, or you never would be thinking about the other people. What would anybody be to me in comparison with you, if I only had the chance? I would kick them all to Jericho. Can you see it in that way? can you get hot every time you think of me?"

"Really," said Mary, looking very gently at him, because of his serious excitement, "you are very good, and very brave, and have done wonders for me; but why should I get hot?"

"No, I suppose it is not to be expected. When I am in great peril I grow hot, and tingle, and am alive all over. Men of a loftier courage grow cold; it depends upon the constitution; but I enjoy it more than they do, and I can see things ten times quicker. Oh, how I wish I was Nelson! how he must enjoy himself!"

"But if you have love of continual danger, and eagerness to be always at it," said Mary, with wide Yorkshire sense, much as she admired this heroic type, "the proper thing for you to do is to lead a single life. You might be enjoying all the danger very much; but what would your wife at home be doing? Only to knit, and sigh, and lie awake."

Mary made a bad hit here. This picture was not at all deterrent; so daring are young men, and so selfish.

"Nothing of that sort should ever come to pass," cried Robin, with the gaze of the head of a household, "supposing only that my wife was you. I would be home regularly every night before the kitchen clock struck eight. I would always come home with an appetite, and kiss you, and do both my feet upon the scraper. I would ask how the baby was, and carry him about, and go 'one, two, three,' as the nurses do. I would quite leave the government to put on taxes, and pay them—if I could—without a word of grumble. I would keep every rope

about the house in order, as only a sailor knows how to do, and fettle my own mending, and carry out my orders, and never meddle with the kitchen, at least unless my opinion was sought for concerning any little thing that might happen to be meant for me."

"Well," exclaimed Mary, "you quite take my breath away. I had no idea that you were so clever. In return for all these wonders, what should poor I have to do?"

"Poor I would only have to say just once, 'Robin, I will have you, and begin to try to love you.'"

"I am afraid that it has been done long ago; and the thing that I ought to do is to try and help it."

What happened upon this it would be needless to report, and not only needless, but a vast deal worse—shabby, interloping, meddlesome and mean, undignified, unmanly, and disreputably low; for even the tanner and his wife (who must have had right to come forward, if anybody had) felt that their right was a shadow, and kept back as if they were a hundred miles away, and took one another by the hand and nodded, as much as to say: "You remember how we did it; better than that, my dear. Here is your good health."

This being so, and the time so sacred to the higher emotions, even the boldest intruder should endeavor to check his ardor for intrusion. Without any inkling of Preventive Force, Robin and Mary, having once done away with all that stood between them, found it very difficult to be too near together; because of all the many things that each had for to say. They seemed to get into an unwise condition of longing to know matters that surely could not matter. When did each of them first feel sure of being meant only for the other nobler one? At first sight, of course, and with a perfect gift of seeing how much loftier each was than the other; and what an extraordinary fact it was that in everything imaginable they were quite alike, except in the palpable certainty possessed by each of the betterness of the other. What an age it seemed since first they met, positively without thinking, and in the very middle of a skirmish, yet with a remarkable drawing out of perceptions one anotherward! Did Mary feel this, when she acted so cleverly, and led away those vile pursuers? and did Robin, when his breath came back, discover why his heart was glowing in the rabbit-hole? Questions of such depth can not be fathomed in a moment; and even to attempt to do any justice to them, heads must be very long laid together. Not only so, but also it is of prime necessity to make sure that every whisper goes into the proper ear, and abides there only, and every subtlety of glance, and every nicety of touch, gets warm with exclusive reciprocity. It is not too much to say that in so sad a gladness the faculties of self-preservation are weak, when they ought to be most active; therefore it should surprise nobody (except those who are so far above all surprise) to become aware that every word they said, and everything (even doubly sacred) that they did, was well entered into, and thoroughly enjoyed, by a liberal audience of family-minded men, who had been through pretty scenes like this, and quietly enjoyed dry memory.

Cadman, Ellis, and Dick Hackerbody were in comfortable places of retirement, just under the combing of the hedge; all waiting for a whistle, yet at leisure to enjoy the whisper, the murmur, or even the sigh, of a genuine piece of "sweet-hearting." Unjust as it may be, and hard, and truly narrow, there does exist in the human mind, or at least in the masculine half of it, a strong conviction that a man in love is a man in a scrape, in a hole, in a pitfall, in a pitiful condition, untrue for the moment to the brotherhood of man, and cast down among the inferior vessels. And instead of being sorry for him, those who are all right look down, and glory over him, with very ancient gibes. So these three men, instead of being touched at heart by soft confessions, laid hard hands to wrinkled noses.

"Mary, I vow to you, as I stand here," said Robin, for the fiftieth time, leading her nearer to the treacherous hedge, as he pressed her trembling hand, and gazed with deep ecstasy into her truthful eyes, "I will live only to deserve you, darling. I will give up everything and everybody in the world, and start afresh. I will pay king's duty upon every single tub; and set up in the tea and spirit line, with his Majesty's arms upon the lintel. I will take a large contract for the royal navy, who never get anything genuine, and not one of them ever knows good from bad—"

"That's a dirty lie, Sir. In the king's name I arrest you."

Lieutenant Carroway leaped before them, flourishing a long sword, and dancing with excitement, in this the supreme moment of his life. At the same instant three men came bursting through the hedge, drew hangers, and waited for orders. Robin Lyth, in the midst of his love, was so amazed, that he stood like a boy under orders to be caned.

"Surrender, Sir! Down with your arms; you are my prisoner. Strike to his Majesty. Hands to your side! or I run you through like Jack Robinson! Keep back, men. He belongs to me."

But Carroway counted his chicks too soon; or at any rate he overlooked a little chick. For while he was making fine passes (having learned the rudiments of swordsmanship beyond other British officers), and just as he was executing a splendid flourish, upon his bony breast lay Mary. She flung her arms round him, so that move he could not without grievously tearing her; and she managed, in a very wicked way, to throw the whole weight of two bodies on his wounded heel. A flash of pain shot up to his very sword; and down he went, with Mary to protect him, or at any rate to cover him. His three men, like true Britons, stood in position, and waited for their officer to get up and give orders.

These three men showed such perfect discipline that Robin was invited to knock them down, as if they had simply been three skittles in a row; he recovered his presence of mind and did it; and looking back at Mary, received signal to be off. Perceiving that his brave love would take no harm—for the tanner was come forth blustering loudly, and Mrs. Popplewell with shrieks and screams enough to prevent the whole Preventive Service—the free-trader kissed his hand to Mary, and was lost through the bushes, and away into the dark.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE holiday season this year will be peculiarly pleasant, because the long prostration of industry is ended, and business everywhere revives. The good-will of the season will be even more cheerful and cordial, and the wish of a happy New-Year will have the charm of sincere expectation. But whatever the situation, the magic of the time is resistless.

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

This is the ever fresh and recurring sentiment of the season, and although Christendom is wide, and embraces many nationalities, there is always a feeling that Christmas-tide is peculiarly an English season. Certainly our own associations with it, its family reunions, its boundless good cheer, its ample hospitality, the waits, the Yule-log, the morris-dancers, the mistletoe, are especially English. Our Northern ancestors celebrated everything with feasting, with huge eating and deep drinking, and Father Christmas comes in, preceded, indeed, by the cantors intoning a hymn, but closely followed by the boar's head wreathed with rosemary, and the plum-pudding smoking hot not far away.

The great success of Dickens's Christmas stories lay in their felicitous expression of this national feeling. There was a vague "ideal" of Christmas hovering in the popular mind, traditions of the good old hearty time of popular games and Christmas carols and universal benignity and well-being. Nobody knew exactly when or exactly where this miracle of changing England into Arcadia was wrought. But that the vision was a mirage nobody believed. The old song was true history:

"A man might then behold
At Christmas in each hall
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small;
The neighbors were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true;
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new."

It was a No Man's Land, a land of Cockaigne, during the rest of the year, but at Christmas it was good old England.

This was the generous and wholesome feeling which makes Irving's Christmas sketches so delightful. They are full of the breath of a hallowed and gracious time. There is an inexpressible glamour over the simple narrative, and there are no passages in his books more familiar or more justly popular. It was this poetic aura over very substantial facts to which Dickens gave such exquisite expression. He treats Christmas as a season when Christianity may be represented as really practicable—when simple generosity and forgiveness and repentance may be depicted as natural and actual, and when it is fair to give glimpses of what this modern world, the world of London or New York, would be if people were

governed by Christian rules, and practiced the faith which they profess.

Dickens does this, of course, in a characteristic and sympathetic way. Honest good cheer is a large part of his Christmas. It is practical Christianity which his blithe pen preaches and describes—feeding the hungry, soothing the sick, raising the fallen, visiting the fatherless and the widow—a homely, hearty, beautiful Christianity, a season in which the bird of dawning singeth all night long. Thackeray followed in his own way. His little Christmas stories preach less than those of Dickens, but they have a prodigious moral. He felt deeply the benediction of a season which the traditions of his race had consecrated to the simple and sturdy virtues, and the tender pensiveness of his genius has a singularly touching expression in the little Christmas verses of various kinds that he wrote. Among these the most familiar are the delightful "Mahogany Tree:"

"Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The mahogany tree;"

and the Epilogue to Dr. Birch:

"The play is done, the curtain drops."

Thackeray also, in his lecture upon "Charity and Humor"—first published, if we may make bold to mention it, in this Magazine—pays generous tribute to the character and influence of Dickens's Christmas literature as re-awakening the hearty spirit of old English Christmas, which had fallen rather into slumber and forgetfulness.

But in New York and this year no slumber or forgetfulness has overtaken the gracious season. The long ranges of Christmas trees, as if a Birnam wood of evergreens had garrisoned the town; the bewildering piles and masses of Christmas gifts in miles of window, which by their infinite contrariety of temptation are sure to hold the eager youthful buyer in suspense; the markets solid with beeves and poultry and game, recalling the pictures in the old *Illustrated News* of the London markets at Christmas, and the poulterers with three and four stories of solid poultry covering the entire front of the house; the crowds of buyers with the happy look of the mind bent upon giving pleasure—all these things, and the vast miscellany of sights that can be "better imagined than described," recall the generous old Christmas traditions, the feeling with which as boys we all read Irving's *Sketch-Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*, and then Dickens and Thackeray, and the satisfaction with which we passed from intoning the solemn music of Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity," and Wordsworth's proem,

"The minstrels sang their Christmas tunes
Last night beneath my cottage eaves,"

to gazing upon pictures of the bringing in of the boar's head, and the wassail, and Kenny Meadows's blindman's-buff, and dishing the Christmas pudding. The Yule-logs, we are told, like half of the Christmas observances, are heathen reminiscences and traditions. But "before Abraham was, I am." There is nothing in the deepest and best sense human which in the truest and highest sense is not also Christian. The characteristic feeling about Christmas, as it is revealed in literature and tradition and association, is the striking and beautiful tribute to the practicability of Christianity.

Two recent events in England were treated by the papers with an attention wholly disproportioned to their importance. One was the libel suit of Mr. Lawson and Mr. Labouchere, and the other was the suit against Rosenberg for libels upon the two "professional beauties" Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis West. The secret of the interest in both was the personal scandal involved. Both illustrated a reckless license of the press, which is without parallel of the kind in this country. They were both, also, illustrative of that kind of coarseness, as of the old Berserker and Viking, which Taine and other foreign observers perceive in our English race. Another form of the same thing is what we know as blackguardism. The origin of this word Richardson indicates by a quotation from Gifford's notes to Ben Jonson: "In all great houses, but particularly in the royal residences, there were a number of mean and dirty dependents whose office it was to attend the wood-yard, scullories, etc.; of these the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, etc. To this smutty regiment, who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, the people in derision gave the name of blackguards." Richardson cites, among his illustrations of the use of the word, a passage from Ben Jonson's masque of *Love Restored*, and one from "Hudibras," beginning,

"Thou art some paltry blackguard sprite,
Condemn'd to drudgery in the night."

A recent biography of Lord Beaconsfield, by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, a work so severe upon the career of the Prime Minister as to have evoked a counter *Life*, hints at Mr. Disraeli's powers as a blackguard, and as the counter *Life* of the earl depicts him as a proud stoic under abuse of every kind, the *Spectator* answers it by reproducing some specimens of his vituperation. The *Globe* had taunted Mr. Disraeli as an adventurer in politics, and the young politician, then in his thirty-second year, replied in a letter to the *Times* by alluding to the writer in the *Globe* as "the thing who concocts the meagre sentences and drivels out the rheumy rhetoric of the *Globe*." Upon a bantering reply by the *Globe*, Mr. Disraeli retorted:

"The editor of the *Globe* must have a more contracted mind and a paltrier spirit than even I imagined, if he

can suppose for a moment that an ignoble controversy with an obscure animal like himself can gratify the passion for notoriety of one whose works at least have been translated into the languages of polished Europe, and circulated by thousands in the New World. It is not, then, my passion for notoriety that has induced me to tweak the nose and inflict sundry kicks on the baser part of his base body—to make him eat dirt, and his own words, fouler than any filth; but because I wished to show to the world what a miserable poltroon, what a craven dullard, what a literary scarecrow, what a mere thing stuffed with straw and rubbish, is this *soi-disant* director of public opinion and official organ of Whig politics."

The *Globe* then proved its assertions incontestably.

This irritable temperament and unbridled tongue are unfortunate possessions for any one who takes part in public discussion. He should not begin until he understands the conditions of the contest, and he will then perceive that upon its surface it is not one of principle and reason, but of selfishness and meanness and foul play. The moment that he professes to prefer cleanliness to dirt, he raises an uproar of objurgation.

In one of Albert Gallatin's letters, recently published, he warns his correspondent not to be troubled by the cry of Pharisee, which his political opponents will certainly raise against him. It is a policy akin to that of abusing the plaintiff's attorney. To sneer at a man as affecting superior virtue because he prefers decency and truthfulness in dealing, whether in politics, or in business, or in any relation of life, is a very amusing but an undeniably effective proceeding. It is really a charge of hypocrisy. It assumes that nobody sincerely wishes anything but what is mean and contemptible, and that to profess a preference for cleanliness is but a more disgusting form of meanness. The truth is that the mere suggestion of decency is a reproach to those who are satisfied to lie in the mire, and inevitably it extorts the grunt of angry sarcasm.

This cry of Phariseeism is especially common in politics. A young man beginning "to attend to his duties as an American citizen" finds immediately that he is expected to sacrifice his self-respect, to flatter and wheedle and lie, to affect good-fellowship with men whom he sees to be despicable, to drink and "treat," and "run wid de masheen," and clap "the boys" on the back, and to affect to believe of his political adversaries what Dr. Johnson asserted of his, that "the devil was the first Whig." If he does not conform—if he declines to drink, and prefers to talk honestly, and to show that he scorns the petty arts that are instinctively repulsive to every generous man—he is marked by his more cunning opponents; and it is they, not those whom he is accused of flouting, who sneer privately to their henchmen that he is "stuck up," and "unco guid," and "high and mighty," and "too proud to speak to a poor man." We have heard a bar-room statesman insist that a man who brought his own cigars to a political meeting at the tavern, instead of buying them at the bar, could not hope to succeed in public life.

Don't be troubled, said Gallatin, because you are called a Pharisee. Blackguardism is not a difficult art, but it is very costly to the performer. When A pelts B with sarcasm and ridicule, B, if he can talk at all, can easily retort. But it is well for him if he has learned that such missiles recoil and wound the thrower. Many a public man, for the gratification of an hour, in giving way to his own bitter feeling amid the delighted applause of loyal stupidity, which innocently confounds fury with force, has forfeited forever the respect of really honorable men. It is a terrible gift, that of fluent blackguardism, however easy it may be, and the more intelligent the blackguard, the more fatal the fluency.

It is fatal to the blackguard, however, only in the estimation of really high-minded men. The universality of the practice, which Gallatin remarks, shows its effectiveness. Nonconformity condemns conformity. Not to yield to the usual custom is to criticise those who do yield as weak or deceived. So when a political orator, addressing a multitude of politicians who hold that intrigue and bribery and swindling of every kind are pardonable in politics, sneers at the men who do not believe that political bricks can be made without the straw of honor and honesty, as Puritans and Pharisees, the crowd feel that they are justified, and shout with triumph over the pretentious hypocrites and smug saints. The orator pleases the crowd, but the judicious grieve. He gains the world, but he loses his own soul. The slums may follow a blackguard, but honorable men demand a different leader.

But the cry of Pharisee is not only a missile, it is also a measure of him who hurls it. It is not an argument, it is simply an appeal to the prejudice of base minds. The man who resorts to it reveals his own essential baseness. With whatever rhetoric he may ornament it, he can not conceal it, and the rhetoric is but a decoration of carrion. The test of power in the contention of debate is the ability to scorn reliance upon these Cow-boy and Skinner tactics. They do not assail the argument of an opponent. They do not meet the foe in a fair field. They skulk and dodge, and strike from behind and in the dark. His opponent sits down, and Cleon rises. He ridicules the face, the form, the movement, of his antagonist. He sneers that he is an angel astray in this wicked world, a Pharisee thanking God that he is not as other men. The crowd delightedly cheer. A Pharisee! a Pharisee! That is the end of the argument. The orator's victory is complete. What an able man! What an ugly foe! But his name is Cleon; it is not Pericles.

Those who venture under Niagara must expect to be drenched, and a man who proposes to take part in public affairs must be blackguard-proof. If he venture not to like dirt,

he will be told that he lacks sympathy with the people. If he suggest honest dealing and loyalty to principle, he will be warned to take care lest he expect too much of human nature. If he refuse to stifle his convictions, he will be exhorted to take men as they are, and not to insist upon heavenly standards. But if he persist not only in preaching decency, but in attempting to practice it—away with him! he is a Pharisee! If drenching is sure to take away a man's breath, he should reflect carefully before going under Niagara. If his soul is wrung by the cry of Pharisee, he should see clearly that it is his duty to encounter it before he provokes it.

If it should be understood that the cabinet was to be dissolved and reorganized because the President insisted that the wives of the Secretaries should visit a particular person, the amazed country would conclude that the republic had become ridiculous. Yet a person has recently died of whom most of our readers probably have never heard, and who was the cause of the "break up" of President Jackson's first cabinet. The story is told in many memoirs of the time, and it is interesting as having led to the nomination and election of Mr. Van Buren to the Presidency. It is also illustrative of the headstrong temper and folly of a man who was the idol of a great political party.

Pretty Peggy O'Neil, as she was familiarly called, who had been a noted tavern belle at Washington during the administration of John Quincy Adams, was, at the close of it, the widow of Purser Timberlake of the navy, and had married Major Eaton, a Senator from Tennessee, just as General Jackson was elected President. Major Eaton was one of the personal henchmen of Jackson. He had written a "campaign life" of him, and the general was very much attached to him. After a short bridal journey Senator and Mrs. Eaton returned to Washington, and she very soon left cards, as "Oliver Oldschool" informs us in letters written at the time, upon the wife of Mr. Calhoun, the Vice-President, and the wives of the Secretaries. Mr. Rush was then Secretary of the Treasury, General Porter of War, and Mr. Southard of the Navy.

"Good society was in commotion." It was whispered that Mrs. Eaton's conduct before her marriage had unfitted her for good society, and as the ladies upon whom she had called were, according to the official social etiquette of Washington, of the highest rank, those who were of "a less exalted station," as Sir Joseph Porter would describe it, might do as they pleased about calling upon Mrs. Eaton. The cabinet ladies declined to recognize Mrs. Eaton, and the tea-pot of society was in a most tempestuous state when the newly elected President Jackson arrived in Washington, and to him, the old friend of her new husband, Mrs. Eaton made her appeal. The general warmly took her part, and swore that he would compel the ladies of Washington to call upon his friend's wife. He appointed Major Eaton Secretary of War, and his domineering will overawed a part of society, which called upon her, but the other part steadfastly refused to call. Even the President's niece, "the lady of the White House," refused, and the general sent her to Tennessee to reflect. As a goddess of war and battles, Mrs. Eaton was called Bellona, and when the courtly Van Buren, then a widower, arrived at the capital, he surveyed the situation as a politician. He saw Old Hickory resolutely bent upon Mrs. Eaton's recognition, and he knew that the road to political preferment did not lie through opposition to Jackson's will, and with all his bland address he set himself to aid the wishes of his chief. Mr. Van Buren was Secretary of State, and a man of the world. He was especially friendly with the English minister, Mr. Vaughan, and Baron Krudener, the Russian minister, both of whom were bachelors, and each gave a ball in honor of Bellona. But, says our chronicler, at the Russian ball the wife of the minister of Holland, on entering the supper-room, saw Mrs. Eaton already seated at the head of the table, with an empty chair at her side, designed for the lady from Holland. But that lady, having already declined Mr. Van Buren's honeyed invitation, urged in her own native Dutch tongue, to be presented to Mrs. Eaton, now refused to take the seat by her, and thus be compelled to seem to recognize her, and taking her husband's arm, she walked out of the room with stern dignity, and returned to her house. General Jackson was full of wrath, and foolishly threatened to send the Dutch minister home. But Mr. Van Buren had won his heart.

This suppressed hostile social situation continued during the first year of the Jackson administration. It was coincident with the general's jealousy of the Vice-President, Mr. Calhoun, which culminated in the letter of May 30, 1830, which is the date of the real but unconscious destruction of Mr. Calhoun's hopes of the Presidency. Upon the subject of recognizing Mrs. Eaton, Mr. Calhoun had said that it was a ladies' quarrel, and that the laws of the ladies were like those of the Medes and Persians, and admitted neither of argument nor of amendment. The affair of Mrs. Eaton was temporarily adjusted, but after the publication of Mr. Calhoun's attack upon the President, a dissolution of the cabinet was inevitable. In the spring of 1831, therefore, General Jackson undoubtedly agreed with Mr. Van Buren, Secretary Eaton, and Postmaster-General Barry, who composed the Eaton party in the cabinet, to resign. Their resignation enabled the President to request that of the others, and entirely to renew the cabinet. Mr. McLane was recalled from England, and Mr. Van Buren was appointed his successor. He left upon his mission immediately, in the summer of 1831. In the following winter occurred the great debate in the Senate upon his confirmation, during

which Senator Marcy, of New York, announced the fundamental doctrine of "machine" politics, "To the victor belong the spoils of the enemy"—a phrase admirably chosen to describe the mingled folly and ferocity of the system of patronage introduced by General Jackson.

"A woman scorned" has been the secret source of many historic events and the theme of epic song. But considerable events never sprang from causes more ridiculous than the dissolution of a cabinet and the election of a President from the attempt of the Chief Executive of a great nation to dictate to American women whom they should visit. Such scandals were made possible by the election of a man like Jackson to the Presidency. But they would be astounding now. Indeed, those who are accustomed to bewail the golden age of the republic as lying behind us may well imagine this situation, and figure any President to-day attempting to compel the families of the members of his cabinet to visit any one upon whom suspicion had publicly breathed, and requiring the resignation of the Secretaries if their families refused. The Eaton story is told at length in Mr. Parton's entertaining and instructive *Life of Jackson*. But nobody can read that book or any other political memoir of the time without feeling that we need ask no odds of our fathers in political decency.

THERE is no more thriving or enterprising city than Rochester, in New York, and it is singular that the two things which are most widely known as associated with the city are the Rochester rappings and the last leap of Sam Patch. The name is familiar, but to many persons it is fabulous. Yet there are many living who remember his jumps as matters of contemporary notoriety, and one of them has recently told the story of his last leap, which he saw. The recurrence of the fiftieth anniversary of the incident impelled him to record the details. The writer was then a printer in Rochester.

Sam Patch was a waif, a "wharf rat," who, according to this historian, spent his days in licking sugar hogsheads and thieving, and his nights where he could. But he was a daring fellow, and was as much at home in the water as out of it, and became notorious for leaping into the Passaic River, in New Jersey, from mast-heads and yard-arms and bowsprits, and in the autumn of 1829 he was in Western New York, and had made two "leaps of the cataract," as they were called, at Niagara. A stage about eighty feet high was put up at the side of the American Fall, and he leaped into the foam. Patch had a black bear, which he cruelly threw into the water before he leaped, and fortunately the bear always emerged alive. The success of the leaps at Niagara gave him a "sporting" notoriety, and he was invited by that fraternity to Rochester, who took charge of him, and kept him half drunk. The Genesee Fall, at Rochester, is ninety-five feet in height, and it was announced that he would leap from the precipice into the river below.

A large crowd assembled, and Patch appeared, leading the bear. Hats were passed around to collect money for "the poor fellow," of which the old printer says he probably got none. About one o'clock on the 6th of November he stepped to the edge of a rock overhanging the river, and dragging the wretched beast after him, suddenly jerked him off the rock. The poor animal whirled through the air, and reaching the water, sank, but soon swam ashore, and was caught for further torture. Then Sam Patch, with a gay handkerchief twisted about his head, and in shirt and trousers, bowed all around to the spectators, and leaped clear of the rock, spread his arms, and holding his feet together and leaning backward, he fell rapidly to the water, which he struck feet foremost, having suddenly thrown his arms down close to his body. He re-appeared on the surface of the river some rods below, and he gayly pushed away the boat that was ready to take him, and swam ashore. This feat was so successful that the sporting fraternity decided upon another exhibition. They built a scaffold upon the rock twenty-five feet high, so that the leap would be one hundred and twenty feet. The day was a week later, and a still larger crowd assembled. The printer was on the roof of a neighboring factory, and he saw that Sam Patch was pretty drunk. But he climbed totteringly to his perch, and threw off the bear, which happily escaped from the river as before; and again poor Patch, drunkenly bowing to the crowd, sprang into the air; but his body bent to the right, and struck the water below with a loud noise. The day was gloomy and chill. Sam Patch disappeared, and nothing more was seen of him until the next March, when his body, "nibbled by fishes," was found by a fishing party at the mouth of the river, seven miles below. One of the things that could not be done, moralizes the printer, was safely jumping the Genesee Falls with a skin full of whiskey. He adds that a nephew of Fisher Ames, whose skin was often in the same plight, but whose poetical genius rivalled that of "Sands, Rodman Drake, and even Bryant," celebrated the demise of Patch in "a poem of singular beauty, a parody on Dibdin's 'Will, Watch,'" reciting in iambic verse how Patch took

"His final, eternal, and life's fatal leap."

The poet has not succeeded in giving to his hero the fame that tradition has secured to him. Probably few of our readers ever saw the poem, but Sam Patch is a name as immortal as Rip Van Winkle. Indeed, were the Easy Chair not more considerate of its readers than Patch was of his bear, it would proceed to show at length how Sam Patch constantly reappears on all sides, and how notoriety is won

at the expense of "good fame" or of decent living. But it forbears. We do not remember that "Flaccus," in his "Passaic: a Group of Musings touching that River," alludes to the man whose name, by an odd chance, is more widely known than that of any other man associated with the river. But thousands of travellers in the innumerable railroad trains which daily and nightly pass close to the spot where Sam Patch made his last leap endeavor —and generally in vain—to catch a glimpse of the picturesque gorge into which the Genesee plunges. There is a wicked story told among them, perhaps, as the train rolls into the spacious station, about the famous statesman who, in a paroxysm of after-dinner eloquence at Rochester, declared that Greece and Rome in their palmiest days never had a water-fall ninety-six feet high. But Greece had a fame which rivals that of Sam Patch, as the Rochester *Express* remarks, in that of

"The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome."

Mr. Wendell Phillips has published a caustic and brilliant denunciation of most of the memorial statues of public men in Boston. He interprets the old proverb, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, to mean, Of the dead say nothing unless you can tell something good of them. His criticism was perhaps suggested by a meeting to form an association in Boston for the erection of commemorative statues, tablets, and other works of art, and some such association is plainly necessary if the sharp words of Mr. Phillips are true.

Some of these biting comments are worthy of preservation, for nothing is pleasanter than the courage of a brilliant man who says pointedly precisely what he thinks, and in saying it inevitably speaks for thousands of other men. "Boston," says this terrible critic, "seems hag-ridden with Thomas Ball, and so groans under the infliction of hideous statues." He proceeds:

"Mayor Quincy was a man of Goethe-like presence, rare manly beauty, and a sedate, dignified bearing. In a different way his figure was as impressive as was the grand repose of Webster. But what stands for him in School Street?—A dancing master clogged with horse-blankets. Not a dancing master taking a position—that might possibly be graceful—but a dancing master assuming an attitude, which is always ridiculous, and wholly unlike Quincy, who never assumed anything, but was nature itself all over. I tender my sincere condolence to those who share the great mayor's blood."

Of the statue of Franklin he says:

"His comical companion, a tipsy old gentleman, somewhat weak on his spindle-shanks, swaying feebly to and fro on a jaunty cane, as with villainous leer he ogles the ladies. And this represents the sturdy, self-centred, quiet dignity of Franklin, which at once charmed and awed the court of Louis. Ball's Quincy has one merit—it is better than Franklin; and it is lucky for the artist that his clumsy mayor has the dilapidated roué for a foil."

Here is Edward Everett:

"And so we come in our walk to Everett, in trousers too large for him, and a frock-coat which he has slightly outgrown. It requires consummate genius to manage the modern costume. But this figure also seems toppling over backward, as, with more energy than Everett ever showed in his lifetime, he exclaims, 'That is the road to Brighton!' pointing with lifted arm and wide-spread fingers to that centre of beef and the races."

Here is Charles Sumner:

"If this bronze pyramid on Boylston Street be a cask made of staves, why is it set on human legs? And if it is really Sumner, why do his chest and shoulders rise out of a barrel? Is his broadcloth new felt, too stiff for folds, or is he dressed in shoe-leather? That matters little, however. But no angry Southerner would have needed to smite those overfed cheeks, which may have faced many a snow-storm on the locomotive, or many a northeaster on our coast, but surely must have been far too innocent of thought and passion ever to anger senates or rouse nations to war. This heavy-moulded prize-fighter is the marvellous achievement of that wise committee which rejected Miss Whitney's 'matchless model' (as they confessed it to be) of the seated Senator, 'because no woman could make a statue!' No, indeed, I hope not, if this Irish porter in his Sunday clothes is the ideal they desired."

And here are Webster and Horace Mann:

"Then Webster, that mass of ugly iron at the State-house! which cheers us as we climb those endless steps, robbing the effort of half its weariness by resting us with a laugh, of which a journal said, with undue frankness, that Everett, well knowing how hideous it was, let it be raised to revenge himself on the man who overshadowed and eclipsed him. But they have supplied him too with a foil, which half redeems its shapelessness. It is Horace Mann, waked up so suddenly that in his hurry he has brought half his bedclothes clinging to his legs and arms."

And here is *Pater Patriæ:*

"But who is this riding master, on a really good horse, staring so heroically up Commonwealth Avenue? Washington? Well, then, my worthy George, drop your legs closer to your horse's side; it must fatigue you to hold them off at that painful distance. Rest yourself, general; subside for a moment, as you used to do at Mount Vernon, into the easy pose of a gentleman; don't oblige us to fancy you are exhibiting, and rather caricaturing, a model 'seat' for the guidance of some slow pupil. Can not you see, right in front of you, Rimmer's Hamilton? Let that teach you the majesty of repose."

This is criticism which "sticks." It will be as impossible hereafter to look at the Everett statue without hearing it say, "That is the road to Brighton," as at the sitting statue of Washington in the capital with its hand extended toward the Patent-office without recalling the popular notion that it is asking, "Where are my clothes?" Ridicule, of course, is not criticism, and may be grossly unjust. But Mr. Phillips praises as warmly as he censures. We have long ago commended the model of a statue to Sumner by Miss Whitney, a copy of which is in the Union League Club in New York, and which is altogether a most satisfactory portraiture of the man. Mr. Phillips speaks of it without reserve in the same strain. He also greatly praises the Soldiers' Monument upon Boston Common, saying that it has one peer, the "Minute-Man," by French, at Concord, "so full of life and movement that one fears he shall not see it again if he passes that way the next week." He objects, however, to the Soldiers' Monument, as to all monuments of the kind that he has observed since the war, that he finds no sign of the broken chain or of the

negro soldier. Let us tell the whole truth, he concludes, or raise no monument.

For artistic fitness, however, the only way is for committees who are charged with the erection of memorials to consult acknowledged authorities, and to be governed by their decision. That committees, even of intelligent persons, may go very wrong, the rejection of Miss Whitney's Sumner proves. But, so far as we can learn, that result was due to the singular prejudice which even clever and accomplished men may have against the artistic capacity of women. It was the more comical in this instance because the model was there to plead for itself. To say that a woman could not make a fitting statue, when a most fitting statue made by a woman was upon the table before them, was a judgment only to be explained by the ludicrous supposition that want of physical power was the incapacity meant. But a woman who can design and execute a model has already done the artist's work.

There are two monuments under consideration which will be probably very satisfactory, because of the method pursued in deciding what they shall be, and by whom they shall be made. These are the memorial at the birthplace of Washington, in Virginia, and upon the battle-field of Bennington, in Vermont. The first has been confided to the Secretary of State, who has consulted friends most accomplished in art. And the other is in charge of a committee which will undoubtedly assign the work to some artist of renown. The ridiculous results of jobbery in such matters are displayed for our national shame in Washington. The consequences of competition subject to prejudice are seen in the substitution of an inferior for a superior work in the Sumner statue. If the Boston Memorial Society shall do something to help us in our sore need of securing the *nil nisi bonum* in our memorial statues and monuments, it will receive the gratitude of the country.

Editor's Literary Record.

A CULTIVATED English gentleman once remarked to the writer, as we were returning from a visit to Westminster Abbey, that Chaucer had more numerous readers and admirers in the United States than among his own countrymen. And upon being questioned for the grounds of his opinion, he replied that having been for many years a habitual visitor to Westminster Abbey, he had observed that a very large proportion of Americans visited Poets' Corner, evidently with the definite purpose, previously formed, of seeing Chaucer's monument, and that, singling it out as a chief object of interest, they quite invariably lingered over it with blended curiosity and reverence; but that, in marked contrast to this, Englishmen rarely singled it out or seemed deeply interested by it, but for the most part passed it by with haste or indifference. He also remarked that he had further tested the matter through several years by directing the conversation, when in company with intelligent Englishmen or Americans, so as to arrive at an estimate of their comparative familiarity with Chaucer's writings, and the result had confirmed the impressions derived from his observations in the Abbey. Our friend's experience will hardly be accepted as a conclusive test of the relative number of Chaucer's readers and admirers in this country and in England, nor is it reported with any such view. It does, however, indirectly illustrate the fact that Chaucer has a more numerous body of appreciative readers here than he had a quarter of a century ago, and that familiarity with his poetry is no longer reserved, as it was then, to men of letters or black-letter specialists. Undoubtedly the taste for the productions of the "Morning Star" of English poesy is rapidly increasing in this country; and we congratulate ourselves that its spread will be accelerated, and our countrymen assisted to a more intelligent appreciation of the poet, by the American edition of Chaucer's *Poetical Works*,[1] now first published, and worthily edited by Mr. Arthur Gilman. In this fine edition the text of Chaucer is presented in a more authentic form than in any of the previous editions, not even excepting those of the learned and judicious Tyrwhitt and Sir Harris Nicolas. In editing it Mr. Gilman has taken advantage of the labors of Mr. Furnivall and other members of the Chaucer Society of London, whose researches have made available a number of manuscripts of Chaucer that were not accessible to Tyrwhitt and other early editors—notably six entire texts of the "Canterbury Tales," one of which in especial, namely, that owned by Lord Ellesmere, is justly considered the most authentic of any yet discovered, and forms the body of the text now presented. In deciding the question of the authenticity of the compositions usually ascribed to Chaucer, Mr. Gilman has conformed to the judgment of the Chaucer Society, with the result that the titles of Chaucer's authentic works are diminished to twenty-four, and that several hitherto credited to him are now pronounced either spurious or of doubtful authenticity, and are printed separately in a body after the others. Among these are "The Romaunt of the Rose," "The Court of Love," "The Flower and the Leaf," "The Cuckow and the Nightingale," and six other minor poems, including "Chaucer's Dream."

[1] *The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer.* To which are appended Poems attributed to Chaucer. Edited by Arthur Gilman, M.A. 3 Vols., 12mo, pp. 598, 691, and 708. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

While the reasons for attributing the authorship of these poems to others than Chaucer are not conclusive in all cases, and in several instances are met by cogent objections, it is not to be denied that they are sustained by the preponderance of evidence, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the arguments discrediting them have not yet been refuted by any satisfactory opposing evidence. We regret to notice that in the arrangement of the order of the Canterbury Tales Mr. Gilman has followed that adopted by Mr. Furnivall in the publications of the Chaucer Society. This completely overturns the order of Tyrwhitt's arrangement, also adopted by Nicolas, to which readers of Chaucer have been accustomed for three-quarters of a century, and is as unnecessary as it will prove confusing and inconvenient. Mr. Furnivall's arrangement is as purely hypothetical as was Mr. Tyrwhitt's. There is no positive evidence that either represents the exact order in which Chaucer intended the tales to be read, or in which he finally collected them; and there is strong interior evidence, supplied by at least one of the stories whose order has been changed by Mr. Furnivall, against the change and in support of the order assigned them by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Moreover, as Mr. Gilman frankly admits, the arrangement of the Canterbury Tales has not yet been satisfactorily determined. The numerous orthographical changes in the text of this edition, on the other hand, are not only defensible, but form an extremely valuable feature of it, whether we regard them from a critical, an artistic, or a philological point of view, or merely as a rich addition to our variorum readings. It is true, these changes may at the first glance offend the eye and ear by their novelty, and may seem needlessly to alter the appearance of words without affecting their sense. In most cases, however, they contribute delicate shades of meaning, or sensibly modify the cadence and rhyme. Besides, the true text of Chaucer is a fact of prime importance illustrative of the condition of our tongue in the fourteenth century; and we have a strong solicitude, born of a lively personal interest in the man, to behold the precise words Chaucer used, just as he was wont to frame them. After a careful examination and comparison of Mr. Gilman's text, it is apparent to us that the orthographical changes which are so conspicuous in it are never arbitrary, or conjectural, or made for the sake of displaying his ingenuity or pedantry, but are the result of a minute examination of the best manuscripts, laboriously pursued, line by line, with the honest purpose of reproducing the poet's orthography as nearly as possible in accordance with that which he deliberately adopted. The work is enriched by four succinct and valuable essays, respectively on the times of the poet, on reading Chaucer, on the astrological terms and divisions of time alluded to in the text, and on the Biblical references that occur in it.

Dr. Joyce's *Blanid*[2] is a legendary romance with a distinct epic flavor. Its narrative is as simple and direct as a nursery tale, but is yet fertile of commanding incident, either tender or passionate, grave or momentous; and it has numerous prolonged descriptive passages, depicting birds and flowers, forest and plain, vale and mountain, castle and stronghold, lover and maid, the alternations of day and night and of the seasons, with singular grace and spirit. Interspersed with these descriptions, and serving as agreeable rests in the pauses of the narrative, are a number of songs, several of which have the true lyrical ring; and its dramatic suggestiveness is heightened by a variety of historical pictures of rites, customs, and practices that had their origin in the legendary period in which the scene of the poem is laid, when druid and minstrel alternately or in concert swayed the minds and directed the actions of men. Several of these historical reproductions are noteworthy specimens of composition and coloring, more especially the picture of the feast of flowers in ancient Mana (or Man), and of the lighting of the Beltane fire at the druidical festival in honor of the Sun—the Ripener, the Reaper, the Lord of Day, the Slayer of Death, the Life-Bestower—when, the high-priest having lighted the pyre, the sacred flame was caught by swift runners, and carried torch in hand throughout the land, "until each extinguished hearth laughed in the gladness of the new fire's birth." The scene of the poem is laid in the Isle of Man and the outlying countries bordering on the neighboring seas. The king of the isle has a daughter, Blanid, or the Blossom-Bright, who is of such peerless beauty, and is so celebrated for her gentleness and purity, that minstrels make her the theme of their lays, kings and nobles are enamored of her, and a thousand knights sacrifice their lives in quests undertaken for carrying her off from her sire. Blanid, however, remains heart-whole until, upon a day in early summer, when she is hunting with her father, her life is imperiled by a mighty bull, from which she is rescued by young Cuhullin, a hero as handsome as Apollo and as valorous as Mars. At first sight of each other "love supreme storms their hearts," and several stolen interviews—for Cuhullin is the son of the doughtiest foe of Blanid's father—heighten their passion to rapture. The implacable old king seeks Cuhullin's life, but, forewarned by Blanid, the hero, by his address and intrepidity, escapes the plot for his destruction. Afterward Cuhullin and other amatory princes league together in an expedition to wrest Blanid from her father, and he is chosen its chief. They besiege the stout old king's stronghold, but after having beaten down the outer defenses are arrested by a magic wheel which thwarts

[2] *Blanid.* By Robert D. Joyce, Author of *Deirdre.* 16mo, pp. 249. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

their further advance. Finally they destroy it through the instrumentality of an enchanted sword, wielded by Curoi, a valiant Celtic prince, who demands and is awarded Blanid as the guerdon of his prowess. He bears her off, an unwilling prisoner, to his distant home, whither he is followed by Cuhullin, who engages him in combat, and is vanquished by him. Faithful to her love, despite the shame of his defeat, Blanid cherishes his image and longs for his presence. At length he recovers from his wounds, and the lovers meet by stealth, when Blanid's foster-mother, moved by the distress of her child, devises a stratagem by which Cuhullin and his followers are enabled to overpower and slay Curoi, and carry off Blanid. The lovers live together in great happiness for a season in Cuhullin's land; but on the return of the Beltane festival, which is celebrated on a high cliff overlooking the sea, their fate comes in the form of Curoi's faithful minstrel, who has been seeking an opportunity to revenge his dead lord. As Blanid, in a pause of the revelry, is leaning against an aged thorn on the verge of the cliff, and is gazing pensively upon the changing ocean waves, the minstrel first touches the strings of his harp with low love music, then changes its tones to the strains of a war trumpet, then makes it sink in dying sobs, closing with a wild wail of woe, and at last, suddenly ending the mighty strain, he hurls his harp to the ground, bounds toward Blanid, and seizing her before help could interpose, springs with her from the cliff into the sea, and they are buried in its resistless waves. Although occasionally marred by archaisms and a tendency to bombast, the production is of a high order of poetical merit, and will assure its author an honorable place among contemporaneous poets.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Matthew Arnold is a great admirer of Wordsworth's poetry, he is far from being as promiscuous in his admiration of it as those wholesale Wordsworthians "who praise him for the wrong things, and lay too much stress upon his philosophy." Taking the roll of our English poets, he places Wordsworth after Shakspeare and Milton, but before Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Campbell, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. Still, while making this high claim for Wordsworth, Mr. Arnold conceives that there are obstacles of Wordsworth's own creation which hinder or delay his due recognition. Among these are the bulk, prosaic flatness, dullness, and real inferiority of much of his work. To be recognized far and wide, Mr. Arnold declares Wordsworth must be relieved of "a great deal of the poetical baggage which now encumbers him," and his poems should be less arbitrarily classified. Mr. Arnold has undertaken the task of disengaging Wordsworth's best poems from the inferior ones under which they are buried, and of grouping and arranging them under a more effective classification in a volume of selections[3] made up of his shorter pieces, representing his most poetical conceptions, in the belief that many who have been repelled from Wordsworth will be compelled by these examples to acknowledge his superior power and worth. The selections comprise most of Wordsworth's ballad, narrative, lyrical, reflective, and elegiac poems, together with sixty of his sonnets, and their choice has been guided by refined and sound poetical taste. They are preluded by a discriminating introductory essay, in which Mr. Arnold recapitulates the elements that promote or retard poetic fame, with a special application to the case of Wordsworth, and in which he also makes an elaborate comparative estimate of his poetry and of the quality of his genius generally. The volume can not fail to popularize this pure and sage master of the poetic art, and increase the number of his appreciative admirers.

In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers[4] is the title of a chastely pretty holiday volume of poetry, consisting of thirty brief poems by the youthful Goodale sisters, descriptive of or embodying sentiments, fancies, moralizings, and reflections suggested by the wild flowers of their native hills and valleys. The poems are as gracefully delicate as the sweet and fragile children of nature whose beautiful colors and modest forms they embalm in their gentle verse. Several of them are couched in a spirit of tenderness that is allied to the pathetic, others are tremulous with a shy gladness that might easily be turned to tears, others are buoyant with happiness and radiant with hope, and in all of them there are visions of natural sights and echoes of natural sounds that evince a close companionship with and pious love of nature. The illustrations, which materially enhance the value of the volume, are exquisite portraits of flowers that are universal favorites for their beauties of form and color, and for the happy associations they revive.

LOVERS of devotional poetry have been catered for, with more taste and discrimination than are usually visible in collections of religious song, in three elegant little volumes of verse,[5] selected chiefly from the religious newspapers and magazines. The selections are suited to nearly every phase of Christian sentiment, and are responsive to nearly every attitude of the devout believer's mind. As might have been expected from collections so promiscuous, they contain much verse that, however

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[3] *Poems of Wordsworth.* Chosen and Edited by MATTHEW ARNOLD. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 60. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers.* By ELAINE and DORA READ GOODALE. Illustrated by W. HAMILTON GIBSON. 4to, pp. 91. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[5] *At the Beautiful Gate, and Other Religious Poems.* 18mo, pp. 176. *Unto the Desired Haven, and Other Religious Poems.* 18mo, pp. 174. *The Palace of the King, and Other Religious Poems.* 18mo, pp. 174. Compiled by the Editor of *The Changed Cross.* New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Co.

pious and well-intentioned, must take a low seat as poetry. Many of the selections, however, are impassioned and imaginative, and have a legitimate claim to recognition as fair minor poetry.

As we are closing the Literary Record of the month, a household edition of *The Poetical Works of Bayard Taylor*[6] is laid upon our table, of which we are merely able to say that it contains all of Taylor's poetical productions, with the exception of the drama of the "Prophet," the dramatic poems of the "Masque of the Gods" and "Prince Deukalion," and the poetical translation of Goethe's "Faust." Several of the poems in the volume are now first published.

Mr. Motley's histories have made American readers more or less familiar with all the principal actors in the struggle that was waged for and against religious liberty in Europe in the sixteenth century, and with the critical events and movements in which they participated. An opportunity is now afforded, by Professor Baird's *History of the Rise of the Huguenots in France*,[7] for a contemplation of these men and events from a new stand-point, and in relation to a changed centre of interest. The scene is shifted from the states of the Dutch Republic to France, and many of those who were leading figures on either side in Mr. Motley's drama—such as William of Orange, Louis of Nassau, Barneveld, and Maurice, or Alva, Grandval, Viglius, Titelmann, and Alexander of Parma—now appear as secondary characters, and the foreground is occupied instead by French heroes, patriots, and martyrs to liberty, on the one side, and French persecutors, assassins of freedom, and tyrants, on the other. So also the procession of events is transferred from the Hague and the Scheldt, from Antwerp, Amsterdam, Leyden, Bruges, and Ghent, to the Somme, the Seine, the Loire, and the Garonne, to Meaux, Nevers, Lyons, Toulouse, Rochelle, and Paris. After a preliminary chapter appropriated to a retrospect of French history, and an outline of the geographical, political, social, and ecclesiastical condition of France prior to and at the accession of Francis I., Professor Baird enters upon an elaborate account of the interesting interval from 1515 till 1574, comprising the events of the reigns of the successive monarchs who ruled France from Francis I. to Charles IX.—a period which may be regarded as the formative age of the Huguenots of France. His relation includes the narrative of the first planting of the reformed doctrines, of the steady growth of the Reformation from small beginnings and in the face of obloquy and armed power, of the regular organization and consolidation of the reformed communities into a zealous and orderly Church, of the failure of the bloody legislation of four successive monarchs to crush the spirit or suppress the religious beliefs of the Huguenots, of the events of four sanguinary wars, and the opening scenes of a fifth war, in which the reformers exhibited the noblest valor and constancy, and of their arrival, at the death of Charles IX., at a condition of strength and coherence which entitled them to the consideration and respect of the world. The history of the Huguenots during this trying and eventful period opens with the reign of the brilliant Francis, at first fitfully illumined by his splendid but deceptive military successes, but afterward darkened by humiliation, and closes with the close of the reign of Charles IX., amid the still overhanging gloom of St. Bartholomew's Day. Professor Baird writes with fullness and dignity. It is everywhere apparent that he has spared no pains to verify every important fact that he states. His inferences and deductions are natural and reasonable; he presents all sides of a debated point with frankness, not even concealing a reasonable doubt, and having marshalled the evidence without reserve, he sums it up with candor, and records a judgment which is impressive because of its moderation and fairness. His style is chaste, terse, and masculine; his arrangement of events is clear and orderly; his narrative, though generally calm almost to coldness, occasionally becomes spirited, and is always graphic; many of his groupings are fine historical pictures, and some of his descriptions are very brilliant. Especially distinguished for the merits we have emphasized is his extended review of the events leading to and following the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. In his admirable account of that appalling crime, which covers nearly a fourth of his entire work, he laboriously collates all the testimony bearing upon it, and after a close and able investigation decides upon the question of the responsibility for it with a degree of impartiality that may disappoint partisans, but will meet the approval of those who love the truth for its own sake.

Mr. Walter Besant has chosen for his contribution to the series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers," edited by Mrs. Oliphant, a sketch of the life and writings of Rabelais,[8] in many respects one of the most unique and brilliant of modern authors, and in as many more the most irredeemably faulty and disgusting. His writings are riotous with animal spirits, are fairly contagious with merriment, and sparkle with audacious originality; they display an astonishing fertility of language and invention, and an extraordinary measure of astute practical wisdom, and they exhibit unusual powers of ridicule justly directed, together

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[6] *The Poetical Works of Bayard Taylor.* 12mo, pp. 341. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

[7] *History of the Rise of the Huguenots in France.* By Henry M. Baird. 2 Vols., 8vo, pp. 577 and 681. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[8] *Rabelais.* By Walter Besant, M.A. 16mo, pp. 194. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

with a faculty for mockery that has been rarely excelled for the qualities of lightness and gayety. But all this is alloyed with and so debased by a mixture of unbridled nonsense, uncontrolled license, vulgarity, coarseness, and uncleanness, that "to the general reader, to the young, to woman in all ages, Rabelais is a closed book—for very shame he must be hidden away." To all delicate and pure minds, notwithstanding his wit and wisdom, his genial jocularity, and his masterly powers as a caricaturist and parodist, he must appear, as he did to Calvin and Luther, to La Bruyère, Fénelon, and Lamartine—simply insupportable and abominable, though veteran scholars and students of man and literature, rendered insensible to his grossness and absurdities by the eager search for the rich gems that are buried beneath them, will not only tolerate his works as a whole, but will be lavish of their admiration of them. Mr. Besant's volume contains all of Rabelais that is desirable for the general reader. Rigorously excluding what is coarse and objectionable, he gives the cream of the story of Gargantua and Pantagruel, Panurge and Friar John, in half a dozen pleasant narrative chapters, in which he analyzes the nature of Rabelais's great novel, and makes us sufficiently well acquainted with its scope and intention. Prefixed to these chapters is a carefully prepared life of Rabelais, which is extremely interesting, despite the iconoclastic severity with which Mr. Besant discredits the innumerable coinages of stories and anecdotes by which the true character of Rabelais has been overlaid by credulous or inventive biographers.

One of the most genial and forcible of living British essayists, Mr. Peter Bayne, has collected, under the general title, *Lessons from My Masters*,[9] three scholarly studies of Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin. Each study consists of a number of distinct but related essay-like chapters, illustrative of aspects of the literary career of its subject, and giving a historical and critical account of his productions in the order of their publication. Necessarily these sketches reproduce many interesting personal incidents, but, in the main, what there is in them of a biographical nature relates less to the individual than to his works, and displays the unfolding and characteristics of his intellectual and literary rather than of his personal life. In the form of easy, thoughtful, after-dinner talks, Mr. Bayne imparts a large mass of literary ana and information connected with the works of the authors whom he styles his masters, and is particularly full and attractive in his examination and account of their earlier efforts. His style is a fine example of vigorous and manly but unstudied and negligent English. Its charm lies in its masculine simplicity, and its absolute freedom from trick and affectation. Clear, sensible, and direct, he never indulges in transcendental hysterics or hides his meanings under a metaphysical mist. An earnest admirer of these great men, he is never their blind panegyrist; loving them frankly and almost reverentially, he is not their idolater. Entirely in sympathy with them, and delighting to point out their beauties and expatiate on their excellences, he still gives his critical and judicial functions full play; and thus his analyses, synopses, and criticisms, and his estimates of the genius of these representative authors, have nothing of the strut and sneer of the censor, are frank, independent, and strictly candid and just. His sketches of Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin are engaging and instructive critical studies, covering the style, structure, intention, and dominant characteristics of their productions, and imparting judicious estimates of their influence upon literature and mankind.

[9] *Lessons from My Masters, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin.* "English Men of Letters Series." By Peter Bayne. 12mo, pp. 449. New York: Harper and Brothers.

We have received two little books bearing the name of that ripe scholar Dr. R. P. Keep, of Williston Seminary, and we are sure we are doing good service to all teachers of the classics by recommending them. Dr. Keep is well known for his admirable translation of Autenrieth's *Homeric Dictionary*—a work which is indispensable for every student of the early Greek epics; and his experience in the practical work of teaching in the class-room is a guarantee that any book bearing his name on its title-page will prove valuable to all who are engaged in the work of tuition. The *Iliad*,[10] Books I., II., III., now before us, is an edition by Dr. Keep of the first two books of Homer by Arthur Sedgwick, one of the assistant masters at Rugby, supplemented by Dr. Keep's own annotations on the third book. Dr. Keep, who undertook the work by special arrangement with Mr. Sedgwick, has adopted the English edition for American use by supplying references to the grammars of Hadley and Goodwin, by occasionally introducing important modifications, and by condensing and expanding as the needs of the young student demand. The notes are models of what school-book notes should be—brief but sufficient. The introduction on the vexed question of the authorship of the poems is lively and attractive, and the sketch of the Homeric dialect admirable for its succinctness and completeness. The part furnished by Dr. Keep himself deserves equal commendation. A study of this little work, with Autenrieth's dictionary in the hand, will give a thorough knowledge of the epic forms of Greek. The other work,[11] of which Dr. Keep is the sole author, is a mere pamphlet in point of size, only fifty small pages, yet in this compass he has given with great clearness

[10] *The Iliad of Homer.* Books I., II., III. By Arthur Sedgwick and Robert P. Keep. Boston: John Allyn. 1879.

[11] *The Essential Uses of the Moods in Greek and Latin,* set forth in Parallel Arrangement. Boston: Ginn and Heath. 1879.

and accuracy the whole doctrine of the Greek and Latin moods. The parallel arrangement adopted is the best to exhibit lucidly the coincidences and divergences of the two classical languages in this department of syntax. Dr. Keep's exposition of the different uses of the moods, in dependent and independent sentences, in *oratio obliqua*—that stumbling-block of the beginner—and in the various forms of the conditional sentence, does all that can be done to make the subject easy to the pupil. To beginners in Greek a work like the present is indispensable; in our own experience we always found pupils apt to take over too much of their Latin syntax into their first efforts at Greek composition, especially in cases where the Greek would use the participial construction. We cordially recommend both works.

It would be difficult to devise a more acceptable gift-book for an intelligent adult than Mr. Waring's *Tyrol and the Skirt of the Alps.*[12] Its typography, paper, and binding are faultless; its engravings are not only finished specimens of American art, but each of them is a graceful study of some characteristic feature of national life, costume, and architecture, or of nature in some of its most picturesque and winning or of its wildest and grandest aspects. Moreover, its intrinsic merits are on a par with its charming exterior, its record of travel and incident is full and vivacious, its descriptions of natural objects and of natural or individual peculiarities are racy and humorous, its reproduction of popular local legends and annals sparkles with variety, and its observations on society and art are thoughtful and genial. Apart from the interest it excites in these respects, and which makes it a pleasant fireside companion, the intending next summer tourist will find it a reliable and suggestive but thoroughly unconventional guide to some of the most picturesque and least hackneyed portions of Europe.

Combining all the typographical excellences that are so conspicuous in the volume just dismissed, Mr. Benjamin's *Art in America*[13] has peculiar attractions for those who love art or take a patriotic interest in the growth and accomplishments of American genius. It is the only volume with which we are familiar that gives a complete historical outline of art in this country, from its beginning prior to the Revolutionary war until the present day—an outline which is the more satisfactory because the growth of art, and its quality at the various stages of its growth, are illustrated by examples, many of them very rare, from nearly all our most eminent painters. No amount of critical exposition, however keen or discriminating it might be, could so effectively exhibit the characteristics of American art, or enable us so intelligently to note the tendencies and weigh the comparative merits of American artists, as such an exhibition of their handiwork as we have in this luxurious volume. We should remark that while the book is principally devoted to painting, an entire chapter is given to sculpture, also illustrated by examples of the work of our best artists in that branch. The engravings, reproducing the examples in both walks of art, are of great excellence, and afford a striking proof of the advanced position that has been achieved by our American engravers.

A gift-book of a graver type, but one around which many tender and many sacred household memories may cluster through long years, is the Rev. Alexander Fletcher's *Guide to Family Devotion.*[14] This popular and excellent work contains a hymn, a Scripture lesson, appropriate devotional reflections, and a prayer for every morning and evening throughout the year, and also special prayers and hymns for seasons of family joy or sorrow.

Nothing could be fresher, more tender, more buoyant, or more wholesome than Mrs. Craik's *Young Mrs. Jardine.*[15] It is a charming love story, showing a vivid perception of the glowing sensibilities of youth, and delineates the fancies of "Love's young dream" with warmth and fidelity. The passion it portrays is not an unregulated and destructive one, but is restrained within the limits of the purest delicacy; the situations are devoid of all theatrical start and display. Nevertheless the passion is none the less real and masterful, nor is the action any the less truly dramatic for its freedom from stagy incidents. The heroine, Silence Jardine, is a beautiful conception, reminding us by its purity and innocence of Spenser's ideal of the Lady Una in his "Faerie Queene." The influence of her invincible gentleness and unselfishness to win the enduring love and to steady the character of her high-principled, but in all matters of practical life and conduct incapable and irresolute, husband, and also to disarm the resentment and conquer the love of his inflexible mother, are delineated by Mrs. Craik with equal tenderness and skill in a narrative which rises in interest with each step of its progress.

As a rule the genuine novel-reader prefers to enjoy without previous enlightenment the agreeable surprises by which an ingenious novelist contrives to intensify the interest of a story, and renders small thanks to the officious critic who robs it in advance of its freshness

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[12] *Tyrol and the Skirt of the Alps.* By George E. Waring, Jun. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 171. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *Art in America.* A Critical and Historical Sketch. By S. G. W. Benjamin. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 214. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *A Guide to Family Devotion.* By Rev. Alexander Fletcher, D.D. Royal 4to, pp. 776. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[15] *Young Mrs. Jardine.* A Novel. By Dinah Maria Craik (Miss Mulock). "Franklin Square Library." 4to pp. 60. New York: Harper and Brothers.

and flavor by an outline of its plot and incidents. Out of deference to this feeling we shall merely give our general impressions of the novels of the month. One of these, *Madge Dunraven*,[16] is essentially an Irish tale, although the scene is shifted very early to England, and the narrative has little of the rollicking abandon of the conventional Irish novel. The characters for whom our sympathies are most keenly excited are indeed Irish of the Irish in their tastes and feelings; but the alchemy of love converts them to many English and thoroughly un-Irish ways, while their Irish virtues exert a mellowing influence upon their English associates. The author describes a "Castle Rackrent" which is no less dilapidated, and is even more genial in its dilapidation, than Miss Edgeworth's. The narrative is seasoned with a double love story, several poaching adventures, a brace of homicides, and an exciting trial scene. It is, however, less sensational than might be inferred from these rather startling incidents.—The interest of Mr. Anthony Trollope's *Cousin Henry*[17] depends chiefly upon the skill and ingenuity with which he works up the incidents of a will case. A "fine old English gentleman," who had a chronic habit of making wills, after having drafted some half a dozen, made one in favor of a nephew for whom he had no love, only to render it worthless by a later one in favor of a favorite niece, who is the heroine of the story, and whose love romance is merely an episode in it. The genuine will accidentally falls into the hands of the nephew, who conceals it and enjoys the property, but is made wretched by the guilty ownership, though he has neither honesty nor resolution enough to make a voluntary restitution. Whether the right at last prevails or not we shall not reveal, but leave the reader to satisfy his curiosity in Mr. Trollope's characteristically minute and circumstantial narrative.—Charles Reade does not show himself at his best in *Christie Johnstone*.[18] Portions of it are in his best and other portions of it are in his worst style, which is saying a great deal, since we know of no living novelist who writes better or worse than he. His heroine, Christie Johnstone, although of no higher rank than a young Scottish fish-wife, is an original and charming character, beautiful in her wise simplicity, trueheartedness, fearless modesty, and heroism; and several of the subordinate characters, notably Gatty, a painter, in love with Christie, and Saunders, a valet, in love with nobody so much as himself, are artistic portraitures. The movement of the story is delayed and its interest interrupted by long passages of rodomontade, apparently conceived by Mr. Reade in deliberate defiance of every canon of literary taste.—Miss Phelps has collected in a volume entitled *Sealed Orders*[19] nearly a score of her stories that have already appeared in various periodicals, and whose title is derived from the very effective opening tale of the series. Most of these tales are dialect stories illustrative of phases of American rural or common life. Several are noteworthy for their combined pathos and humor, and all for the intensity of their narrative and the concentration and vividness of their descriptions.—Many readers who have neither the time nor the inclination to encounter the prolonged excitements and suspense of a novel, crave relaxation, and find it in the intervals of quiet, cheerful, and restful reading that are afforded by brief stories. Adapted to this want are seven stories which have been collected by Miss Jewett under the caption *Old Friends and New*.[20] Brief, making no severe exactions upon the time or the feelings, gay without levity, and pure without prudery or affectation, they are very genial recreative aids.—Two old favorites—Miss Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*[21] and Mr. Anthony Trollope's *The Bertrams*[22]—have been republished in the popular "Franklin Square Library," and in consequence will find many new readers. Representing the standards of the romantic fiction of the past and the present, their strongly contrasted styles and methods are interesting for the comparisons of the two schools which they compel, and for the totally different atmospheres into which they take us. Both are strong novels, rich in incident, pure and elevating in sentiment, and clever in their pictures of characteristic aspects of the social life and manners of the dissimilar periods in which their actors revolve.

THE juveniles this year that have come under our observation have been thoughtfully contrived to foster home affections, to make virtue and knowledge attractive, and to refine and cultivate the mind while they supply it with entertainment. The same thoughtfulness for these ends that presided over their preparation has also shown itself wisely solicitous to adapt their pleasant teachings to every age, from the generous youth well on in his teens to the tender little chick that has just escaped from the shell of infancy. Among the books of this kind our attention is first attracted by a richly illustrated and in all respects exceedingly beautiful quarto of over four hundred pages, which relates the *Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Japan and*

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[16] *Madge Dunraven.* A Tale. By the Author of *The Queen of Connaught.* "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 47. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *Cousin Henry.* A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 35. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *Christie Johnstone.* By CHARLES READE. 18mo, pp. 234. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[19] *Sealed Orders.* By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. 16mo, pp. 345. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

[20] *Old Friends and New.* By SARAH O. JEWETT. 24mo, pp. 269. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

[21] *Sense and Sensibility.* A Novel. By JANE AUSTEN. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 57. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[22] *The Bertrams.* A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 104. New York: Harper and Brothers.

China.[23] The journey is made by the lads in company with a veteran traveller, the uncle of one of them, who is thoroughly familiar with the ground they are traversing, and whose mind is a never-failing reservoir of anecdote and captivating information; and the volume is the fresh record of what they saw and of their varied experiences by the way. In a graceful and lively narrative are descriptions of the routes they travelled, the suggestive scenes that passed before their eyes, the countries and cities they visited, the mountains they climbed, the excursions they made, the curious manners and customs they observed, and the impressions that were made upon them by the new-old people with whom they were brought in contact. Interspersed with the record of their sight-seeing and of the incidents and accidents that befell them are stories of adventure and travel, among them being exhilarating whaling stories, and stories of sea and land wonders, graphic accounts of the curiosities of art they witnessed, and interesting observations anent the amusements, social customs, business methods, and institutions of the remarkable people among whom they sojourned. The book is literally kaleidoscopic in its variety, and brimful of instruction and entertainment.

Mr. Butterworth's *Zigzag Journeys in Europe*[24] is another book of travels, in which the travellers are a class of American school-boys who go on a vacation tour to Europe with their teacher. Some of them in his company, and others by themselves, travel by rail or afoot, as they are moved by their inclinations, to all the principal places in Great Britain, France, and Belgium, lingering at points of historic or romantic interest, and listening to or reciting stories illustrating the legendary or real events connected with or suggested by them. The descriptions of the countries visited, and the accounts of their people and objects of interest, are very vivacious; and the volume, besides affording constant entertainment, has a substantial value for the outline of history which it incorporates with the lighter incidents of travel.

The transition from matters of fact, even when they are the most entertaining, to the marvels of fairy-land, is always delightful to a healthy-minded child, and often becomes an imperative necessity. Mrs. Hays has a true conception of this requirement of child-nature, and in a story of *The Princess Idleways*,[25] in which reality and fable are ingeniously blended, she reads a lesson, so obvious that the youngest reader may apply it, as to the influence of the fairy Industry and her attendant sprites and talismans to cure peevishness and discontent, and to change the wearisome disgust and languor that result from idleness into active happiness and never-failing contentment.

Belonging to the class of stories for children which rely upon their purely human interest for their attractiveness, and which aim through the influence of example and sympathy to touch the feelings and inspire the conduct of their young readers, are four wholesome tales which unobtrusively teach the virtues of self-denial, self-control, helpfulness, consideration for others, and a spirit of forbearance and humanity. These are respectively entitled *Belle and the Boys*, by Mrs. Corbin (Jansen, McClurg, and Co., Chicago); *Room for One More*, by Mary Thacher Higginson (Lee and Shepard, Boston); *Eyebright*, by Susan Coolidge (Roberts Brothers, Boston); and a new volume of *Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag* (Roberts Brothers, Boston), containing a baker's dozen of Miss Alcott's bright stories.—Mrs. Dodge's delightful story of life in Holland, *Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates*, is too well known to need a formal introduction at this time, but we may express our pleasure at its republication (Charles Scribner's Sons) in a form so cheap as to make it accessible to thousands of young folk to whom it has been denied hitherto.—No words of commendation can be too hearty for a delightfully improbable and genially gossiping little book from the graceful pen of "H. H.," entitled *Letters from a Cat* (Roberts Brothers), which tells all about cat life and loves and tribulations, and purports to have been published by Tabby's little mistress for the benefit of all cats and the amusement of little children.

Our American boys and girls who have added the collection of postage-stamps to their traditional pastimes of hoops and marbles, dolls and baby-houses, will scarcely recognize their new amusement by the hard name of "Philately," with which it has been christened. Still, we can assure them they will not find it any less pleasant as a recreation or more difficult to master on that account. It is as easy and as engaging as ever, and forms an intelligent in-door amusement at least as harmless and more instructive than many of their old-time diversions. We are therefore disposed to cordially welcome a volume[26] which is a comprehensive collection of all the facts connected with the issue of government postage-stamps, illustrated by nearly fifteen hundred fac-simile engravings of all that have been issued to this date.

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[23] *The Boy Travellers in the Far East. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Japan and China.* Illustrated. By Thomas W. Knox. 4to, pp. 421. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[24] *Zigzag Journeys in Europe.* Vacation Rambles in Historic Lands. By Hezekiah Butterworth. 4to, pp. 311. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[25] *The Princess Idleways.* A Fairy Story. By Mrs. W. J. Hays. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 124. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[26] *A Revised List of Postage-Stamps and Stamped Envelopes of all Nations.* Edited by J. Walter Scott. 8vo, pp. 414. New York: Scott and Co.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of November.—Elections were held November 4 in eleven States, with the following results: Massachusetts—John D. Long (Republican), elected Governor by a plurality of 14,000 votes. Connecticut—State Senators, 9 Republicans and 2 Democrats. New York—Alonzo B. Cornell (Republican), Governor, by a plurality of about 38,000; Republicans claim the rest of the ticket, except Howard Soule for State Engineer; Senate, 25 Republicans, 7 Democrats, and Assembly, 93 Republicans and 35 Democrats. New Jersey—Republicans elected 36 Assemblymen out of 60, and 12 Senators out of 21. Pennsylvania—Samuel Butler (Republican), State Treasurer, plurality of 58,000. Maryland—William T. Hamilton (Democrat), Governor, over 22,000 plurality. Virginia—the debt-payers elected a majority of their candidates in the State Legislature. Wisconsin—Republicans elected Governor and majority of Legislature by 25,000 plurality. Minnesota—John S. Pillsbury (Republican), Governor, 15,000 plurality. Nebraska — Republicans elected Supreme Judge by 15,000 majority, and Regents of the State University by 10,000 majority. Mississippi—Democratic majority.

The official count of the California election in September shows that Mr. Perkins (Republican) had a plurality of 20,318, and the Republican Congressmen a plurality of 26,760.

In Iowa the returns from ninety-seven out of ninety-nine counties give Gear (Republican) a plurality of 69,030.

The official count of the Ohio election in October gives Foster (Republican) a plurality of 17,129.

The Louisiana Republican State Convention met in New Orleans October 20, and nominated Taylor Beattie for Governor, and James M. Gillespie for Lieutenant-Governor.

Ex-Governor Henry P. Baldwin, of Detroit, has been appointed United States Senator from Michigan, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Chandler.

The decrease in the public debt of the United States for October was $10,352,000.

The Auditor of the Treasury for the Post-office Department reports the net cost of the postal service during the fiscal year ending 30th of June last $3,031,455, or about $1,600,000 less than the deficit of the previous year. The total revenues were $30,041,982, and expenses $33,073,437.

The Canadian Legislature was prorogued October 31, and a new government was sworn in, as follows: Premier, and Minister of Public Works, Mr. Chapleau; Treasurer, Mr. Robertson; President of the Council, Dr. Ross; Attorney-General, Mr. Loranger; Solicitor-General, Mr. Lynch; Minister of Crown Lands, Mr. Flynn; Provincial Secretary, Mr. Paquet.

Herr Von Koeller was elected President of the Lower House of the Prussian Diet October 30. Dr. Friedberg has been appointed Prussian Minister of Justice.

An official report to the French government shows that 3065 Communists have been amnestied. About 1000 remain excluded.

A bill for the abolition of slavery in Cuba was read in the Spanish Senate November 5, providing for the gradual liberation of slaves, according to age, until 1890, when all are to be set free. From 1880, $100,000 will be charged on the Cuban budget for defraying the expenses of emancipation. The sum of $350 will be paid to the owners for each slave.

In the republic of Hayti General Salomon was proclaimed President October 23.

DISASTERS.

October 28.—Schooner *Petrel* wrecked when three days out from New Bedford, Massachusetts. Fifteen lives lost.

November 2.—Fire-damp explosion, Mill Creek Colliery, sixteen miles from Scranton, Pennsylvania. Five men killed.

November 7.—Steamer *Champion* in collision with English ship *Lady Octavia* off Delaware Capes. Sank immediately. Thirty lives lost.

November 17.—Three dredges, two derricks, and seven scows sunk on Lake Ontario, near Oswego. Nine persons drowned.

November 18.—Explosion in deep tunnel on railroad from San José to Santa Cruz. Thirty Chinamen killed.

October 18.—Steamer *Nuevo Pajaro del Oceano* burned in Bahama Straits. Forty lives lost.

November 4.—Steamer *Arizona*, Guion Line, ran headlong on a huge iceberg while crossing the northern edge of the Newfoundland Banks. A water-tight bulk-head saved her from utter destruction. No lives lost.

November 18.—News of sinking of former Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah* off island of Socotra, Indian Ocean. Most of crew drowned.

November 20.—Iron steamer *Pallas* foundered off Heimskerk. Thirty lives lost.

OBITUARY.

October 31.—At Farmington, Maine, Rev. Jacob Abbott, aged seventy-six years.—At Garden City, Long Island, General Joseph Hooker, aged sixty-six years.

November 1.—In Chicago, Illinois, Zachariah Chandler, United States Senator from Michigan, aged sixty-six years.

November 11.—In Baltimore, Maryland, Rear-Admiral A. H. Kilty, aged seventy-three years.

October 29.—At St. Andrews, Scotland, John Blackwood, senior partner in the firm of William Blackwood and Sons, aged sixty-one years.

October 31.—In London, England, John Baldwin Buckstone, comedian, aged seventy-seven years.

Editor's Drawer.

DURING a written examination in one of the public schools in ——, a town within twenty-five miles of the "Hub," the following question in history was given out, and the answer, if not in every particular strictly correct, certainly attracted the attention of the examiner quite as much as a good many others which were more in harmony with the generally accepted facts in history:

Question. "Who were the Huguenots?"

Answer. "The Huguenots were a warlike tribe of Indians inhabiting the southwest part of Philadelphia, and supposed to have been descendants of the Church of England."

A CORRESPONDENT at San Antonio, Texas, sends us a list of questions propounded to a candidate for a teachership in a public school, the concluding one being as follows:

"How many kinds of fractions are there?"

"Two."

"Name them."

"Guilty and not guilty. A fraction whose renumerator is lesser than the denomination is a guilty fraction. A fraction whose denomination is lesser than the renumerator is a not-guilty fraction."

So say you all, gentlemen?

THERE is a prevalent misconception that all men who have any claim to be called educated, especially all public men, are intimately acquainted with the contents of the Bible. We have been amused by a story illustrating what ignorance of the Book may be found in heads highly placed, and think it may interest the readers of the Drawer.

Just after the civil war had ended there returned to the United States a distinguished gentleman, who had been for many years a Senator, but who had been absent from the country during the whole period of the war's continuance, on diplomatic service.

One day soon after his return he was walking the streets of one of our cities in company with two old friends—a Presbyterian minister and an elder. As they walked they passed the jail of the city.

"There," said the minister, "is the place where I was imprisoned during the war."

"Well, Brother H——," said the elder, "I suppose, like Paul and Silas, you sang praises with the prisoners?"

"Paul and Silas?" quickly asked the Senator—"Paul and Silas? who are they? I never heard of them. What you refer to must have happened while I was out of the country."

"Why, M——," said the elder, "is it possible that you never heard of St. Paul?"

"St. Paul?" he replied. "Certainly, Sir, I have heard of him. He was very much of a gentleman."

"Well, did you never hear of the night in the prison at Philippi, when there was an earthquake, and when the jailer came rushing in, saying, 'What must I do to be saved?'"

"Well, Sir," responded the Senator, doubtfully, and with hesitating deliberation, "I have a vague recollection of some such question having been asked, *but I did not know that it was a man named Silas who asked it.*"

GENERAL GORDON, in a recent account of scenes connected with the surrender of Lee's army, gives an amusing instance of the undress condition in which soldiers in the field sometimes find themselves. General Gordon had determined to send a flag of truce to General Sheridan, and for that purpose summoned Major Hunter, of his staff, and told him to carry a flag of truce forward. He replied, "General, I have no flag of truce."

The general told him to get one.

He replied, "General, we have no flag of truce in our command."

"Then take your handkerchief, and put it on a stick, and go forward."

"I have no handkerchief, general."

"Then borrow one, and go forward with it."

"General, there is no handkerchief in the staff."

"Then, major, use your shirt."

"You see, general, that we all have on flannel shirts."

At last a man was found who had a white shirt, of which the back and tail were torn off, and rigging that peaceful emblem to a stick, the major went toward the enemy's lines.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury's memoir of his wife and son contains two good sayings of Dean Milman.

At a Fulham garden party an emu was turned into one of the meadows for the inspection of the visitors. The cows gave chase, whereupon the dean exclaimed, "Hello! there goes Colenso, and all our bishops after him." The same day, seeing Bishop Wilberforce and the very Low-Church Bishop Villiers driving away together, he enjoined them as they started to "see that ye fall not out by the way."

THE last Legislature of Vermont passed an act authorizing the appointment of text-book committees by the various towns in the State. Conventions were held in the different counties to secure uniformity. The convention in Rutland County was an unusually stormy one, and when the merits of the various text-books on geography were being discussed, one member from the town of Hubbardton arose and said "he had observed a wide-spread and lamentable ignorance on the part of teachers on the subject of geography."

A reverend gentleman from the town of Poultney replied: "Mr. Chairman, I heartily

agree with all that the gentleman has said. Only a few days since a young gentleman and a young lady wished me to join them in matrimony. I questioned them, as every pastor should, to ascertain their fitness to become man and wife. Among other questions I asked them from what town they came. 'Well, I declare I dunno,' said the man, and turned to his proposed better half for the answer. 'Dunno,' said she, 'but I b'lieve 'twas *Hubbardton*, wa'n't it?' 'Guess 'twas, come to think on't,' said the man. Mr. Chairman, I believe those two had not been sufficiently instructed in the elements of geography by their teachers."

Amid the roars of laughter which followed this sally, the gentleman from Hubbardton subsided.

A GOOD story is told of the learned and witty Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, who is so widely known as the writer of charming essays for the New York *Ledger*.

It is said that on one occasion a very fashionable "swell" from this city was paying a visit at the bishop's house in Providence. When the host had escorted his young guest to his bed-chamber, the exquisite, mindful of the morrow, and provident that he may make his appearance at breakfast all fresh and neat, said, most naïvely, "Bishop, I suppose I will put my boots outside my door?"

"Oh, by all means, if you wish," said the bishop. "They will be perfectly safe there; nobody will touch them."

AMONG lawyers and editors one of the sayings most frequently quoted is, "The greater the truth, the greater the libel." It is a misquotation from an epigram of Burns. When on a visit to Stirling during the time of his connection with the excise, the poet wrote some verses reflecting rather unfavorably upon the reigning dynasty as compared with the exiled Stuarts. Upon being admonished by a friend for his imprudence, he said, "Oh, but I mean to reprove myself for it," and thereupon wrote the following:

Rash mortal and slanderous poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame;
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel?

WHEN good Governor S——, who is a most devout Episcopalian, was the Chief Magistrate of Kentucky, he was wont to frequently entertain the members of the General Assembly at the Governor's Mansion. To one of these levees came, with the member from his county, an old mountaineer who had just reached Frankfort with the raft of logs which he had brought down the Kentucky River. The old man, who was called familiarly "Uncle Johnny," soon became the centre of an admiring group, to whom his jean clothes were not at all an improper attire for the Governor's levee; and his tongue being loosed by a glass of sherry wine, which he then tasted for the first time in his life, he was entertaining his auditors with stories from "his county," when the Governor approached.

"Uncle Johnny, here is the Governor," said one of the company; and straightway the old man was silent, for he was overwhelmed by this first vision of the majesty of the commonwealth.

"Go on with your story, Uncle Johnny," said some one; "the Governor will like to hear it."

"Yes, go on, Uncle Johnny," said the Governor, with a kindly smile of encouragement; and the old man, thus convinced that even the Governor was also a man, concluded his narrative.

Then becoming bolder, he ventured to address the Governor, saying, "Guvnor, I went to your meeting yistiddy, and I seen whar you sets."

He had been to the Episcopal church, and had been shown the Governor's pew.

"Did you, Uncle Johnny?" responded Governor S——. "And how did you like it?"

"Well, Guvnor, I never knowed much what they was a-doin', *but I riz and fell with 'em every time.*"

IT frequently happens that we have something from the other side with which to lighten up the pages of the Drawer, and this strikes us as especially entertaining:

One of the returned warriors from Zululand was at Rourke's Drift, and witnessed a clergyman in clerical attire hard at work handing out cartridges to the men, and he did it with a will. A private near was taking shots at the Zulus, and cursing the while in the most ingenuous manner. "Don't swear, man!" shouted the clergyman—"don't swear at them: shoot them!"

YANKEE editors in the country are sometimes successful in bending their energies to making professional puns, but we believe none of them have ever labored so continuously at it as has the London *Fun* in the following "journalistic medley." It makes one gasp to read it.

"In the early part of this the *Nineteenth Century* of the *Christian Era* a *Citizen* of the *World* strolled at night along *Pall Mall* on his way from *Belgravia* to *Whitehall*, accompanied only by the *Echo* of his footsteps. An old *Engineer* and soldier of the *Queen*, he had traversed by *Land and Water* the greater part of the *Globe*, and had, since his *Broad Arrow* days, fought under more than one *Standard*. Taking out his *Tablet* he stood and wrote as follows: 'The study of *Public Opinion* offers a wide *Field* for the intelligent *Spectator* and *Examiner* of the *Times*—' At this moment a *Watchman*, who had been a close *Observer* of his movements, approached, and said, 'Come, my noble *Sportsman*, you must move on!' 'And what if I refuse?' demanded

the other, standing like a *Rock*, with his back against a *Post*, immovable as *Temple Bar*. 'To be *Brief* with you, my friend, I shall in *Truth* stay here a *Week* if I think proper.' 'Well,' rejoined the *Civilian*, 'I am the appointed *Guardian* of this thoroughfare *All the Year Round*, and I protest against your making any *Sketch* or *Record* here. Are you a *Builder?*' Instantly a grasp of *Iron* was laid on his arm. 'Do you wish me to *Punch* your head?' asked the *Traveller*. 'Oh no,' replied the other, all of a *Quiver;* 'pray don't; I was only in FUN.'"

THIS description of a colored man down South, who drove a stage, is given by Hon. Alexander H. Stephens. He drove Mr. Stephens to Reidsville in an ambulance, which he called an "avalanche."

John is a philosopher in his way, and not destitute of wit. One of his peculiarities is a standing phrase used in giving his estimate of men. Instead of speaking of them as "great men" or "little men," his phrase was "a heavy dog" and "a light dog."

"John, do you know Governor Morehead?"

"Oh yes, Sir."

"What sort of a man is he, John?"

"Oh, Sir, he is a heavy dog; one of the heaviest dogs, Sir, we have."

"Who keeps the tavern at Reidsville where we are going to stop?"

"His name is L——, Sir."

"What sort of a man is he, John?"

"Oh, he is just a common dog, Sir. He is taking a rise since the war began, is making lots of money now. He keeps a good house; plenty to eat; is very kind, and will treat you like a gentleman. He is very well-to-do in the world, is a fair common dog—not one of your heavy dogs; but if the war lasts, and he keeps raking in the money in the way he has been raking it in for some time, and it only turns out good, he will be a heavy dog himself before long. If what he has made was only the heavy stuff money used to be, he would be a heavy dog now."

THE Hon. Alexander H. Stephens was always a church-goer. On a certain Sunday he had attended twice. He says that he was much pleased with a sermon from Dr. S——, and not at all with one from Dr. D——, whom he thought neither eloquent nor orthodox. "His prayer was the coolest thing of the kind I ever heard. Some fellow said that he prayed as if in his address to the Deity he did not intend to compromise his self-respect."

HAPPY thought! Anthony Trollope, in his novel *The Bertrams*, just published in Harper's Franklin Square Library, speaks of the present as the age of humanity. "We perform our operations under chloroform; and it has even been suggested that those school-masters who insist on adhering in some sort to the doctrines of Solomon should perform their operations in the same guarded manner. If the disgrace be absolutely necessary, let it be inflicted, but not the bodily pain." By all means. Let the teacher be put through a light course of chemistry, and experiment upon naughty pupils at the close of school. As the old party said whose wife was accustomed to belabor him with the poker, "It sort o' amuses the old woman and the children, and don't hurt me."

WE are advised of a preacher in Wisconsin who, wishing to show the advantage of troubles and calamities, said, "Were it not for lightning, we should not have the security of the lightning-rod; had it not been for the direful small-pox, we should not enjoy the blessing of vaccination." Let us add that had it not been for the exasperating ague, we should never have known the ecstasy of free quinine.

THE Drawer is favored with this anecdote of General Zachary Taylor from one who belonged to the Mississippi volunteers, and took part in the battle of Buena Vista. Just after the battle General Taylor happened to see a group of ten or twelve Mexicans some distance off, apparently in consultation. Turning to Captain Bragg, he said, "Cap'n Bragg, d'ye see that bunch of men over there?"

Captain Bragg said he did.

"Well, drive 'em away from there."

Bragg aimed a cannon, and fired. All of the Mexicans fell, ponies and all, except two, who put spurs to their nags and galloped away.

When General Taylor saw the result of the shot, he took off his cap, and clapping it on his knee, exclaimed: "Good hit, Cap'n Bragg, by jingo! Set 'em up again!"

THE following is vouched for by one of the most reliable of Philadelphia divines:

A young clergyman having agreed to supply the pulpit of an older brother absent from home, escorted to church the daughter of the pastor, and after seeing her safely in her father's pew, ascended to the pulpit, unconscious that this natural attention to the young lady was sufficient to excite lively imaginations and inquiries in the audience.

Upon reading the hymn to be sung, the young clergyman was surprised to perceive evident efforts in the congregation to suppress laughter. The daughter of his friend possessed the mellifluous name of Grace, and, all unsuspicious of that fact, he had chosen the hymn beginning with the words "Amazing grace," and proceeding with:

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'Tis *grace* has brought me safe thus far,
And *grace* will lead me home!

MR. VAN PURCELESS BEING FASHIONABLY SHORT OF FUNDS, HAS TO WRITE A CAREFULLY WORDED LETTER, WITH A VIEW TO RAISING THE WIND, AND IS ASSISTED IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER BY HIS SON AND HEIR:



"Pa, will you buy me a plate of ice-cream next Fourth of July?"



"Pa, what does inc-ompr-ehens-ib-le spell?"



"Pa, is it wicked to say 'Confound you'?"
"Confound you—yes! Don't bother!"



"Pa, my nose itches."
"Then scra-a-atch it!"



"Pa, I think the ice-man is going to call for his bill to-day."



This is more than flesh and blood can stand. Van Purceless is on the war-path.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLVII.—FEBRUARY, 1880.—Vol. LX.



THE OLD CHIMNEY-CORNER.

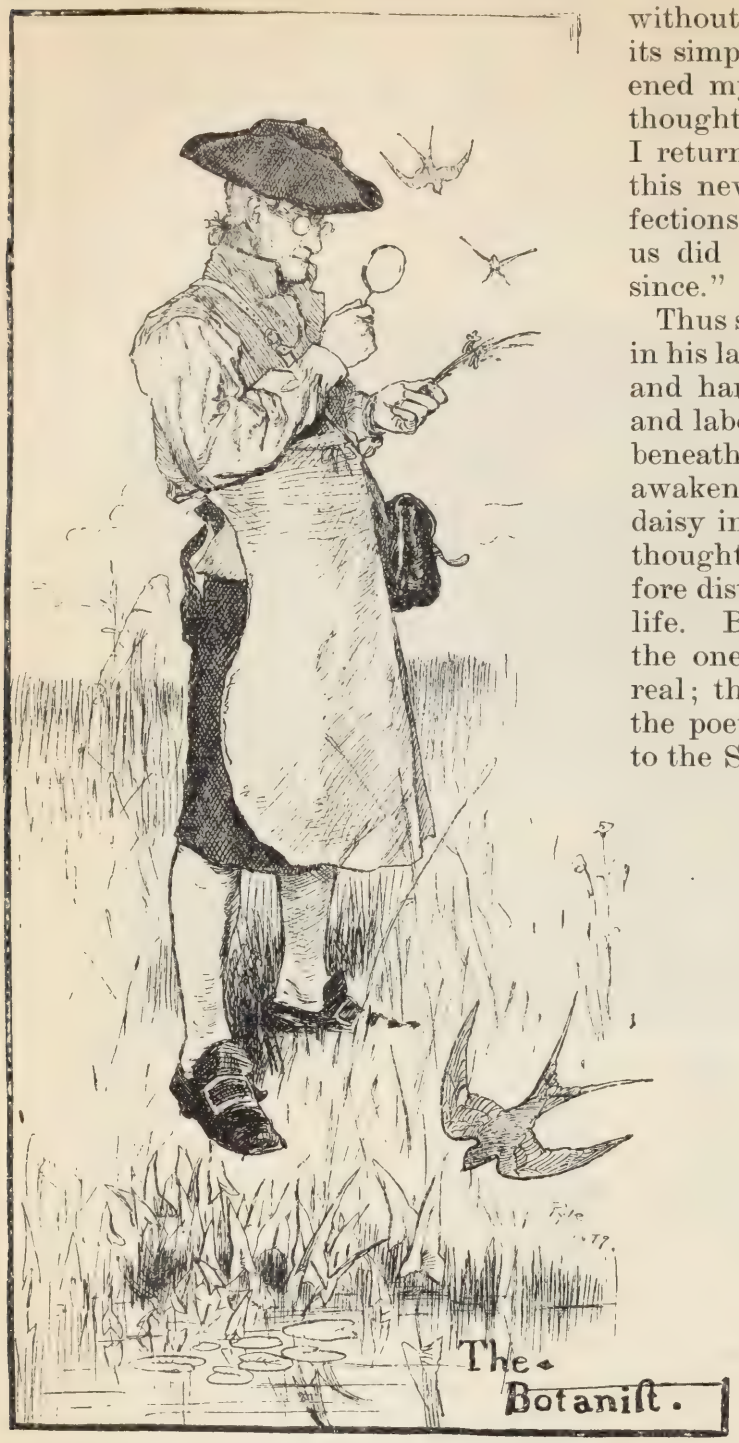
BARTRAM AND HIS GARDEN.

THAT glamour of Antiquity which endows the past with such interest is derived, not from the lapse of years greater or less, but from the fact that such time was the season of the implantation and the germination of ideas that have since produced the fruit of knowledge by which the present is enriched; so, inversely, that time is to us Antiquity which was the period of such a seed-time and growth. A century ago, to the American, possesses all that aroma of romance which the age of Elizabeth holds for the English. The landing of the first settlers—the beginning of all things for us—appears almost as remote in time as the landing of the Normans in England.

It is this atmosphere of the past which surrounds the name of John Bartram, the father of American botany and natural science. It is through this period of seed-time that his value, great as it was, becomes doubly enhanced. Few people, comparatively speaking, now know anything of John Bartram, the friend and constant correspondent of Peter Collinson (Royal Botanist to King George III.), the intimate of Benjamin Franklin, and, through his letters, of Sir Hans Sloane, the fellow of the learned Dr. Gronovius, and even of the great Linnæus himself, who pronounced Bartram "the greatest of living natural botanists." Those engaged in the science of which he was the pioneer know of him perhaps—a few antiquarians and others, such as by accident have come to knowledge of him; but beyond these there are few indeed that know anything of the man whose keen eye has pierced the husk of nature to the very kernel of life within.

"One day I was busy in holding my plough (for thou seest I am but a simple

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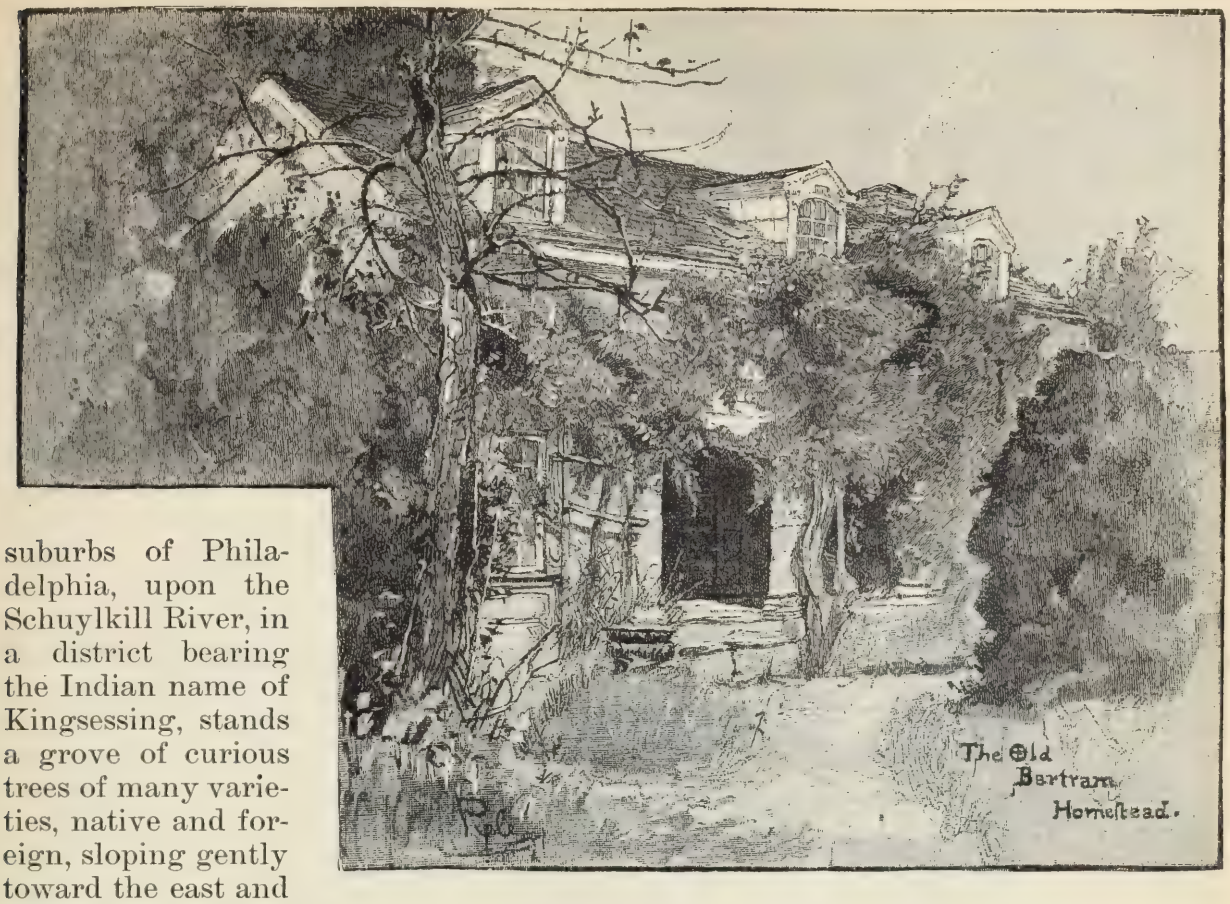
ploughman), and being aweary, I sat me beneath the shade of a tree to rest myself. I cast mine eyes upon a daisy. I plucked the pretty flower, and viewing it with more closeness than common farmers are wont to bestow upon a weed, I observed therein many curious and distinct parts, each perfect in itself, and each in its way tending to enhance the beauty of the flower. 'What a shame,' said my mind, or something within my mind—'what a shame that thou hast spent so many years in the ruthless destroying of that which the Lord in His infinite goodness hath made so perfect in its humble place, without thy trying to understand one of its simplest leaves!' This thought awakened my curiosity, for these are not the thoughts to which I had been accustomed. I returned to my plough once more; but this new desire for inquiry into the perfections the Lord hath granted to all about us did not quit my mind; nor hath it since."

Thus spoke the venerable John Bartram, in his later years of ripeness, the fruit-time and harvest of a busy life of usefulness and labor. The "pretty flower" plucked beneath the shadow of the way-side tree awakened in his heart, as did the Scottish daisy in the heart of Burns, aspirations, thoughts, and desires such as had not before disturbed the sluggish surface of his life. But how different the awakening; the one to the actual, the tangible, the real; the other to the ideal, the indefinite, the poetic; but as the daisy appealed not to the Scotch ploughman, but to the poet within, so also it converted the sturdy Pennsylvanian Quaker farmer into the scientist, the fellow of the greatest intellects of his day.

It is a curious fact that of the first botanists of that day, Peter Collinson, Dr. Fothergill, John Bartram, and Humphrey Marshall were all Quakers, the last two Pennsylvanians; and it is interesting to consider the bent of mind that caused such to be the case. Even of later years our chief botanists have had more than the relative amount of Quakers in their ranks.

John Bartram was never a voluminous writer; self-educated, and from inefficient books, he seems always to have handled the pen with a certain stiffness. In his letters he occasionally breaks into a really fine paragraph; but in spite of a certain directness and freedom from verbosity, he evidently does not feel at liberty with his inkhorn. It was this fact, doubtless, that tended to lose in the dust of the past a name that otherwise would have held its place with the greatest. But his life was of inestimable value, pouring its richness into the store-houses of learning in Europe, contented that the fruit of his labors should live, though his name should itself pass away.

Not far south from Gray's Ferry, in the



suburbs of Philadelphia, upon the Schuylkill River, in a district bearing the Indian name of Kingsessing, stands a grove of curious trees of many varieties, native and foreign, sloping gently toward the east and south, terraced until it meets the Schuylkill. At the peak of the slope perches a house of gray hewn stone, quaint, old-fashioned, and cozy. The northern end is covered with a dense mat of ivy that seems to have grown into the very pores of the rock of which the house is built, the stems of which have long since become a solid mass of woody fibre. From out the thick clustering leaves of the vine two windows peep like knowing old eyes. The south end is nearly free from vines, and is pierced toward the east with two large windows, the sills thereof curiously carved in stone-work. Between these two windows, upper and lower, a square block of stone has been smoothed, and carved with this inscription, the confession of a faith more austerely simple than even that of his co-religionists of that date:

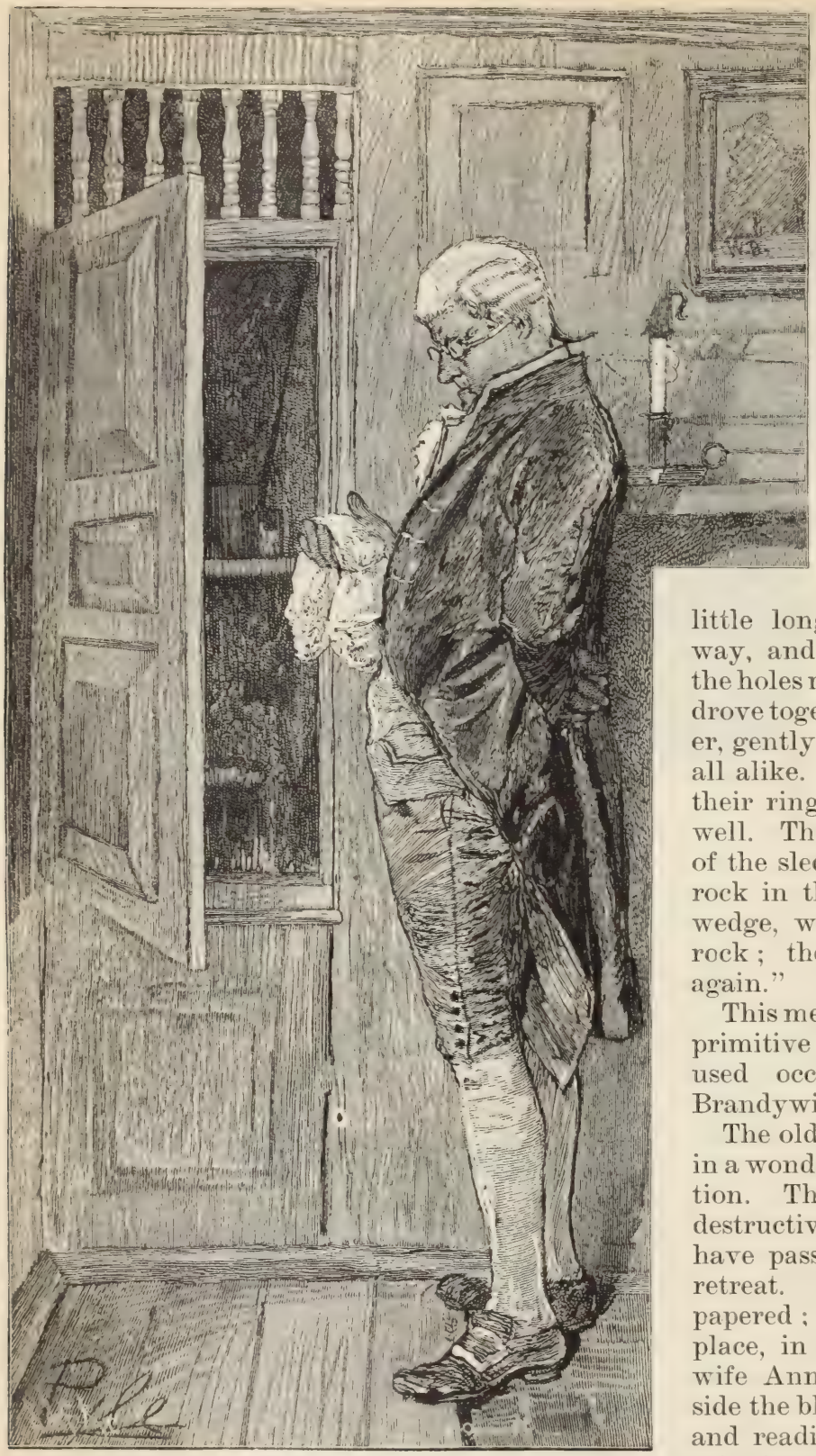
> Tis God alone, Almighty Lord,
> The Holy One by Me adored.
> John Bartram. 1770.

This distich was wrought in the botanist's later years, and long after the house was built, for the age of the building is attested by another stone sunk in the wall, bearing the date

1734.

Between the two projecting wings of the house runs a wooden colonnade porch, supported by a massive stone pillar, the front covered with an aged but still lusty Virginia creeper; a colony of bees inhabiting a cranny of the wood-work fill the sun-lit air with their drowsy yet busy hum; three old dormer windows peep over the wrinkled eves at one as if surprised at modern intrusion; chimney-swallows glide in swift gyrations across the blue sweep of sky; the busy bustle of outside life comes but faintly to the ear; and altogether a breath, an atmosphere of old-time life seems to inwrap one there, shut in as all is by the thickly surrounding trees.

Such is the old Bartram house, the stones of which were hewn from the solid rock and the house built by the naturalist's own hands; for among his other accomplishments he reckoned that of practical stone-mason. It was very evidently a labor of love with him, too: the amount of care bestowed upon the carved work around the windows and doors and the stone pillar under the porch, and the general air of completeness about the whole structure, could hardly have been produced by mere bought labor. And labor, indeed, it must have been, for the slow and difficult way of quarrying stone in those days can scarcely be realized in



OLD CORNER CUPBOARD.

these. It is thus that Bartram himself describes his method, in a letter to one of his many correspondents:

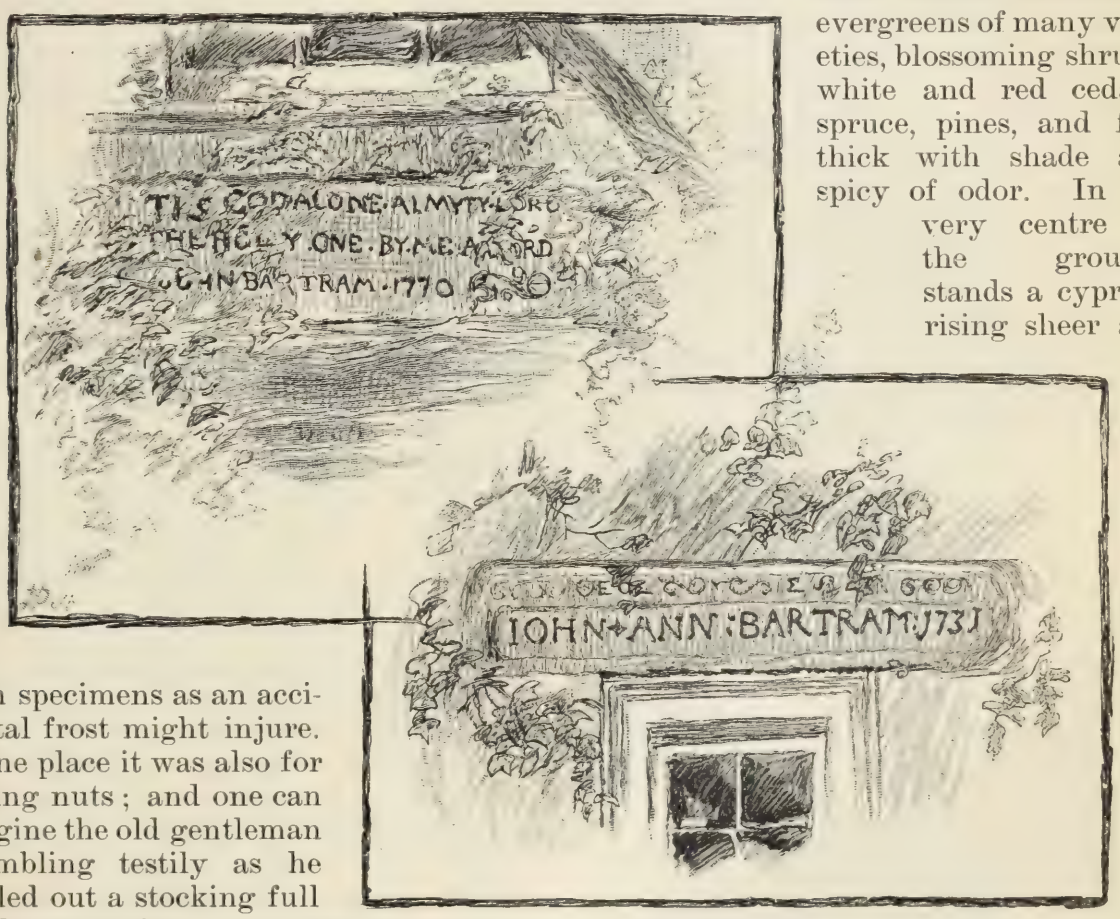
"I have split rocks seventeen feet long, and built four houses of hewn stone split out of the rock with mine own hands. My method is to bore the rock about sixteen inches deep; the holes should be about an inch and a quarter diameter, if the rock be two feet thick; but if it be four or six feet thick, the holes should be an inch and three-quarters diameter. There should be provided twice as many iron wedges as holes, and one-half of them must be made full as long as the hole is deep, and made round at one end, just fit to drop into the hole; the other half may be made a little longer, and thicker one way, and sharp-pointed. All the holes must have their wedges drove together, one after the other, gently, that they may strain all alike. You may hear from their ringing when they strain well. Then with the sharp edge of the sledge strike hard on the rock in the line between each wedge, which will crack the rock; then drive the wedges again."

This method of splitting rock, primitive as it sounds, is still used occasionally along the Brandywine River.

The old Bartram house stands in a wonderful state of preservation. The wanton hand of the destructive present seems to have passed it by in its shady retreat. Some of the rooms are papered; the great open fireplace, in which John and his wife Ann used to sit on each side the blazing fire, he smoking and reading, she smoking and spinning, has been filled up; the old Franklin stove in the sitting-room—a present from Benjamin himself, like enough—has been removed; but, beyond this, the old house, the grounds, and the surrounding out-houses stand in a state of inviolate preservation, so far as the hand of modern vandalism is concerned. On the sunny old porch, a hundred and thirty years ago, standing then as it does now, John Bartram sat in the

warm light, assorting his specimens or reading some volume—a present from Linnæus, perhaps—spectacles on nose, pipe in mouth, deliciously absorbed.

The old house abounds in quirks and turns of building—a sudden ascent of stairs where you would scarce expect it, cunning cupboards, and closets set in the thick walls. On one side of where once stood the Franklin stove in the sitting-room is a curious old cubby-hole, with a recess behind it in the solid wall, running back of the chimney. Here during the winter the naturalist was wont to keep such specimens as an accidental frost might injure. A fine place it was also for drying nuts; and one can imagine the old gentleman grumbling testily as he hauled out a stocking full of chestnuts from among his choice chemicals, secreted there, by one of his twelve children, to sweeten in the generous warmth.



OLD INSCRIPTION.

Back of this room, in the wing of the building, looking toward the south, is an airy apartment with large windows—the conservatory, where rare plants, collected, no doubt, in his journeys to Florida and the Carolinas, bloomed with their pristine luxuriance—gaudy lilies, cacti, meat-eating plants, and others, filling the close air with their rank fragrance. Beside this room is the botanist's study, with cheerful windows looking toward the south and east. It was here, in later years, that Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, wrote the initiative pages of his great work, under the patronage and aided by the suggestions of William Bartram,* the successor of his father John, upon whom the mantle of natural science seems to have fallen. To one side of the mansion stands a long hot-house, now empty of its flowers and curious plants, the receptacle of old lumber and tools.

Surrounding the old house, and shutting it in on all sides, stands the grove of trees, rare and various, of native and foreign growth, the once well-known botanical garden, the first one on this continent: deciduous trees and evergreens of many varieties, blossoming shrubs, white and red cedars, spruce, pines, and firs, thick with shade and spicy of odor. In the very centre of the grounds stands a cypress, rising sheer and stark above the others in smooth pinnacles of branches, the gigantic bole, seven or eight feet in diameter, wrinkled and gnarled, deeply indented like the skinny ribs of an octogenarian. It looks as if centuries old, with its deep-rooted strength and its mighty girth. Were one to come upon it in the forest, rearing itself aloft in

* William Bartram, son of John Bartram, the naturalist, a botanist of note; born 1739, died 1823; companion of his father in the latter's journeys of discovery, and in constant correspondence with Dr. Fothergill, to whom he forwarded his drawings and specimens. Published travels in Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, London, 1791.

its majesty, one would think it had shaded the lesser growth of forest trees long before the Pilgrims placed their feet upon the well-known and immortal rock; but it was planted from a slip of cypress that John Bartram brought home with him from the Carolinas in 1766, so that, after all, it is but one hundred and thirteen years old. It raises the query whether many great elms and oaks, reputedly of extraordinary age, may not be the subjects of slight exaggeration. Certainly, as the tree stands, it impresses one with a sense of great antiquity. All the surroundings add to this feeling; the green and stagnant pool at its base, the solitary heron that flaps sluggishly from the up-



THE CHRIST THORN.

per maze of its great branches, to rest, with its long legs and bewildered look, on the top of some neighboring pine.

Against the front of the house grows a Jerusalem "Christ's-thorn," and on one side of it a gnarled and tangled yew-tree, each a present from Peter Collinson, and planted by John Bartram's hands. The former was one of a few slips sent direct from Palestine to Peter Collinson, and by him to Bartram.

Gently terraced at intervals, the garden slopes softly downward to the banks of the Schuylkill River, placid and glassy, the distant spires of Philadelphia reflected in its mirroring surface. Here, close to the river, once stood an old cider mill, all now left of it being a great imbedded rock, hewn flat, with a circular groove in it in which a great stone wheel dragged by horses revolved, crushing the apples to a pulp. A channel cut through the rock leading from the groove served to convey the juice from the mill. It was a piece of John Bartram's own handiwork, another example of the combining of the practical and the ideal in his sturdy nature, taking good heed to keep a shrewd eye upon the present, not to stumble over the every-day things of life to the detriment of his mental shins.

Not far from the old cider mill stands a stone marking the grave of one of John Bartram's servants, an aged black, one time a slave, for even the Pennsylvania Quakers had slaves in those days. At the time of the old negro's death, however, he was a freeman, and had been for years, for Bartram was one of the earliest emancipators of slaves in the colony. It was thus he spoke to a friend upon the subject:

"Though our erroneous prejudices and opinions once induced us to look upon them as fit only for slavery, though ancient custom had very unfortunately taught us to keep them in bondage, yet of late, in consequence of the remonstrance of several Friends, and of the good books they have published upon the subject, our society (of Friends) treats them very differently. With us they are now free. I give those whom thee saw of mine eighteen pounds a year, with victuals and clothes, and all other privileges which white men enjoy."

At the death of the old servitor referred to above, he implored "Mars' John" not even then to remove him from the beloved grounds he had so often tilled, nor from among the trees he had seen growing so lustily beneath his hands; so Mars' John laid him to rest beneath the ground whereon he had wrought for so many years, there to sleep his last sleep in peace.

The grounds have gone down somewhat of late years. Some trees were uprooted in the great September gale of 1875; the

stone-faced terraces have become overgrown here and there with thick matted brambles or moss; the stone steps that led down them have gaped apart, and lusty clumps of grass, burdock, and plantain have grown up between them; the stony paths leading through the glades have become almost obliterated by leaves, grass, and pine slats; but still the Bartram Botanical Gardens remain a fair proof of the energy, the perseverance, the taste, and the learning of their founder.

Bartram's life was of the simplest character. In spite of his position during the closing years of his life as the peer and fellow of the greatest natural scientists of his day, he retained even to the last the habits and customs of the simple farmer folk of whom he accounted himself one. A Russian gentleman, who visited the Botanical Gardens during the lifetime of their founder, in a letter to England thus graphically described the man and his surroundings:



THE GARDEN PATH.

"I was received at the door by a woman dressed extremely neat and simple, who, without courtesying, or any other ceremonial, asked me, with an air of benignity, who I wanted. I answered, 'I should be glad to see Mr. Bertram.'

"'If thee will step in and take a chair, I will send for him.'

"'No,' I said, 'I had rather have the pleasure of walking through his farm; I shall easily find him out, with your directions.'

"After a little time I perceived the Schuylkill winding through delightful meadows, and soon cast my eyes upon a new-made bank, which seemed greatly to confine the stream.* After having walked upon its top a considerable way, I at last reached the place where ten men were at work. I asked if they could tell me where Mr. Bertram was. An elderly looking man, with wide trousers and leathern apron on, looking at me, said, 'My name is Bertram: dost thee want me?'

"'Sir, I am come on purpose to converse with you, if you can be spared from your labor.'

"'Very easily,' he answered. 'I direct and advise more than I work.'

"We walked toward the house, where he made me sit down while he went to put on clean clothes, after which he returned and sat down by me.

"'The fame of your knowledge,' said I, 'in American botany, and your well-known hospitality, have induced me to pay you a visit, which I hope you will not find troublesome. I should be glad to spend a few hours in your garden.'

"'The greatest advantage,' replied he, 'which I receive from what thee callest my botanical fame, is the pleasure which it often procureth me in receiving the visits of friends and foreigners. But our jaunt in the garden must be postponed for the present, as the bell is ringing for dinner.'

"We entered into a large hall, where there was a long table full of victuals; at the lowest part sat his negroes, his hired men were next, then the family and myself, and at the head the venerable father and his wife presided. Each reclined his head and said his prayers, divested of the tedious cant of some, and of the ostentatious style of others.

"'After the luxuries of our cities,' observed he, 'this plain fare must appear to thee a severe fast.'

"'By no means, Mr. Bertram; this honest country dinner convinces me that you receive me as a friend and old acquaintance.'

"'I am glad of it, for thee art heartily welcome. I never know how to use ceremonies; they are insufficient proofs of sincerity. Our society, besides, are utterly strangers to what are called polite expressions. We treat others as we treat ourselves. I received yesterday a letter from Philadelphia by which I understand thee art a Russian,

* Bartram was one of the prime movers in the work of embanking the Schuylkill and Delaware rivers—a labor to which he devoted much time, toil, and money during his life.

and hast been a great traveller for a man of thy years.'

"'Few years, Sir, will make anybody to journey over a great tract of country, but it requires a superior degree of knowledge to gather harvests as we go. Pray, Mr. Bertram, what banks are those you are making? to what purpose is so much expense and so much labor bestowed?'

"'Friend Iwan, no branch of industry was ever more profitable to any country, as well as the proprietors. The Schuylkill, in its many windings, though its waters were but shallow even in its highest tides, and though some parts were always dry, yet the whole of this great tract presented to the eye nothing but a putrid swampy soil, useless either for the plough or the scythe. Now many thousand acres of meadow have been rescued from the Schuylkill and the Delaware, which both enricheth and embellisheth so much of the neighborhood of our city. Such is the excellence of these bottoms, and the goodness of the grass for fattening of cattle, that the produce of three years pays all advances.'

"By this time the working part of the family had finished their dinner, and had retired, with a decency and silence which pleased me much. Soon after I heard, as I thought, a distant concert of instruments.

"'However simple and pastoral your fare was, Mr. Bertram, this is the dessert of a prince; pray what is this I hear?'

"'Thee must not be alarmed; it is of a piece with the rest of thy treatment, friend Iwan.'

"Anxious, I followed the sound; and by ascending the staircase found that it was the effect of the wind through the strings of an Æolian harp—an instrument which I had never before seen. After dinner we quaffed an honest bottle of Madeira wine, without the irksome labor of toasts, healths, or sentiments, and then retired into his study, from which we passed into the garden, which contained a great variety of curious plants and shrubs. Some grew in a greenhouse, over the door of which was written these lines:

"'Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God.'"

The idyllic life of the Quaker farmer and botanist proved so attractive to the visitor that he ventured to hint his desire to remain several days in the family, to which desire he received the cordial answer: "Thee art as welcome as if I was thy father; thee art no stranger; thy desire for knowledge, thy being a foreigner, besides, entitleth thee to consider my house as thy own as long as thee pleaseth. Use thy time with the most perfect freedom; I too shall do so myself."

Making allowance for some natural warmth of coloring in the details of the visit which the young Russian describes through these and some succeeding pages, any one who is acquainted with Pennsylvania farm life among the peaceful people to whom John Bartram belonged—its quaintness, its simplicity, its freedom from ostentation and vanity, its sturdy yeoman-like honesty—can recognize this picture as the truth. A hundred years have made but little change, and such life exists now as then.

Graphic and picturesque, in spite of verbal stiffness and simplicity of diction, are Bartram's own letters descriptive of his life, written chiefly to his life-long friend and helper, Peter Collinson, in London. Although on the terms of closest intimacy with Collinson, John Bartram never met him face to face. Their acquaintance began, flowered into friendship, and ripened into the most heart-felt sympathy entirely through written communications. Bartram's letters pass before us in a panorama, as it were—the life, the manners, the customs, of the time in which he lived. At one time he leads us with him through strange adventures in the wilderness just back of Philadelphia, or gathering pine cones in the almost impenetrable forests of the Jerseys, or on expeditions in swamps and moorlands, collecting specimens of the rank growth there—red-spotted lilies, cardinal-flowers, asters, and golden-rod. Sometimes the scene shifts to the old town of Philadelphia. Once there is an interview with the laughing philosopher Franklin in regard to Bartram's son "Billy." Billy's aspirations even at that early date tended toward the natural sciences. Possessed of considerable skill as an artist, he delighted in reproducing with his pencil the beautiful objects, vegetable and animal, by which he was surrounded. This turn was, however, anything but acceptable to his father. The old man had struggled so at the beginning of his scientific life that he was strongly opposed to William's passing through the like troubles. The youth had been apprenticed as a merchant, a planter, and a printer, and all had failed. In despair, John turned to Franklin for advice upon the subject. "He paused awhile," wrote Bartram, "and then said that there was a profitable business, which he now thought upon the increase—that there was a very ingenious man in town who had business more than he could well manage with himself—and that was engraving, and which he thought would suit Billy well." But it did not suit Billy, who continued in his own particular path in life, in spite of all objections.

Those wilds of Kingsessing in which John Bartram resided, now a part of the city of Philadelphia, then about four miles

distant from that town, were at that time infested by panthers. "They have not yet seized any of our people," writes the naturalist, "but many have been sadly frightened with them. They have pursued many men both on horseback and on foot. Many have shot them down, and others have escaped by running away. But I believe, as a panther doth not much fear a single man, so he hath no great desire to seize him, for, if he had, running from him would be but a poor means to escape from such a nimble, strong creature, which will leap above twenty feet at a leap."



DEPARTURE FOR NEW YORK.

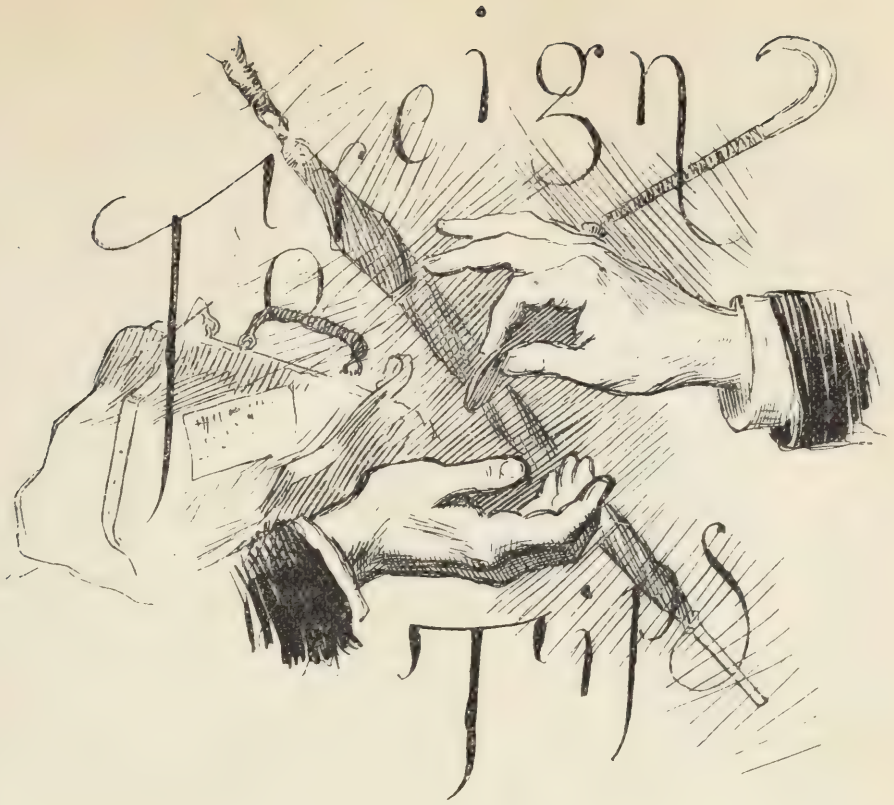
The Indians at that time, according to John's letters, were a cause of ceaseless trouble, annoyance, and injury to the inhabitants of the less settled counties of Berks and Montgomery, "getting drunk and insulting the women." The savages had become debauched, from the peaceful times of William Penn, by French intrigue and whiskey. At length, the French war breaking out, these troubles culminated in the usual horrible barbarities of Indian warfare, stirring John up to a most un-Quakerly burst of indignation. "I would," he cries, "that the whole pestilent tribe were annihilated, root and branch!"

In the year 1743 John Bartram entered upon his first extensive journey into the wilderness of the Americas, for the purpose of collecting specimens for his friends and patrons in England—a journey undertaken entirely at his own cost, and on his own venture. Previous to this time he had busied himself in collecting such specimens of herbs and trees as lay in his immediate neighborhood, his furthest journeys being no more than to the Susquehanna or the forests of the Jerseys; but at this date the Province of Pennsylvania was about to enter into negotiations with the Six Nations of Indians, the place of ambassadorial meeting being in Onondaga, in New York, and Mr. Milsar was appointed ambassador, with such a suite of Indians, interpreters, and guides as he might need. This was an opportunity not to be neglected by Bartram, and accordingly all was a bustle and hum of preparation at Kingsessing. Apparatus was collected, boxes, books, and loose leaves for seed and botanical specimens, insect nets and boxes, and all the paraphernalia made necessary by an extensive expedition. Hominy and bacon were stuffed into the saddle-bags, and two huge pistols with flint-locks slung to the saddle-bow. The wife and the daughters wept, the sons shook their father's

hand in silence, and the negro servants grinned at the fine show their master made as he rattled away on his old gray mare. He plunged immediately and boldly into the wilderness just back of Philadelphia, skirting along the wild and tangled banks of the Schuylkill, until, after a day's journey, he joined Mr. Milsar, the government agent. For days they travelled through the dense forests of the outlying settlements—forests so thick in their virgin growth that, to use Bartram's expression, "We concluded it almost impossible to shoot a man at a hundred yards, let him stand never so fair." Whether the man to be shot at was himself, or one of the nomadic tribes of Indians in the vicinity, he does not say.

After many such adventures they at length reached Onondaga and the Six Nations. Here were they "lustily entertained," while the warriors, glittering with beads and gaudy with party-colored blankets, assembled from north, south, east, and west at the call of the chief at Onondaga, feasting on "corn dumplings," venison, and hominy, and wild beans wrapped in great leaves, over which the worthy botanist gloated with appetite whetted by forest travel. From this point Bartram visited the trading town of Oswego and Fort Frontenac, and the banks of Lake Ontario to some extent, coming back with the colonial agent to Philadelphia, which he reached after three months of absence, "returning thanks to the Almighty Power that had preserved us all, and had returned me safe from a savage land to home and family again."

This was the first journey of such extent into the then pathless wilderness that any single colonist had ever undertaken, and Bartram felt justly proud of it. This expedition seems far more interesting than one which he subsequently undertook into the Floridas—at least, while the narrative of the one abounds in adventures, the other is only a dull record of facts, comprising a list of the various plants he discovered. This might have been owing to the fact that the Southern States at that time were the most thickly populated portion of the colonies, Virginia, at the beginning of the Revolution, having a population equal to the colonies of Pennsylvania and New York conjoined; or it might have been that a new dignity which had lately descended upon him in his appointment as Royal Botanist to his Britannic Majesty George the Third had made him feel it incumbent upon him to be severely dull and dignifiedly prosy. However that may be, the record of the Southern journey is certainly not so redolent of interest as that to Onondaga. The botanist was nearly seventy years of age when he undertook this journey of several thousand miles, shipping from Philadelphia to Charleston, South Carolina. Thence he proceeded by land to St. Augustine, Florida East, from which point he explored the St. Johns River to its head waters, collecting many plants unknown at that day, and of great interest to the naturalist. In this expedition he made an accurate map of the river with its various lakes and branches, together with a chart of the width and depth of the stream at all available points—a work that was greatly approved by the Board of Trade and Plantations in England, who directed it to be published for the benefit of the new colony. It was just previous to this journey that Bartram, through the interest of his friend Collinson, received the appointment before alluded to of Royal Botanist for the Provinces—an appointment confirmed by the king, with a salary of fifty pounds sterling per annum—a small amount, indeed, in our days; but at that time English money was at a premium in America of about sixty or seventy per cent., and one penny then went nearly as far in purchasing power as a sixpence now; so that in the simple life of the old-time colony the modest stipend was amply sufficient to ease the old botanist of all concern as to his worldly affairs, and from this time his life seems to have passed in serenity and ease. It is pleasant to think of the good old man's pathway being smoothed for him as he passed peacefully down into the dark vale whence none return. He lived until about eighty years of age, hale and strong, his only trouble being his dread that the iron heel of the Revolutionary war might tramp through his peaceful gardens. He was spared this trouble, for all alike reverenced and loved the gentle old man. After a very brief illness, shortened, it was said, by the battle of Brandywine, which occurred just prior to his death, he passed away, leaving behind him a son to perpetuate his name and labors, and to preserve intact the Bartram Botanical Garden.



"With empty hands, men may na haukes tull."
—*The Reeve's Tale.*

"TIP" is an accommodating term. It can sink to the vulgar or soar to the sublime. With equal ease it describes a sordid hat lining, an engraver's tool, or the matchless summit of Mont Blanc. Though of Old Northern origin, it swells the vocabulary of provincial English, becoming naturalized, like the Scandinavian marauder himself, who took the word into England, where he remained a good citizen on foreign soil. After doing a variety of service, "tip" came to signify a gift or gratuity, being the synonym of the less popular "bob." Etymologists, however, could point out more than one use of "tip" identical with its onomatopoetic congener.

We are told by philosophers that human nature is the same in all ages, and the truth of this saw is shown by the persuasive and perennial power of the tip. In fact, there are few institutions more ancient than this. Solomon, who evidently took tips, spoke from experience, and in his distant day testified that it was an evil under the sun. Nevertheless, Roman law was severe upon judges who received gratuities, though, according to Blackstone, in particular cases the offense was condoned if the tips were confined to a hundred crowns a year. Bacon did not keep within such prudent bounds, and tips undid him, each gift being the equivalent of a Trojan horse. Tips were strong arguments in Bacon's day, and they did not go out of fashion when Verulam fell. In 1761, Lloyd said, referring to the poets:

> "Nor is it anywhere set down
> They tipt the servants half a crown;"

but this was simply because they had no half crowns to tip. The tip is still a power. It touches a sensitive chord in the human breast. As when thrown up into the air, the "harmless, necessary cat" lands upon her feet, so the *genus homo* drops down in all parts of the world in an attitude of receptivity, and with an appreciative palm. Horace well maintains that it is the sky, not the mind, that changes when a man crosses the sea. Therefore few persons are

> "Too poor for a bribe and too proud to importune."

As might be surmised, there are various kinds of tips. Some stand connected with the past tense, having the nature of rewards, while others aim at the future, contemplating a succession of ideas with signs following. For instance:

> "As once a wag in modern days,
> When all are in these bribing ways,
> His shillings to dispense unable,
> Scoop'd half the fruit from off the table,

And walking gravely through the crowd,
Which stood obsequiously and bow'd,
To keep the fashion up of tipping,
Dropt in each hand a golden pippin."

Ben Jonson, in his petition to the king, had in view the double action of the tip, rhyming of

"A large hundred marks annuitie
To be given me as a gratuitie
For done service and to come."

Tips differ not only in nature, but in form. Wolsey's tip to Henry VIII. assumed the splendid shape and proportions of Hampton Court Palace. The tip is sometimes given by means of words, which, when fitly spoken and in season, appear like "apples of gold" instead of "golden pippins." In its most popular form and in its best estate the tip is a cash consideration, or money, which, according to the shrewdest of observers, answereth unto all things. In different lands, too, the tip has different names, though it has but one signification, the thing being everywhere as much alike as Babylonian bricks. In some English circles it may be expressed as a "bob," or "the beer." Crossing the Channel, however, it wears a new form, even as Pythagoras changes from pig to peacock, and trippingly spoken by the polite Parisian, the *pourboire* no more than the *douceur* suggests anything gross, while the effect of tipping is magical.

"*Ma foi*, monsieur, a proper douceur:
What favor can I do for you, Sir?"

In Spain, where the fallen grandee, whose dinner is all table-cloth, and who wants your money, not your advice, the vulgar consideration which makes him your servant wears the form of *para beber*. In Italy, a liquid tongue, suited best to lovers, gives you *grazia* for wisely bestowed *buono mano;* while in beery Father-land *Trinkgeld* is equally, though less gracefully, appreciated.

As we write of Europe, not of Asia or Africa, it is unnecessary to say more of the Arabs than that the tip is recognized among them as *buksheesh*.

One usually has some experience of tips before getting far abroad, since on the deck or in the cabin of the ocean steam-ships the Old World is reproduced in miniature. From the moment of embarkation, hungry, asking eyes usually begin, with the horse-leech, to cry, "Give." It may be admitted, however, that a moderate tip will go a good way. The sufferer from *mal de mer* soon learns the capacity of half a crown to bring the plump, appetizing baked apple straight from the cook's galley, or to concoct a Champagne punch, either of which, under the circumstances, is grateful beyond measure to a rebellious stomach, being attended with no half crown of blessing. The very expectation of a tip often makes the surly kind, and puts agility into the stiffened shanks of the ancient retainer. On the other hand, the nipping of expectation in the bud is equally certain to generate disgust. An instance of the latter stands associated with my first voyage over the Atlantic, when, all unsophisticated, I sought to warm the absorbed, red-faced functionary who commanded the ship into something like ordinary amiability, though with such scanty results that I began to suspect that the bluff old tar who sat at the head of the table was not the captain after all. The second day of the voyage my suspicions were for a time strengthened, as I then encountered a very different sort of a person, whose superior address and lustrous gold-lace seemed to belong to the highest rank known to the Cunard service. It is true that he took his constitutional on the lee side of the deck, toward the ship's waist; but the dignity and civility with which he spoke were in keeping with rank, while the place selected for the promenade had its advantages, since, if it should come on to blow, he could easily go below. At least he was the first uniformed person to speak me fair, and I felt an inward glow as the polite Britisher tenderly inquired about my welfare—if I was comfortable; if the table suited me; if there was anything he could do, it would afford him so much pleasure—all the while washing his hands with "invisible soap," marking each phrase with inflections and intonations conveying sentiments of distinguished consideration. In my obtuseness it occurred to me that he had discovered me under my disguise, and recognized me as the correspondent of one of the great dailies, or perhaps that he took me for an ambassador; yet all the while he seemed to look corkscrews, as if seeking to draw me out. I accordingly launched forth into an eloquent eulogy of the ship, and said some good trenchant words in connection with the *cuisine*, rounding all with a neat expression of sense of obligation, in season to answer

the bell for dinner. As I left my friend, however, I noticed that the corkscrew expression gave way to a look of disappointment, which quickly shaded off into disgust, and then passed into dark, withering scorn, the latter sentiment corrugating every feature. The metamorphosis thus accomplished, he turned sharply upon his heel and strode majestically away, entering and banging behind him the door of the house on deck over which was the word "Steward." The cloud that had obscured my apprehension now rolled away; the changed milk in the cocoanut was accounted for; and I took my place at the table inquiring inwardly whether captains themselves would not be more approachable if their high functions were compatible with tips and bobs. In the end, however, I came to believe that captains too were vulnerable, while all obtuseness respecting tips passed away altogether, the language of the tip being perfectly understood whether spoken or otherwise expressed.



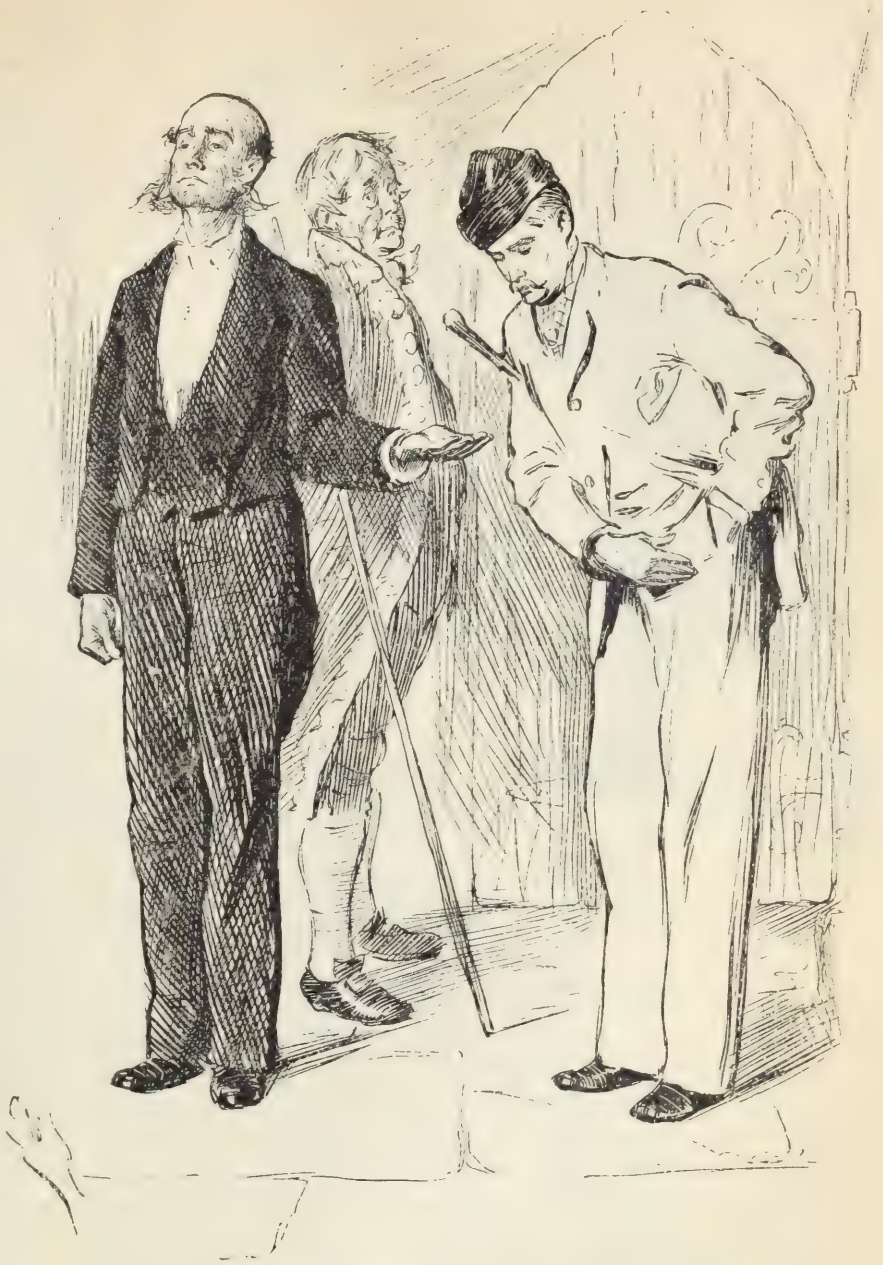
THE INDIGNANT STEWARD.

Upon a transatlantic steamship, as elsewhere, the taste for tips is shared by all the steward's underlings in an eminent degree. They seem to select their victims as they come on board. It is evident, moreover, that early on the first day, within the inner precincts of the pantry, in secret conclave assembled, they lay out the programme for the voyage, and solemnly ratify and confirm to one another those cases which instinct and experience alike encourage them respectively to work up. Insensibly, as time passes, there steals through the voyager's soul the impression that somehow he has come to be somebody's man, and that invisible toils are being woven around him, growing stronger every hour. As the end of the voyage approaches, the chains become evident to all, while the fell agent of this enslavement alternately appears elated or depressed by hopes and fears. Sometimes an amusing scene is witnessed when the entire corps of waiters draw up in a kind of military order as the passengers go on shore. Then the successful manipulators of men put on their best smiles, while the less expert assume the mask of the Tragic Muse, looking, not corkscrews, but daggers. In a corner it would not be unprofessional for the interested party to suggest to the voyager the propriety of remembering the waiter, but more than one quizzical, cold-blooded individual has improved such an occasion by saying, while scanning the victim from head to feet, "Yes, I think I shall be able to remember you." This, however, would prove hardly more galling than the action of a great New York millionaire, now gone on that voyage whence the traveller ne'er returns, but who, on finishing an ocean trip, in an access of frugality, sent a five-franc piece to the steward, to be divided amongst the corps. Something, however, is to be said on the other side, for there is, perhaps, nothing that tries the temper more than this business of tips. Often is the tourist's soul stirred with righteous wrath by the beggarly and indefensible efforts so incessantly employed to deplete his purse.

Thus far reference has been made to the petty gratuities which one finds himself in the way of disbursing at the commencement of a foreign tour. Ordinarily, however, in the present condition of Europe, it is the petty practices which come under observation. How far the custom of tipping prevails in the upper branches of public service is best known to the members of the service themselves. There is probably little difference between customs now and those which prevailed in the times of Pitt and Fox, when a salary of £250 often represented £2000 of tips. We generally hear little about European corruptions, but the silence hardly proves that corruptions do not exist. In our country they are advertised by the attempts to cure them, while abroad all parties concur in the propriety of covering them up. In reality, as regards questions of morality, America leads the world. At no time since our people became a nation would it have been possible for any teacher of religion to have given a public course of twenty-four lectures on Morals without treating the subject of Morality. That was the achievement of Sydney Smith.

There need be no excuse for mentioning tips in connection with public abuses, for the gentle reader readily perceives that certain uses of the tip constitute a bribe. Indeed, oftener than anything else, perhaps, does it form a bribe. Then, again, tips are frequently given to those who, by virtue of their office or station, are under contract obligation to serve us. Such officials would not for the world accept a tip, but the remarkable fact remains that they never decline the tip until it is irremediably in hand. But what astonishes and sometimes amuses most is the ease and naturalness with which grand-appearing functionaries accept a tip, and even lie in wait for the smallest fragment of American bounty. This characteristic is evidently congenital, as they appear "to the manner born." A trifle often has a large purchasing power. It is not necessary to learn this from the tall official in gorgeous uniform at the entrance of some Italian palace, where a few soldi make the man all your own. It is justified in Scotland, no doubt, by the adage that many littles make a mickle. This reminds me of a visit made to Holyrood, where we were shocked by what we foolishly supposed to be a case of *infra dig.* At the entrance we were solemnly assured by a seneschal in magnificent raiment, stiff with gold embroidery, that, owing to the presence of the governor-general, the palace would be closed to visitors for several days; adding, however, "But you are Americans, travelling, I see: I must speak to the lord-chamberlain." Thereupon his magnificence moved away, knee-breeches, staff, and all, and during his absence we will suppose that he was closeted with the chamberlain, instead of chaffing in a corridor with his cronies. In due time he returned with the air of a Roman general fresh from the field of conquest, and with the manner of one graciously conferring high favor, he announced that, in consideration of the circumstances, we should be admitted to view the palace without delay. Understanding that the circumstances included a tip, we handed over the money, and supposed the financial part of the business ended. Next we were turned over to a tall and extremely dignified individual of middle age, faultlessly attired in an elegant broadcloth suit—a person who, so far as appearances went, might have been the governor-general himself. His forehead was massive and high, and his bald head had the elegant polish of a billiard ball. It was roomy enough for a fair-sized handbill, while it must have resembled the cranium of Æschylus, upon which the eagle dropped the tortoise, thinking it a rock. With solemn and impressive dignity this personage led us through the most interesting portions of the antique and romantic pile, indulging in high historical retrospect, and waxing eloquent in connection with those apartments associated with the memory of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, not omitting to point out the place where her favorite, Rizzio, was murdered. Indeed, the spot on the floor appeared as though it had been rubbed up afresh, for the benefit of Americans, with a bit of gory beef. Finally we bade our impressive cicerone adieu, with many thanks, and were about to depart, when a deep flush stole over that noble brow, the seat of so much high philosophic thought. Then the dignity relaxed: "Ahem! you—ah—you forget the—fee!" In a confused manner we commenced fumbling in our pockets, not knowing what to proffer, thinking, too, that enough had already been paid for furbishing up the spot on the floor. To end the embar-

rassment, I dropped into the functionary's jewelled hand the first coins I could come at, the value of which he computed in a trice, saying, "Threepence more, if you please." With fresh blushes the deficit was made up, and we departed from Holyrood, cogitating whether or not the noble genius after whose head our great Scot had patterned his own would have deigned to think of the tip. But then did not a greater than Æschylus take tips too?—at least it is said that Homer, though honored by many cities, was particularly claimed after his death by those in whose streets he had begged.



"THREEPENCE MORE, IF YOU PLEASE."

The usage of the tip is to a certain extent the expression of society, yet the appetite for gratuities is not always so strong as supposed. I remember how the young man who unlocked the door of the University Theatre at Oxford blushed when he received the shilling. Probably he has done blushing now, and winds off his story with the mechanical animation of the telephone, never failing to tell how the boys shouted to the Laureate, "Did your mother call you early?" as he went forward to receive his LL.D.

Nor, again, should the tip always be associated with a consuming greed. Generally it means business. The Irish peasant who takes a tip by the road-side scorns to receive pay for the milk which a jaunting-car-ful of Americans will drink when invading some road-side farm. The Arab would as soon rob the guest who had tasted his salt. It would be a breach of hospitality. Still, while one is soon convinced that Great Britain is a land of tips, it would be unfair to assert any pre-eminence in this respect over the rest of Europe. In England especially the expectation of tips has been moderated by a systematic charge for service. Besides, at the principal railway stations signs and placards notify the tourist that any "servant of the company" accepting a fee will be discharged. The regulation, however, is in the interest of the company. No porter can serve two masters, which is a truth that the corporation understands. The wag's pippins, it may be remembered; set the people to tipping, but the tourist's liberality has a different effect. While the baggage is being weighed, his little gratuity suspends gravitation, and keeps the beam of the scales level. It makes the porter see with new eyes, and he dis-



"INSISTS UPON BRUSHING YOUR COAT."

covers that the task-master who calls him to shoulder those "boxes" is a true friend. In the case of the unscrupulous tourist, this might be called the tentative tip. It is an experiment looking to the establishment of the thesis so popular on railways, that dishonesty is the best policy. It would often appear as though all travellers were included in one general class by the attendants, who seem to feel under a kind of obligation to overreach the rules of the corporation. At the same time it is not possible to do it in any honest sort, after the practice at St. Paul's, London, where, though the Whispering Gallery is shown at the fixed fee of sixpence, the straitly inhibited attendant insists upon brushing your coat ere you depart, which done, he stands jingling the ha'pence in his pocket to remind you of what is due on account of the corn broom. The umbrella man at the British Museum can not, however, evade the law in this way, but he finds a way, notwithstanding the law appears on a sign over his head with all the clearness if not with the inflexibility of the law of the Medes and Persians. He would have no trouble with a Gordian knot, for he settles the difficulty by boldly pocketing his pence, smiling graciously with one eye at the donor, while glaring like a fiend with the other at the caitiff who receives his stick back without paying, and looks knowingly toward the prohibition upon the wall.

In Rome, as in England, people insist upon viewing the tip as a bribe. When overcharged for wood at the hotel, I gave the porter a tip, bidding him look sharper to the tally; and though for the next month we had roaring fires, the bill came in with hardly any mention of ligneous dues at all. In common with his ancient ancestor, the Roman porter regarded the tip "rather as popular than virtuous." At Palermo we had an illustration of the back action of the principle. Disembarking in a boat, we told the bare-legged fellows to row us to the Dogana, or custom-house, as required by law; but when we landed and looked around for the institution in question, we were pointed laughingly to the opposite side of the harbor, half a mile away. The Palermitans thought it a good joke, though a troublesome one if detected, and looked for large fees for saving us from the trouble of a search. Everything, however, connected with a foreign custom-house is systematic fraud.

There is another tip which might be called the tip dismissory, as it is designed to get rid of troublesome followers, or to keep them quiet. In the latter case it is a sop to Cerberus. Sometimes, likewise, it is necessary that people should be blind, as, for instance, where madam desires to seat herself for a moment upon the throne of Victoria, "just to see how it seems." On such occasions a shilling makes the usher look steadily at some newly discovered beauty which you point out in a picture on the opposite wall. The same vulgar consideration purchased the temporary use of the thrones of Holland and Italy, and the throne of Charlemagne—that stone throne upon which the monarch rested for generations, his eyeless sockets fixed upon the golden letters of

the open book of the Gospels resting on his knee. The throne of Pio Nono barely escaped capture in the same way; and if the attempt had proved successful, the future historian might have had to record the brief ascension at the Vatican of another lady Pope. The only thing to be done, therefore, under the circumstances, was for madam to slip her dainty gaiters inside of a pair of his Holiness's big shoes, made of red morocco, embroidered with a gold cross, which the faithful sometimes kiss on occasions of ceremony, thus engendering the notion that devotees kiss the Pope's toe.

Again, on some of the railroads there is a rule prohibiting passengers from taking into the car any piece of luggage exceeding a certain number of inches in length.



ITALIAN GUIDES.

The uniformed official, therefore, stands on guard; and if your portmanteau comes close upon the limit, he seizes it, applies the rule, and solemnly declares that it must be weighed, and paid for as baggage. For a trifling tip, however, he will apply the measure once more, and then he is certain to discover that, after all, it really falls within the rule by a hundredth part of a centimeter; and so begs a thousand pardons for the error, and hands

monsieur into the car with every mark of delicate regard.

The Italians, perhaps above all other Europeans, are the most intrepid and persevering as regards tips, while there are certain occasions when the tip is so much black-mail, a premium put upon an allowable brigandage. This comes very near to being the case at the lake of Averno, near Baiæ, where the tourist visits the cave of the Cumæan Sibyl. Here the guides may be quite harmless, yet they are simply brigands without carbines, whose bravery consists in the confidence with which they practice upon timidity. The cave is a long gallery cut in the tufa, making a gradual descent until it reaches a chamber whose floor is covered with water. At this point the ruffians find it convenient to have the torches fall short, and the signore must find his way back to the upper earth in the dark, or pay down on the spot for fresh luminaries. Under the circumstances the tip comes forth with alacrity, when fresh torches, hidden away for the purpose, are pulled out of crevices in the rock. A few days before we paid our respects to the Sibyl the Crown Princess of Italy had come thither, treading in the footsteps of Æneas, to consult the oracle, and had been carried over the Styx, which flows through the chamber, in the arms of one of these desperate-looking Cimmerians, who would have performed the part of Charon if there had been water enough for a boat. This reference to Virgil reminds me of a visit to his tomb, at the grotto of Posilippo, in Naples, where no guide is needed, the pedestrian having simply to walk up a plain road to the summit of a hill, and then enter a garden which overlooks the city, and which contains the tomb. With repeated efforts we invited the swarthy Italian who followed us to go about his business, yet he persisted in dogging us to the tomb itself, and, as we were leaving, boldly demanded a tip. In reply I cut a fair-sized cudgel from the branch of a tree, which, curiously, neither groaned nor bled, ostensibly securing it for a memento of our pilgrimage. As we descended the hill the fellow again demanded *buono mano*, and on being refused, picked up a cobble-stone, and thus obliged me to keep within striking distance of him for a quarter of a mile. On the way we passed some women by the road-side engaged in washing, whom my excellent friend with the cobble-stone persuaded to attack us with their tongues, but otherwise they left him to manage his own case. As we approached the bottom of the hill, madam, who was my companion, hurried forward alone to a soldier whom we knew to be on guard, seeing which, the candidate for tips dropped his ammunition and slunk away. At times it is simply impossible to shake these fellows off. At Pozzuoli we gave one of them a lira to go away, but he afterward ran behind the carriage several miles on the road to Misene, and was finally attacked and beaten off by a more respectable compatriot whom we bribed for the purpose.

At the cone of Vesuvius one generally finds the same class of men seen at Averno, and threats are often employed to extract money. At Vesuvius an able-bodied man requires no help. Ascending by carriage to the plateau where the Observatory stands, he has simply to walk on to the base of the cone, and then climb the mountain of ashes as he best may. He is sure, however, of being followed by the frightful-looking creatures who haunt the scene, and sometimes half a dozen attend him, pointing out the rough but beaten path, and enlarging upon the necessity of their valuable services. Arriving some morning before the throng of visitors come to drink the *vino loco*, and make Vesuvius merry, the solitary visitor is impressed by the loneliness and desolation of the scene. The path to the foot of the cone lies through billows of black lava, resembling frozen mud, while in threading tortuous gullies no prospect meets the eye but the sky overhead and the dark pyramid of ashes rising in front, crowned with its cloud of vapor, popularly supposed to be smoke. There is an indescribable solemnity in the view, especially when it is remembered that but a thin crust lies between one's feet and seas of liquid fire. Horeb itself offers no such scene of desolation. It is, therefore, with a sense of relief that the foot of the cone is reached, and the ascent commenced. Here every foot gained enlarges the vision, which ere long takes in the flanks of the mountain, sweeping down and away toward Herculaneum and Pompeii, while beyond is the blue Bay of Naples, formed by the promontories of Sorrento and Misene, and islanded by Capri, Procida, and Ischia. But who could enjoy anything here while the importunate Vesuvian is at hand, insisting that the tourist shall have



"IN THE MEAN WHILE THE FAIR ONE STOOD WRINGING HER HANDS."—[SEE PAGE 340.]

four men to carry him up on a chair, or at least two men to haul with a rope, which they try to make fast around your waist? If you do not know them thoroughly, you may give them a tip to go away; but the uninitiated finds, to his dismay, that the only effect of a fee is to make them hold on, the appetite for lire growing with what it feeds upon. Thus the villains pursue you to the summit, where you look into the crater, and perhaps walk on its edge for a quarter of a mile, roast an egg on the brimstone rocks, and burn the end of your staff, to prove to the world that you have actually been there. In making the descent, even the guides will not pretend that you need help, since it is simply a swift slide down an ash heap hundreds of feet

high, inclining at an angle of fifty degrees. Your tormentors, however, will greet you at the bottom, and renew their clamors for tips, which they often frighten out of strong men. With Italians the tip is an essential, and must be had. If necessary, a resort is made to cruelty, as when the wretches at Sorrento come daily before your hotel, tormenting birds in order that English and Americans may purchase their exemption from suffering by dispensing small coins. An appeal to the police was of no use; but we heard with satisfaction, a few days after, that at Florence a branch of Mr. Bergh's society, the first in Italy, had been established by the Italians themselves. The cruelty of the common people in Italy is something remarkable. Everywhere in the villages we found the peasants putting out the eyes of birds to make them sing.

The variety of the appeals abroad for gratuities is, upon the whole, confusing, and one needs to use some discretion. The neglect of a timely douceur often subjects travellers to great inconvenience. I once witnessed an illustration of this on the pier at St. Malo, where a lady upon landing was needlessly prompt and pronounced in letting the examiner know that she would have none of his corrupt ways, and that no one would get a bribe from her. In fact, they might examine her luggage to their heart's content. This was done, even until the contents of her dressing-case were spread upon the pier, with puffs and powders and wigs and washes, together with every variety of feminine contrivance connected with decorative art, the tall, uniformed fellow with a cocked hat and long sword even peering into a pill-box, affecting to be in search of contraband tobacco. In the mean while the fair one stood wringing her hands. The same cruel fellow kindly marked the trunks of our party as "examined," without starting a strap. It is well to know whom to tip, seeking in no foolish sense to be penny-wise. The fault of Americans abroad is that their tipping is injudicious and promiscuous. As the inevitable result, demoralization is everywhere found in their track, landlords being exorbitant, garçons impudent, cooks unappeasable, and officials and underlings everywhere incapable of being satisfied by men of moderate means. Some women, as well as men, will spare no expense to gratify their selfishness, and we see those who fling gold to some favorite lackey, putting silver half francs upon the plate in the American church at Paris with jewelled fingers.

The tip refused is quite rare, especially amongst Italians; yet Americans sometimes become weary of their own prodigality at such a place as the Vatican, where a fresh candidate for favor is found at the entrance of each of the many suites of apartments composing that wonderful pile. Sometimes, therefore, the tip is too small, and then the papal magnifico on duty has been known to thrust the money back into the visitor's hand, bowing sarcastically, with a "Perdona, signore." In the Ghetto, however, whither the visitor sometimes goes to see the Hebrew synagogue, the attendant, in a very different spirit, declined a fee, showing the building and its appointments with evident pleasure, and evincing that genuine self-respect which, even under circumstances of the deepest poverty, will not permit the Jew to beg, any more than ask the Christian's charity.

The unexpected application for tips is something that should not be forgotten; as, for instance, when at Ischia, that volcanic island which, according to Bishop Berkeley, forms an epitome of the whole earth, the little Greco-Italian barefoot girl, with luxuriant flowing hair, darts out from a clump of orange-trees by the road-side, seizes your hand, implants thereon a dainty kiss, and then draws back, half proffering a little nosegay, at the same time casting mischievous side glances at you from out those wonderfully brilliant eyes. It is the charming little maiden's way of taking a tip from milord the American. With less surprise one views the device of the mountaineer on the road between Interlaken and the Staubbach, who, with a wooden horn six feet in length, the larger end of which rests upon the ground, calls up the echo as the pedestrian walks on toward the fall. The man himself, however, is a boor, who, though he can blow a horn, knows no winning ways, and actually waits for the tip with the assurance of one who seems to think that you own the echo, and are bound to keep it in repair.

In this connection memory also recalls a beautiful day upon Lake Leman, when we drifted for hours, enjoying the splendid prospect of the Alps, the Dent du Midi, robed in spotless snow, being reflected in

the blue waters poured into this little sea from the upper Rhone. By degrees our boat was wafted under the lofty walls of the Castle of Chillon, in connection with which Byron immortalized that roistering free lance, the much married but never mated Bonnivard, of whom Byron knew nothing. Nevertheless, the poet improved a rainy day at his inn to invest the rollicking, irrepressible Genevese with virtues and sufferings as imaginary as those of the imaginary William Tell, who, in the Sanskrit literature, appears tipping an arrow at a tyrant before the first Roman legion had entered Gaul. On one side the walls of the gray old castle rise up sheer from the lake; and while floating, reclining in the shade of the wall, viewing the exquisite prospect, a little wicker basket appeared in the air over my head, floating there as if by magic, an illusion that might find ready acceptance in an atmosphere so pervaded by myth and romance. Yet it soon became apparent that there was no magic whatever, this bit of wicker-work being suspended by a delicate silken string, while at the moment of this discovery there was heard the musical tinkle of a little bell. Looking up toward the battlements of the castle, no human being could be seen, yet a slender pole was discovered projecting



AN UNEXPECTED APPLICATION.

from a window, and from this pole depended the basket and string. By this time, however, we had learned the language of the tip, and here was a plea from a real "prisoner of Chillon;" for while the lower part of the castle is devoted to a museum and armory, the upper is appropriated to offenders against the state. It is therefore worth something now to be a prisoner of Chillon, since, while the incarcerated offender may enjoy from the lofty windows one of the most enchanting panoramas in the world, an actual business can be done in tips. As we admired the novel yet practical character of the arrangement, the little bell tinkled again. Our delay, however, did not mean indifference, and when we gave the signal of "Tirez," telephoned by knocking with a thole-pin against the wall, the little basket rose slowly in the air, heavier than when it came down by a couple of francs and two or three cigars. The capacity of the European to collect tips under adversity was plain. It could not be said of the prisoner of Chillon and his fish-pole as Saxe said of one, that

> "He ne'er had learned the art to bob
> For anything but eels."

Sailing away from the picturesque old castle toward Montreux, we were able, when sufficiently distant, to catch a glimpse of the prisoner waving his thanks with a handkerchief from behind the heavy, inexorable bars. From his lofty perch, in our sympathetic mood, he appeared quite romantic; yet no doubt he was a rogue.

But we have done with the subject of tips, which are in danger of losing some of their glory. The unification of Italy and Germany, the practical abolition of passports, the sensible custom-house reforms, and the through-ticket system sending the tourist over his route in express trains, with a contract bearing the stamp, so melancholy in the eyes of a gatherer of perquisites, all unite to discourage a system which could be spared without regret.



TIPPING THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.



JANUARY—INTERIOR OF A RICH MAN'S HOUSE.

A FAMOUS BREVIARY.

IN the multiplicity of museums, churches, and picture-galleries, not to mention the lesser "sights" that oppress and overwhelm the hurried traveller through Europe, even the most conscientious tourist, unless he chance to be a bibliomaniac, generally lets a passing glance suffice for the libraries of a great town, content to take their treasures on trust, on the word of the guide-book to which he pins his own especial faith. Why should he waste his precious moments bending over the original manuscript of the "Inferno," or Benvenuto Cellini's bills for the Perseus, or Galileo's letters from his prison tower at Arcetri, or Ghiberti's estimate of

the cost of the "Gates of Paradise?"—moments that might be better spent in getting on to the next town, and continuing the weary round prescribed by his Cook or his Baedeker.

And yet, not least among the pleasures of a prolonged sojourn in Europe is to be reckoned the power of lingering sometimes in those rich dusky rooms, poring over the folios of yellow parchment, tracing out the beautiful, clear-cut letters, written by a hand long since dust, or the quaint, fantastic ornamentation of the illuminated pages. Not least pleasant out of a store of pleasant memories are those of long afternoons spent in the innermost recesses of dim old churches, where the sacristan, stirred into smiling active benevolence by the magic of a silver coin, produces one by one from their hiding-places in dark carved oaken presses, or from the mysterious depths of moth-eaten cabinets, treasures of art worth a king's ransom. Nor are they confined to one church alone, or to two: every church, every library, every monastery, in the Old World is a treasure-house, wherein lie hidden away illuminated manuscripts, missals, breviaries, choir-books, that would make a collector and connoisseur hold his breath with admiration and envy.

And well he might, for many of them are of rare and wonderful beauty. The foremost artists in the world have not disdained to employ their leisure in their adornment; art-loving kings have made it a pleasant refuge from the cares of state, or a solace for the hours of captivity; obscure monks in remote convents have toiled year by year with a marvellous patience, laying one delicate hair-stroke upon another, careless of their own fame, intent only on praising God and exalting His saints by the dedication to Him of their whole powers of brain and hand.

Chief among these treasures of art is the Breviary cherished in the old palace of the doges at Venice as a veritable pearl of price. Placed under glass, it is open at one page, and every week the leaf is turned, so that if the art student has one hundred and ten weeks to spare for Venice, he may hope in that time to make himself acquainted with all the miniatures. Even this is much more than was once permitted to the public. The old custodians of San Marco cherished the Breviary as the very apple of the eye, and it was considered a worthy entertainment for kings and foreign potentates to turn the leaves and inspect the pictures of this priceless manuscript. No one of less importance than a king or a foreign guest whom the republic delighted to honor was permitted so much as to catch a glimpse of the cover; so that for years it remained a hidden treasure, almost lost out of the memory of man, or mentioned now and then by some fortunate lover of art to whom a fleeting glimpse had been accorded, it acquired a fabulous splendor, and was spoken of as being covered with gold enriched with precious gems.

It was bequeathed to the library of San Marco by Domenico Grimani, son of an old patrician family of Venice, and one well known in the history of the republic. His father was Antonio Grimani, sometime Doge of Venice, who was the son of Marino Grimani and Caterina Loredano his wife.

Domenico was born in 1461, and was trained in the study of philosophy by Francesco Securo da Nardò, of the order of preaching friars. He had for friend and fellow-pupil Antonio Pizzamano, afterward Bishop of Fettre, and together they went in early life to Florence, where they joined the band of philosophers of which Politian and Pico della Mirandola were the leaders.

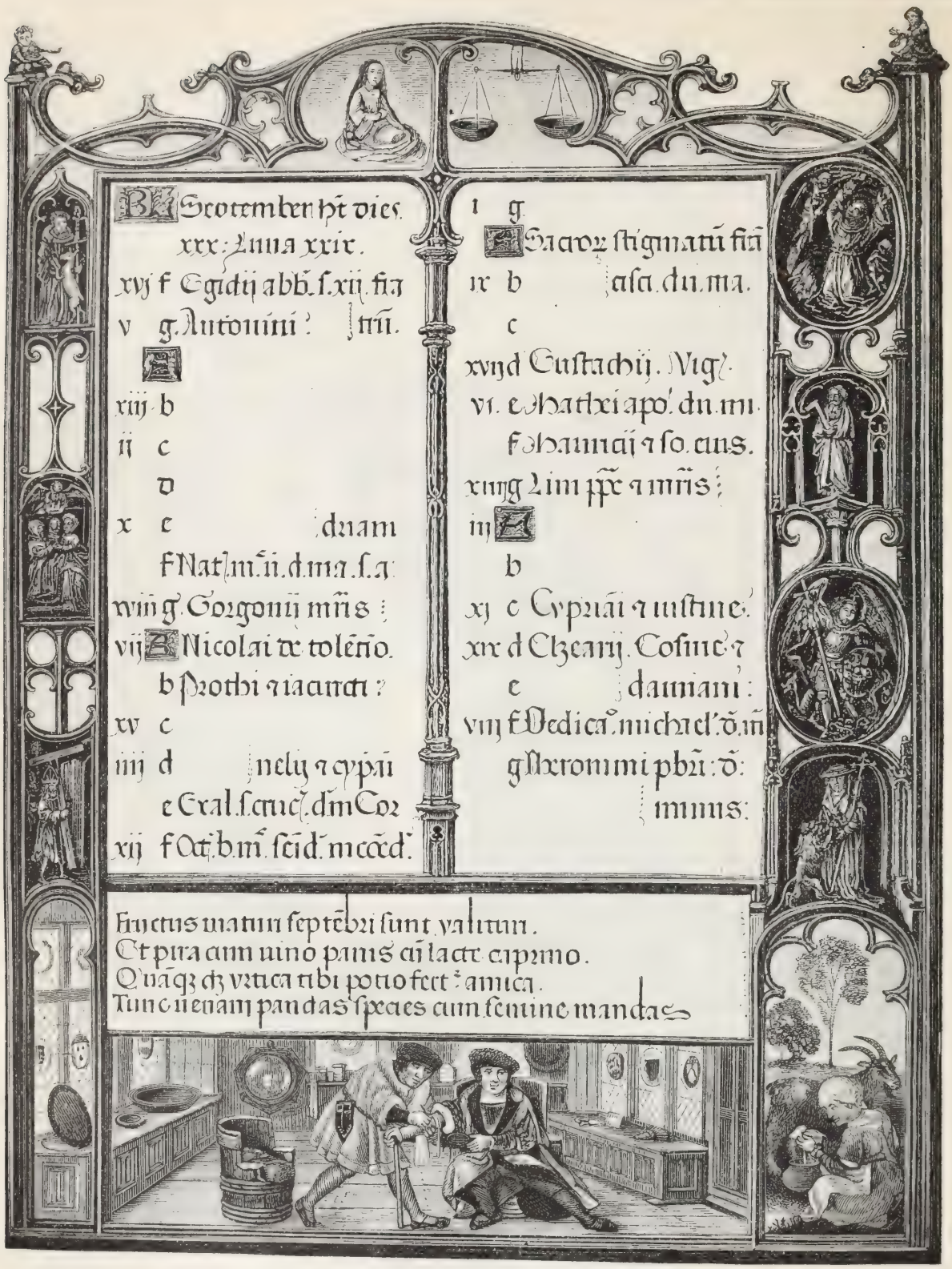
Here Grimani remained, discussing abstruse questions or composing elegant Latin verses with his philosophic friends, until he was sent as ambassador to Emperor Frederick III. on his entrance into Italy. He afterward entered the Church, and received a cardinal's hat in 1493. In 1498 he was appointed Patriarch of Aquila—a dignity which he resigned toward the end of his life in favor of his nephew, Marino Grimani. He died at Rome in 1523, at the age of sixty-two.

He was a man of learning and culture, as is proved by the many profound scientific works which he published, as well as by his numerous letters to Erasmus, Sabellico, and other distinguished men of his time. He was not more remarkable for his excellent administration of his ecclesiastical offices than for the filial devotion which he displayed. His father, Antonio Grimani, having been deprived of his military command and imprisoned, Domenico, then a cardinal, went to his prison, and tenderly embracing him, with tears in his eyes, declared his intention of



APRIL—A MARRIAGE FESTIVAL.

sharing his captivity. When his father fled to Rome, he followed him, and by his unremitting exertions softened the hardships of his exile, and restored him to the favor of the Pope. He was well known to his contemporaries as a liberal patron of art, and an enthusiastic collector of antiquities, and he seemed to possess a magnetic influence for attracting to himself the chief treasures of his own and other lands. His generous disposition being known, poets dedicated their works to him, sculptors and painters sent to him the products of their chisel and pencil. His library was stored with rare manuscripts in all languages—Italian, Latin, Hebrew, Greek, Chaldean, Armenian. His palace was hung with rich tapestries, the old Venetian *arazzi*, with embroideries of gold and silver, and adorned with



CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

rare bronzes, statues, and paintings. Gifts were showered upon him from every quarter of sculptures, antiques, coins, medals, books, cameos, intaglios, jewels, and carvings of ivory and amber.

With such a reputation as a lover of art and generous patron of all artists, it is not strange that that errant painter Antonello da Messina should have directed himself to the Cardinal Grimani when he wished to find a purchaser for the wonderful Breviary adorned by his own pencil, and still further enriched by those of Memling, Van der Meire, Hugh d'Anvers, and Lissen de Gaud. Nor is it strange that the art-loving cardinal should have hastened to avail himself of this opportunity of becoming the possessor of so pre-

cious a treasure, nor that, having secured it, he should have valued it above all his previous acquisitions.

At the cardinal's death the Breviary became the property of Marino Grimani, Patriarch of Aquila, during his life, though he was powerless to alienate it from the republic of Venice, to which it was to descend at his death. But on the death of Cardinal Marino, which occurred suddenly at Orvieto in 1546, the precious manuscript was inadvertently sold with the other rich possessions of the prelate, and would have been lost had not Giovanni Grimani, who had succeeded him in the Patriarchate of Aquila, taken infinite pains to trace it and buy it back.

Having expended so much time, money, and labor in finding the book, the venerable prelate felt a natural desire to keep it during his lifetime, and obtained the required permission from the Senate. A few days before his death, in 1593, Giovanni Grimani, fearing the manuscript might again be lost, sent for his friend Marc Antonio Barbaro, and giving him the Breviary, prayed him to render it to the Doge before the assembled Senate.

He bequeathed to the republic, among other rich gifts, an ebony cabinet enriched with gems and cameos, and adorned with columns of alabaster and antique figures in bronze. In this cabinet the Breviary was placed, and deposited in the library of San Marco.

First, however, it was committed to the charge of Alessandro Vittoria, for the decoration of its exterior, and was returned by him sumptuously bound in crimson velvet, with heavy ornaments of silver gilt, having on one side a medallion bearing the head of Cardinal Grimani, and on the other one bearing that of his father, the Doge Antonio.

A short time after, for its greater safety, it was deposited in the Treasury. But in 1797 Jacopo Morelli, librarian of San Marco, obtained, after three months' uninterrupted efforts, a decree from the government, by which the Breviary was transferred to the library to which it belonged, and where it still remains.



ST. MARTHA.

Nothing is certainly known with regard to its origin, and conjecture drawn from internal evidence supplies the place of any accurate information on the subject. Dr. Waagen considers it an indisputable fact that it was executed for Mary of Burgundy, while the Italian Zanotto thinks all internal evidence points clearly to Pope Sixtus IV. as the original planner of the work. However that may be, both the distinguished personages to whom the ownership is attributed died before its completion, the Breviary having certainly been written in or after the year 1484.

That more than one hand was employed in its adornment is sufficiently evident, for while some of the miniatures are distinguished by a nobleness of design and finish of execution worthy of the pencil of Memling, others are feeble and confused, and a few, from their weakness, seem scarcely worthy a place.

The Breviary consists of 831 leaves of very fine white parchment, on which are written the Psalms, the Lessons, the Rubric, the Offices to the Virgin and the Saints, the Service for the Dead, etc. The margin of each one of these leaves is enriched by exquisite illuminations of every variety—arabesques of gold and silver and various colors, amidst which are placed flowers and fruits of all kinds; every sort of creature that creeps on land, or flies in the air, or swims in the sea; shell-fish, insects, birds, and beasts; fairies, genii, and fabulous monsters; charming little landscapes; representations of men and costumes of various nations; scenes of life in town and country, in palace and cottage—all on a minute scale, and all painted in that delicate *pointillé* style so exquisite and so marvellous in its results. It is difficult not to linger over each one, so charming are they, and so well do they repay the closest examination. Here we are brought suddenly into the interior of a jeweller's shop, where a woman, seated, is weighing out gold; there a lovely young girl is leaning over a balcony; a gardener is plucking fruit from his tree; a pair of lovers are sailing on a lake on which swans are swimming; a hermit is praying in the wilderness to an image of the Virgin; an old peasant woman is hobbling painfully along on crutches; a road winds through a mountainous country, with a glimpse of sea in the distance, an old peasant woman is approaching, bearing on her head a wicker cage of chickens, under one arm



ST. LUKE.



KING DAVID SEES A VISION OF THE MESSIAH.

a cock, under the other a basket of eggs; a young girl is washing her hands at a fountain in the middle of a square in a Dutch village. A few illustrations will suffice to give an idea of the riches inclosed within the covers of the Breviary, and all are painted with a fidelity to nature wonderful on so small a scale.

Besides these minor decorations, there are 110 full-page miniatures illustrating the seasons, the historical events of the Bible, the festivals of the saints and martyrs, the various offices of the Church, etc. The first twenty-four miniatures illustrate the seasons, twelve of these being devoted to the calendar for each month, ornament-

ed at the sides and beneath with little scenes appropriate to the season. In addition to these, each month has an appropriate full-page miniature. All of these are ascribed, without exception, to Hans Memling.

The Breviary opens with a representation of life in the month of January, giving the interior of a rich man's house. The master of the house is seated at the dinner table, under a light green canopy, his major-domo and his numerous servants in obsequious attendance upon his slightest wish. He wears a furred robe, and a cap edged with fur, with a jewel in front. His manners have evidently not kept pace with the sumptuousness of his appointments, for he is on the point of conveying a bit of the turkey on his plate to his mouth with his fingers. His table is furnished with gold plate, with goblets of gold and crystal, and everything about him indicates the lord of the manor or of the castle, accustomed to splendor and to command. An attendant in the foreground is cutting a piece of bread from a loaf to give to an eagerly expectant dog; another is playing with a falcon on his wrist. In the background a servant is bringing in another dish for his master's table.

April gives us a marriage procession, in which a man of mature age is taking home his young bride. They are followed by a suite of bridemaids and "best men," and are met on the way by a minstrel or jester in party-colored garments, who is entertaining them with a wedding song, given with many gestures and grimaces. The bride and her maidens wear the queer horned head-dresses fashionable in the fifteenth century. The trees are just tossing out their first feathery blossoms, and flowers dot the grass of the meadows through which the bridal procession passes. In the border a shepherd is leading forth his flock of sheep and goats to browse on the hills.

In September the heat of summer has reached its climax, and has ripened the purple and amber grapes, and the rich mellow light is shining over the vineyards belonging to some great lord, as the sturdy peasants and the white-capped *paysannes* are painfully stooping to gather the rich clusters. A *charrette*, loaded with its juicy freight, is slowly moving off, drawn by red and white oxen. But the same hot sun that has ripened the golden and purple fruit in the vineyards, has sent the blood bounding more fiercely through the veins of the master, who, in accordance with the laws of the learned physicians of his time, feels it as much his duty to lose a little of the abounding tide in the month of September as it is to gather his rich harvest into his barns and store-houses. So we are given a charming glimpse of the interior of a pharmacy, whither he has come to give himself into the hands of his apothecary, who has bound up his arm, and is about to apply the lancet. Just outside the apothecary's door a girl is milking a goat, perhaps that the master's cure may be completed by the warm draught, as it is another of his doctor's maxims that goat's milk is wholesome in the month of September.

After the calendar come the offices of the Church. As it would be neither possible nor desirable to describe in detail all the miniatures, only a few will be selected which are especially worthy of mention.

In Advent a miniature attributed to Memling represents David seeing the Virgin and Child in a vision "coming as in the clouds of heaven." The king is dressed with great richness in a long robe of crimson velvet, heavily embroidered with gold, edged with ermine, and with a collar of the same fur, over which is a necklace of gold. He is kneeling and adoring the apparition, and, swinging his censer, he sends up a song of praise. Bathsheba, by his side, in a costume that Mary of Burgundy might have worn, lifts her lovely face with a rapt expression of devotion, and joins in the psalm of the king. One of her maidens stands behind her, with downcast eyes, and two men of the court, with faces full of character, stand near, but turned away from the heavenly vision. At the left two men-at-arms are gazing upward with stupid wonder.

Among the pictures particularly worthy of note may be mentioned Memling's "Queen of Sheba Presenting her Offerings to Solomon," full of grace and delicate beauty, "The Circumcision," "Joseph Receiving his Brethren," "The Angel Delivering St. Peter from Prison," "The Trinity," and "The Immaculate Conception of the Virgin"—the last two exceedingly fine.

Many of these pictures are surrounded by borders, on which the artist has exhausted his ingenuity in portraying with a wonderful delicacy and skill flowers,



ST. BARBARA.

fruits, shells, insects, butterflies, birds, caterpillars, etc.

On a ground of rose-color or pale blue, lilies, wild roses, columbines, sweet-peas, pansies, daisies, honeysuckles, and many other blossoms are dropped about with a dainty grace, as if just broken from their stems and thrown carelessly down, or are fastened to the paper with pins carefully bent in and out. Over these, brilliant-hued butterflies are hovering, caterpillars and measuring-worms wind in and out among them, bright-plumaged birds are pecking at the flowers' hearts, or snails slowly drag themselves along.

For the full appreciation of these beauties it is necessary to have before the eyes the brilliancy and yet wonderful softness

and blending of the colors, the fidelity to nature, the graceful disposition of the flowers and insects, and above all, the minuteness of every patient stroke. Though only minor decorations, they are absolutely perfect in every smallest detail.

When we get among the offices for the saints, the Breviary becomes a perfect treasure-house of old legends. The much-tempted St. Anthony is surrounded by all the various monsters that never ceased to torment him throughout his earthly pilgrimage. Winged demons are clawing about his head, giving a distressed look to the mild countenance of the venerable saint. Below, in the border, the demons appear in the form of wolves and lions, striving to terrify him from the path of holiness.

St. George on a white horse is thrusting his spear into the dragon's mouth, while the Princess Cleodolinda, kneeling on one side, with arms thrown up, looks on with an expression of anxiety and distress on her countenance. St. James Major is gallantly charging, at the head of the Spanish army, against their enemies the Moors. The beautiful old legend of St. Christopher has an appropriate illustration by Memling.

The office of St. Martha, sister of Lazarus, has a charming illustration of the saint, who was "cumbered with much serving." A graceful figure in a neat and dainty kitchen, she holds a skillet in one hand, while in the other she has a book, on which she is very intent—whether a cookery book or a book of devotion there is nothing to indicate. The kettle boils merrily over the fire; the bright dishes are ranged against the wall; a cat is playing on the floor. The hearth is clean and well brushed, and the open door of the kitchen shows another room beyond, equally pleasant. St. Martha has certainly served to some purpose, for her own dress and person are as daintily attractive as the kitchen which is her kingdom.

To Memling is also ascribed the charming miniature appropriated to the office of Our Lady of the Snow. A Roman patrician of great wealth, wishing to employ his vast possessions to the honor of the Virgin, had a vision, in which the Virgin appeared to him, and told him to build a church in her honor on Mount Esquiline, in the place where he should find the plan of the temple traced out in snow fallen from heaven in the height of summer. The patrician went to the place indicated, accompanied by a procession of priests, and found the plan of the building, as he had seen it in his vision, traced out by a light fall of snow. The church thus built, and dedicated to Our Lady of the Snow, is now known as Santa Maria Maggiore, one of Rome's great basilicas.

In the miniature Our Lady of the Snow is a fragile, delicate figure, more ethereal than the Madonnas of Flemish painters are apt to be. She is clothed in a robe of pale blue, bordered with gold, and holds the Holy Child in her arms. She is seated in the midst of a meadow dotted with flowers, while in the distance may be seen the procession of priests pausing in the midst of the snow.

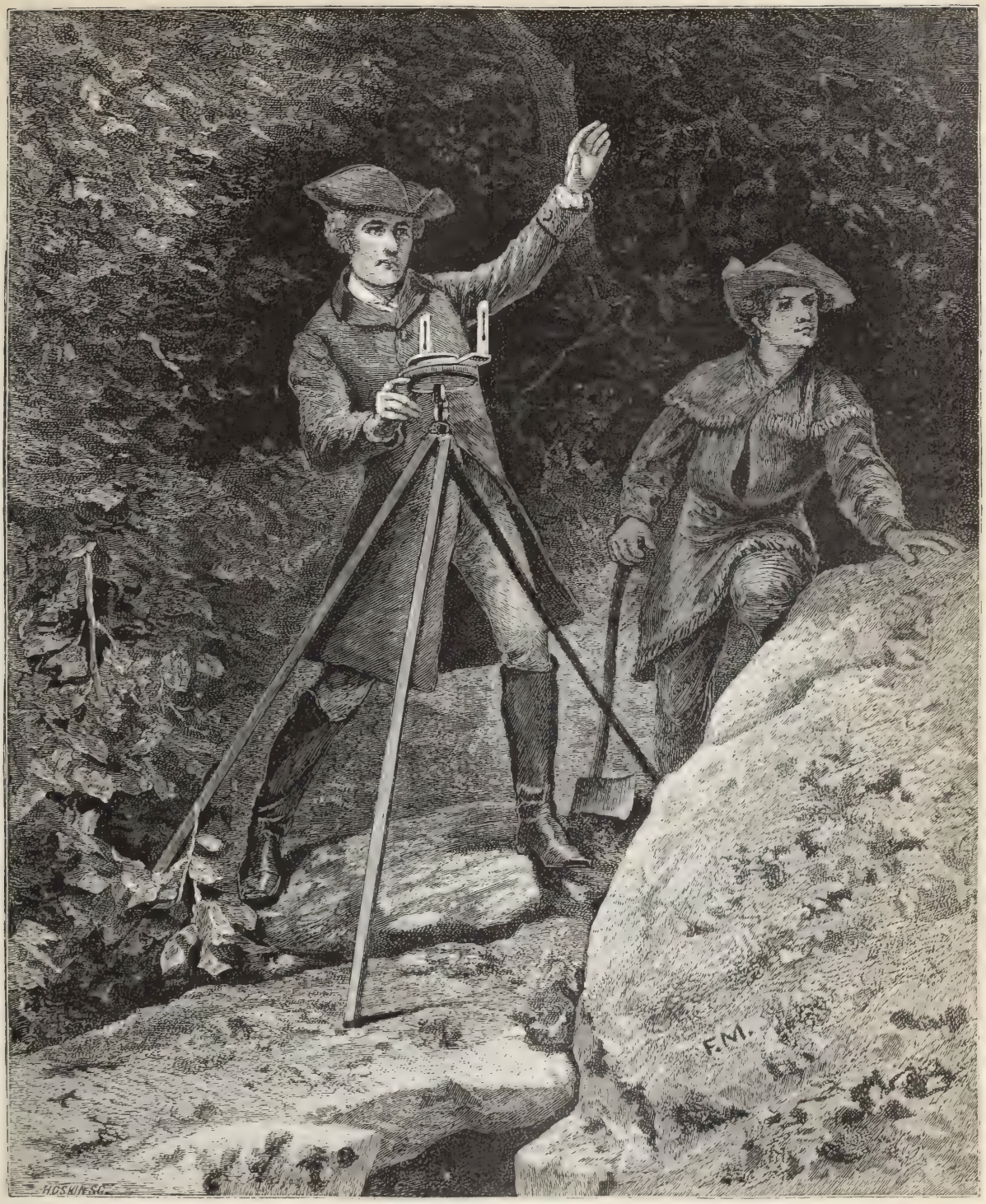
St. Jerome, in his solitude, intent on the study of the Scriptures, is a striking figure, by Memling. Though worn to emaciation by his fasting, he wears an air of lofty dignity. His dress is rich in color and texture, and at his feet lies the red hat of a cardinal.

The office of St. Luke, the "beloved physician" and legendary artist, is the occasion of another of Memling's charming miniatures. He is seated at his easel painting a picture of the Virgin, with the ox, his attribute, behind his chair. The border of this picture is especially beautiful. The gauzy wings of the dragon-fly at the bottom are marvellously painted.

St. Martin dividing his cloak with the beggar makes a pleasing illustration, and as a fitting pendant St. Elizabeth is represented on the next page giving aid to the poor. St. Cecilia, with her harp, in a flowery meadow, and St. Catherine in the midst of the doctors of Alexandria, follow.

A full page is devoted to the calm, strong figure of St. Barbara, who is seated on the ground reading. Her face is beautiful, her attitude graceful and noble. In the background her martyrdom is represented as taking place near the tower with which she is always associated.

Though there are many more pictures in the book, they are inferior to this, and St. Barbara makes a fitting close to so beautiful and noble a collection. When we have made ourselves familiar with the contents of the Breviary, we can no longer wonder that its guardians look at it as a priceless treasure, and are like dragons to those who would grasp with profane hand at their "apples of gold in pictures of silver."



WASHINGTON AS A SURVEYOR.

WASHINGTON AS A BURGHER.

THE pilgrim who leaves the nation's capital to visit the grave of Washington arrives, midway to Mount Vernon, at the quiet town of Alexandria. There he may find, if he will but blow aside the dust of a century, foot-prints of the Father of his Country that tell of his ways as he moved round about *home*. Elsewhere the great chief is on horseback, or sits high in some chair of state, lofty and removed from common men; but in Alexandria he is dismounted and afoot—a townsman and neighbor.

The town and Washington came together into active life; for it was just as he grew from childhood into youth, at his brother's home, Mount Vernon, that the neighboring hamlet of Belhaven grew into the town of Alexandria. Belhaven was a tobacco warehouse and some log-huts on the southern part of a patent owned by the great-grandchildren of one

John Alexander, who in 1669 paid six thousand pounds of tobacco for nine miles of river-shore nearly opposite what is now the District of Columbia. Just after this purchase, Washington's great-grandfather had led from the settled lands near the mouth of the Potomac a troop of militia to punish the Dogne Indians for the murder of Robert Hen, a herdsman, near what is now Mount Vernon. He became enraptured with these magnificent hills, and soon included them in a patent of seven thousand acres. Over sixty years afterward this tract descended to Lawrence Washington, George's elder brother, who married a daughter of Colonel William Fairfax, of Belvoir, the county lieutenant, and became neighbor to his father-in-law by settling at Mount Vernon. Hither came young George Washington, fresh from school. Having failed to be a midshipman, he was becoming a land surveyor—a profession not so opposite as might seem; for in mathematical methods the pursuits are identical, and the survey of a wild country is, in peril and adventure, not unlike a voyage at sea. Into Belhaven young George Washington rode every day. Tradition says that he came ten times during one week, each time upon a different horse, every one an animal that would have delighted General Grant. In those days the fine rider of a fine horse readily won his way to the popular heart. The lad had borrowed in turn all the best horses of the country-side, and he managed each with such skill and grace that thereafter his future was made in the village.

The family circle at Belvoir and Mount Vernon included, besides the visitor, Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, Colonel William Fairfax, his son George William Fairfax, his sons-in-law Lawrence Washington and John Carlyle, and William Ramsay, a cousin of the Washingtons. These gentlemen united with the Alexanders, who owned the Belhaven land, and some village traders, and established a town at Belhaven warehouse, designed as a practical matter to make money, and as a matter of taste to honor at the same time the royal family of England and the Fairfax family of America. The new town took shape with its streets at right angles. One centre street, Cameron, flanked south by King, Prince, and Duke streets, and north by Queen, Princess, and Duchess streets, and these streets crossed by another centre street, Fairfax, flanked by Royal Street on one side and the river on the other. Anxious as the young surveyor George Washington was to perfect himself in his art, it is impossible to believe that this plan was made by his relatives and friends without his familiarity.

The lots of the new town were sold on the 13th of July, 1749. Among the purchasers were Lawrence Washington, John Carlyle, Adam Stephen, afterward a subaltern under Braddock, and one of Washington's generals in the Revolutionary army, and John Champe, father of Sergeant-major Champe, of Lee's legion, who feigned desertion in the hope of capturing the traitor Arnold. The bids were made in Spanish pistoles. The lots, one-quarter acre each, sold at from $15 to $250 each. Young Washington had no money to spare to buy town lots; but he owned some land opposite Fredericksburg, and was already earning a doubloon a day by surveying the wild lands of Lord Fairfax. Almost as soon as this survey was completed, he was commissioned major in the Colonial militia, and appointed adjutant of the frontier district, with head-quarters at Alexandria. From this centre he organized the militia of the frontier counties, selected drill-masters for the officers, attended and regulated musters, and on this limited field first developed that mastery of detail and talent for organization which, twenty-five years later, organized on Boston heights a crude militia into a Continental army. There lingers yet in the traditions of the town the dim figure of a tall, wiry, sunburned young man, always on horseback, of "bitter" will, and yet of great popularity; not a personal magnetism that attracted individual men, but a dominating power that won men in mass by giving every one assurance of safety under his lead.

He took, it is said, much interest in the wells then being dug, and predicted that mines of iron would be found near the town—a prediction never verified.

The new town attracted a number of Scotch merchants, and grew apace. In the tide came many of the soldiers of Royal Charlie, who had been overborne when "the clans of Culloden were scattered in flight." Washington found some of these immigrants most useful in shaping into service the colonial rangers and militia of the frontier; and when he re-

turned to Alexandria, after his perilous mission across the wilderness to deliver Governor Dinwiddie's message to the French commander at Fort Duquesne, he



AN ALEXANDRIAN WATCHMAN.

gathered into the military service all these Jacobite soldiers that he could find.

Under the training of these soldiers the town was kept busy, and very soon its grassy streets were made bare, as day by day they felt the slovenly gait of raw recruits changed into the measured tread of trained soldiers. Washington's quartermaster's department gave him the most trouble. Governor Dinwiddie's favorite contractors defied him. The army frauds of the late war seem to have been only colossal growths of germs like those that then grew up in the path of the young commander. Shoes and hats cost the soldiers treble their value.

On the 2d of April, 1754, Alexandria's little army of one hundred and fifty men made a dress parade at the Market Square, and then, with Washington (just twenty-two) at their head, marched off into the wilderness, with their faces turned toward the Ohio River. In August the remnant came back from the campaign. They had been forced to capitulate to the French at Fort Necessity on the previous 4th of July, but had marched out with the honors of war. They went into barracks at the new court-house, in the market, for the growing village had just been fixed upon as the county seat of Fairfax County. The "coats of sleazy cloth, and waistcoats of

indifferent flannel," of which Washington complained, may well stand as an early definition of modern "shoddy." Provisions were abundant, but store-houses few, and he advised that the overplus be sent to the West Indies, and exchanged for rum, which could be re-exchanged for military equipments and clothing.

While Washington rested, awaiting orders, in Alexandria, after this campaign, an election for a Fairfax County delegate to the House of Burgesses took place. Of course Washington supported his friend George William Fairfax. The opposing candidate was Colonel Elzey. How Washington's partisanship led to an encounter with wiry little Payne, who knocked him down on the market square; how an election riot was imminent; how the troops rushed from their barracks in the court-house, and might have furnished an early example of the necessity or of the danger of "troops at the polls," had not Washington calmed them; how he did not challenge Colonel Payne, as expected, but invited the colonel to take a glass of wine with him—a proceeding which, if the wine then was as full of drugs as it is now, was far more dangerous to both parties than the ordinary duel—all this has been told by that delightful gossip Parson Weems. Washington was not then twenty-three, and his conduct in this matter shows how solid was the nobility of his character. When he declined a resort to the "code" he was still under the cloud of having surrendered Fort Necessity, his reputation was suffering unfavorable comment from the only newspaper in the colony, and forces like those which in the Conway-Gates cabal subsequently sought to ruin him were at work. That, under these surroundings, he did not—that he never did, at any period of his life—deem such a resort necessary, ought long ago to have banished this remnant of barbarism from the customs of his native State.

The cabals against him were successful. Soon news came that filled the town with rage. Sixteen new companies were to be raised, but the regimental organization was to be abolished, and Colonel Washington would be compelled to go down to a captain's rank, and serve perhaps under his own subalterns. Traditions of the indignation of the town are still current. The first strands of loyalty snapped. Washington, who had spent many days, as he expressed it, "slaving dangerously for a shadow of pay through rocks, woods, and mountains," resigned at once, and when he was urged to continue in service with his full commission, he replied, sharply, "If you think me capable of holding a commission which has neither rank nor emolument, you must believe me more empty than the commission itself." This was probably the most trying period of Washington's life.

Braddock brought Washington from retirement. By tendering him a position as aide-de-camp, all questions of rank were waived. On the 3d of April, 1755, Commodore Keppel's frigates, the *Nightingale* and the *Sea-Horse*, with sixteen transports, landed the Forty-fourth and Forty-eighth British regiments at Alexandria. Both regiments wore the red coats that afterward became so hateful to American eyes, but the facings of the Forty-fourth were yellow, and those of the Forty-eighth buff. Spontoons were carried as well as swords by the minor officers; but Braddock directed that these antique weapons be left behind in store at Alexandria, and muskets taken instead. The spontoons remained in town, and were carried instead of billies by the town watchmen until the summer of 1861, when the provost guard of a Michigan regiment ordered the watchmen to go home and watch no more until the Union should be restored. Again were the spontoons superseded by muskets, and they have never come into use since. Washington was ill of chills and fever when Braddock reached Alexandria. He sent his "compliments and excuses," and Braddock, in reply, regretted his illness, and gave him liberty to join the expedition whenever his convenience permitted. He did not join until some weeks afterward. As soon as Braddock arrived he accepted the hospitalities of Colonel John Carlyle, and made head-quarters at Carlyle's house, built two years before of Portland stone brought from the Isle of Wight by vessels coming to Alexandria for tobacco, just as General Butler has recently built his mansion on Capitol Hill of stone brought as ballast from New England by vessels coming for coal.

The half-built town became for a while the metropolis of the British empire in America. Soldiers and statesmen flocked in; expresses came and went; artisans were



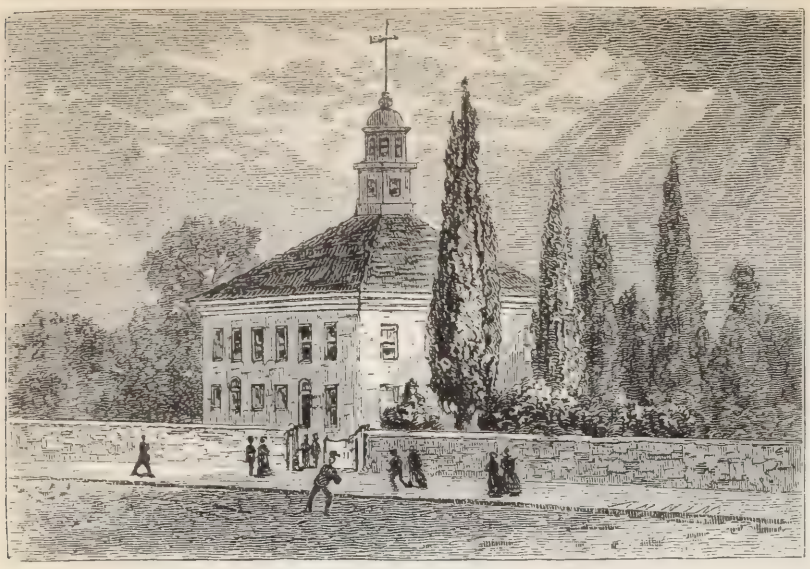
BRADDOCK'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

busy; clerks and commissaries hurried; teamsters shouted; soldiers rejoiced in unlimited tobacco, and got drunk on superabundant West Indian rum, under pretense that the water of the town made them sick; Horatio Gates came to tender two New York companies; Richard Henry Lee led a county troop; Hugh Mercer, one of Royal Charlie's surgeons, with Fredericksburg volunteers; Andrew Lewis, from the wilderness, with a retinue of Indians and half-breeds; Benjamin Franklin, deputy postmaster, to give mail facilities to the army; Daniel Morgan, with his wagon, from Occoquan, eager to turn a penny as teamster; Gage, one of Braddock's lieutenant-colonels; and the fierce hussar Sir John Sinclair, who had frightened West Pennsylvania with his threats, and made a plan to blow up the falls of the Potomac that Braddock might have water transportation to the mountains—all these and many more were there.

Scarcely notable were these, for royal Governors came in state to hold conference with Braddock. These were Shirley, of Massachusetts, Delancey, of New York, Morris, of Pennsylvania, Dinwiddie, of Virginia, and Sharpe, of Maryland.

On the 14th of April, 1755, the CONGRESS OF ALEXANDRIA opened in the stone mansion. At the court-house and market opposite, the colonists were making ready to shed their blood for the crown. Behind it the Potomac sparkled in the sun, and from the windows of their council-room the Governors could see, far over the shining waters, the hill-top now crowned by the Capitol. Commodore Keppel assisted at the Congress. Mr. Shirley was its Secretary. The Congress arranged with Braddock the plan of the campaign. It did more. In secret session, "in confidence not to be divulged," it resolved that, "having found it impracticable to obtain in their respective governments the proportion expected by his Majesty toward defraying the expenses of his service in North America, they were unanimously of the opinion that it should be proposed to his Majesty's ministers to find out some method to *compel* them to do it."

This was the resolution of strangers in Alexandria in 1755; but when the policy became public, the Alexandrians met at the court-house, which faced the stone



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA.

mansion, in July, 1774, with George Washington in the chair, and resolved:

"That there is nothing to warrant the belief that the colonies will not contribute to the expenses of defending the empire.

"That taxation and representation are in their nature inseparable."

Braddock's stay in Alexandria did not increase loyalty. His troops nicknamed the Virginia rangers, in derision at the scanty coats which Dinwiddie had given them, "Bobtails;" but a ranger's rifle had not misspent an ounce of lead in five years, and there was not a musket in Braddock's army that would not have been ten times weighed down by the bullets it had wasted. The records of only one Alexandria court-martial is left. It is short but ferocious: "Court-martial. Alexandria. Lieut. Col. Gage, President. The prisoner sentenced to one thousand lashes, but part of the punishment remitted." No name is given. Daniel Morgan was whipped during this expedition, and his stripes never healed. It may have been he.

On the 20th of April Braddock left Alexandria. On the 9th of July he fell. Washington filled the mountain passes with troops, and kept off the French and Indians from the town that trembled and grew. When the French power in Virginia was broken, he married, and "society" was chagrined at its early experiences of his married life. Parson Weems tells us that "Alexandria, though small, was lovely, but had no charms for the palate. By tobacco its neighbors had made money. They then began to look down on the poorer sort, and to talk about families. Of course such great people could not run market carts. Hence the Belhavenites often sat down to a dinner of salt meat and johnny-cake. But when Washington brought the wealthy widow Custis to Mount Vernon, a market cart was constructed, and twice a week sent to Belhaven with fat things that amazed the lean market. Country gentlemen dining in town wondered at the change of fare, and thus it was discovered, to the mortification of some of the little great ones, that Colonel Washington ran a market cart." "Society" then, if proud, was often plain; for Washington writes in his



STANDARD WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.



WASHINGTON'S TOWN OFFICE.

diary of a ball in Alexandria in 1760 where pocket-handkerchiefs served as table-cloths, and bread and butter with tea, "which the drinkers could not distinguish from hot water sweetened," made the bill of fare, and in his disgust he writes it down "a bread-and-butter ball."

Washington until 1766 held no town office, but was often active in municipal concerns. He subscribed to the cost and supervised the putting down of the first public pump—an improvement on one that Braddock had brought. He suggested improvements in the market arrangements, and in 1765 insisted upon the modern way of selling grain by weight. He fixed fifty-eight pounds to the bushel as the standard of wheat, and more than once demanded that all the weights and measures of the dealers should be tested by the standards brought from London in 1745, and which are still used as the market standards of the town.

On the 16th of December, 1766, Colonel Washington became a member of the town council. The record reads:

"The trustees proceeded to appoint a trustee in the Room of Geo. Johnson, deceased, and have unanimously chosen George Washington, Esq., trustee for the town aforesaid."

The new trustee busied himself more with active operations outside the council than by legislative measures within it; for the record-book shows no motion made by him, and as the yeas and nays are not recorded, his votes will never be known.

Washington bought at a "town sale," in 1763, two corner lots on Pitt Street—one on Prince and the other on Cameron Street. He gave £30 for the former, and in 1790 was receiving $300 per annum ground-rent from it. Upon the latter he built his town office, where he transacted his business and met his friends. It was a town "annex" to Mount Vernon. When Dunmore was making his raids on the Potomac, Washington proposed building an addition, and removing the family from Mount Vernon to Alexandria; but this was never done. The house stood until shortly before the late war.

Washington's religion was of a kind that did good to his neighbor. He was vestryman of the parish which included Alexandria, and saw Christ Church built in 1767–73, and worshipped there. The Presbyterians soon followed the church-building example, and in 1774 built a church on Fairfax Street near Wolfe. Washington contributed to the new church, occasionally attended its worship, and offered to educate his young cousin William Ramsay for the Presbyterian ministry. The Presbyterians at first held their services under a license from the county court, by which it was required



WASHINGTON SCHOOL.

Academy in the town of Alexandria I give in trust $4000, or, in other words, twenty of the shares which I hold in the Bank of Alexandria, toward the support of a free school."

The academy was afterward transferred to a new school-house on an adjoining lot, and is now the head of the city public-school system, under the title of the Washington School.

Toward the close of 1767 occurred the most notable criminal trial that has ever taken place in the town. A number of negro slaves, becoming incensed against their overseers, poisoned them. Eight of the negroes were convicted, and early in 1768 they were hung in chains in the old fields, not far from where Christ Church now stands. The creaking of the gibbets and the rattle and clank of the chains as the bodies swung to and fro in the winter-night winds long lingered in the traditions of the town—a tale of horror that by the big wood fires of after-winters old gossips told to half-frightened lads crouched in the chimney-corners. After the bodies had hung some time they were decapitated; the heads were placed on long pikes, and attached

that during their meetings the doors should be "kept unlocked, unbarred, and unbolted." The first Methodist church was a sail-loft on the river-side. From 1739 Belhaven had a school, and in 1759 a school-house was built by lottery in the market square. After the Revolution the school was removed to a new academy building near the corner of Washington and Wolfe streets. Washington added a free department "for the sons of widows" to the academy, and during his life paid £50 per annum to its support. In his will he made the foundation perpetual by this provision: "To the trustees of the



STOCKS, PILLORY, AND JAIL, IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

to the chimneys of the court-house and the jail. Long the ghastly skulls remained there. At first the crows pecked at them, and then the martins came and built their nests within. The punishment was noised abroad, and attracted newspaper mention in London.

In 1774 the Friendship Fire Company, which still exists, was organized. It at first consisted of citizens who, out of "mutual friendship," agreed to carry to every fire "two leathern buckets and one great bag of oznaburg or wider linnen." Washington was made an honorary member, and when he went as a delegate to the Congress of 1774, at Philadelphia, he examined the fire-engines in use there. On his return to Philadelphia to the Continental Congress in 1775, he bought from one Gibbs a small fourth-class engine for £80 10*s.*, and just before he set out for Boston heights to become commander-in-chief he dispatched this little engine to the Friendship Company. When in Alexandria during his younger days he always attended at fires, and assisted to extinguish them. In the last year of his life a fire occurred near the market. He was riding down King Street, followed by his servant, also on horseback, and he saw the Friendship engine poorly manned. Riding up to a group of well-dressed gentlemen near by, he called out: "Why are you idle there, gentlemen? It is your business to lead in these matters." And throwing the bridle of his horse to his



CHRIST CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA.



WASHINGTON AS A FIREMAN.

servant, he leaped off and seized the brakes, followed by a crowd that gave the engine such a "shaking up" as it never knew afterward.

From 1754, when Washington was ousted of his command, Alexandria was never thoroughly loyal. Braddock's arrogance had excited hatred, and his inefficiency doubt of British power; and the colonists thereabouts had come to believe that one backwoodsman was a match for three redcoats. After the Stamp Act and the later difficulties, the loyalty of the neighborhood was confined to the Fairfax family and the parsons. Alexandria's representative in the House of Burgesses, George Johnson, had seconded Patrick Henry's resolutions in Stamp Act days. The Fairfaxes were upright and true men. Washington's esteem is their eulogy. But they were unpopular. George William Fairfax left for England in 1773, and Bryan Fairfax became the family leader. Early in 1774 it was evident that the crown was resolved upon the coercion urged by Braddock's Congress. At June court the town and county met to prepare for peril. That meeting adjourned until July court, after selecting Washington as head of a committee to prepare a platform on which all might stand. The Tories saw everything against them. Bryan Fairfax wrote, "There is scarcely any in Alexandria of my opinion." They urged delay. Washington still believed that the Fairfaxes would come over to the popular side, and in Christ Church yard, on Sunday, the 3d of July, he expressed a preference for Bryan Fairfax as his colleague in the convention over Colonel Broadwater; but when the meeting came at court, on the 18th of July, all felt that the time for two parties had gone by, as patriots were all of one mind. Mr. Fairfax did not attend, and no heed was paid to a letter which he had written. George Washington took the chair. Robert Harrison was named secretary. The resolutions were read and adopted, and so far as Alexandria could begin it, the American Revolution was begun.

The resolutions declared that "while we are willing to be united with Great Britain as its subjects, we will use every means God hath given us to prevent our becoming its slaves; that even if Boston

is forced to submit, we will not; that we will assist Boston to the fullest extent of our power; that we are willing to help to pay the East India Company for the tea thrown overboard; that the tea sent over should be stored until money can be raised to pay for it, and should then be burned; that all disputes between the colonies should be hushed; and that gentlemen should set an example of frugal living, and be liberal."

Next month Washington left for the convention at Philadelphia. While there he obtained equipments for the Alexandria volunteer company that had been organized in the shadow of coming events. He returned again to Philadelphia in the spring of 1775 as a delegate to the Continental Congress.

When he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Continental forces, he communicated his appointment to the Alexandria "Blues," as the company of which he was honorary captain was called. He wrote to them on the 20th of June, 1775, "I have only to beg you before I go (especially as you did me the honor to put your companies under my direction, and know not how soon you may be called upon in Virginia for an exertion of your military skill) by no means to relax in the discipline of your respective companies." To this a deputation replied. After congratulating the country upon having secured his services, they say, "We are to inform you, Sir, by desire of the company, that if at any time you shall judge it expedient for them to join the troops at Cambridge, or march elsewhere, they will cheerfully do it."

Washington was thenceforward absent in the army many long years; but the "Blues" were reorganized after the Revolution, and to them, near the close of his life, he issued his last military order from the steps of the City Hotel.

The British never reached Alexandria. General Gage, who, from his command under Braddock, was familiar with the localities upon which he proposed to act, urged early in the war that Braddock's route should be reversed, and a force of Tories and Indians assembled at Pittsburgh and marched upon the rear of Alexandria, while Governor Dunmore, with his levies of Tories and negroes, assisted by a naval force on the Potomac, should attack the town upon the other side. In the event of its fall, which he deemed certain, he proposed to fortify it and cut off the North from the South. With Washington's own home the stronghold of the crown, he thought that the subjugation of the disaffected would be easy. The British authorities, however, were very anxious not to make war upon Washington personally. They hoped almost until the end of the war to enter into personal negotiations with him that would save the colonies to the crown. It was not until he hung Major André that this baseless hope was entirely dispelled. Alarms in town were not, however, unfrequent. Once, in 1776, three British armed vessels came within a few miles of the town. The townsmen were mustered in the market square by Colonel John Fitzgerald, an aide to Washington, and afterward mayor of the town. Not half of them had guns, and there was less ammunition than at Bunker Hill. "Await orders," said Fitzgerald, and hastened to a small stone fort built upon a point which, like the Battery at New York, extends below the town, and was mounted with heavy guns that Braddock had left. Some of these guns remain planted as posts in the town streets. This fort was manned by the Alexandria artillerists, ready to make a vigorous fight. Soon after Fitzgerald left the market the ships fired a few shots toward the town, and the militia commander struck the flag at the market. A shot from the fort warned the ships, and they put about and sailed down stream. Fitzgerald then hurried in wrath to the market, and gave the commander a sound whipping.

Alexandria was made the site of a general hospital. Here the Continental recruits from the South stopped to be inoculated. Many houses became hospitals. The royalists of the neighborhood omitted no opportunity to make the town a terror to country folk, and to deplore the rebellion which brought such evils. Young Sally Fairfax writes, in October, 1777, to her father, Rev. Bryan Fairfax, Washington's Tory friend, "Mamma will not be able to go to Alexandria again this winter; there is always a regiment of soldiers there a'most to be inoculated, and the infection is never out of the town." General Washington was fully sensible of the danger to which his family at Mount Vernon were exposed in consequence of the constant communication with Alexandria, and his known anxiety was used to give



REVOLUTIONARY HOSPITAL.

a verisimilitude to the forged letters which the British published as from his pen.

Washington returned from the war at Christmas, 1783. He had ceased to be a town official, for the trustee board had been succeeded by a mayor and commonalty. Richard Conway, the mayor, met him with an address. Thenceforth he never left home on a public mission that kindly official addresses were not exchanged with the mayor and commonalty. As soon as Washington had time to look at town affairs, he discovered that the lack of avenues of internal trade, and the competition of the low Maryland tariff at Georgetown, were crippling Alexandria. These two obstructions he at once undertook to remove. He secured the organization of the Potomac Company, which built locks around the Potomac Falls, and is now merged into the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company. To avoid the discrimination which the lower duties at Georgetown made against Alexandria, he led the way to the appointment of commissioners from the two States to settle inter-State difficulties. These commissioners, George Mason and Alexander Henderson, of Virginia, and Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer, Thomas Stone, and Samuel Chase, of Maryland, met at Alexandria in March, 1785. They agreed to a uniform tariff, to be supported by a naval force in the Chesapeake. This was thought to involve the rights of Pennsylvania and Delaware, whose waters emptied into Chesapeake Bay, and a further conference was invited at Annapolis. Here the delegates discovered the need of "a more perfect union," and they called the great National Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia in 1787. Alexandria thus claims to be the cradle of the Constitution.

Meanwhile commercial needs required the filling up of a shallow cove in front of the harbor, and soon after Washington returned from the war the hill-top streets were graded to a lower level, and the earth used to fill up the cove. The *Drunkard's Looking-Glass* tells that some Alexandrians on a spree, while this work was progressing, took the carts that were at rest on the river-side, and ran them into the river at low tide, and then took the ladders that furnished temporary access to house doors, and threw them into the wells. There was early falling as well as early rising next morning, for the first comer to the door generally pitched out; the ropes broke in the clogged wells, and no water could be drawn; the high tide covered the carts in the river, and the cartmen swore that the devil had made away with their carts. A town so worried and bewildered might well set its parson wondering, with Shakspeare, "that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains." The description of this affair often excited Washington's laughter.

Washington voted at all the Fairfax elections until the close of his life, uniformly supporting the Federal candidates. Although living some distance from the court-house at the Alexandria market, he generally voted early. The polls were reached by a flight of steps outside, which in 1799 had become old and shaky. When the General reached the steps, he placed one foot upon them, and shook the crazy ascent as if to try its strength. Instantly twenty brawny arms, one above the other, grasped the stairway, and a dozen men's shoulders braced it. Nor did a man move until the venerable chief deposited his vote and returned. "I saw his last bow," said one of them half a century afterward; "it was more than kingly."

When the call of the nation in 1789 withdrew Washington from his local as-

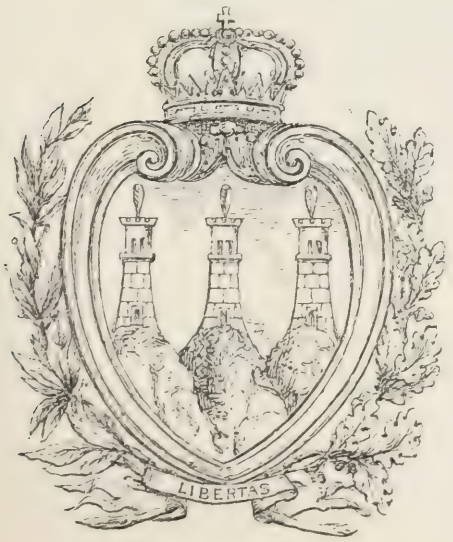
sociations, joy and sorrow mingled in the emotions of the towns-people. When he bade them farewell, on the 16th of April, a cavalcade followed him to the river-side, and the mayor presented him an address, in which, after congratulating a government that could obtain him for its head, they conclude by deploring their own loss, saying: "Themes less splendid but more endearing impress our minds. The first and best of our citizens must leave us. Our aged must lose their ornament, our youth their model, our agriculture its improver, our infant academy its patron, our poor their benefactor, and the interior navigation of the Potomac—an event replete with utility, already brought by your unremitted care into partial use—its institutor and promoter."

Again, for eight years, was Washington absent. When he returned, he mingled as before with the towns-people. Affection had ripened into reverence.

The last days came. The eighteenth century drew to its close. No man in Alexandria dreamed that Washington would not see the dawn of the nineteenth. On Thursday, the 12th of December, he was in town, erect and strong, with the promise of years yet to come. On Saturday morning it was noised that the General was ill, and that Dr. Craik had been sent for. On Saturday night it was known that the patient was worse, and that Craik had sent for two other town physicians, Doctors Brown and Dick, for consultation. On Sunday morning the bells were ringing for church, when the news came, WASHINGTON IS DEAD! The bell-ringing ceased for a few minutes, and then began to toll, and tolled night and day until the great townsman was buried. When one bell-ringer grew tired, another plied the rope, and with sounds of mourning the town was filled from Monday until Wednesday.

When the last rites were celebrated, Alexandria volunteers made up the military cortége, Alexandria artillerists fired the parting salute, Alexandria Freemasons dropped the acacia in his grave, and the only official body of mourners at his funeral was the Mayor and Common Council of Alexandria. The Washington National Monument midway its ascent contains a stone inscribed, "From the people of Alexandria, the descendants of the friends and neighbors of Washington."

A VISIT TO THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO.



COAT OF ARMS, SAN MARINO.

IT was late in the afternoon of Saturday, the 9th day of February, 1873, that with two of my daughters I drove up to the Hotel Aquila d' Oro in the venerable city of Rimini.

My purpose in taking this unusual route to Southern Italy, along the shores of the Adriatic, was to visit what claims to be the oldest as well as the smallest republic in the world, to which Rimini is the nearest railway station.

La Republica di San Marino, the roots of whose history run down to the days of Charlemagne, lies about twelve miles southwest from Rimini, and about four from the shores of the Adriatic. After securing our rooms and some dinner we bespoke a carriage, and at half past nine o'clock the following morning were on our way.

As the power and consequence of a nation depend very largely upon its means of intercourse with other nations, it is proper that I note some of our experiences on the journey, for the road we travelled was the only one by which the capital of the republic can be entered with a carriage, or indeed in any other way, and it is a crime, as I afterward learned, to attempt an entrance by any other.

The morning was soft and fresh, but not cold, the sky was clear, and by half past ten the picturesque heights of the



REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO.

capital of San Marino stood before us in bold relief against the light blue sky.

The sun as it rose soon became so warm that I was obliged to lay aside my overcoat and protect my head with an umbrella. After travelling about ten miles we crossed a river—so our driver styled it, though it was scant four feet wide—separating the republic from the rest of Italy. It was spanned by a bridge of masonry, in the centre of which was a stone which defined the northern boundary of the republic.

In another half hour we were driving through the village of Serravalle, consisting of two or three dozen houses, which, however, at this time must have been quite empty, for all the population in Italian cities at this season of the year, especially when the sun shines, will be found in the streets, not walking, but simply basking. Their interest in us and our equipage showed that it took very little to amuse them.

The words "Caffè Repubblicano," which stared down upon us from a sign on the wall of one of the houses, compelled us to felicitate ourselves that we were travelling once more upon republican soil.

The land around Serravalle, and all that we traversed on our journey, seemed rich, and the tillage pretty thorough. All the

lots of the different proprietors were usually separated or intersected at convenient distances by rows of trees about 200 feet apart, which always supported vines if the exposure was favorable to the sweetening of the grape. To my inquiry why they did not plant fruit trees instead of forest trees to support their vines, the driver rather startled me by saying that the yearly crop of fagots taken from these trees was more valuable, for fuel, than any crop of fruit that could be grown. We had unexpectedly stumbled upon one of the grave inconveniences of a country that produces no coal. If the average Italian would have his dinner cooked, he must dispense with fruit.

I incontinently fell to debating with myself whether I would be willing to exchange the coal beds of Pennsylvania for the Italian sun—the solar heat canned by Providence in unlimited quantities of carbon that warms in winter as well as summer, and by night as well as by day, all the year round, for the rays of the sun, which, though fresh and grateful, never are supplied in sufficient quantities at any one point to boil a tea-kettle. I do not remember what conclusions I reached, except that the blessings of Providence are pretty evenly and pretty equitably distributed over the earth; in other words, that "in countries where honey can not be made, the people are never stung by bees."

The crops most relied upon along our route seemed to be wheat, fagots, wine, and oil; the latter two articles were better than one usually finds in Western Italy.

The sun at length began to veil the landscape with fogs, and hide our Pisgah from the outer world. We saw no more of it till we reached it. The grade of our road since leaving Serravalle had been steadily growing heavier, and in about half an hour from there we exchanged our horses for a yoke of oxen. As our objective point was over 2600 feet above the level of the Adriatic, and as that grade was to be overcome in a distance of about four miles, and by oxen that evidently had got to earn their breakfast before they would eat it, it is needless to say that for the rest of the journey we moved very slowly. At about twelve we were obliged to take on a second yoke of oxen, and, even with this re-enforcement, to stop every five or ten minutes to let the poor beasts breathe. At half past twelve we reached Il Borgo di San Marino—a small village at the base of the lofty rocks which rise almost perpendicularly, like the Palisades of the Hudson, and on the summit of which lies the city of San Marino.

Il Borgo consisted of a cluster of houses intersected by one or two narrow streets, with a population of about 500 people. While the carriage held on its winding way, I passed on foot through an open court or market-place, where half a dozen women were trying to sell a few oranges and vegetables. The whole of their stock, it seemed to me, would have been well sold at twenty francs.

But that I may do no injustice to the second city of the republic, let me mention that Il Borgo has a theatre, upon the doors of which was posted a written notice, of which the following is a translation:

CONCORD THEATRE.
This day
At eight in the evening a public Ball.
Every one is prohibited entering
the Ball-room
Who is *not decently dressed.*
(Signed) THE DIRECTION.

It was re-assuring to find that, with all their pretensions to republican freedom, the people of Il Borgo were not disposed to permit liberty in matters of the toilet to degenerate into license.

We now quitted the tillable country, and followed the way, which went winding around the vast crag like the thread of a screw toward its head, until finally we reached the only point from which the capital was accessible, and on the side opposite to that from which we had entered the territory of the republic. Here we met a heavy archway and gate, which guarded the entrance to the town, and where, as we were then informed, ox transportation terminated.

Our approach had been foreseen by a guide, whose services, under the advice of our driver, we thought it wise to secure. We asked him to conduct us at once to some place where we could rest a little and procure some refreshments. While discussing some bread, cheese, Bologna sausage, and a bottle of most excellent San Marino wine, and obeying a suggestion I had received from our publican in Rimini, I sent my card to the Capitano Reggente, as their President is called, and directed the guide to present my compliments, and ascertain if it would be agree-

able to his Excellency to receive me and my companions, and if so, at what hour.

Our guide soon returned, and informed us that the Captain-Regent would be pleased to see us in half an hour. At the expiration of that time we sallied forth, stopping on our way to look at a modern temple of some pretension, over the façade of which in conspicuous letters was the following inscription: "Divo Marino patrono et libertatis autore."

I entered the temple at a later hour of the day, but found nothing in it of interest except two large seats near the altar for the two Captains-Regent, and a fine marble statue of San Marino, the Columbus of their country, who, as the tradition goes, wishing to give himself up to the austerities of a hermit life, found a congenial asylum on the summit of these rocks, and by his piety and pretended miracles drew round him a society to which they gave his name.

The summit of the mountain on which we stood was not a plateau, but a succession of crags. As a consequence our path lay most of the time up and down stairs, or through narrow passages which could not be called streets, for they were neither graded nor even laid out by the hand of man. Of course no beasts of burden ever enter the gate.

Difficult as we found the way, however, we were not long in reaching the palazzo, which was a plain stone building, with nothing in the exterior to distinguish it from the other houses, except that it had a little more open space on the side facing the street than most other houses enjoyed.

On our arrival we were ushered by a man in livery into a reception-room about fifteen by eighteen feet, the walls of which were decorated with paintings of some of the more illustrious friends and citizens of the republic, among which full-length portraits of the late Emperor and Empress of the French were most conspicuous.

By the time our curiosity about the room and its contents was fully satisfied, the servant in livery who had received us, the guide who had conducted us, and a man I had met at the hotel and took for a waiter, but who seemed now to be a part of the Executive household, entered in a somewhat excited way, and announced to us, in a tone that would have rung from one end of the Tuileries to the other: "Vien il Capitano Reggente"—"the Captain-Regent is coming." Then forming a line one deep and three in length, they proceeded to look as much as they could like a regiment presenting arms to their sovereign.

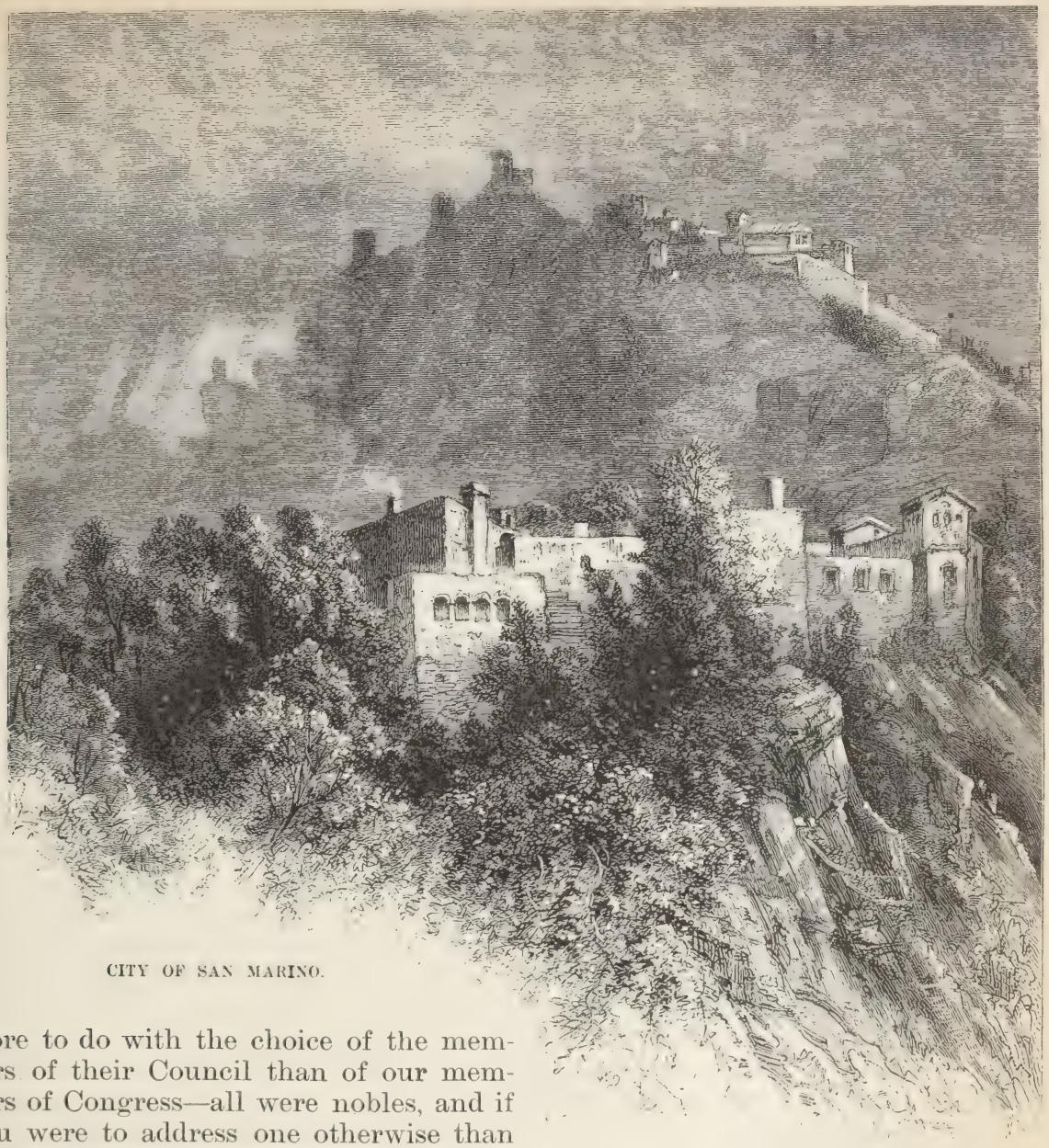
Another minute of anxious suspense, and a young man—it was the Captain-Regent—entered the door and passed through into the adjoining room. He was followed by an elderly gentleman, who bowed to us as he passed, and beckoned us to follow. We joined him, and passed in. The young gentleman put out his hand to me, and seating himself in an arm-chair that stood behind a table at one end of the room, requested me to occupy the chair on his left; while to my companions seats were assigned on his right. While moving to our respective places I explained to the Captain-Regent my reasons for wishing to pay him my respects and his country a visit. He politely acknowledged my attention, and then presented to me the elderly gentleman who accompanied him, and who seemed to be his Minister of Foreign Affairs *de facto*, with whom most of our subsequent conversation was held.

The Captain-Regent had a handsome, intelligent face, and fine figure of medium height. His hair was dark, and parted in the middle—a practice, however, which had not prevented his reaching the highest office in the gift of his country at the comparatively immature age of twenty-eight years. He was dressed in fresh linen and a black frock-coat and pantaloons.

As I had come a long way, and had but a short time to stay, I wasted no time on fruitless formalities.

The first great fact disclosed was that the empire of Tiberius Cæsar, or of the Czar Nicholas, or of Sultan Mahmoud, was quite as much of a republic in every sense as la Republica di San Marino is or ever has been.

The republic proper stretches over a territory seventeen miles long and about half that width, and has a population, all told, of about 6000 people, the capital, where we were, having about 900 of them. They are governed by a Council of Sixty, which is a close corporation nominally composed of twenty princes, twenty of the middle class, and twenty of the peasant class, but in point of fact, as I afterward learned—and, indeed, as might be inferred from the fact that they themselves filled all vacancies, and the people had no



CITY OF SAN MARINO.

more to do with the choice of the members of their Council than of our members of Congress—all were nobles, and if you were to address one otherwise than as "nobilissimo," you had better not have addressed him at all. I gathered that the real distinction was that twenty were taken from the landed gentry, twenty from the town gentry, and twenty promiscuously from any part of the territory.

This Council, independent of all human control from above or below, elects two executive officers, who are called Captains-Regent; it designates all executive committees, imposes taxes—in fact, conducts the government.

When I asked if the people had no elective franchise of any sort, the Count B—— said, "No, none;" but they may respectfully address the Captain-Regent by petition.

If I had known him better I should probably have taken the liberty of saying to the prince that the privileges of the people of San Marino reminded me of those which the Minister Calonne proposed to yield to the Assembly of Notables near the close of the last century, and which were cunningly caricatured by the picture of a ministerial orator addressing a flock of turkeys as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have called you together to ask you with what sauce you would prefer to be eaten."

"But we do not wish to be eaten," was the ungracious reply of the honorable birds of freedom in Congress assembled.

"You dodge the question," was the retort of the imperturbable minister.

The government of this so-called republic, therefore, is simply a close corporation vested with indeterminable power to fill all vacancies occasioned by death or otherwise. Their Council is even less popular in its composition than a hereditary legislature, because no third power, like that of a sovereign, to which the peo-

ple have access, has anything to do with filling the vacancies that occasionally occur in its ranks.

Two Executives, or Captains-Regent, one for the town and one for the rural districts, are chosen by the Council every six months—in April and in October—and may not be re-elected for two consecutive terms. They may be, however, and frequently are, re-elected after an interval of three years. Some of them have thus been rechosen four or five times. Count B—— told me he had himself been Captain-Regent three times. It must be remembered, however, that San Marino is a small republic.

The Regents receive no pay—another evidence that San Marino is not a republic, after cisatlantic ideas at any rate.

My readers are doubtless already impatient to know something of the army, which for 1300 years has defied the manifold elements of disorder that have been fatal to so many dynasties, and dismembered so many larger and more populous territories in Europe. The military defense, then, of the Republic of San Marino is committed to a regular army of thirty men, who are supposed to be always ready to respond to the calls of honor or of patriotism.

A police consisting of five or six persons protects the property of the territory, and gives peaceful slumbers to its honest burghers. In emergencies the militia of the country may be called in aid of its unconquered regular legions.

They have two judges, who are, however, required by law to be taken from without the territory, and are changed every three years. But all cases of appeal are decided by the court of cassation, or review, in the neighboring cities of Bologna, Padua, Turin, or wherever that tribunal may chance to be sitting at the time.

The currency in use among them, also, is that of the Italian government. They had once some sous coined, the equivalent in value of our cent—my host at the inn gave me two or three of them; but they were not coined in the republic. Their number was very restricted, and they are rarely to be met with except in the collections of numismatists.

It is certainly one of the eccentricities which distinguish San Marino from all other countries that it puts its litigation out, as some families put out their washing, and trades exclusively with the currency of foreign states. The country which buys and sells with a currency over which it has no control, and submits its differences to foreign tribunals for adjustment, gives pretty heavy bonds to keep the peace with its neighbors, whatever be the title it gives to its form of government.

The expenses of their government will not seem large to an American. They never exceed 25,000 francs—say $5000—army, navy, post-office, education, prisons, police, diplomatic service, representation, all included. This revenue is raised out of the profits realized by the government from the purchase of some 600,000 pounds of tobacco in the leaf, which it manufactures to sell at a small advance; from the sale of about 800 sacks of salt; and a trifling stamp tax of three cents on notarial, judicial, and other legal documents.

The health of the republic is looked after by one physician and one surgeon employed by the state, who are required to attend and prescribe for all who send for them, but who are not expected to resent the offer of a gratuity from those who can afford to pay for their advice. These functionaries receive some $500 a year each from the state. The judges receive the same.

San Marino has not only never been afflicted with a newspaper, but no printing-press has ever stood upon its territory. This is a limitation upon its capacity for manufacturing money which distinguishes it more than anything else from republics of less longevity.

When my curiosity had been partially slaked, the Prince-Regent expressed a desire to know whether our President would receive a minister accredited from him. I replied that I could not for a moment doubt that he would, though we should be obliged in return to name some of his own subjects to represent us near his court, as the intercourse of the two states was too inconsiderable to justify us in sending a representative from the United States. Count B—— said that at present they had no diplomatic representatives in foreign countries, though the propriety of having one at Rome (whether at the royal or papal court he did not say) was then under consideration. Their foreign business, he said, was usually done by special envoys.

Let me observe here that the isolation of the San Marinians is not restricted to the absence of diplomatic relations with foreign countries. There is no public conveyance of any kind to or from the territory, nor even a telegraph. Every one comes and goes to and from the republic "with the tandem that nature gave him," unless he employs a foreign conveyance.

Even the post never ascends to the capital. When it arrives at Borgo, the hamlet at the foot of the rock, a bell is rung, and those who are impatient for their mail flock down to assist at its distribution.

Count B—— informed me that during one of his terms as Regent he addressed a letter of congratulation to President Lincoln upon the successful termination of our war, and in reply to it received a letter to which he seemed to attach the highest value. He quoted from it a paragraph to the effect that it was a grave question whether extensiveness of territory was not a greater source of weakness than of strength to states.

I remarked that Onofrio had the reputation of having secured from the Congress of Vienna a guarantee of the independence of the republic. "Not at all," said B——. "Onofrio had nothing to do with it;" and pointing to a portrait on the wall of Count Cibrario, added: "That was the man, and the great friend of our republic."

When I finally took my leave I sought the residence of Signor Manzoni, a nephew and heir of one of the most eminent archæologists and numismatists of his time, Count Bartolomeo Borghese, who had for many years resided on this mountain, prosecuted his studies, and died here. The count was a distant relation of the Emperor Napoleon, who undertook the publication of his manuscript works at a very great expense. I think five volumes only were completed at the time of the Emperor's fall.

We soon found Manzoni, for the whole town might be placed upon the plain of West Point without interrupting any of the drives. From him I learned many additional particulars of interest. He mentioned, by-the-way, that he was related, I forget how, to the renowned author of "I Promessi Sposi." He led me up to a garden built by his uncle on the top of the highest point of the rocks, and the only level spot larger than the floor of a house in the whole place, adjacent to which the uncle had also hewn a reservoir for an aquarium out of the solid rock. Of course all the water they have has to be caught in its descent in the form of rain, there being no springs or permanent streams in the territory. From this point we looked upon one of the most marvellous views I had ever witnessed. At a distance on our right lay the broad and peaceful waters of the Adriatic, beyond which in clearer weather it was not uncommon to see the Dalmatian coast. A range of the Apennines, crowned with everlasting snows, sweeping from the east southerly around toward the west, embraces the little republic like an infant, while the landscape visible on all other sides was dotted with little villages and the towers of churches, which dwindled in size as the range of vision was lengthened, until the sky and the earth met at the edge of the impenetrable horizon.

We visited the prison, which was a most picturesque fortress built upon one of the highest crags overlooking a precipice several hundred feet deep. It was empty. I congratulated Manzoni upon such incontestable evidence of the orderly conduct of his compatriots. He smiled and remarked that if it were full, the evidence would be more satisfactory. He thought the morality of the republic had been deteriorating of late years; that formerly written contracts were almost unknown, but now the intervention of lawyers and notaries was indispensable in business transactions. Formerly the people were content to be poor; now all affected to be cavaliers, and there is as much political and social corruption among them as elsewhere.

Manzoni said they had four monasteries—one for nuns and three for monks. In the three for men there were in all but thirty monks, but in the nunnery there were about thirty sisters, who take pupils. These swell the average number of its inmates to about eighty. They have public schools besides, supported by the government, and a college called Il Collegio Balluzzi, kept by the family of the late Captain-Regent, whom I had met at the Government House. The instruction was entirely secular, the priests having nothing to do with it. The government contributed a little toward the expense

when necessary, but attendance was not obligatory.

Manzoni seemed to share no patriotic illusions in regard to the somewhat ludicrous pretensions of the government under which he lived, but he said great credit was due to the Captain-Regent for turning a deaf ear to urgent solicitations which had been addressed to him to permit the introduction of gambling establishments into the republic. Parties from distant parts of Europe had offered, for the gaming privilege, to construct new roads, establish telegraphs, and multiply facilities of all kinds for communicating with the outer world, but the Captain-Regent had manfully resisted the temptation, and had even exterminated the game of Biribisso, which had also begun to prevail to some extent within his dominions.

San Marino has retained its name and existence and such independence as it enjoys simply because it never was worth conquering; it could never yield any revenue to its conquerors, it is of no use as a fortress, and would cost more to occupy and govern than it could possibly be worth to any foreign state. The first Napoleon once proposed to enlarge their territory. The government wisely declined. They knew too well that, like the maimed, the halt, and the blind, their weakness and insignificance were their real strength.

I said to Manzoni that if a gold or coal mine were to be discovered within the territory, I feared that its neighbors would make very short work with his republic. "Yes," he replied, "very short."

San Marino is, in fact, a province of Italy. It buys and sells with Italian currency; it uses the Italian mails, and pays for the service with Italian postal stamps; Italian judges settle all the disputes of the people of sufficient importance to justify an appeal, and diplomas from Italian universities are necessary qualifications of the doctors and lawyers who practice their professions within its territory.

Whether its exiguity will much longer protect its autonomy is a question with two sides to it. It is not many months since the Italian government named, and for the first time, a consul for San Marino. This appointment was attributed to the fact that ten men who had made inconveniently violent protests against the then recent arrests of a group of Mazzinians had taken refuge from the officers of justice within the territory of the republic. The appointment of a consul under such circumstances is only another form of appointing the police; and after that, what important feature of nationality remains?

Addison visited this mountain about 1700, and in his sketches of travel in Italy gives the following account of the circumstances which led to the colonization of this mountain, and the organization of its government:

"The inhabitants as well as the historians who mention this little republic give the following account of its original. St. Marino was its founder—a Dalmatian by birth, and by trade a mason. He was employed about 1300 years ago in the reparation of Rimini, and after he had finished his work retired to this solitary mountain, as finding it very proper for the life of a hermit, which he led in the greatest rigors and austerities of religion. He had not been long here before he wrought a reputed miracle, which, joined with his extraordinary sanctity, gained him so great an esteem that the princess of the country made him a present of the mountain, to dispose of at his own discretion. His reputation quickly peopled it, and gave rise to the republic which calls itself after his name, so that the commonwealth of Marino may boast at least of a nobler original than that of Rome, the one having been an asylum for robbers and murderers, and the other a resort of persons eminent for their piety and devotion. The best of their churches is dedicated to the saint" (this is the temple which I visited on my way to the palazzo), "and holds his ashes. His statue stands over the high altar, with the figure of a mountain in its hands, crowned with three castles, which is likewise the arms of the commonwealth. They attribute to his protection the long duration of their state, and look on him as the greatest saint next the Blessed Virgin. I saw in their statute-book a law against such as speak disrespectfully of him, who are to be punished in the same manner as those who are convicted of blasphemy."

Neither the Captain-Regent nor his Secretary of State, to whom I mentioned the book from which this extract is taken, had ever heard of it or of its author, which confirms me in a conclusion worth every one's while to keep in his mind, that there is no worldly fame that is not, after all, more or less provincial.

THE DROP-STAR.

A LEGEND OF LAKE KAYUTAH.

[This beautiful lake lies, like a gem, in a corner of Schuyler County, New York, near the romantic glens of the "Montour Country," which includes Watkins, on Lake Seneka—for such is the proper spelling. Kayutah is seldom visited, for it lies "up in the hills," but it makes a charming point for an excursion, and the glen-tourists ought not to overlook its attractions. Whether the legend here versified will add anything to its interest remains to be proved, but the story has seemed to me not unworthy of being published, if at all, before the close of the year that marks the first century of the white man's heritage on the Genesee.]



The lady that walked, in the twilight eve,
By the winding Genesee,
And the blue-eyed maid that clasped her hand,
Of years that were only three;

In snow-white robes they walked, and seemed,
In the mirror of waters near,
As I have seen the bright new moon
And the star beneath appear.

And Skenandoh, the Indian chief that lurked
In the alders, awaiting night,
No wonder he named the maid Drop-Star,
And the lady the New-Moon's Light;

For the red man's dreamy, musing mind
Makes a cup of the new moon's bow,
And the star beneath he deems a drop
That drips from its overflow.

There was nature's grace in the salvage race
When they named the fair and bright:
Kayutah they called the little Drop-Star,
And Nawahwah the New-Moon's-Light.

But wicked of heart was that salvage chief,
And many Nawahwah's tears;
For the hour that he looked on the lady's child
Was the end of her happy years.

Next day it was heard from morn to eve,
Her voice, like the wind-harp's strain,
Calling the name of her daughter dear,
And calling it all in vain.

And day after day the lady wild,
She searched by the Genesee;
For she thought the waters had ta'en her child,
Plucking its lilies, free.

"My daughter, my darling, my blue-eyed girl,
Where art thou, my child, oh, where?"
'Twas so she cried to the blue waves' curl,
As she sought for the golden hair.

In vain she sought, and in vain she cried,
And died her sweet voice in the dell;
Sullenly flowed the purling tide,
Till the leaves of the autumn fell.

But the fair Drop-Star had been borne afar,
Weeping a babe's alarm;
And Skenandoh sped till she drooped her head
And slept on his bare red arm.

Then years, long years—how slow they went
Where the lady Nawahwah wept!
She wept by the waters, and deemed beneath
Her daughter Kayutah slept.

And loving hearts, with their gentle arts,
How they soothed the fair ladye,
In their manor-hall that was reared so tall
On the bank of the Genesee!

How they strove to soothe, how vain they strove,
For the blight in her heart was frost;
While she prayed to God, yet owned His rod,
"Let me go to the babe I lost."

So one hot day, as faint she lay
In the hammock beneath the shade,
And gazed at the stream where the sunny gleam
Shone bright in the everglade,

Humming the sigh of her inmost mind,
Her music by night and day,
A figure she spied that toward her hied—
'Twas Stagfoot, the forester gray.

"Lady," he said, for she bade him speak
As he bared his sunburned brow,
"I come with a riddle for thee alone,
Which none can read save thou.

"For Skenandoh—thank God, of his tribe the last!—
He bade me these words to tell;
Though I fear his works, in his speech there lurks
Some meaning that thou mayest spell.

"'Twas thus he spoke: 'The ice is broke—
The ice which the winter froze;
But tell her I know of a hill of snow
Where a ripe red berry grows.

"'No strawberry ever was half so sweet,
So sweet as the fruit I name;
Tell her come see the strawberry,
And claim what she well may claim.'"

The lady has fainted; long hours she lay
Or ever she spake agen;
Old Stagfoot was gone, but well they knew
His hut by the haunted glen.

And Nawahwah gave call, through the manor-hall,
To the son of her sister lone;
Oh! glad was he, when the sad ladye
His chivalrous task made known.

She has kissed his cheek, and, pale and weak,
She has blessed him in Jesu's name;
On his swiftest steed she saw him speed
Through the forest like meteor flame.

By the dim starlight he rode all night,
Through the wood and the darksome glade,
Where settler's cot as yet was not,
Where peril his path was made;

And he came in the gray of a misty morn
To a trophy of fear and woe;
'Twas a blood-red post, like a redskin's ghost,
Through the fog as it seemed to glow.

And crested it was with a gory tuft,
With scalp-locks 'twas twined—not few:
Bright hair hung round, with ribbons bound,
And all that it meant he knew.

It told of Kadrene, of Montour's she-wolf,
Of her baying those wilds among;
It told of the pack that howled at her back,
And the quarry on which they sprung;

It told of Wyoming and that curst raid,
Of the harvest of human hair—
Oh, fearful the night when they burned so bright,
Those cottages once so fair!

And the youth he sighed as he northward hied,
And turned from that bloody coast:
There yet doth glide Chemung's broad tide,
And they call it the Painted Post.

Northward sped he, nor rein drew free,
Till he came to the haunted glen;
There far o'er the Seneka's crispèd wave
He gazed with enchanted ken.

Yet he lingered not till he found the spot,
And where Stagfoot bade he went;
The rills he forded, the hills he climbed,
Till he came to Skenandoh's tent.

A little bright lake those hills amid,
And a wigwam near, so rude;
Trembled the youth, by the hazels hid,
When a new-made grave he viewed—

A new-made grave on the lakelet's brink,
And a figure that crouched hard by;
Ah! whose that grave? Full well he knew
The figure that met his eye.

"Show me, old chief," the stripling cried—
"Show me that hill of snows;
Wherever it be I fain would see
The strawberry there that grows."

A riddle the words so dark and strange,
  But their meaning the salvage knew;
Like a wolf he glared on the gallant boy
  That spake from a heart so true.

A moment he glared with his cruel eye;
  In a moment the glare grew dim;
For the chieftain knew his hour had come,
  And gently he answered him:

"Thou comest well," he said; "but fell
  Is thy coming, lad, for me:
Thou shalt see that hill of snows; perchance
  'Twill melt for a youth like thee."

Not far he went, where a canvas tent
  'Neath the spreading beech stood nigh.
Then beat the heart of the stripling bold,
  What next should meet his eye.



"LOOK, HERE IS THE STRAWBERRY NEXT HER HEART."

"Thou hast come full well! Dost thou think 'tis here
  That mound where the strawberry grows?
Oh! not in this grave—away with fear—
  Not here is her sweet repose:

"The last of my tribe, nor threat nor bribe
  Had conquered my soul so wild;
But ah! in that grave I have laid my heart;
  There slumbers Skenandoh's child.

"'Tis my daughter dear that lieth here;
  She loved her fair-haired mate,
And, dying, she bade me 'Return again
  Her heart to the desolate.'

Anon it came—a white-robed frame!
  An angel that never fell,
Clasping the red man's hand of flame,
  Like a demon's loosed from hell.

Rudely the red man brought her forth,
  Rudely the youth addressed;
As rudely too he bared to view
  The snows of the maiden's breast.

"Look, here is the strawberry next her heart;
  Go say to the Moonlight New,
Full well she knows where the berry grows;
  By this she may claim her due."

"But I must go to the setting sun,"
As he launched his bark he said;
His pouch he girded about his waist—
'Twas loaded with stones, not bread.

His paddle dipped, and forth he slipped;
The boy and the maid, they gazed:
They said no word, nor moved nor stirred—
He was gone, and they stood amazed.

Then rose the song of that warrior-chief,
His death-song it was that rose;
To the midst of the mere, like a darted spear,
His light canoe it goes.

'Twas here—it is there; dear Lord, what now?
His tomahawk gleams on high;
Then peals the note from the little boat
That chiefs must sing when they die.

The tomahawk's whirl, descried the girl;
Then down through the bark it rent;
And down to the deep, as with a leap,
In a moment Skenandoh went.

The echoes prolong e'en yet his song;
But the chieftain—where is he?
There on the lake this moment seen,
Now naught but the lake they see.

Idle it were of the maid and boy
The tale of their love to trace;
How she trembled and blushed 'twixt fear and joy,
How he clasped her in love's embrace;

How fair Drop-Star he bore afar
On his courser fleet and true;
How he gave his prize to Nawahwah's arms;
How again her moon was new.

Nor need I prose, ere the full moon's close
How the youth he called her bride;
But learn how it came she left her name
To the lake where Skenandoh died—

To the lake where his daughter's grave was made,
The grave of a sister dear,
Whom the sweet Kayutah loved in life,
Though a child of the wood and mere.

Once more they called her by Christian name;
But her Indian name she gave
Where it better belonged, she thought and said,
To that bright and star-like wave.

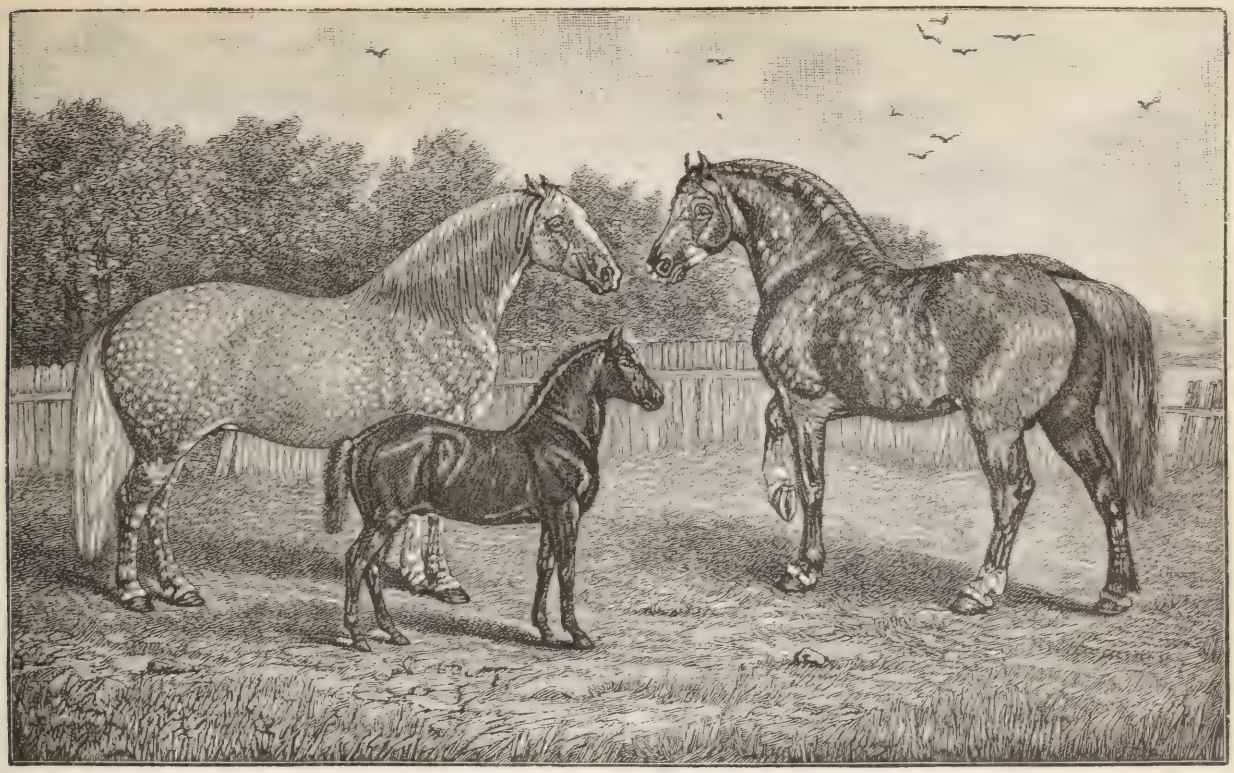
For all must say that pass that way,
Let it be by day or night,
It seems from the new moon's cup down dropp'd
Like a star in the still twilight.

THE PERCHERON AND NORMAN HORSE.

FROM the earliest times to the present day it has been a great misfortune and loss to mankind that so little attention has been paid to the breeding and rearing of a more perfect and powerful race of horses for heavy farm and road work, and the use of the city dray and large express and truck wagon. Poets, from the sublime Job down to the high-spirited Byron, have been profuse in their descriptions and praises of the horse for war, the chase, and the course, while historians, travellers, and sportsmen have been ever eloquent over them in volumes of prose. Strange that the most generally useful of all the different breeds of horses should, with few exceptions, be ignored and passed by in silence, and so much be written and spoken of others, which, although requisite for special purposes, and worthy of high admiration, have contributed less to the benefit of humanity. But fortunately a great change in this respect has taken place within the past few years in Europe as well as in America.

A numerous society, composed of noblemen, the landed gentry, and farmers of Scotland, has recently been formed for the purpose of improving the breed of their larger sort of horses. This society takes the name of Clydesdale, and that distinguished nobleman Earl Dunmore has been devoting a considerable part of his time during the past two years to editing a Stud Book of their horses, classed also as Clydesdale. The first volume of this has already been published, and the matter for the second is collecting. England is now zealously following the laudable example set her by Scotland for what has been long known as the Shire and other of her best large breeds of horses. The Prince of Wales, Earl Ellesmere, and other noblemen are giving no little attention to the getting out of their Stud Book, and the whole landed interest of the United Kingdom is fast waking up to the importance of improvement of this most useful of all their breeds of horses.

Within the past three years 200 to 1000 guineas ($1000 to $5000) has been the common price in Great Britain for select heavy horses for breeding purposes, and even 1500 guineas ($7500) has been refused for a few of the very choicest, while 50 to 80 guineas ($250 to $400) is the ordinary price of those for farm and dray work alone. In France, Belgium, Holland, and a few districts of Northern Germany, prices have also advanced considerably, and greater attention is given than formerly to the improvement of their horses, all of which shows the rapidly increased interest in the subject abroad. Nor has this matter



PERCHERON STALLION, MARE, AND COLT.

been neglected in America, particularly in the past four years, during which large numbers of powerful heavy animals have been imported into Canada and the United States from Great Britain and France, with a few also from Flanders. The Clydesdale breed has been more generally preferred for Canada, while the Percheron and Norman have taken precedence in our own country.

For the Percheron and Norman in America a Stud Book was published in 1877, by Mr. J. H. Sanders, of Chicago, Illinois. A revised edition followed the next year of 212 large octavo pages, handsomely got up, with numerous fine engravings. The object of this Stud Book is to preserve an accurate record of the males and females imported from France and their full-bred descendants, so that the public may not be imposed upon hereafter by unprincipled dealers palming off their inferior grades for full-breds.

The Percheron horse is undoubtedly the most symmetrical and powerful for his size, and possesses the finest action and greatest endurance, of all the large breeds in Europe. His general type is also the most ancient of any of which we have record or tradition, and this is the principal reason why he is more *prepotent* than others in transmitting his superior qualities to his offspring. Virgil, in the third book of his Georgics, gives us a brief description of something like the Percheron, which was probably a type of many horses that had been imported in his time from Northern Gaul into Italy, as better able to perform the harder and heavier work of the Romans than any of their own native and lighter breeds:

"Illi ardua cervix,
Argutumque caput, brevis alvus, obesaque terga:
Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus....
Densa juba, et dextro jactata recumbit in armo:
At duplex agitur per lumbos spina; cavatque
Tellurem, et solido graviter sonat ungula cornu."

This may be freely translated:

"Fine in the head, and lofty in the crest;
Brawny in back, and broad and deep the breast;
Short, strong in body, with thick flowing mane,
Tossed to the wind his shoulder right to gain.
A double spine, and solid hoofs that spurn
And powerful beat the earth at every turn."

But to show what the best Percheron and Norman horses of the present day are, I give below, from Mr. Sanders's Stud Book, the authoritative model for males and females, published there for a guide to American breeders. It is such as these that Rosa Bonheur, an excellent judge of horses, and the best animal painter at the present day of France, has given spirit and life to on the glowing canvas; and Charlotte Cushman, the late distinguished tragic actress, has described that Rosa

drove in her cabriolet when she visited her.

"MODEL FOR THE HORSE.

"Head clean, bony, and small for the size of the animal; ears short, mobile, erect, and fine-pointed; eyes bright, clear, large, and prominent; forehead broad; nostrils large, open, and bright red within; jaws rather wide; chin fine; lips thin; teeth sound and even.

"Neck a trifle short, yet harmoniously rounding to the body; throttle clean; crest rigid, rather high and gracefully curved; mane abundant, with silky hair.

"Breast broad and deep, with great muscular development; shoulders smooth and sufficiently sloping for the collar to set snug to them; withers high; back short and strongly coupled; body well ribbed up, round, full and straight on the belly, which is much longer than the back; rump broad, long, and moderately sloping to the tail, which is attached high; hips round and smooth at top, and flat on the sides; quarters wide, well let down, and swelling with powerful muscles.

"Dock strong; tail long, heavy, and gracefully hanging out from the croup when the animal is in full motion.

"Legs flat and wide, standing square and firm, and well under the body, with hard, clean bones, and extra-large strong joints, cords, and tendons; short from the hocks and knees down; pasterns upright; fetlocks thin; hoofs full size, solid, open, tough, and well set up at the heels.

"Height fifteen to sixteen and a half hands; weight 1300 to 1700 pounds.

"Color various, as with other horses; but a clear dapple gray is preferred, as the best of the original breed was thus marked.

"Action bold, square, free and easy, neither forereaching nor interfering; the walk four to five miles per hour, the trot six to eight, on a dry and moderately level road, but capable of being pushed much faster on the latter gait when required.

"Temper kind; disposition docile, but energetic and vigorous; hardy, enduring, and long-lived; precocious; able to be put to light work at eighteen to twenty-four months old; possessing immense power for his size; never balking or refusing to draw at a dead pull; stylish, elegant, and attractive in appearance; easy, elastic, and graceful in motion.

"No tendency to disease of any sort, and especially free from diseases of the legs and feet, such as spavin, splint, ring-bone, grease, and founder.

"An easy keeper and quick feeder."

"MODEL FOR THE MARE.

"With rather less size than the horse, the points and qualities of the mare should be essentially the same, with the exception of possessing a finer head, mane, and tail, and a considerably thinner neck.

"When in foal, able to work moderately to within a few days of giving birth to it; and a short time after, able to resume her work.

"A careful nurse, and good milker."

Of the Normans, one of the best descriptions I have met of them by foreigners was given by a celebrated writer on horses, the late Mr. Appleby, of England, while travelling in France about the year 1830. He represented them as particularly excelling in tough feet, strong legs, compact, powerful form, free action, good wind, and endurance. Their average pace on the road, drawing the great heavy lumbering diligence of that day, was eight miles per hour. They performed their prescribed stages with such ease to themselves that, so far from appearing fatigued at the end, when unharnessed and being led back to their stable they displayed all the spirit and gayety of colts, rearing up and launching out in the most playful manner. The *Maison Rustique*, Du Huys, Gayot, Villeroy, and the *Encyclopédie de l'Agriculture* have given their history, and fuller details of their performances on the road, and the varied work of town and country.

Tradition asserts that the first great improvement in refining the large horses of France was made by Barb stallions captured from the Moors. In 731 they crossed the Pyrenees from Spain to France with a countless cavalry host, led by the fiery Abd-er-Rahman. The following year they advanced to the broad plains between Tours and Poitiers. Here they were met by the sturdy Charles Martel, well surnamed the "Hammer," at the head of his French horse, which being of so much heavier weight than those of the Moors, he was able to ride down the latter in repeated charges, and thus completely overwhelmed them. Thousands of these fine Barb stallions were then captured (for the Moors ride such only, and never mares), and distributed among the French soldiers, who on returning to their farms bred them to their own large native mares. The best and most uniform of this produce were then selected and coupled among themselves, the result of which, together with other well-made crosses from time to time since that period, gives us the improved Percherons and Normans of the present day.

Some contend that horses of so great a size and of such harmonious proportions could not be produced by this cross. But these Moorish Barbs were doubtless a somewhat stouter and larger race than the Arabs. They probably bore a strong resemblance to the portrait of the famous Barb that after years of service in Earl Godolphin's stud at Gog Magog Hills,* about four miles from the university city

* The Duke of Leeds is the present owner of this estate, having inherited it through his mother, a daughter and sole heir of the last Earl Godolphin.

of Cambridge, died in 1753, aged twenty-nine years. He is sometimes erroneously called an Arabian.

Judging from the portraits of Murrier, who painted from the living subject before him, the form of this Barb was not that of a racer, although the sire of some of the most famous early race-horses of England.* He was of a more compact build, stouter, and of greater substance. If we compare him with a well-bred Percheron of the present day, notwithstanding the latter is considerably larger, and rather coarser in his points, we shall find a striking resemblance between the two. Here are the same fine, short ears; intelligent, broad forehead; prominent, glowing eyes; clean-cut, dished face; lofty crest, deep chest, short back, powerful quarters, wide flat legs, and full round hoofs well set up at the heels.

Years ago I met an account in some English publication of an extra stout Arabian stallion having been crossed upon a large Scotch mare near Edinburgh. The writer stated that the product was the finest dray-horse he had ever seen, of superior action, and of great strength and endurance, all of which was very natural, for to the greater size of the dam was added a fair measure of the superior quality of bone, muscle, activity, etc., of the sire.

The superior advantage to the American farmer of breeding the Percheron and Norman horse consists:

First. That colts got by these stallions out of even good common mares are so powerful at the early age of two years, when well cared for from birth, they can be put to light work on the farm, and thus when ready to be sold at four to five years old, they will have earned the cost of their production to this age, so that whatever price is then obtained for them becomes a clear gain to the breeder. Common colts ordinarily can not be put to such work till four years old, which makes a loss of two years in time against them in comparison with the Percheron or Norman.

Second. Economy of use. One will do as much work on the farm as a pair of common smaller horses. This saves nearly half of the stable room and groom's attention, and fifty per cent. probably in feed, harness, and shoeing, these last three items costing more for a large horse than for a smaller one, but not so much as for two small ones. The economy in city work is still greater, for one of these powerful horses, in a cart of extra size, can haul as heavy a load as two of the smaller ones; in this way one driver, one cart, and one harness are saved. The large truck wagons of our cities, which have come into so much greater use the past few years than previously, now transport the loads with a pair of these powerful horses which formerly required three to four of the lighter kind.

Third. These horses bring extra high prices when offered for sale at home, and there will be a large demand abroad for them the moment a surplus is found on hand for exportation. Prices in Great Britain rule considerably higher than in America, and a handsome profit will be found in their shipment then to foreign ports.

Here, now, is a new field open to the farmer for a still more profitable consumption of his grass and grain than the rearing of cattle, sheep, and swine, encouraging to all who are properly prepared to embark, in a moderate way, in the breeding of large superior farm and city cart and truck horses.

* Another portrait of this Barb by the same painter hangs in the picture-gallery of Houghton Hall, Norfolk, near Sandringham, the country residence of the Prince of Wales. I am indebted to Mr. Wallace, of New York, for this information. He visited both these places last summer, and in his monthly magazine for November has given an engraving sketched from the above portraits. This is apparently a faithful picture of a horse, and widely different from the unnatural crane neck and overarched crest of the imaginary portrait painted by Stubbs, who never saw the horse.

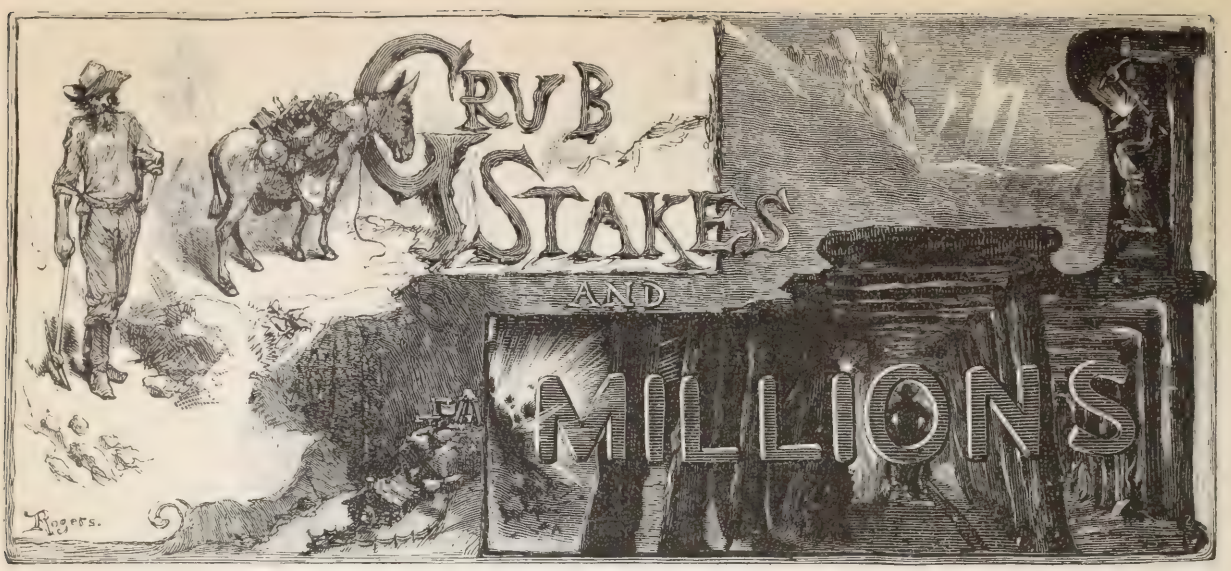
THE LOVER'S PERIL.

Have I been ever wrecked at sea,
  And nigh to being drowned?
More threat'ning storms have compassed me
  Than on the deep are found!

What coral reefs her dangerous lips!
  My bark was nearly gone;
Hope plunged away in dire eclipse,
  And black the night rolled on.

What seas are like her whelming hair,
  That swept me o'er and o'er?
I heard the waters of despair
  Crash round the distant shore!

"Come, Death!" I murmured in my cries—
  For signals none were waved—
When both light-houses in her eyes
  Shone forth, and I was saved!



ONE might indeed call it providential that the vast deposits of the precious metals in the Rocky Mountain region remained practically unknown to the citizens of this country until a time when they were never more needed by said citizens. Old Mendoza, the Spanish viceroy, had a shrewd idea about them, and it was he who sent Vasquez Coronado, with three hundred and fifty Spaniards and eight hundred Indians, from Culiacan, the capital of Cinaloa, in 1540, to confirm the correctness of his suspicions; but Coronado does not seem to have been a success as a prospector. If he had only had a keen eye for "blossom rock" and other indications, or if there had been a Diamond Drill Company in Cinaloa, how differently history might have read! More than two centuries and a half later, again, when tremendous changes had taken place in the map of the world, and a young and independent nation was building itself up and pushing its borders westward, one James Pursley, a Kentuckian, found gold at the "head of La Platte," but stoutly refused to tell the Spaniards where it was, because, if that region did not already belong to us, it certainly ought to do so. Even the Cherokee Indians had a hand in turning the attention of our people, and no one else, to the rich inheritance locked up for them in the coffers of the Snowy Range; for they brought shining samples to Kansas and Nebraska in 1857, and soon after that time the emigration began to what is now Colorado—the Centennial State. Of this exodus, and some subsequent phases of life in the new land, it was our good fortune to hear some account from one of the old pioneers--a fine specimen of the men who made this country what it is by their courage and energy:

"Nothing ever seen like that rush to the mountains, gentlemen—nothing, I assure you. California? Why, that was an agricultural country, while here there was nothing but gold and silver, or the chance of getting them, which isn't the same thing by a long sight. What brought men out here was that they were just *dead broke* at home—just dead broke, I tell you: '57 had done that. These men were ready for a new country—had to find something—and they came out across the plains when there wasn't a thing here but Indians. Why, we old fellows have a *round up* 'most every year in Denver, and talk and laugh over those times. We were all alike—nobody had any money—all cleaned out before we skipped out from home. No one had done anything to be ashamed of; but it was a regular amalgamation of busted people, who left their country for their country's good, *and their own.* If you'd meet a man, and be introduced to him as Mr. Jones, it was all right to ask him, 'What was your name in the States, Mr. Jones?' But you bet it was because the boys had pluck and grit that they stuck to it, and got the ores out, and got the country going ahead. What do you say to bacon one dollar a pound, and flour fifty dollars a sack? I tell you, when the sulphurets came along, and we couldn't hold the ores, and things were pretty blue, a good many would have left, but *they couldn't get away.*"

It took the "honest miner" a long time to learn that "placer" operations—the washing of metal from the sands—were

not a certainty and a permanency, and the capitalists who came in after him also a long time to make expensive experiments, and equally expensive mistakes, and to come down to what is technically and happily called "hard pan," and operate to some extent with proper means, skill, and common-sense. There was one collapse about 1864, and of course the panic of 1873 affected the progress of the State, and it may fairly be said that the real "flush times" in Colorado are these in which we are now living. In spite of all disappointments and drawbacks, steady progress has undoubtedly been made, and great results accomplished. Mining is, beyond all question, the foundation of the growing greatness of the State, and it is most interesting to learn from an elaborate calculation, coming recently from a responsible source, that after making full allowance for the labor of all the men employed from the beginning, and all the money sunk, the residue shows a better return than any other investment in this country. It must not be forgotten that this is an *average*, and that the fortunes of two or three bonanza kings balance the losses of thousands of poor men; and against the results of this calculation should be set the assertion—for which ample support can be obtained—that at least up to 1871, when railroads cheapened living and introduced greatly improved facilities, the proportion of miners who could be called successful was *one in five hundred.*

It is to be noticed that here, as in other similar regions, public interest is continually attracted to new discoveries, and a floating population at once drawn thither; and events move so rapidly that an account of the state of affairs in the mining regions may be stale before it is in type. On the other hand, it may be said that even if some of the people go away, the mines remain, and the silver and gold come out just as surely and easily as before; and a larger area than ever is now the scene of active operations.

Starting from the north, we come to the mines of Boulder County, not far from Long's Peak, where there was an ephemeral excitement, some three years ago, about tellurium veins. Then come those of Gilpin (Black Hawk, Central City, etc.) and Clear Creek (Georgetown, etc.) counties, the former noted for gold product, and both containing what are called "true fissure veins," where the rocks have been broken or torn asunder by earthquakes or volcanic disturbance. In this neighborhood some of the earliest discoveries were made, and the bullion product of the two counties is large and steady. Then come various points in the South Park, and just between the Park and Main Ranges, California Gulch, now known from one end of the world to the other, for here is Leadville. South again, and between the Sierra Mojada and the Sangre de Cristo lie Rosita and Silver Cliff, and southwest again of this, the great San Juan district. Discoveries have also been made in the Gunnison and Elk Mountain country, away west of the Snowy Range, and only time can show what other now hidden treasures are to come to light in these regions. It is needless to say that several quarto volumes could easily be written about these mines and their operation, and still much be left unsaid; and perhaps indeed, in view of the rapid movement of events, the writer of such a work stands in greater danger of being behind the age than he who attempts some random sketches of the haunts and ways of the "honest miner"—so first called, it is said, by aspiring patriots who sought his suffrages. Mr. Harte declares that when sets of pictures portraying the contrasted careers of the honest and dissolute miner were first sent out to California they utterly failed of their effect, for the reason that the average miner refused to recognize himself in either capacity.

A man may come to Colorado with resolutions worthy of Leonidas; he may treat gold and silver with a lofty disdain; he may be doctor, lawyer, parson, schoolteacher, book agent, lightning-rod man, or dealer in sewing-machines—anything but a miner: all in vain, for sooner or later, if he stays in Colorado, the mania for the precious metals will make an easy victim of him; he will seek a "claim," and fondly see a bonanza in the smallest and shallowest of his "prospect holes."

The Colonel and the Commodore were nothing if not strong-minded, and the latter had been particularly cynical about the sordidness of a thirst for wealth, but his downfall dated from the time that he acquired, with strange ease, some share in a mine of great possible, if small actual, value (there are so very many of this kind). He hinted more than once that we had better look for ourselves into this

mining business, and started on the tour of inspection with unwonted alacrity. He even showed some inclination to "grub-stake" some men—a simple and easy process, by-the-bye. One can acquire an interest in mining property in many ways. He can find a mine himself; he can supply another man with food and tools, and give him a share in what he may find (and this is "grub-staking"); he may buy a mine when found, or a share of it, bearing in mind the Western saying, that "a prospect hole is not a mine;" or he can invest in stocks. Grub-staking a good man, and, if possible, accompanying him on his search, may be called the best way, for, said an old hand, "you make your loss at the start." Buying a claim or claims is not infrequently satisfactory; but said, with quaint gravity, another "old-timer," "If I was a capitalist, and I'd see a mine worth half a million, I'd want to buy it for about twenty-five thousand dollars, and have some advantage on my side. A man can't see very far into the ground."

It is stated that no geologist ever yet found a valuable mine—the humble prospector being always at the front—and even then owing much to accident. With his burro laden with a little bacon and flour, perhaps a little coffee and sugar, a frying-pan and a coffee-pot, and with his pick and shovel, this hard-working pioneer traverses the length and breadth of the mineral region, undergoing many and great hardships, often facing danger, often, indeed, laying his bones on some desolate hill-side or in some lonely cañon; and then—only to think of it—one in five hundred finds fortune! We hear of late years that mining has become as regular and legitimate an occupation as manufacturing; and it is undoubtedly true that method and system have been largely introduced, and that the strong owners of paying mines and successful smelting-works may rightly claim that they are engaged in sober and industrial pursuits; but with the great bulk of modern Argonauts, from our poor, sanguine pick-user and burro-driver to the New-Yorker who, without the slightest real knowledge of what he is doing, "takes a flyer" in Wall Street, it is as certain as the sun rises and sets that the gambling and not the commercial instinct predominates. A bank was pointed out to the writer in a large mining town which, with a capital of $50,000, had deposits of from $700,000 to $800,000, and which had made $43,000 net profits in nine months.

"But they say that there is no money in banking," was added—"I mean, no money as compared with what some of them can make in mining. When a fellow can go out and make a forty or fifty thousand dollar strike, *banking seems pretty slow.*" Could anything better illustrate what has just been said?

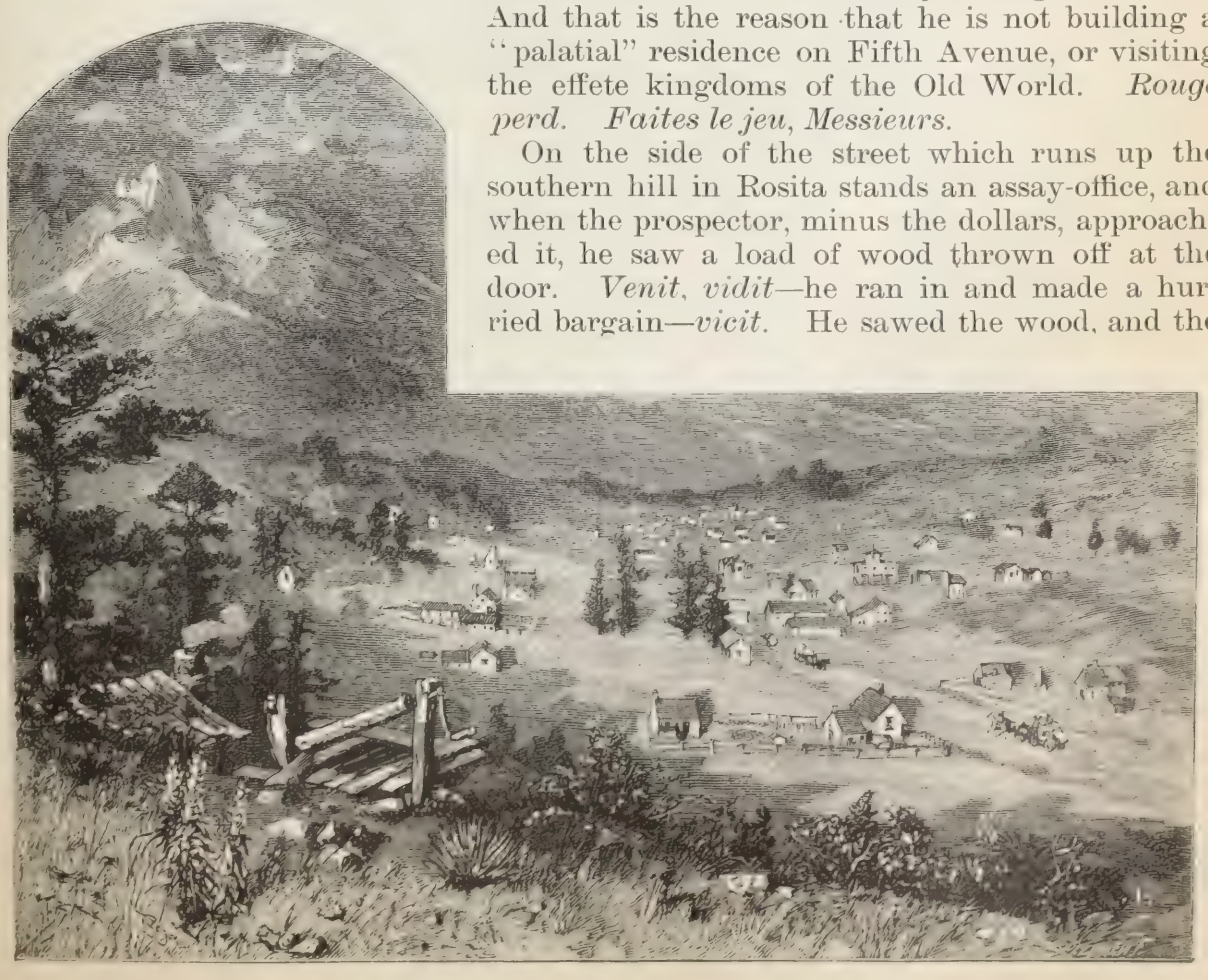
But if we did not grub-stake anybody, or make large investments for ourselves, we had ample opportunities of seeing those who did.

Of all mining camps in Colorado (and a centre of mining operations is always called a camp), Rosita is one of the prettiest and most interesting. There must have been a vein of sentiment in the honest miner who gave it that charming name, Little Rose. When he made his first "strike," he must have thanked his stars that nature had put the silver in such a picturesque place, and even the operations carried on for seven years have not been able to spoil it. We went thither from Cañon City, taking the stage on a pleasant morning, and driving over the foot-hills of the Sierra Mojada, and into and up Oak Creek Cañon. From the head of this the summit was easily crossed; and then, when we had scored our thirty miles, a beautiful and striking scene met our eyes. In the foreground were dome-like hills, the upper ones bare, and the lower ones, as well as the gulches between them, showing great numbers of pine-trees. On these hill-sides and in these gulches were scattered the houses and other buildings which make up the genuine little Alpine town—so Alpine, indeed, that one might expect to hear at any moment the echo of the *Ranz des Vaches* or the tinkling of the bells. Then comes a valley lying a thousand feet below, and beyond rises with wonderful and unusual abruptness, and in a solemn majesty which must have impressed the Spaniard when he associated it in name with the sufferings of the Divine Redeemer—the great Sangre de Cristo Range. The peaks are sharp and jagged, and some rise to the height of about 14,000 feet. What Nature can do here in the way of grand and glorious effects, with light and shade at early morn, at sunset, or when the moon is sending her rays down on the grassy meadows in this peaceful Wet Mountain Valley, can not be described, nor should the suggestion thereof

be publicly named, but whispered to those true worshippers whom she so surely rewards. Happy the honest miner whose prospect hole lies in this charmed region! and well might some comrade who had toiled in such a place as those parts of Nevada where the sage-brush surrounds him, and the Po-go-nip (icy wind) chills him to the bone, exclaim: "This—and silver too!"

This little town was founded in 1872, and led a quiet existence, with occasional episodes of what is here called "booming," until about two years ago, when occurred one of those striking and romantic episodes which do so much to clothe mining with a strange fascination. One Mr. E. C. Bassick had been a gold-seeker in Australia in old days, and there lost his health. In 1877 he was, as happily reported, thoroughly "busted"—"dead broke." He prospected in a vague way, and passed over a good deal of space, with no success, but one day was sitting on the ground on a spot over which he had previously gone, and, with his pick between his knees, was striking aimlessly at a bowlder. One of his blows chipped off something from its surface which looked to him like good ore, and he picked it up and carried it into the town. Telling a gentleman (well known to the writer) of his discovery, he offered him one-half interest for *twenty-five dollars*. And here comes in a striking illustration of mining life, and a curious comment on its uncertainties: for the gentleman declined. The reader, whose imagination has been, perhaps, fired by lurid descriptions of the colossal fortunes reported during the past year, may ask, "How could he be so foolish? It was such a small amount to risk!" Ah! friend, when a man takes one of these small risks *and wins*, the telegraph parades his name and quintuples his gains; the interviewer "seeks" him, and the charity letter writer and the book agent gird up their loins and take fresh courage. But when he does it and *loses*, he generally keeps quiet; and when he has done it and lost perhaps scores or even hundreds of times, he remarks to himself, like Mark Twain's patient friend, that "this sort of thing is getting monotonous." Perhaps on this occasion our friend had slept badly, or he had on a pair of tight shoes; at all events, he declined sending twenty-five dollars more where so many had gone before. And that is the reason that he is not building a "palatial" residence on Fifth Avenue, or visiting the effete kingdoms of the Old World. *Rouge perd. Faites le jeu, Messieurs.*

On the side of the street which runs up the southern hill in Rosita stands an assay-office, and when the prospector, minus the dollars, approached it, he saw a load of wood thrown off at the door. *Venit, vidit*—he ran in and made a hurried bargain—*vicit*. He sawed the wood, and the



ROSITA.

assayer made the assay, and the results of this division of labor were simple and striking. He took out of this property some $450,000, and then sold it for $300,000 in money and $1,000,000 in stock.

"When he come into this place, Sir," said a genial resident of the pretty town, "all *he* had warn't too much to pack on one burro; but when he lit out, it took a four-mule team to freight his trunks."

We had the privilege, not accorded to many, of seeing this bonanza, as we, of course, saw many others, and it may be hardly necessary to say, once for all, that as the limits of this paper must preclude the mention of any but what may be called representatives of the different classes, so must an attempt to seize on some interesting and picturesque features of mining take the place of the technical description which can readily be had elsewhere.

Into the side of one of the round Rosita hills goes the Bassick tunnel, and down from the slope above comes the perpendicular shaft, while near their junction is a large chamber, timbered with great skill. At one corner comes in a faint glimmer of light from the tunnel; all else is from the scattered lamps of the workmen, whom, before our eyes become accustomed to the murky dimness, we might mistake either for gnomes of the Hartz Mountains or familiars of the Spanish Inquisition. But a word dispels all illusions: "Arrah, and will yez lower her down the laste little bit in the wurruld, Mike?" It is only the new steam-engine.

This mine has puzzled the geologists; but then those gentlemen are in such a chronic state of bewilderment over the new developments in the State that, in happy local parlance, "they have to take a back seat." Conceive, if you please, a crater in a hill, of indefinite and undiscovered size and extent. Conceive, then, some mighty power to have taken bowlders of different shape and size, dipped them in rich molten ore, largely chloride of silver, heaped the crater full of them, melted up a giant museum full of all kinds of silver ores, with gold in considerable quantity, and copper, thrown in, poured the compound in so as to fill every crevice, heaped on the dirt, and left the whole to cool for indefinite centuries, and you have this mine.

As a contrast, take the Humboldt, around the corner, which may stand for a specimen of the thousands of silver mines on true fissure veins of quartz mineral in the old camps in Gilpin and Clear Creek counties, the new and wonderful ones in the San Juan country, and hundreds in the long leagues lying between. Entering a rough wooden building, you see a steam-engine turning an immense drum, around which is coiled a wire rope. On a chair sits, with each hand on a lever, the bright, watchful engineer, his eyes fixed on the drum, now nearly covered with the coil. In another minute, click! the machinery has stopped, and out of an opening in front, like Harlequin in a Christmas pantomime, has come a grimy figure, who stands there smiling at you, with a lamp fixed on the front of his cap, and his feet on the rim of a great iron bucket. He steps off, the bucket is emptied of the load, not of rich ore, but of very dirty water, which it has brought up, and there is an air of expectancy among the workmen, and an inquiring smile on the face of Mr. Thornton, the superintendent. Something is clearly expected of you, for it is established that you are not what is called by the miners a "specimen fiend," or unmitigated sample-collecting nuisance, and it is assumed that when you came hither to investigate you "meant business." You take the hint, and follow Mr. Thornton to a room, where, amid a good deal of joking, you put on some clothes—and such clothes! If you have one spark of personal vanity, "all hope abandon, ye who enter here," for even your kind guide has to turn away to hide a smile when he sees you in overalls which will not meet in front, and are precariously tied with a ragged string, an ancient flannel shirt, the sleeves of which hang in tatters around your wristbands, and a cap which might have come over in the *Mayflower*, and has a smoky lamp hooked into its fast decomposing visor. As you approach the mouth of the shaft, the engineer genially remarks that there "ain't *much* danger," and when the bucket has come up and been partially emptied, the by-standers repeatedly advise you to be careful about getting in. As you climb perilously over the side, you think of the Frenchman who, starting in the fox-hunt, cried out: "Take noteece, mes amis, zat I leafe everyzing to my vife!" And when you are crouched down so that Mr. Thornton can stand on the rim above, you do not think at all, but know, that you are what Mr. Mantalini called "a dem'd moist,

unpleasant body." Mr. Thornton makes a grim remark about it being as well to have some matches in case the lamps go out, gives the word, and down you go. Understand that there is just about room for the bucket in the shaft, that the latter is slightly inclined, and that you catch and jar and shake in a nerve-trying way; and understand, further, that a person



THE COLONEL INVESTIGATES THE HUMBOLDT.

should carefully study his temperament and possible disabilities before he takes a contract to go into a deep shaft.

At a certain depth—it may be 500 or 1000 feet (in some Nevada mines it is 2500)—you stop at side drifts or cross-cuttings in which men are at work, and here you see, walled in by rock, the fissure vein. Some are "stoping," or cutting pieces away with the pick, others holding the steel wedges, and others striking them tremendous blows with sledge-hammers. They are, by-the-way, in the habit of accompanying these blows with guttural sounds, the hearing of which induced a special correspondent of the gentler sex—ignoring the fact that they receive three dollars per diem, own chronometer watches, and have fine bank accounts, and silver spoons on their tables—to write a soul-moving description of the poor down-trodden miner, imprisoned far from the light of the blessed day, uttering terrible groans as he toiled his life away for the enrichment of the bloated and pampered capitalist. Other men, again, are drilling, loading, and tamping for the "shots,"

which are to tear the rock in pieces; and you will probably remember a pressing engagement to "meet a man" at some distance from the mine, and induce Mr. Thornton to ring for that moist car, and take you up before they light the match. Emerging from the shaft, clad once more in the garb of civilization, and thinking what a set of fine fellows you have seen, you will agree with the sagacious soul who said to the Colonel and the Commodore, "Yes, there's a good many of them big-hearted fellers in this country. You see, them small-souled cusses *takes too much irrigation to bring them out.* They've just got to git up and git!"

Our route lay, one pleasant morning, through Hungry Gulch. On one side stood Nebraska Row, a curious collection of cottages, built in the early days, with sunflowers growing out of their mud roofs, and recalling to a fanciful imagination the hanging gardens of Babylon. Behind these cottages a lone miner, to whom steam-engines and modern improvements lent no aid, toiled at a small claim, to which attached the sentimental cognomen of the Ada. Mines are usually, indeed, named with more regard to forcible significance than to poetry; and the school-master must be frequently abroad in the camps, for some friends told us that after a claim had been named the Cymbeline, it was four weeks before its owners could ascertain who or what this personage might be.

Then our road wound among the hills, where only a short time ago roamed in large numbers the mule-deer, and soon the Wet Mountain Valley was entered, and the curious mining camp of Silver Cliff came in sight—another wonder of these times. The frugal and prosperous ranchmen of this pastoral region had gathered in their hay crops in peace for years, and the low hill, ending in a cliff, seven miles from Rosita, had probably never struck them as anything else than a contrast to the fertile lowlands near it. Not many years ago it was actually examined scientifically but unsuccessfully for *iron.* Some prospectors tried their fortune here in the summer of 1878, and found some "pay ore" in the shape of chlorides of silver. The first house was built in September, and in ten months there had sprung up, like Jonah's gourd, a wonderful town. As curiously unlike its pretty little neighbor Rosita as it is possible to conceive, it lies like a checker-board on the plain, angular, treeless, and unpicturesque. No wise man will accept the local census of a town which is "booming," but the population has certainly run in less than a year from one or two tens to several thousands. We had an excellent



HUNGRY GULCH.

dinner, and can state that it was *not* here that the scene occurred of which a friend told us.

"What's your order, stranger?" asked mine host of an inoffensive guest.

"Broiled chicken on toast, if you please."

"*Which?*"

"Broiled chicken on toast," I said, "if it can be had."

"Stranger," said the landlord, impressively, drawing a six-shooter, and pointing it at his head, "*you want* HASH, and you're a-goin' to eat it. I don't allow no tender-foot to go back on his victuals in *this* place!"

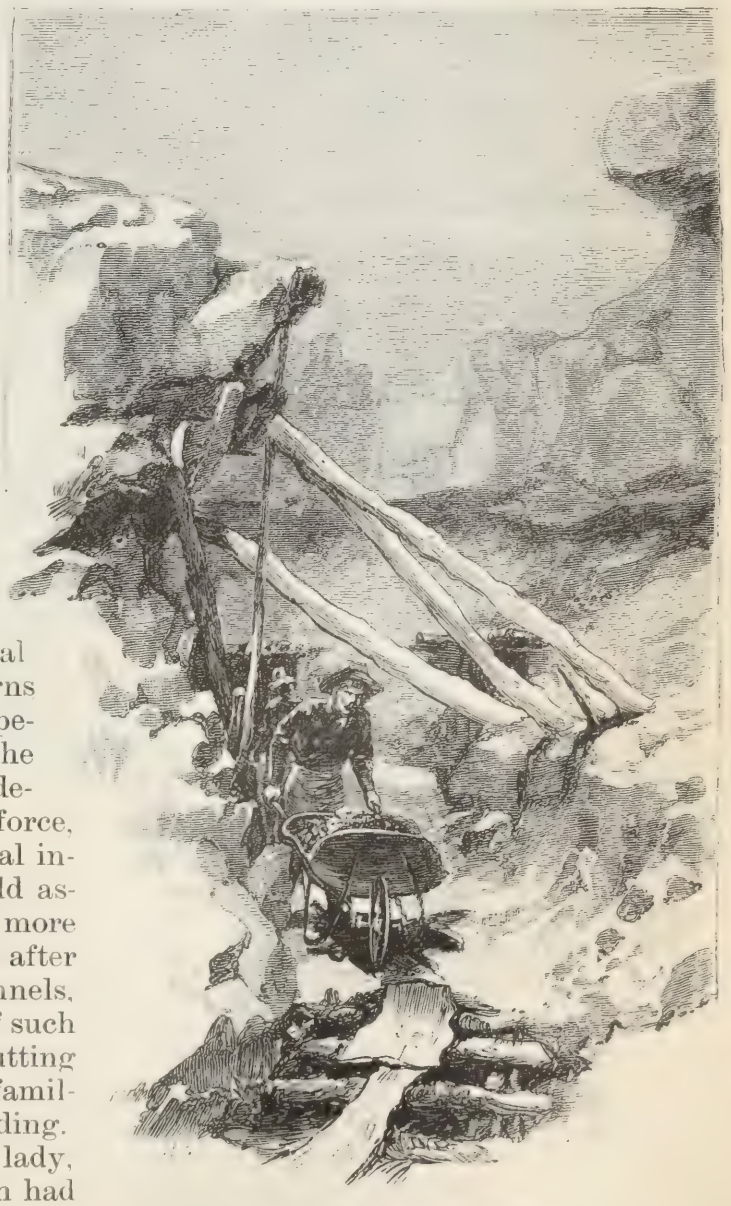
Saloons appeared with painful pertinacity, and a variety theatre, in which, on a certain Sunday night, the proprietor invited a preacher to officiate, listened, in company with "the boys," in a respectful and orderly manner, with a view of "giving the Gospel a show," passed round the hat, handed its ample contents to the parson, bowed him out, and in ten minutes more had the usual miscellaneous orgies in full blast.

The prospectors of a few months ago have given place to a great New York company, with a capital of $10,000,000; and although we know of none of the signs by which one distinguishes that specimen of natural history called the "capitalist," he was confidently declared to be on the spot in great force, and on the point of making colossal investments. For the rest, we could assuredly see signs of prosperity, and more than a few promising mines; and after sinking shafts and running tunnels, people were clearly getting tired of such slow processes, and were actually cutting slices out of the hill, as does paterfamilias out of the Christmas plum-pudding.

A very kind and hospitable lady, proud of the Colorado town which had the good fortune to claim her as a resident, asked the Colonel, with great courtesy, if he had prepared accurate descriptions of certain streets and buildings, and on his reluctantly confessing that want of space, etc., rather petulantly remarked: "Now I really believe that you will only tell about the funny side of things, and that isn't fair."

Filled with compunction, the Colonel began a course of reading in the papers of the place; and having insensibly imbibed a measure of their style, he tried to write about Silver Cliff in a manner different from the foregoing, and something as follows:

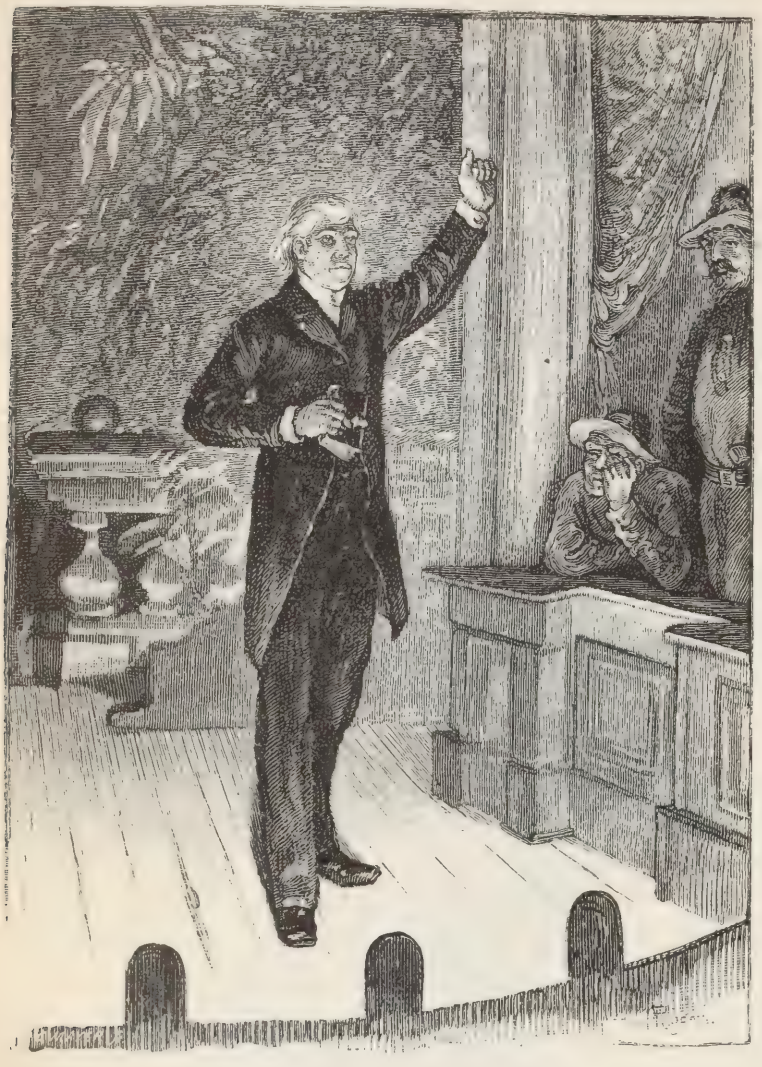
"This live town contains at least eight thousand inhabitants, and is bound to see that figure and go some thousands better within six months. Our esteemed friend the Hon. Charles Bunker, who has recently established an excellent pea-nut stand in our city, reports that people are flocking to us from the effete Denver and the upstart Leadville. Charley's pea-nuts can't be beat."



MINING AT SILVER CLIFF.

"The Hon. Zechariah Fettyplace, Member of the State Legislature of Indiana from the flourishing town of Sandy Plains,

and Pelatiah Pettengill, Esq., a prominent undertaker and capitalist of the same place, show a preference for the tooth-picks of the Oriental. These representative gentlemen declare that New York is played out compared with this place. We need just such citizens as these, and trust that they may be induced to cast in their lot with this magnificent camp."



SUNDAY EVENING AT THE VARIETIES.

"The genial Pete Starkweather, who so efficiently assists Alec Smithers in mixing drinks at the Honest Miners' Home, has, we are glad to hear, struck it rich on a lead adjoining the Roaring Cowpuncher and Mary Ann Eliza in Blue Murder Gulch. A prominent gentleman from Dakota, who came in on Billy Bullion's boss coach last night, and wrastles his hash at the Occidental, says that he knows a man whose cousin told him that leading New York capitalists had telegraphed to bond this claim for a million and three-quar—"

But here the Commodore said that this was all rubbish, and the Colonel knew it, and that he would just like to know if he was not going to write soberly, and say something about the mastodon found thirty feet below the surface in the Cedar Rapids Mine, which might have been of priceless value to science, but which was ruthlessly smashed to pieces, the mine men saying that they were after pay ore, not mastodons. Why, even the society upon the Stanislow, of which Truthful James relates that

> "every member did engage
> In a warfare with the remnants of a paleozoic age,"

would have done better than that. The fact was that the Commodore had heard of trout in Grape Creek, and had brought forth a pair of brand-new and sportsman-like leggings, and borrowed fishing-tackle from a too confiding native, and he wanted to "give mining a rest," and have a turn at the fish. His enthusiasm infected the rest of the party, and they pushed out toward the range. They had a near view of the grim summits close at hand, and of the Moscas and Veta passes, and the Spanish Peaks away at the south, but the poor Commodore came home very low in his mind. He had been wet through, damaged the new gaiters, broken the borrowed pole in one place and the borrowed line in two, and slaughtered thousands of grasshoppers for bait, but the trout in Grape and Colony creeks swam untouched in the clear mountain water. It was only in the evening, when a genial old resident was "reminiscing" for the benefit of the company, that he found consolation in hearing of the misfortunes of some other sportsmen. Said this gentleman:

"I used to ride the Pony Express. Pretty rough grub in Pueblo, you bet: fried cucumbers and water, with a piece of fat bacon hung up to tantalize us. Then I went down further south, and couldn't git nothing to drink but *tarantula juice* [bad whiskey], and I struck a kind of a colony of *gruber-grubbers* from Georgia."

"What are gruber-grubbers?"

"Why, pea-nut diggers—worst lot you

ever saw—come there expecting to find houses all built, and irrigating ditches all dug. I saw an old bell-wether, and asked him for something to eat, and he hadn't a thing, and I knew he was the kind that live on *snaps*."

"What are snaps?"

"When I first heard it I didn't know myself—thought the man meant ginger-snaps. But he said that these beats, when they were at home, had old squirrel rifles about as long as a mantel-piece, and with flint-locks. They'd go out and *snap* at deer, and if they killed him, all right. If they didn't, they'd have to live on the snaps until next day!"

"Yes, those were pretty rough times in Pueblo," remarked another old hand. "I was county clerk, and when we wanted bacon or flour we'd issue a county warrant for it. Things came out all right, though, for when we wanted to square up, the treasurer burned 'em, and we had a new deal."

But we could not tarry on the Rosita hills, and we sped north, reluctantly postponing the trips to San Juan and the Gunnison country, which promised such store of information and pleasure. A day's staging took us to Pueblo, and on the way we passed a new little camp called Silver Hill. It looked picturesque enough, and we were fancying it the abode of a generous prosperity, when, just as a young and hopeful citizen had remarked to us that "the boys could make a first-class camp out of this if they only had the fortitude," an aged person exclaimed, with a sort of growl, "There's fortitude enough, but there ain't no money, you see. That's what's the matter, you bet."

It was our lot in leaving Pueblo to go, not as goes the every-day traveller, but on a "special," with Billy Reed, of the Rio Grande Road, on the engine, or rather partly on, for he seemed to project half his length out of the window of the "cab" as he rounded the curves in about half of schedule time. One of the men best worth knowing in this world is an American locomotive engineer, and either the sight of the great mountains, or some less perceptible influence, seems to develop in the Colorado brotherhood an added measure of simple manliness and grave courtesy. The Colonel found a worthy successor to him of the "special" in Tom Loftus, whose guest he was on the engine of the Leadville express, two hours out from Denver, early on the morning of the day of all days in his mining pilgrimages. Little enough do the passengers in the comfortable cars know of the skill and caution required to control the train on such a journey, but it is clear to a careful observer, and infinitely interesting. All roads, it is said, lead to Rome; all railroads in Colorado try to lead to Leadville; and from the force of circumstances, and through the energy displayed in its construction, this line, which had terrible natural obstacles to overcome, is, at the date of writing, well in the van. Not very far south of Denver it enters the cañon of the Platte River, up which it winds after the manner of the narrow gauge in these parts. The strong little engine laboriously puffed up the grade, and Tom was exactly as careful in economizing "her" strength, and giving "her" rest and food and water, as if she were a favorite mule. The frost had turned many of the leaves yellow and a few red, lighting up the cañon in a striking manner. At certain points it opened out into little parks, and graders' cabins and campers' locations were frequent. Then came one of those grand horseshoe curves, and Kenosha Summit, some 10,000 feet above the level of the sea; and then a scene altogether wonderful, and something to be long remembered. The summit was a kind of plateau, and was quickly crossed, and we had hardly taken in the outline of the great peaks on the north, when, without warning of any kind, we glided on and along the edge of the sloping wall of the great South Park, and saw it stretching below us leagues away to the south, and across to the Park Range, beyond which lay our goal; and now Tom shut off his steam, and let the train, controlled by the air-brakes, scramble down the slope and run across the park to Red Hill. Here were the Leadville stages, and here also a spring wagon, to which were attached four good mules. Climbing into this, we whirled along the dusty road ahead of the stages, passed the old mining camp of Fairplay, arrived at the foot of Mosquito Pass, and began to ascend the road, which had been open but about two months. Two extra mules toiled away on the lead, and foot by foot we climbed toward the summit, rising bleak and bare some 13,300 feet. It must be known that, not among careless tourists, but among experienced drivers, who

rightly estimate danger, the crossing of the Mosquito is considered what the life-assurance companies call "extra hazardous," and Sam, who had held the reins for twenty-one out of the thirty-three years of his life, viewed it with a certain gravity. He had shaken his head at a loose tire, insisted on having an extra brake-shoe at Fairplay, and shut his lips hard together when he saw a new and refractory mule as near wheeler.

A remarkable character indeed was this fine fellow, and we listened with growing interest to his hearty utterances. When he had taken the trouble to lean over and point out to the inside passengers a little house built by some hardy miner away up on the crest of a peak, where it looked a wild bird's nest, and the person addressed had assumed a *nil admirari* manner, Sam remarked: "I come out a small shaver twenty-one years ago, an' *I* never knew



FREIGHTING ON MOSQUITO PASS.

the time when I couldn't see somethin' worth lookin' at in them great mountains. It's a pity that Smart Aleck in there can't cross them once without bein' bored." And again, after a pause: "Guess if them clouds was to drop on us when we get to the top, he'd find out somethin' new. Why, I've had them clouds gather round my coach up in the pass there so as I was as cold as Christmas—this time o' year too—and you couldn't see a foot. All I could make out was a glimmer, like a miner's lamp, hangin' on to the end of my whip-stock—made by the electricity, you know; an' I only knew where my team was by the pull on the lines."

"That's what *she's* afeerd of [thus did the good fellow, with affectionate persistence, designate his wife]—them clouds a-droppin'. When I come in, on t'other route, last winter, with both arms froze half way up to the elbow, she just begged me never to take the lines again—women is such fools about a feller, you know. When I'm out, she just watches the mountains, an' if a storm is a-comin' on, she'll just cry an' worry all night. So now, if it's bad weather, I just telegraph her when I get to Leadville. 'Tain't



"ROUND ONE OF THEM 'CUTE' CURVES."

any trouble, you know; an' then she's satisfied."

He had expressed himself somewhat strongly at the station where we had changed teams, because the wagon had not been repaired, and the bad mule had been thrust upon him.

"She never heerd me swear but once," said he, later on; "then it slipped out at a —— jayhawker as wouldn't give me no show to pass him on a narrer road down by Fairplay."

As we climbed higher and higher, little animals, hardly squirrels and hardly rabbits, ran over the rocky slopes, puzzling us as to their identity, until we remembered the words of the Psalmist: "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies"—for such they were. As the wind grew colder, the passengers buttoned their overcoats and wrapped their heavy blankets around them, talking and laughing as usual; but Sam sententiously remarked that "if they knew what was ahead of 'em, they'd keep quiet, sure." And they knew in a few moments, for we reached the summit, from which stretched downward with sharp turns, and on the very edge of an awful precipice, the road, hardly wide enough for the coach. The elderly gentleman who had seen nothing to surprise or please him in the lofty miner's cabin nervously dropped the canvas curtain after his first glance, and in a few minutes hastily asked to be allowed to change his seat to the other side. Certain demonstrations made by him during the descent induced the driver to remark, later on, "I guess, by the way that Smart Aleck hollered when we swung round some of them 'cute' curves, he'd seen somethin' new *this* trip;" and, indeed, we heard the next day that he had seen something so new to his experience, that he would give all that he possessed to be safely out of the town, and once more on the home side of the passes.

But the driver had something else to do than talk, now that the descent had begun. His eyes shone like diamonds, and there was a bright spot on each cheek, for he saw the refractory mule's behavior, and felt the loose brake. The angles were terribly acute, and the front feet of the leading mules would seem to be over the edge before they were skillfully swung round. Fortunately no clouds "dropped" on us, but night was fast coming on, and the wind blew fiercely over the lofty summits, and each turn seemed more abrupt, and each stretch of road narrower and more dangerous, than the last. It was rather more interesting than re-assuring to see the only passenger who was thoroughly familiar with the pass quietly clear the wraps from his feet, and make ready for a possible spring. The situation was not agreeable, but it was worse before it was better; for in another minute off came a tire, and it was hardly hammered on when adverse fate again brought us to a halt. Through the whole drive we had been meeting great mule teams, the drivers riding one of the wheelers, one hand on a string leading to the brake lever; and now just ahead on this narrow road, and *inside*, was one of them.

"I swear, Jim, I believe I'll have to drive right over ye!" cried Sam, in despair; but after a moment's deliberation, and urged by one of their number, the passengers descended, and literally put their shoulders to the wheel, not without a mental reservation to the effect that their contract with the stage company hardly compelled them to lift for dear life within a few inches of that terrible descent, at the foot of which a slip might cause them to be found the next day mangled and crushed past all recognition. And thus we went on from Scylla to Charybdis, for we were behind time, and reached only after dark the place where the road agents had waylaid the stage only a few nights before. Well might Sam say, "Never had a drive like that before. Everything against me: the brake bad, an' the shoe not workin', an' the tire comin' off on the same side that the black mule was on, an' the wagon draggin' to one side all the time."

We had reached what by comparison was level ground, but our pace was slow, for Sam quietly told us that there were "as many stumps in the road as hairs on a dog's tail." The stage behind us was actually caught on one, and remained there two hours; and as we finally entered the California Gulch of old days, we thought of Mr. Harte's heroine, and her pathetic inquiry:

> "Oh, *why* did papa strike pay gravel
> When drifting on Poverty Flat?"

for although great are Leadville and its carbonates, the way thither is indeed a hard road to travel.

And now, having seen this famous

town, and returned to a lower elevation, and carefully pondered over the matter, does the present writer lay his hand on his heart and make two solemn asseverations: first, that the mines here are splendid, and immensely valuable, and easily and profitably operated; and second, that Baron Munchausen, and Marco Polo, and the author of the *Arabian Nights*, must hide their diminished heads in the face of the achievements of the special correspondents who have "written up Leadville," for as romancers the last-mentioned carry off the palm indisputably.



RESIDENCE AT LEADVILLE.

For some years, beginning with the spring of 1860, men panned the surface dirt for gold in California Gulch, and when it petered out they went away. In 1877 it was found that the now world-renowned "carbonate belt" lay among the wooded hills on the east of the Arkansas Valley. In April, 1878, an important discovery was made on Fryer Hill, and results may be expressed in a few simple figures: In eighteen years this county (Lake) is estimated to have produced in gold and silver about $7,300,000; in 1878 it produced about $3,100,000; and one well-informed writer thinks that in 1879 it will produce something like $10,500,000!

So easily handled are these new-fangled ores that this is pre-eminently the "poor man's camp," and many and great in this region have been the changes from penury to affluence, although none so picturesque and rounded off as that narrated as happening at Rosita. The small storekeeper who "grub-staked" some prospectors is Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and credited with indefinite millions; at the recent wedding of one of these prospectors Jenkins fairly revelled; and a right-minded *nouveau riche*, whom we met on his way back from a quiet sum-

mer on the Eastern sea-board, informed us that while six months before he could not find a man who could spare him five dollars, he had lately been "presented with three diamond rings."

Mining camps, in the nature of things, grow to towns and cities, as boys grow to be men; but as there are those humans whom we declare to be not men, but overgrown boys, so is Leadville not a city, nor a town, nor a village, but an overgrown mining camp. And when we read what has been said about its actualities in this regard, we feel inclined to exclaim to the writers, in the words of one of their brethren, "Perhaps you fellows think that there is no hereafter!" Let the reader picture to himself a valley, or gulch, through which runs a stream, its banks rent and torn into distressing unshapeliness by the gulch miners of old days. Close around are hills, once wholly, now partially, covered with trees, which, having been mostly burned into leafless, sometimes branchless, stems, furnish surroundings positively weird in their desolation. Around, at a greater distance, rise lofty mountains, and between the town and one of the ranges flows the Arkansas. Along a part of the length of two streets (six inches deep in horrible dust, which one of the local papers declares will breed disease) are seen rows of the typical far Western buildings, some large, some few of brick, one or two of stone, very many small, very many of wood. Outside of these are mines and smelting-works, smelting-works and mines, stumps and log-cabins, log-cabins and stumps, *ad infinitum*.



A WALL STREET MAN'S EXPERIENCE IN LEADVILLE.

The Commodore had heard that an unfortunate Eastern "capitalist," dismounting from the stage some time before, arrayed in a particularly elegant and voluminous duster and a high hat, and starting "in an airy kind of way" to walk to the hotel, found himself followed by a gradually lengthening single file of jocular residents, all keeping step with him. Fearing a similar fate, he had reluctantly doffed the new leggings before we started on a tour of inspection. Traversing the principal street, and ascending a hill, we came to one of the great mines of the region—the celebrated Little Pittsburgh Consolidated, of which all the world has heard, and which may rightly be taken as an exemplar of these carbonate properties which have puzzled the geologists and experts,

delighted the workmen and smelters, and enriched the finders and owners. There are many of them, but one good one may stand for all. Here, at a very moderate depth, is a great body of mineral through which shafts and horizontal levels run, and in marked contrast to the following up of a vein now three feet and now three inches wide; here the inquisitive wanderer can walk comfortably around a great block of ore, and amuse himself by cipher-ing up its cubic contents. Only a portion of the property has yet been opened up, and yet of the dividends, is it not written in the financial columns?

"But," says the doubter, "I am not sure that this will all last. Here we are at the bottom of the deposit, and large as it is, there are limits which must ultimately be reached in four directions. Now, in the San Juan country, you can look up in the cañons and see true fissure veins stretching for 3000 feet on their sides, and know that they go through the crust of the earth."

"Yes," says another, "but that ore is harder and more expensive to work, and the veins 'pinch' [or contract to very small dimensions], and, as the miners say, 'you can't see into them farther than the end of the pick.' I am not sure but that it is better to buy a barrel full of pork, than to buy a barrel with the hope of filling it."

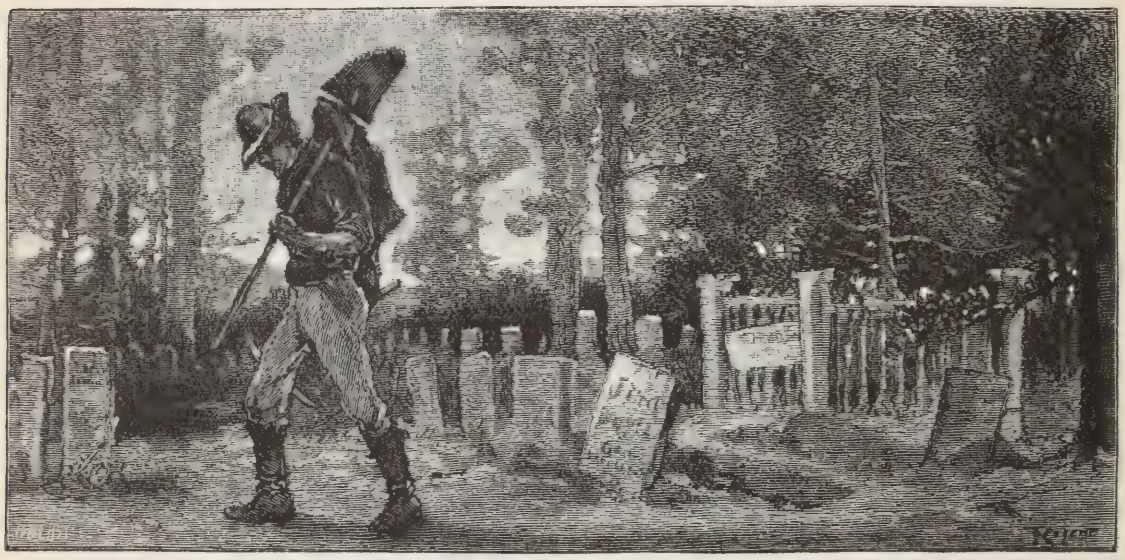
And so goes on the discussion. It need not be said that the man who could solve the questions raised would be the deadliest bull or bear that ever broke loose in Wall Street. Wiser is that clear-headed mining superintendent who, feeling confident that the deposit which he was working was underlaid, at a greater or less depth, by others, ordered a diamond drill, and declared that he was "going for carbonates or China!" It is to be hoped that he will fare better than the Irish shaft-sinker who said, when asked if he were not in litigation, "Bedad, no, Surr; sure I'm in porphyry."



SUBURBAN SCENE, LEADVILLE.

Amid all this treasure the Colonel and the Commodore wandered like two modern Ali Babas, sometimes talking with the miners, and rather overwhelmed with the profusion of "other people's money" about them; but when the mariner heard an expert, who was chipping away at the

wall with a little hammer, remark, "That's good goods," that purist stopped both ears, and asked the way to the nearest shaft. Then we journeyed about the camp, exchanging the sights of the great mines, the commodious buildings, and the modern machinery for other and strange ones. Pursuing a tortuous course between stumps, we brought up against cabins of different degrees of newness. Quaint signs invited the thirsty to "Smile twice for two bits," and the intending purchasers of stores to "Cook 'em yourself!" A funeral, consisting of a hearse, one carriage, and a *brass band*, passed down the main street, and men came out to view it from the ecclesiastical-looking porch of a saloon actually called The Little Church. Following another, or, rather, *the* other, street down parallel with the gulch, we came to smelting establishments, disgorging red-hot crucibles which took up half the road, and compelled the teamsters coming in through strata, rather than clouds, of dust to turn out of the way. And our last saunter in Leadville brought us to two startling sights, about which there was a terribly impressive suggestion of cause and effect. We had driven to the point where the picket-line of log-shanties, shaky and mud-bedaubed, reared chimneys economically constructed of old barrels, and had hardly passed them, when an indescribably dreadful odor brought us to a sudden halt, and it was from a safe distance that we looked on multitudinous heaps, from which blackbirds were rising in masses, of the reeking garbage of the town. Further on, in another direction, we came upon a grave-yard which was the very embodiment of grim desolation. It lay between two frightfully dusty roads, and the sulphurous fumes from a smelter near by brooded over it; the fences were broken down, and only an occasional rail hung by one end on a tottering post. Within were a few white-railed inclosures, and only a few inches apart rows on rows of earth-mounds, and hundreds, not of head-stones, but of stunted head-boards. It was the very saddest of sights—a scene for the genius of Doré himself. One could fancy the disembodied spirit of the poor miner hovering about in vain longing for a resting-place for the clay so lately tenanted by it on some grassy slope in an Eastern State, or even in the wildest cañon; and there came back to us, with strange significance, the words of the herder away out on the plains: "Leadville? why, that's the fattest grave-yard you ever see!"



LEADVILLE GRAVE-YARD.

In estimating the population of this place one should remember what John Phœnix said about that of Cairo—that it consisted of thirteen, but was put at five thousand, because they took the census just when five trains of cars had arrived before a boat started for New Orleans. A deduction of fifty per cent. from the average newspaper figures might come near the mark, but a "reliable gentleman" residing there thought this too high. Nor can the writer refrain from an expression of wonder and disgust at that morbid spir-

it which has wasted such power of description and comment on the alleged wickedness of Leadville, the plain truth being that it is just about as much worse than any other frontier mining camp as it is larger. The gist of the whole matter is that this is a wonderful aggregation of human beings about a wonderful development of mineral wealth, "with all which that implies;" that with a little leisure from their absorbing occupations its respectable residents may be trusted to greatly improve their surroundings; and that, besides making a notable addition to the wealth of the country, it has done good service in advertising Colorado to the ends of the earth. Our last recollections thereof are connected with the conversation between an honest miner and a pompous new-comer, who was walking down the street.

"Mister, how much do you ask for it?"

"For what, Sir?" (in a deep bass voice).

"Why, the town. I supposed you owned it."

To Leadville, Central City and adjacent towns are as the old to the new. Running up a steep gulch is a street lined with works, substantial brick and stone buildings, hotels, and churches. Here, twenty years ago, John H. Gregory found the first of that gold which has poured out in a steady and increasing stream ever since. Fortunes have been lost as well as made, unsuccessful and terribly expensive experiments have been tried, and many wrecks are strewn around; but not only does the Pactolian flood flow on more freely than ever, but the ground on the opposite side of North Clear Creek has been found to be rich in silver. Driving across Bellevue Mountain and down Virginia Cañon to Idaho Springs, one may take the train for Georgetown, shut in on South Clear Creek by lofty mountains, and "solid for silver," and then returning, threading the famous cañon of the Vasquez, and passing between the Table Mountains, approach the bustling little aggressive metropolis, Denver, which its inhabitants proudly call the Queen City of the Plains. Its distinctive character is fast disappearing, as the street-cars run through the streets occupied not many years ago by ox-teams and bands of ration-seeking Indians, but progress is in the right direction. Near here are the Boston and Colorado Smelting-Works, the establishment *par excellence* of its kind in the United States; here in the numerous and busily occupied banks does the successful miner deposit his gains; here does the hirsute mountain-dweller don the garb of civilization, and procure a "shave" and a "shine"; and here does the whilom grub-staker and present millionaire purchase his corner lot, and rear his lofty business block and commodious dwelling. The successful prospector, when the horizon, so long contracted for him, at last expands, is generally content with less.

"I'm goin' to have my first real square meal, boys," said one, exhibiting *seven boxes of sardines;* and then, with his eyes kindling, "You bet I'm a-going to New York, and I'll have a carriage driv' by a nigger *with a bug on his hat!*"

As the Colonel and the Commodore sat, after the manner of the place, in chairs on the sidewalk of Larimer Street, in front of the hotel, the former asked, "Do you not find, O Commodore, an answering chord in your breast to the emotions which stir yon sturdy man whom we met last night, who had unloaded on the gentle capitalist, and sees vistas of wealth and luxury before him?"

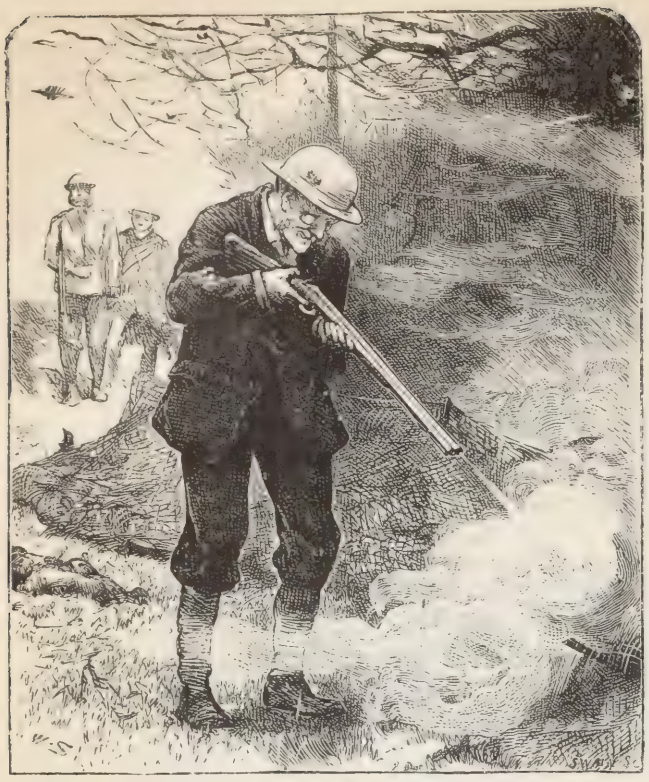
"To me," replied the Commodore, sententiously, "the hardy gold-seeker appeals more powerfully than the gold-finder. About him, what wealth of rugged picturesqueness, what symmetry, what *intensity*— Hello! by Jove, there are our burros, after all! I was afraid that scamp had gone back on us."

The Colonel sadly rose to his feet and walked around the corner, whereon stood a lemonade stand.

"Wherefore lemonade?" he asked of the attendant. "Surely this is at variance with the traditions of the far West."

"Oh," replied the native, half apologetically, half contemptuously, "it's a kind o' *habit* they've got into."

A little farther on a gentleman in a wire hat, nankeen trousers, and cloth shoes accosted him, and softly asked, "Was you a-thinkin', Sir, of investin' in mines?" His hand fumbled nervously at papers in his coat pocket, but the Colonel looked him kindly in the eye, and deliberately answered, "My friend, I am not a tender-foot. I have 'been there before.'"



CHAPTER XX.

CHASING A THUNDER-STORM.

"ALL on board, then!—all on board!" the summons comes ringing through the wonder-land of dreams. And then, amid the general hurry and scurry throughout the house, certain half-bewildered people turn first of all to the windows of their rooms: a welcome sight! The glory of the summer dawn is shining over the mountains; the *White Dove*, with nearly all her sails set, is swinging there at her moorings; best of all, a strong breeze, apparently from the northeast, is ruffling the dark blue seas, and driving a line of white surf on the further shores. The news comes that Master Fred, by darting about in the dingey since ever daylight began, has got the very last basket on board; the red caps are even now bringing the gig in to the landing-slip; John of Skye is all impatience to take advantage of the favorable wind. There is but little time lost; the happy-go-lucky procession—*dona ferentes*—set out for the beach. And if the Laird is pleased to find his nephew apparently falling into his scheme with a good grace, and if the nephew thinks he is very lucky to get so easily out of an awkward predicament, and if Mary Avon, unconscious of these secret designs, is full of an eager delight at the prospect of being allowed to set to work again, may not all this account for a certain indecorous gayety that startles the silence of the summer morning? Or is it that mythical hero Homesh who is responsible for this laughter? We hear the Laird chuckling; we notice the facetious wrinkles about his eyes; we make sure it must be Homesh. Then the final consignment of books, shawls, gun-cases, and what not is tossed into the gig, and away we go, with the measured dash of the oars.

And what does the bearded John of Skye think of the new hand we have brought him? Has he his own suspicions? Is his friend and sworn ally, Dr. Sutherland, to be betrayed and supplanted in his absence?

"Good-morning, Sir," he says, obediently, at the gangway; and the quick Celtic eyes glance at Howard Smith from top to toe.

"Good-morning, captain," the young man says, lightly; and he springs too quickly up the steps, making a little bit of a stumble. This is not an auspicious omen.

Then on deck: the handsome figure and pleasant manner of this young man ought surely to prepossess people in his favor. What if his tightly fitting garments and his patent-leather boots and white gaiters are not an orthodox yachting rig? John of Skye would not judge of a man by his costume. And if he does not seem quite at home—in this first look round—every one is not so familiar with boating life as Dr. Sutherland. It is true, an umbrella used as a walking-stick looks strange on board a yacht; and he need not have put it on the curved top of the companion, for it immediately rolls over into the scuppers. Nor does he seem to see the wickedness of placing a heavy bundle of canvases on the raised sky-light of the ladies' cabin: does he want to start the glass? Dr. Sutherland, now, would have given the men a hand in hauling up the gig. Dr. Sutherland would not have been in the way of the tiller as the yacht is released from her moorings.

Unaware of this rapid criticism, and unconcerned by all the bustle going on around, our new friend is carelessly and

cheerfully chatting with his hostess; admiring the yacht; praising the beauty of the summer morning; delighted with the prospect of sailing in such weather. He does not share in the profound curiosity of his uncle about the various duties of the men. When John of Skye, wishing to leave the tiller for a minute to overhaul the lee tackle, turns quite naturally to Mary Avon, who is standing by him, and says, with a grin of apology, "If ye please, mem," the young man betrays but little surprise that this young lady should be intrusted with the command of the vessel.

"What!" he says, with a pleasant smile—they seem on very friendly terms already—"can you steer, Miss Avon? Mind you don't run us against any rocks."

Miss Avon has her eye on the mainsail. She answers, with a business-like air:

"Oh, there is no fear of that. What I have to mind, with this wind, is not to let her jibe, or I should get into disgrace."

"Then I hope you won't let her jibe, whatever that is," said he, with a laugh.

Never was any setting out more auspicious. We seemed to have bade farewell to those perpetual calms. Early as it was in the morning, there was no still, dream-like haze about the mountains; there was a clear greenish-yellow where the sunlight struck them; the great slopes were dappled with the shadows of purple-brown; further away, the tall peaks were of a decided blue. And then the windy, fresh, brisk morning; the *White Dove* running races with the driven seas; the white foam flying away from her sides. John of Skye seemed to have no fear of this gentle skipper. He remained forward superintending the setting of the top-sail: the *White Dove* was to "have it" while the fresh breeze continued to blow.

And still the squally northeaster bears her bravely onward, the puffs darkening the water as they pass us and strike the rushing seas. Is that a shadow of Colonsay on the far southern horizon? The light-house people here have gone to bed; there is not a single figure along the yellow-white walls. Look at the clouds of gulls on the rocks, resting after their morning meal. By this time the deer have retreated into the high slopes above Craignure; there is a white foam breaking along the bay of Innismore. And still the *White Dove* spins along, with foam diamonds glittering in the sunlight at her bows; and we hear the calling of the sea-swallows, and the throbbing of a steamer somewhere in among the shadows of Loch Aline. Surely now we are out of the reign of calms; the great boom strains at the sheets; there is a whirl of blue waters; the *White Dove* has spread her wings at last.

"Ay, ay," says John of Skye, who has relieved Miss Avon at the helm; "it iss a great peety."

"Why, John?" says she, with some surprise. Is he vexed that we should be sailing well on this fine sailing day?

"It iss a great peety that Mr. Sutherland not here," said John, "and he wass know so much about a yacht, and day after day not a breeze at ahl. There iss not many chentlemen will know so much about a yacht as Mr. Sutherland."

Miss Avon did not answer, though her face seemed conscious in its color. She was deeply engaged in a novel.

"Oh, that is the Mr. Sutherland who has been with you," said Howard Smith to his hostess, in a cheerful way. "A doctor, I think you said?"

At this Miss Avon looked up quickly from her book.

"I should have thought," said she, with a certain dignity of manner, "that most people had heard of Dr. Angus Sutherland."

"Oh yes, no doubt," said he, in the most good-natured fashion. "I know about him myself—it must be the same man. A nephew of Lord Foyers, isn't he? I met some friends of his at a house last winter; they had his book with them—the book about tiger-hunting in Nepaul, don't you know—very interesting indeed it was—uncommonly interesting. I read it right through one night when everybody else was in bed—"

"Why, that is Captain Sutherland's book," said his hostess, with just a trace of annoyance. "They are not even related. How can you imagine that Angus Sutherland would write a book about tiger-hunting? He is one of the most distinguished men of science in England."

"Oh, indeed," says the young man, with the most imperturbable good humor. "Oh yes, I am sure I have heard of him—the Geographical Society, or something like that; really those evenings are most

amusing. The women are awfully bored, and yet they do keep their eyes open somehow. But about those Indian fellows; it was only last winter that I heard how



"THERE APPEARED TWO SHINING BLACK HEADS ON THE STILL WATER."—[SEE PAGE 406.]

the —— —— manages to make those enormous bags, all to his own gun, that you see in the papers. Haven't you noticed them?"

Well, some of us had been struck with amazement by the reports of the enormous slaughter committed by a certain Indian prince, and had wondered at one of the gentle natives of the East taking so thoroughly and successfully to our robust English sports.

"Why," said this young man, "he has every covert laid out with netting, in small squares like a dice-board, and when

he has done blazing away in the air, the under-keepers come up and catch every pheasant, hare, and rabbit that has run into the netting, and kill them, and put them down to his bag. Ingenious, isn't it? But I'll tell you what I have seen myself. I have seen Lord Justice —— deliberately walk down a line of netting and shoot every pheasant and rabbit that had got entangled. 'Safer not to let them get away,' says he. And when his host came up he said: 'Very good shooting—capital. I have got four pheasants and seven rabbits there; I suppose the beaters will pick them up.'"

And so the Youth, as we had got to call him, rattled on, relating his personal experiences, and telling such stories as occurred to him. There was a good sprinkling of well-known names in this desultory talk: how could Miss Avon fail to be interested, even if the subject-matter was chiefly composed of pheasant-shooting, private theatricals, billiard matches on wet days, and the other amusements of country life?

The Laird, when he did turn aside from that huge volume of *Municipal London*, which he had brought with him for purposes of edification, must have seen and approved. If the young man's attentions to Mary Avon were of a distinctly friendly sort, if they were characterized by an obvious frankness, if they were quite as much at the disposal of Mr. Smith's hostess, what more could be expected? Rome was not built in a day. Meanwhile Miss Avon seemed very well pleased with her new companion.

And if it may have occurred to one or other of us that Howard Smith's talking, however pleasant and good-natured and bright, was on a somewhat lower level than that of another of our friends, what then? Was it not better fitted for idle sailing among summer seas? Now, indeed, our good friend the Laird had no need to fear being startled by the sudden propounding of conundrums.

He was startled by something else. Coming up from luncheon, we found that an extraordinary darkness prevailed in the western heavens—a strange bronze-purple gloom that seemed to contain within it the promise of a hundred thunder-storms. And as this fair wind had now brought us within sight of the open Atlantic, the question was whether we should make for Skye, or run right under this lurid mass of cloud that appeared to lie all along the western shores of Mull. Unanimously the vote was for the latter course. Had not Angus Sutherland been anxious all along to witness a thunder-storm at sea? Might it not be of inestimable value to Miss Avon? John of Skye, not understanding these reasons, pointed out that the wind had backed somewhat to the north, and that Mull would give us surer shelter than Skye for the night. And so we bore away past Quinish, the brisk breeze sending the *White Dove* along in capital style; past the mouth of Loch Cuan; past the wild Cailleach Point; past the broad Calgary Bay, and past the long headland of Ru-Treshanish. It was a strange afternoon. The sun was hidden, but in the south and west there was a wan, clear, silver glow on the sea; and in this white light the islands of Lunga, and Fladda, and Staffa, and the Dutchman, were of a sombre purple. Darker still were the islands lying toward the land—Gometra, and Ulva, and Inch Kenneth, while the great rampart of cliff from Loch-na-Keal to Loch Scridain was so wrapped in gloom that momentarily we watched for the first quivering flash of the lightning. Then the wind died away. The sea grew calm. On the glassy gray surface the first drops of the rain fell, striking black, and then widening out in small circles. We were glad of the cool rain, but the whispering of it sounded strangely in the silence.

Then, as we are still watching for the first silver-blue flash of the lightning, behold! the mighty black wall of the Bourg and Gribun cliffs slowly, mysteriously disappears, and there is only before us a vague mist of gray. Colonsay is gone; Inch Kenneth is gone; no longer can we make out the dark rocks of Erisgeir. And then the whispering of the sea increases; there is a deeper gloom overhead; the rain-king is upon us. There is a hasty retreat down stairs; the hatches are shoved over; after dinner we shall see what this strange evening portends.

"I hope we shall get into the Sound of Ulva before dark," says Miss Avon.

"I wish Angus was on board. It is a shame he should be cheated out of his thunder-storm. But we shall have the equinoctials for him at all events," says Queen Titania—just as if she had a series of squalls and tempests bottled, labelled, and put on a shelf.

When we get on deck again we find that the evening, but not the *White Dove*, has advanced. There is no wind; there is no rain; around us there is the silent, glassy, lilac-gray sea, which, far away in the west, has one or two gleams of a dull bronze on it, as if some after-glow were struggling through the clouds at the horizon. Along the Gribun cliffs, and over the islands, the gloom has surely increased; it were better if we were in some shelter for this night.

Then a noise is heard that seems to impose a sudden silence—thunder, low, distant, and rumbling. But there is no splendid gleam through the gathering gloom of the night: the Gribun cliffs have not spoken yet.

John of Skye has carelessly seated himself on one of the deck stools; his arm hangs idly on the tiller; we guess, rather than hear, that he is regaling himself with the sad, monotonous "Farewell to Funeray." He has got on his black oil-skins, though there is not a drop of rain.

By-and-by, however, he jumps to his feet, and appears to listen intently.

"Ay, do you hear it?" he says, with a short laugh. "And it iss off the land it iss coming!"

He calls aloud:

"Look out, boys! it iss a squahl coming over, and we'll hev the top-sail down whatever."

Then we hear a roaring in the dark; and presently the head-sails are violently shaken, and the great boom swings over as John puts the helm up to get way on her. The next instant we are racing in for the land, as if we mean to challenge the heavy squall that is tearing across from the unseen Gribun cliffs. And now the rain-clouds break in deluges; the men in their black oil-skins go staggering this way and that along the slippery decks; the *White Dove* is wrestling with the sudden storm; another low murmur of thunder comes booming through the darkness. What is that solitary light far in there toward the land?—dare any steamer venture so near the shore on such a night? And we too: would it not be safer for us to turn and run out to sea rather than beat against a squall into the narrow and shallow channels of Ulva's Sound? But John of Skye is not afraid. The wind and sea can not drown his strident voice; the rain deluge can not blind the trained eyes; the men on the look-out—when the bow of the boat springs high on a wave we can see the black figures against the sombre sky—know the channels too: we are not afraid to make for Ulva's Sound.

There is a wild cry from one of the women: she has caught sight, through the gloom, of white foam dashing on the rocks.

"It iss all right, mem," John calls aloud, with a laugh; but all the same the order is shouted, "*Ready about!*" "*Ready about!*" is the call coming back to us from the darkness. "'*Bout ship!*" and then away she sheers from that ugly coast.

We were, after all, cheated of our thunder-storm, but it was a wild and a wet night nevertheless. Taking in the mizzen was no joke amid this fury of wind and rain, but that and the hauling up of the main-tack lessened the pressure on her. John of Skye was in high spirits. He was proud of his knowledge of the dangerous coast; where less familiar eyes saw only vague black masses looming out of the darkness, he recognized every rock and headland.

"No, no, mem," he was calling out in friendly tones, "we not hef to run out to sea at ahl. We will get into the Sound of Ulva ferry well; and there will not be any better anchorage as the Sound of Ulva, when you are acquaint. But a stranger—I not ask a stranger to go into the Sound of Ulva on so dark a night."

What is this we hear? "*Down foresail, boys!*"—and there is a rattle on to the decks. The head of the yacht seems to sway round; there is a loud flapping of sails. "*Down chub!*"—and there are black figures struggling up there at the bowsprit, but vaguely seen against the blackness of the sky and the sea. Then, in a second or two, there is a fiercer rattle than ever; the anchor is away with a roar. Some further chain is paid out; then a strange silence ensues; we are anchored in Ulva's Sound.

Come down into the cabin, then, you women-folk, and dry your streaming faces, and arrange your dishevelled hair. Is not this a wonderful stillness and silence after the whirl and roar of the storm outside? But then you must know that the waters are smooth in here, and the winds become gentle—as gentle as the name of the island that is close to us now in the dark. It is a green-shored island. The sailors call it *Ool-a-va*.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHASING SEALS.

NEXT morning found the Laird in a most excellent humor. All was going well. Though nothing had been said or promised by the Youth, was not his coming away with us into these remote solitudes—to say nothing of the very pleasant manner in which he sought to entertain Miss Mary Avon—sufficient evidence that he had at least no great repugnance to his uncle's scheme? The Laird was disposed to chuckle privately over the anxiety that Mary displayed about her work. The poor young thing: she did not understand what higher powers were ordering her future for her.

"Let her work on," the Laird said, in great confidence, to his hostess; and there was a fine secret humor in his eyes. "Ay, ay, let her work on: hard work never harmed anybody. And if she brings her bit mailin to the marriage—ye would call it her dowry in the South—in the shape of a bundle of pictures, just as a young Scotch lass brings a chest of drawers or a set of napery, she will not be empty-handed. She can hang them up herself at Denny-mains."

"You are looking too far ahead, Sir," says Queen T——, with a quiet smile.

"Maybe—maybe," says the Laird, rubbing his hands with a certain proud satisfaction. "We'll see who's right—we will see who is right, ma'am."

Then, at breakfast, he was merry, complaisant, philosophical in turns. He told us that the last vidimus of the affairs of the Burgh of Strathgovan was most satisfactory: assets about £35,000; liabilities not over £20,000; there was thus an estimated surplus of no less than £15,000. Why, then, he asked, should certain poor creatures on the Finance Committee make such a work about the merest trifles? Life was not given to man that he should worry himself into a rage about a penny farthing.

"There is a great dale of right down common-sense, ma'am," said he, "in that verse that was written by my countryman, Welliam Dunbaur:

"'Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow;
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbors gladly lend and borrow;
His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow;
Be blythe in heart for any aventúre,
For oft with wise men it has been said aforow,
Without Gladnésse availeth no Treasúre.'"

But we, who were in the secret, knew that this quotation had nothing in the world to do with the Finance Committee of Strathgovan. The Laird had been comforting himself with these lines. They were a sort of philosophico-poetical justification of himself to himself for his readiness to make these two young people happy by giving up to them Denny-mains.

And no doubt he was still chuckling over the simplicity of this poor girl, when, after breakfast, he found her busily engaged in getting her painting materials on deck.

"Beautiful—beautiful," said he, glancing around. "Ye will make a fine picture out of those mountains, and the mist, and the still sea. What an extraordinary quiet after last night's rain!"

And perhaps he was thinking how well this picture would look in the dining-room at Denny-mains; and how a certain young hostess—no longer pale and fragile, but robust and sun-browned with much driving in a pony-carriage—would take her friends to the picture, and show them Ulva, and Loch-na-Keal, and Ben-More; and tell them how this strange quiet beauty had followed on a wild night of storm and rain. The world around us was at this moment so quiet that we could hear the twittering of some small bird among the rocks in there at the shore. And the pale, wan, dream-like sea was so perfect a mirror that an absolutely double picture was produced—of the gloomy mountain masses of Ben-More, amid silver gleams of cloud and motionless wreaths of mist; of the basaltic pillars of the coast nearer at hand—a pale reddish-brown, with here and there a scant sprinkling of grass; of that broad belt of rich orange-yellow sea-weed that ran all along the rocks, marking the junction of the world of the land with the water world below. An absolutely perfect mirror, except when some fish splashed, then the small circles widened out and gradually disappeared, and the surface was as glassy as before.

The Laird was generous. He would leave the artist undisturbed at her work. Would not his nephew be better amused if a bachelor expedition were fitted out to

go in search of the seals that abound in the channels around Inch Kenneth? Our hostess declined to go, but provided us with an ample lunch. The gig was lowered, and everything ready for the start.

"Bring your shot-gun too, Howard," said the Laird. "I want ye to shoot some skarts. I am told that the breasts of them are very close and fine in the feathers; and I would like a muff or a bag made of them for a leddy—for a young leddy."

Mary Avon was busy with her work: how could she hear?

"And if the skin of the seals about here is not very fine, we will make something of it. Oh, ay, we will make something of it in the way of a present. I know a man in Glasgow who is extraordinary clever at such things."

"We have first to get the seal, uncle," said his nephew, laughing. "I know any number of men who assure you they have shot seals, but not quite so many who have got the seals that were shot."

"Oh, but we'll get the seal, and the skarts too," said the Laird; and then he added, grimly: "Man, if ye can not do that, what can ye do? If ye can not shoot well, what else are ye fit for?"

"I really don't know, uncle," the Youth confessed, modestly, as he handed down his rifle into the gig. "The London solicitors are a blind race. If they only knew what a treasure of learning and sound judgment they might have for the asking; but they don't. And I can't get any of the Scotch business you were talking about, because my name doesn't begin with Mac."

"Well, well, we must wait, and hope for the best," said the Laird, cheerfully, as he took his seat in the stern of the gig. "We are not likely to run against a solicitor in the Sound of Ulva. Sufficient for the day. As I was saying, there's great common-sense in what Welliam Dunbaur wrote:

'Be blythe in heart for any aventúre,
For oft with wise men it has been said aforow,
Without Gladnésse availeth no Treasúre.'

—Bless me, look at that!"

This sudden exclamation sent all eyes to the shore. A large heron, startled by the rattling of the oars, had risen, with a sharp and loud croak of alarm, from among the sea-weed, his legs hanging down, his long neck, and wings, and body apparently a gray-white against the shadow of the basaltic rocks. Then, lazily flapping, he rose higher and higher; he tucked up his legs; the great wings went somewhat more swiftly; and then, getting above the low cliffs, and appearing quite black against the silver-clear sky, he slowly sailed away.

The silence of this dream-like picture around us was soon broken. As the men pulled away from the yacht, the lonely shores seemed to waken up into life; and there were whistlings, and callings, and warnings all along the cliffs; while the startled sea-birds whirred by in flashes of color, or slowly and heavily betook themselves to some further promontory. And now, as we passed along the narrow Sound, and saw through the translucent water the wonder-land of sea-weed below—with the patches of clear yellow sand intervening—we appreciated more and more highly the skill of John of Skye in getting us into such a harbor on the previous night. It is not every one who, in pitch darkness and in the midst of squalls, can run a yacht into the neck of a bottle.

We emerged from the narrow channel, and got out into the open; but even the broad waters of Loch-na-Keal were pale and still: the reflection of Eorsa was scarcely marred by a ripple. The long, measured throb of the rowing was the only sound of life in this world of still water and overhanging cloud. There was no stroke-oar now to give the chorus

"A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

but still we made good way. As we got further out, we came in sight of Colonsay; and further off still, Staffa, lying like a dark cloud on the gray sea. Inch Kenneth, for which we were making, seemed almost black, although among the mists that lay along the Gribun and Bourg cliffs there was a dull silver-yellow light, as though some sunlight had got mixed up with the clouds.

"No, no," the Laird was saying, as he studied a scrap of paper, "it is not a great property to admeenister; but I am strong in favor of local management. After reading that book on London, and its catalogue of the enormous properties there, our little bit Burgh appears to be only a toy; but the principle of sound and energetic self-government is the same. And yet it is no so small, mind ye. The Burgh buildings are estimated at nineteen thou-

sand pounds odd; the furniture at twelve hunderd pounds; lamps near on two thousand five hunderd; sewers nine thousand pounds odd; and then debts not far from three thousand pounds—that makes our assets just about thirty-five thousand. And if the water-pipes in some places are rather too small for the steam fire-engine, we maun have them bigger. It was quite rideeculous that a thriving place like Strathgovan, when there was a big fire, should have to run to Glesca for help. No, no; I believe in independence; and if ye should ever live in our neighborhood, Howard, I hope ye will stand out against the policy of annexation. It is only a lot o' Radical bodies that are for upsetting institutions that have been tried by time and not found wanting."

"Oh, certainly, Sir," Howard Smith said, blithely. "When you educate people to take an interest in small parochial matters, they are better fitted to give an opinion about the general affairs of the country."

"Small?" said the Laird, eying him severely. "They are of as much importance as human life: is there anything of greater importance in the world? By abolishin' the Bigginsburn nuisance, and insisting on greater cleanliness and ventilation, we have reduced the number of deaths from infectious diseases in a most extraordinar' manner; and there will be no more fear of accidents in the Mitherdrum Road, for we are going to have a conteenuous line of lamps that 'll go right in to the Glesca lamps. I do not call these small matters. As for the asphalting of the pavement in front of John Anderson's line of houses," continued the Laird, as he consulted the memorandum in his hand, "that is a small matter, if ye like. I am not disposed to pronounce an opinion on that matter: they can settle it without my voice. But it will make a great difference to John Anderson: and I would like to see him come forward with a bigger subscription for the new Park. Well, well; we must fight through as best we can."

It was here suggested to the Laird that he should not let these weighty matters trouble him while he is away on a holiday.

"Trouble me?" said he, lightly. "Not a bit, man! People who have to meddle in public affairs must learn how to throw off their cares. I am not troubled. I am going to give the men a dram, for better pulling I never saw in a boat!"

He was as good as his word, too. He had the luncheon basket handed down from the bow; he got out the whiskey bottle; there was a glass filled out for each of the men, which was drunk in solemn silence.

"Now, boys," said he, as they took their oars again, "haven't ye got a song or a chorus to make the rowing easy?"

But they were too shy for a bit. Presently, however, we heard at the bow a low, plaintive, querulous voice, and the very oars seemed to recognize the air as they gripped the water. Then there was a hum of a chorus—not very musical—and it was in the Gaelic; but we knew what the refrain meant.

"O bōatmān, ă fārewĕll tō yŏu,
O bōatmān, ă fārewĕll tō yŏu,
Whĕrēvēr yŏu māy bĕ gōing."

That is something like the English of it: we had heard the "Fhir a Bhata" in other days.

The long, heavy pull is nearly over. Here are the low-lying reefs of rock outside Inch Kenneth; not a whisper is permissible as we creep into the nearest bay. And then the men and the boat are left there; and the Youth—perhaps dimly conscious that his uncle means the seal-skin for Mary Avon—grasps his rifle, and steals away over the undulating shelves of rock, while his two companions, with more leisure but with not less circumspection, follow to observe his operations. Fortunately there is no screaming sea-pyot or whistling curlew to give warning; stealthily, almost bent in two, occasionally crawling on all fours, he makes his way along the crannies in the reef, until, as we see, he must be nearly approaching the channel on his left. There he pauses to take breath. He creeps behind a rock, and cautiously looks over. He continues his progress.

"This is terrible woark," says the Laird, in a stage-whisper, as he too—with a much heavier bulk to carry—worms along. From time to time he has to stay to apply his handkerchief to his forehead: it is hot work on this still, breathless day.

And at last we too get down to the edge of a channel—some hundred yards lower than Howard Smith's post—and from behind a rock we have a pretty clear view of the scene of operations. Appar-

ently there is no sign of any living thing, except that a big fish leaped into the air some dozen yards off. Thereafter a dead silence.

After waiting about a quarter of an hour or so, the Laird seemed to become violently excited, though he would neither budge nor speak. And there, between two islands right opposite young Smith, appeared two shining black heads on the still water, and they were evidently coming down this very channel. On they came—turning about one way and another, as if to look that the coast was clear. Every moment we expected to hear the crack of the rifle. Then the heads silently disappeared.

The Laird was beside himself with disappointment.

"Why did he no shoot? Why did he no shoot?" he said, in an excited whisper.

He had scarcely spoken when he was startled by an apparition. Right opposite to him—not more than twenty yards off—a black thing appeared on the water, with a glistening smooth head, and large, soft eyes. Then another. We dared not move. We waited for the whistle of the rifle-bullet. The next instant the first seal caught sight of the Laird, raised its head for an instant at least six inches higher, then silently plunged along with its companion. They were gone, at all events.

The Youth came marching along the rocks, his rifle over his shoulder.

"Why didn't you fire?" his uncle said, almost angrily.

"I thought they were coming nearer," said he. "I was just about to fire when they dived. Mind, it isn't very easy to get on to a thing that is bobbing about like that, with a rifle. I propose we have luncheon now, until the tide ebbs a bit; then there may be a chance of catching one lying on the rocks. That is the proper time for getting a shot at a seal."

We had luncheon: there was no difficulty about securing that. But as for getting at the seals—whether we crawled over the rocks, or lay in hiding, or allowed the boat to drift toward some island, on the chance of one of them rising in our neighborhood—it was no use at all. There were plenty of seals about: a snap shot now and again served to break the monotony of the day; but that present for Mary Avon seemed as remote as ever. And when one is determined on shooting a seal, one is not likely to waste one's attention and cartridges on such inferior animals as skarts.

The silver-gray day became more golden; there was a touch of warm purple about the shadows of Staffa.

"Come," said the Laird at last. "We must go back. It is no use. I have often heard people say that if you miss the first chance at a seal, it never gives ye another."

"Better luck next time, uncle," said the Youth; but his uncle refused to be comforted.

And the first thing he said to Mary Avon when he got back to the yacht was,

"We have not got it."

"Got what?" said she.

"The seal-skin I wanted to have dressed for ye. No, nor the skarts I wanted to have made into a muff or a bag for ye."

"Oh," said she, promptly, "I am very glad. I hope you won't shoot any of those poor things on my account; I should be very sorry indeed."

The Laird took this as one of the familiar protestations on the part of women, who wouldn't for the world have poor things shot, but who don't object to wearing any amount of furs and feathers, to say nothing of having innocent sheep sheared and harmless silk-worms robbed in order to deck themselves out. She should have that dressed seal-skin, and that muff of skarts' breasts, all the same.

Nothing of stupendous importance happened that evening except that—after we had caught three dozen of good-sized lithe and returned to the yacht with this welcome addition to our stores—there was a general discussion of our plans for the next few days. And our gentle hostess was obviously looking forward to Angus Sutherland's coming back to us with great pleasure; and we were to make our return to suit his convenience; and she would write to him whenever we got near a post-office again.

Mary Avon had sat silent during all this. At last she said, apparently with some effort, and yet very deliberately:

"I—I think you are a little cruel to Dr. Sutherland. You are forcing him to come with you against his better judgment; for you know, with his prospects, and the calls on his time, he can not afford such long idleness. Do you think it is quite fair?"

The woman stared at this girl, who

spoke with some earnestness, though her eyes were downcast.

"He would do anything to please you," Mary Avon continued, as if she were determined to get through with some speech that she had prepared; "and he is very fond of sailing; but do you think you should allow him to injure his prospects in this way? Wouldn't it be a greater kindness to write and say that, if he really feels he ought to return to London, you would not hold him to his promise? I am sure he would not be offended; he would understand you at once. And I am sure he would do what is clearly right: he would go straight back to London, and resume his work—for his own sake and for the sake of those who count on a great future for him. I, for one, should be very sorry to see him come back to idle away his time in sailing."

And still Queen Tita stared at the girl—though their eyes did not meet. And she could scarcely believe that it was Mary Avon who had counselled this cold dismissal.

CHAPTER XXII.

"UNCERTAIN, COY, AND HARD TO PLEASE."

THERE are two people walking up and down the deck this beautiful morning: the lazy ones are still below, dawdling over breakfast. And now young Smith, though he is not much more than an acquaintance, talks quite confidentially to his hostess. She has his secret; he looks to her for aid. And when they do have a quiet moment like this together, there is usually but one person of whom they speak.

"I must say she has an extraordinary spirit," he observes, with some decision. "Why, I believe she is rather pleased than otherwise to have lost that money. She is not a bit afraid of going up to London to support herself by her work. It seems to amuse her, on the whole."

"Mary has plenty of courage," says the other, quietly.

"I don't wonder at my uncle being so fond of her: he likes her independent ways and her good humor. I shouldn't be surprised if he were to adopt her as his daughter, and cut me out. There would be some sense in that."

"I am glad you take it so coolly," says our governor-general, in a matter-of-fact way that rather startles him. "More unlikely things have happened."

But he recovers himself directly.

"No, no," says he, laughing. "There is one objection. She could not sit on any of the parochial boards of Strathgovan. Now I know my uncle looks forward to putting me on the Police Committee, and the Lighting Committee, and no end of other committees. By-the-way, she might go on the School Board. Do they have women on the School Boards in Scotland?"

On this point his hostess was no better informed than himself.

"Well," said he, after a bit, "I wouldn't call her pretty, you know; but she has a singularly interesting face."

"Oh, do you think so?" says the other, quite innocently.

"I do, indeed," answers the ingenuous Youth. "And the more you see of her, the more interesting it becomes. You seem to get so well acquainted with her somehow; and—and you have a sort of feeling that her presence is sort of necessary."

This was somewhat vague, but he made another wild effort to express himself.

"What I mean is—that—that suppose she were to leave the yacht, wouldn't the saloon look quite different? And wouldn't the sailing be quite different? You would know there was something wanting."

"I should, indeed," is the emphatic reply.

"I never knew any one," says the Youth, warming to his work of thorough explanation, "about whose presence you seem so conscious, even when she isn't here—I don't mean that exactly—I mean that at this moment, now, you know she is on board the yacht—and it would be quite different if she were not. I suppose most people wouldn't call her pretty. There is nothing of the Book of Beauty about her. But I call it a most interesting face. And she has fine eyes. Anybody must admit that. They have a beautiful, soft expression; and they can laugh even when she is quite silent—"

"My dear Mr. Smith," says his hostess, suddenly stopping short, and with a kind of serious smile on her face, "let me talk frankly to you. You acted very sensibly, I think, in coming with us to humor your uncle. He will come to see that this scheme of his is impracticable; and in the mean time, if you don't mind the

discomfort of it, you have a holiday. That is all quite well. But pray don't think it necessary that you should argue yourself into falling in love with Mary. I am not in her confidence on such a delicate matter; but one has eyes; and I think I might almost safely say to you that, even if you persuaded yourself that Mary would make an excellent wife, and be presentable to your friends—I say even if you succeeded in persuading yourself, I am afraid you would only have thrown that labor away. Please don't try to convince yourself that you ought to fall in love with her."

This was plain speaking. But then our admiral-in-chief was very quickly sensitive where Mary Avon was concerned; and perhaps she did not quite like her friend being spoken of as though she were a pill that had to be swallowed. Of course the Youth instantly disclaimed any intention of that kind. He had a very sincere regard for the girl, so far as he had seen her; he was not persuading himself; he was only saying how much she improved when you got better acquainted with her.

"And if," said he, with just a touch of dignity—"if Miss Avon is—is—engaged—"

"Oh, I did not say that," his hostess quickly interposed. "Oh, certainly not. It was only a guess on my part—"

"—or likely to be engaged," he continued, with something of the same reserve, "I am sure I am very glad for her sake; and whoever marries her ought to have a cheerful home and a pleasant companion."

This was a generous sentiment; but there was not much of a "wish-you-may-be-happy" air about the young man. Moreover, where was the relief he ought to have experienced on hearing that there was an obstacle—or likelihood of an obstacle—to the execution of his uncle's scheme which would absolve him from responsibility altogether?

However, the subject could not be continued just then; for at this moment a tightly brushed small head, and a narrow-brimmed felt hat, and a shapely neck surrounded by an up-standing collar and bit of ribbon of navy blue, appeared at the top of the companion, and Mary Avon, looking up with her black eyes full of a cheerful friendliness, said,

"Well, John, are you ready to start yet?"

And the great, brown-bearded John of Skye, looking down at this small Jack-in-the-box with a smile of welcome on his face, said,

"Oh yes, mem, when the breakfast is over."

"Do you think it is blowing outside, then?"

"Oh no, mem; but there is a good breeze; and maybe there will be a bit of a rowl from the Atlantic. Will Mr. —— himself be for going now?"

"Oh yes, certainly," she says, with a fine assumption of authority. "We are quite ready when you are ready, John; Fred will have the things off the table in a couple of minutes."

"Very well, mem," says the obedient John of Skye, going forward to get the men up to the windlass.

Our young doctor should have been there to see us getting under way. The Sound of Ulva is an excellent harbor and anchorage when you are once in it; but getting out of it, unless with both wind and tide in your favor, is very like trying to manœuvre a man-of-war in a tea-cup. But we had long ago come to the conclusion that John of Skye could sail the *White Dove* through a gas-pipe, with half a gale dead in his teeth; and the manner in which he got us out of this narrow and tortuous channel fully justified our confidence.

"Very prettily done, Captain John!" said the Laird—who was beginning to give himself airs on nautical matters—when we had got out into the open.

And here, as we soon discovered, was the brisk fresh breeze that John of Skye had predicted; and the running swell, too, that came sweeping in to the mouth of Loch-na-Keal. Black indeed looked that far-reaching loch on this breezy, changeful morning—as dark as it was when the chief of Ulva's isle came down to the shore with his runaway bride; and all along Ben-More and over the Gribun cliffs hung heavy masses of cloud, dark and threatening as if with thunder. But far away in the south there was a more cheerful outlook, the windy sea shimmering in light, some gleams of blue in the sky: we knew that the sunshine must be shining on the green clover and beautiful sand of Iona. The *White Dove* seemed to understand what was required of her. Her head was set for the gleaming south, her white wings outspread. As she sprang

to meet those rushing seas, we knew we were escaping from the thunder-darkness that lay over Loch-na-Keal.

And Ulva: had we known that we were now leaving Ulva behind us for the last time, should we not have taken another look back, even though it now lay under a strange and mysterious gloom? Perhaps not. We had grown to love the island in other days. And when one shuts one's eyes in winter, it is not to see an Ulva of desolate rocks and leaden waves; it is a fair and shining Ulva, with blue seas breaking whitely along its shores; and magical still channels, with mermaids' halls of sea-weed; and an abundant, interesting life—all manner of sea-birds, black rabbits running among the rocks, seals swimming in the silent bays. Then the patch of civilization under shelter of the hills; the yellow corn fields; the dots of human creatures, and the red and tawny-gray cattle visible afar in the meadow; the solitary house; the soft foliage of trees and bushes; the wild flowers along the cliffs. That is the green-shored island; that is the *Ool-a-va* of the sailors; we know it only in sunlight and among blue summer seas: it shines for us forever!

The people who go yachting are a fickle folk. The scene changes—and their interests change—every few minutes. Now it is the swooping down of a solan; again it is the appearance of another island far away; presently it is a shout of laughter forward, as some unlucky wight gets drowned in a shower of sea-spray: anything catches their attention for the moment. And so the *White Dove* swings along, and the sea gets heavier and heavier, and we watch the breakers springing high over the black rocks of Colonsay. It is the Laird who is now instructing our new guest, pointing out to him, as they come in view, Staffa, the Dutchman, Fladda, and Lunga, and Carnburg. Tiree is invisible at the horizon: there is too wild a whirl of wind and water.

The gloom behind us increases; we know not what is about to happen to our beloved but now distant Ulva—what sudden rumble of thunder is about to startle the silence of the dark Loch-na-Keal. But ahead of us the south is still shining clear: blow, winds, that we may gain the quiet shelter of Polterriv before the evening falls! And is it not full moon to-night?—to-night our new guest may see the yellow moon shining on the still waters of Iona Sound.

But the humiliating truth must be told. The heavy sea has been trying to one unaccustomed to life on board. Howard Smith, though answering questions well enough, and even joining voluntarily in conversation occasionally, wears a preoccupied air. He does not take much interest in the caves of Bourg. The bright look has gone from his face.

His gentle hostess—who has herself had moments of gloom on the bosom of the deep—recognizes these signs instantly, and insists on immediate luncheon. There is a double reason for this haste. We can now run under the lee of the Erisgeir rocks, where there will be less danger to Master Fred's plates and tumblers. So we are all bundled down into the saloon; the swell sensibly subsides as we get to leeward of Erisgeir; there is a scramble of helping and handing; and another explosion in the galley tells us that Master Fred has not yet mastered the art of releasing effervescing fluids. Half a tumblerful of that liquid puts new life into our solemn friend. The color returns to his face, and brightness to his eyes. He admits that he was beginning to long for a few minutes on firm land—but now—but now—he is even willing to join us in an excursion that has been talked of to the far Dubh Artach light-house.*

"But we must really wait for Angus," our hostess says, "before going out there. He was always so anxious to go to Dubh Artach."

"But surely you won't ask him to come away from his duties again?" Mary Avon puts in, hastily. "You know he ought to go back to London at once."

"I know I have written him a letter," says the other, demurely. "You can read it if you like, Mary. It is in pencil, for I was afraid of the ink-bottle going waltzing over the table."

Miss Avon would not read the letter. She said we must be past Erisgeir by this time, and proposed we should go on deck. This we did; and the Youth was now so comfortable and assured in his mind that, by lying full length on the deck, close to

* Have you caught any sharks yet, Mr. E——? Many a time we looked at the little spire out at the edge of the world; and many an unheard message we sent you; but the fates were not propitious, and we never had a chance of even getting near enough to signal you.

the weather bulwarks, he managed to light a cigar. He smoked there in much content, almost safe from the spray.

Mary Avon was seated at the top of the companion, reading. Her hostess came and squeezed herself in beside her, and put her arm round her.

"Mary," said she, "why don't you want Angus Sutherland to come back to the yacht?"

"I?" said she, in great surprise—though she did not meet the look of the elder woman—"I—I— Don't you see yourself that he ought to go back to London? How can he look after that magazine while he is away in the Highlands? And—and he has so much to look forward to—so much to do—that you should not encourage him in making light of his work—"

"Making light of his work!" said the other. "I am almost sure that you yourself told him that he deserved and required a long—a very long—holiday."

"You did, certainly."

"And didn't you?"

The young lady looked rather embarrassed.

"When you saw him," said she, with flushed cheeks, "so greatly enjoying the sailing—absorbed in it—and—and gaining health and strength too—well, of course you naturally wished that he should come back and go away with you again. But it is different on reflection. You should not ask him."

"Why, what evil is likely to happen to him through taking another six weeks' holiday? Is he likely to fall out of the race of life because of a sail in the *White Dove*? And doesn't he know his own business? He is not a child."

"He would do a great deal to please you."

"I want him to please himself," said the other. And she added, with a deadly frown gathering on her forehead: "And I won't have you, Miss Dignity, interfering with the pleasures of my guests. And there is to be no snubbing, and no grim looks, and no hints about work, and London, and other nonsense, when Angus Sutherland comes back to us. You shall stand by the gangway—do you hear?—and receive him with a smiling face; and if you are not particularly kind, and civil, and attentive to him, I'll have you lashed to the yard-arm and painted blue—keelhaul me if I don't."

Fairer and fairer grew the scene around us as the brave *White Dove* went breasting the heavy Atlantic rollers. Blue and white overhead; the hot sunlight doing its best to dry the dripping rocks; Iona shining there over the smoother waters of the Sound; the sea breaking white, and spouting up in columns, as it dashed against the pale red promontories of the Ross of Mull. But then this stiff breeze had backed to the west, and there was many a long tack to be got over before we got quit of the Atlantic swell, and ran clear into the Sound. The evening was drawing on apace as we slowly and cautiously steered into the little creek of Polterriv. No sooner had the anchor rattled out than we heard the clear tinkling of Master Fred's bell. How on earth had he managed to cook dinner amid all that diving and rolling and pitching?

And then, as we had hoped, it was a beautiful evening; and the long gig was got out, and shawls for the women-folk flung into the stern. The fishing did not claim our attention. Familiar as some of us were with the wonderful twilights of the North, which of us had ever seen anything more solemn, and still, and lovely than these colors of sea and shore? Half past nine at night on the 8th of August, and still the west and north were flushed with a pale rose-red, behind the dark, rich olive-green of the shadowed Iona. But what was that to the magic world that lay before us as we returned to the yacht? Now the moon had arisen, and it seemed to be of a clear, lambent gold; and the cloudless heavens and the still sea were of a violet hue—not imaginatively or relatively, but positively and literally violet. Then between the violet-colored sky and the violet-colored sea a long line of rock, jet-black, as it appeared to us. That was all the picture: the yellow moon, the violet sky, the violet sea, the line of black rock. No doubt it was the intensity of the shadows along this line of rock that gave that extraordinary luminousness to the still heavens and the still sea.

When we got back to the yacht a telegram awaited us. It had been sent to Bunessan, the nearest telegraph station; but some good friends there, recognizing the *White Dove* as she came along by Erisgeir, and shrewdly concluding that we must pass the night at Polterriv, had been so kind as to forward it on to Fionphort by a messenger.

"I thought so," says Queen T——, with a fine delight in her face as she reads the telegram. "It is from Angus. He is coming on Thursday. We must go back to meet him at Ballahulish or Corpach."

Then the discourtesy of this remark struck her.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Smith," said she, instantly. "Of course I mean if it is quite agreeable to you. He does not expect us, you see; he would come on here—"

"I assure you I would as soon go to Ballahulish as anywhere else," says the Youth, promptly. "It is quite the same to me—it is all new, you see, and all equally charming."

Mary Avon alone expressed no delight at this prospect of our going to Ballahulish to meet Angus Sutherland; she sat silent; her eyes were thoughtful and distant; it was not of anything around her that she was thinking.

The moon had got whiter now; the sea and the sky blue-black in place of that soft warm violet color. We sat on deck till a late hour; the world was asleep around us; not a sound disturbed the absolute stillness of land and sea.

And where was the voice of our singing-bird? Had the loss of a mere sum of money made her forget all about Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton, "and Mary Carmichael and me"? Or was the midnight silence too much for her; and the thought of the dusky cathedral over there, with the grave-stones pale in the moonlight, and all around a whispering of the lonely sea? She had nothing to fear. She might have crossed over to Iona, and might have walked all by herself through the ruins, and in calmness regarded the sculptured stones. The dead sleep sound.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

NO art, no philosophy, no religion, can claim an example of more thorough devotion to an ideal than that which music possessed in Hector Berlioz; in his genius, his character, his career, he was altogether remarkable, and no less so is the place he occupies in the history and development of music. His genius was unique, his character heroic, his life a tragedy. He had written the *Symphonie Fantastique* while Liszt was yet occupied with his amazing piano-forte transcriptions, and Wagner was looking to Meyerbeer as his model. "Art has its martyrs," says Blaze de Bury, "its forerunners crying in the wilderness, and feeding upon roots. It has also its spoiled children sated with dainties." One man braves the derision of an old world to discover a new, and wins poverty and chains; another follows and gives his name to a continent. And Berlioz has seemed in danger of being lost among his very followers—outstripped, as it were, by the results of an impulse which he had himself given.

Hector Berlioz was born on the 11th of December, 1803, at Côte-Saint-André, a small country town nearly midway between Grenoble and Lyons. His father, Louis Berlioz, was a physician of excellent local repute, and of more than ordinary attainments. He was his son's instructor in all the branches of a liberal education, not excepting the elements of music. At twelve the boy could sing at sight, and play the flute concertos of Drouet, at that time in vogue. He now unearthed an old copy of Rameau's *Harmony*, but the treatise of the old French theorist has served but to mystify many maturer heads. It was by listening attentively to Pleyel's quartettes as they were played by a club of amateurs that he became enlightened; and soon after an original quintette appeared, which was successfully played by the club.

But an immense treatise on osteology, with life-size illustrations, was opened in the study, and grimly awaited the homage of the young student. The elder Berlioz intended his son for his own honorable profession: music he regarded as a graceful adjunct to a solid education. Not so the son. In his father's own library he had read of Gluck and Haydn; by chance, too, he had seen a score for grand orchestra. "Become a physician!" he cried; "study anatomy! dissect! take part in horrible operations! No, no. That would be a total reversion of the natural course of my life." But the love, respect, and fear inspired by his father carried him through the course of study prescribed at home, and at eighteen he was ordered to join the army of medical students in Paris. He burned his quintettes, and departed.

Therefore in the year 1822 we find him in the Latin Quarter. His introduction to the dissecting-room of La Pitié had not been auspicious; at the first sight of the place the new student had leaped from the window and run to his lodgings, where for twenty-four hours he lay in an agony of

despair. Rallying, he had grappled bravely with a fate from which there seemed no escape; and in process of time he was, to use his own words, in a fair way to add one more to the list of bad physicians, when, like any other medical student in Paris, he went to the opera. He heard the *Danaïdes* of Salieri, all in that splendor and completeness that distinguished the Grand Opéra of the Académie Royale. He was then tempted into the library of the Conservatoire, where he learned by heart the scores of Gluck. Finally, on coming out one night from a representation of *Iphigenia*, he vowed a vow that he would be a musician, "father, mother, uncles, aunts, grandfather, and grandmother to the contrary notwithstanding;" and La Pitié saw him no more.

He set to work at once on a cantata with orchestral accompaniment, which composition gained him admission to the class of Leseur. Meanwhile impassioned appeals went from Paris to Côte-Saint-André. The proud and upright old provincial physician was in mortal fear lest his son should become lost in the crowd of commonplace artists; the mother believed in the infernal tendency of all art. The argument might be closed at any time by the unanswerable point of withdrawing the allowance. At last it came, and the youth found himself abandoned in the great capital. But he had joined the class of Reicha at the Conservatoire, and was engaged on the score of an opera —the *Francs-Juges*. A mass of his had already been performed in the church St. Roch, gained some attention from musicians, and favorable mention in one or two journals. He slept in a garret, and ate his dinner of bread and grapes sitting on the terrace of the Pont Neuf. As winter came on, cold and hunger might have made an end of the matter had he not secured a place in the chorus of the Théâtre des Nouveautés.

But the worshipper of Gluck and Spontini had little taste for the comic opera, and when in the course of a few months a remittance came from the relenting father, he abandoned the boards, and turned anew to the study of the classical drama. The evenings at the Grand Opéra were solemnities for which he prepared himself by study and meditation. Thither he was accustomed to lead a band of students and amateurs, range them at an early hour upon seats chosen and often paid for by himself, read and explain both libretto and score, comment upon cast and orchestra, and leave nothing undone to incite an admiration equal with his own. He would abide no liberties with the score, and did not hesitate to publish his indignation. "No cymbals there!" "Where are the trombones?". "Who has taken it upon him to revise Gluck?" rang an imperious voice above the tumult of chorus and orchestra. In purely orchestral music he had not hitherto been specially interested. That sublime enigma the Choral Symphony had already been propounded in London before the Heroic was brought out by Habeneck, leader of the Conservatoire orchestra (1828). Although in England there was a pretty wide opinion that Beethoven had exceeded the legitimate bounds of musical art, and many called upon the "revered shades of Purcell and Gibbons to witness and deplore the obstreperous roarings of modern frenzy," still disapproval was much less marked than in the French capital. "Bizarre, incoherent, diffuse, bristling with rough modulations and wild harmonies, destitute of melody, forced in expression, noisy, and fearfully difficult"—such was the indictment. Even sturdy Habeneck was forced to some erasures. The violinist to whom had been dedicated the sonata that will save his name from oblivion—Kreutzer—declared it all "outrageously unintelligible," and fled with his hands to his ears. But to Berlioz it was an inspiration.

Now at the summit of exaltation, now plunged in despair; through struggle, privation, disappointment; through all manner of torments incident to his condition or inseparable from his temperament—Berlioz lived to behold the year 1830, when he presented to the Institute his cantata *Sardanapalus*, and gained the Prix de Rome. This honor signified an annuity of 3000 francs for a period of five years, and two years' residence in Italy. Before the laureate's departure his newly finished *Symphonie Fantastique* was heard at the Conservatoire; and then, while Paris was ringing with the clash of hostile and friendly criticism, he took his way toward the Eternal City.

The pensioners of the Academy of France inhabited the Villa Medici; the director at that time was the illustrious Horace Vernet. Berlioz has left a strong protest against the custom that sent him to Rome. In the name of Palestrina he

hastened to St. Peter's. Of the music he speaks with the bitterness of disappointment. At the theatres he found it no better: orchestra, dramatic unity, and common-sense were as nothing before the claims of vocal display. The very word *symphony* was unknown, except to designate a certain noise before the rising of the curtain, and to which nobody paid any attention. The names of Weber and Beethoven had scarcely been heard; Mozart was mentioned by a worthy abbot of exceptional information as a young man of great promise! We know the changes that have come with a new Italy; that fine orchestral concerts have become frequent in Rome; and that the Milan orchestra at the recent Exposition surprised all by its masterly performance no less than by its choice repertory, in which was Berlioz's own *Carnaval Romain*. But the young French composer in Italy fifty years ago pined like an eagle caged. Leaving the director's receptions, where he was exasperated by insipid cavatinas, the students' revels, in which he sometimes joined with desperate hilarity, he went out to gaze at the moon through the rifts of the Coliseum, or to sit the night through in the garden of the Academy, while the owls cried from the desolate fields of the Villa Borghese. Père la Joie was the sobriquet soon bestowed by his ironical comrades. He was a victim of the subtle *maladie d'isolement* known to over-imaginative natures, and of which he has made a marvellous diagnosis in a chapter of the *Mémoires*. At the end of the year, being required to present something before the Institute as an index of his progress, he sent on a fragment of his mass heard years before at St. Roch, in which the learned members found "the evidences of material advancement, and the total abandonment of his former reprehensible tendencies." Set free six months before the expiration of his time by a special act of the director, again we find him in the cosmos of Paris.

While yet a pupil at the Conservatoire (professor also of the guitar in a boarding-school), Berlioz had seen *Hamlet* as it was played for the first time in Paris by an English company, the star of which was the gifted Harriet Smithson. She it was who inspired Delacroix in his picture of Ophelia, who incited the poets, intoxicated the critics, and secured at once the success of the Shakspearean drama, for which the way had been prepared by the new school of *littérateurs*. The student's steps turned every night toward the Odéon, where there had opened for him a new world, of which the lovely interpreter formed the only objective reality. After a night of enchantment, cast again upon the barren shore of every-day existence, he let go all earthly aims, and wandered to and fro as reckless of meat and drink as a disembodied soul, thinking ever of her who was the reconciling bond between the ideal and the actual, but from whom he was separated by all the distance that lies between glory and obscurity. Suddenly he astonished Cherubini by boldly asking for the hall of the Conservatoire, and still further by obtaining it in the face of his refusal. Miss Smithson should learn that he too was an artist. Copyists, orchestra, chorus, soloists were engaged, and the concert took place, with the usual amount of anxiety and inordinate expectation. But what effect on Miss Smithson? No mention of Berlioz or his concert had reached her ears.

Now, on his return to Paris, he learned that Miss Smithson had also just arrived after a long absence, being about to undertake the direction of an English theatre. Chance secured her presence at the performance of that remarkable work of the composer's *An Episode in the Life of an Artist*, which, in fact, is the story of his love, the first part being the *Symphonie Fantastique*, the second the lyrical monologue called *Lélio*. Next day a formal introduction took place, and in the summer of 1833 the two artists were married. The young directress had in the mean time learned the uncertainty of public favor. The name of Shakspeare was no longer an infallible passport; the wave of romanticism had ebbed into a turbid pool, in which native dramatists disported themselves. The pæans were unsounded, the exchequer unfilled. Diana brought a swarm of creditors, and Endymion had no expectations.

A professorship at the Conservatoire was naturally looked for, and would have been of incalculable benefit to the composer at this juncture, saved him from journalism, and given him an official status in his guild. But between him and Cherubini there had always been an antagonism, even from the time when the irascible director had driven the unknown youth from the library for having enter-

ed by the wrong door; and now the composer of *Anacreon* had no favors for heretics. The post of librarian was all the alma mater ever granted Hector Berlioz. Forced, therefore, to the precarious business of occasional concerts, to revising proofs, and miscellaneous tasks, he accepted the place of critic on the *Journal des Débats*—a labor destined to imbitter his life.

The early opera of the *Francs-Juges* survives only in its vigorous overture; but Berlioz had completed his *Benvenuto Cellini*, and in 1838 he contrived to get it upon the stage of the Opéra. He was none the less regarded as a lunatic by the director, Duponchel; and the company was indifferent to a work whose failure was already deemed *un fait accompli*. The failure took place, and it was brilliant and complete; it came at a critical time, and with crushing weight upon the composer. But Berlioz had not failed to attract devoted friends. The veteran Spontini held him in affectionate admiration; young Liszt had visited him on hearing the *Symphonie Fantastique;* and Paganini, after a performance of *Harold in Italy*, had knelt and kissed the composer's hand in the concert-room. After the failure of *Benvenuto Cellini*, Berlioz found himself in dire straits. Ill in bed, he received a note from Paganini; it contained a check for twenty thousand francs. Berlioz immediately planned the dramatic symphony of *Romeo and Juliet*—the inspired production of gratitude, a freed imagination, and blessed repose.

In 1841 Berlioz made an extensive tour in Germany, of which he has given details in a series of brilliant letters addressed to Liszt, Heine, and others. "I came to Germany," said he, "as the men of ancient Greece went to the oracle at Delphi, and the response was in the highest degree encouraging." At Leipsic he exchanged batons with Mendelssohn, though that favored son of art and fortune had no very warm sympathy with the French composer. Schumann, prophet as well as bard, had hailed him afar off. "For myself," he wrote, "Berlioz is as clear as the blue sky above. I really think there is a new time in music coming."

But in France again, and he is a writer of feuilletons—"the sole object," says he, bitterly, "for which the Parisians imagine I am in the world." One feels inclined to pardon the Parisians, in view of those admirable specimens of French prose left by the composer. He has all the French wit, more than French humor; he narrates with a keen eye to dramatic points; catches with wondrous skill the subtleties of emotional experience. He might have been a great dramatist. In his *Mémoires** he has forestalled the biographers as completely as did Benvenuto Cellini. His critical papers are usually as just-as they are eloquent. No man of equal creative genius has been able to analyze so clearly, judge so fairly, and admire so fervidly the music of others. Yet this literary labor was a source of great misery to a man whose soul yearned toward another field of activity.

"I once remained shut up in my room for three days for the purpose of writing a feuilleton on the Opéra Comique, without so much as making a beginning. I do not recall the name of the work, but I remember but too well the torment it caused me. The lobes of my brain seemed ready to split; burning cinders tingled in my veins. Now I leaned upon the table with my head between my hands, now I paced up and down like a sentry, with the thermometer at zero. I stood at the window gazing into the gardens, at the heights of Montmartre, at the setting sun; reverie bore me a thousand leagues from my accursed comic opera. And when, on turning, my eyes fell upon the accursed title at the head of the accursed sheet, blank still, and obstinately awaiting my words, despair seized upon me. My guitar rested against the table; with a kick I crushed its side. Two pistols on the mantel stared at me with great round eyes. I regarded them for some time, then beat my forehead with clinched hand. At last I wept furiously, like a school-boy unable to do his theme. The bitter tears were a relief. I turned the pistols toward the wall; I pitied my innocent guitar, and sought a few chords, which were given without resentment. Just then my son of six years knocked at the door [the little Louis whose death, years after, was the last bitter drop in the composer's cup of life]—owing to my ill humor, I had unjustly scolded him that morning: 'Papa,' he cried, 'wilt thou be friends?' 'I *will* be friends; come on, my boy;' and I ran to open the door. I took him on my knee, and with his blonde head on my breast we slept together. . . .Fifteen years since then, and my torment still endures. Oh, to be always there!—scores to write, orchestras to lead, rehearsals to direct. Let me stand all day with baton in hand, training a chorus, singing their parts myself, and beating the measure, until I spit blood, and cramp seizes my arm; let me carry desks, double basses, harps, remove platforms, nail planks like a porter or a carpenter, and then spend the night in rectifying the errors of engravers or copyists. I have done, do, and will do it. That belongs to my musical life, and I bear it without thinking of it, as the hunter bears the thousand fatigues of the chase. But to scribble eternally for a livelihood!"

* *Mémoires de Hector Berlioz.* M. Levy Frères. Paris: 1870. This work has been translated by Mr. W. F. Apthorp.

It was while travelling in Austria and Hungary in 1844–45 that Berlioz wrote the greater part of his *Damnation de Faust*. This work contains, according to an eminent French critic, precisely that which is absent in the opera of Gounod—sympathy with the spiritual significance of Goethe's drama. The composer staked his resources on the production of this work at the Opéra Comique in November, 1846, and two representations sufficed to ruin him. He set off for Russia in the dead of winter.

While in Russia and in Germany the genius of Berlioz was warmly recognized: why did the public at home so persistently reject him? The main cause was an inherent antagonism of musical sentiment, while the enemies aroused by the composer in his capacity of critic, and the school-men he offended by his insuppressible originality, were the occasion of prejudice and ill-will. Early put forward, with Hugo and Delacroix, as an exponent of special doctrines that were to renovate the body artistic, Berlioz found himself in the heat of that battle waged between the two factions calling themselves the Romantic and the Classical, and felt the blows of both. He was abused for faults not his own, and exalted for qualities he neither possessed nor aimed at. His name became a target of wit for those who knew nothing of him beyond that name. "A physician who plays the guitar and fancies himself a composer," said idle gossip; and the criticism of the journals was chiefly gross abuse unparalleled except in the experience of Wagner. After the first performance of *Harold in Italy* the composer received an anonymous note commiserating him that he should lack the courage to blow out his own brains.

He had written an opera—words and music—founded on the Æneid. But the lyric stage was the exclusive possession of another. It had been foretold (by De Stendhal, was it not?) that one should arise to unite the profundity of Weber with the melodic charm of Rossini; therefore when Meyerbeer appeared he was hailed and duly anointed. The lyrical drama of Berlioz consisted of two parts, the *Taking of Troy* and the *Trojans at Carthage*—the latter finally secured a score of representations at a minor theatre (1863). It is not Wagner alone who has planned the execution of his own works under perfect conditions, though it is he who has persuaded the world to grant them. "In order," says Berlioz, "to properly produce such a work as the *Trojans* I must be absolute master of the theatre, as of the orchestra in directing a symphony. I must have the good-will of all, be obeyed by all, from prima donna to scene-shifter. A lyrical theatre, as I conceive it, is a great instrument of music, which, if I am to play it, must be placed unreservedly in my hands." But for him there was no Bayreuth. He saw his colossal *Trojans*—the work of his mature genius—cramped into the Théâtre Lyrique, criticised by all, amended by all; dismembered, patched, and belittled to suit the capacity of orchestra and chorus, or to meet the exigencies of scenic resources. But this work yielded him a sufficient revenue to warrant his retirement from the *Journal des Débats*, and Berlioz left his desk after thirty years of servitude.

He was now sixty years old. Long since had that dream of his youth, that fulfilled promise of his manhood, passed among the bitter experiences of life. So early as 1842 a *séparation à l'aimable* was effected between two unhappy artists, "loving but rending each other." Madame Berlioz was scrupulously, devotedly, cared for from the composer's scanty income; and when, in 1854, the once beautiful and renowned actress, so long left by the world to the oblivion of helplessness and pain, closed her eyes upon earth, he found himself overwhelmed with grief and pity —"pity, the sentiment of all others," says he, "which it has always been hardest for me to endure." His only child was cruising distant seas on board a man-of-war. He turned to the old home at Côte-Saint-André: all were dead. A lonely man, sadly broken in health, with the sharp sense of failure gnawing at his heart. Well-nigh quenched were the fires of an ambition that had seemed unquenchable. He no longer had courage to impoverish himself to get his music before a public sure to deride it. To one who had remarked that his music belonged to the future, he replied: "I doubt if it even prove music of the past." Yet Berlioz was too philosophical not to know the blindness of the generations for contemporary genius—how in history the law of optics is set at naught, and men appear at their just size only through the perspective of years; how the grandeur of the cathedral is lost upon the denizens of the pigmy dwellings in

its shadow, going to and fro on every-day affairs. Yet it sometimes happened, even in Paris, that an audience felt itself suddenly, strangely moved, as by a presentiment of the greatness of the man among them. The following anecdote is related by a French critic:

"Some years ago M. Pasdeloup gave the septuor from the *Trojans* at a benefit concert. The best places were occupied by the people of the world, but the *élite intelligente* were ranged upon the highest seats of the Cirque. The programme was superb, and those who were there neither for fashion's nor charity's sake, but for love of what was best in art, were enthusiastic in view of all those masterpieces. The worthless overture of the *Prophète*, disfiguring this fine ensemble, had been hissed by some students of the Conservatoire, and, accustomed as I was to the blindness of the general public, knowing its implacable prejudices, I trembled for the fate of the magnificent septuor about to follow. My fears were strangely ill founded: no sooner had ceased this hymn of infinite love and peace than these same students, and the whole assemblage with them, burst into such a tempest of applause as I never heard before. Berlioz was hidden in the further ranks, and the instant he was discovered the work was forgotten for the man; his name flew from mouth to mouth, and 4000 people were standing upright, with their arms stretched toward him. Chance had placed me near him, and never shall I forget the scene. That name apparently ignored by the crowd it had learned all at once, and was repeating as that of one of its heroes. Overcome as by the strongest emotion of his life, his head upon his breast, he listened to this tumultuous cry of 'Vive Berlioz!' and when on looking up he saw all eyes upon him and all arms extended toward him, he could not withstand the sight; he trembled, tried to smile, and broke into sobbing."

Without the prestige of a virtuoso, without the vantage-ground of an official position, giving occasional concerts, generally in an unsuitable *locale*, with disaffected executants, the great composer was practically in the position of an amateur. What to him would have been such a band as that of the Conservatoire, or of the Opéra, which had been promised him, but was ungratefully withheld! There was talk at one time of his becoming Capellmeister at Dresden, but this fell through. The very monarch of the orchestra was a beggar in his own kingdom.

It can not be denied that the music of Berlioz has inherent obstacles to its popularity. The elevation in sentiment, the refinement in details, the variety and complexity in form and rhythm, demand executants of the utmost skill, and in sympathy with the ideas of the composer. Besides, a genius so essentially orchestral can not be known through the piano score: that were Paul Veronese in photographic copies. It can hardly be wondered at that a public, hearing works of so original a character rarely presented and imperfectly executed, should fail to be impressed by them. The symphony of Haydn and Mozart had aimed to develop a theme, instead of a preconceived sentiment or action, and no attempts had been made to shape the course of the listener's imagination. Beethoven was the first, as Hueffer says, "to condense the vague feelings, which were all that music had hitherto expressed, into more distinctly intelligible ideas." The cheerful days of early art were passed; it was no longer an Arcadian piping—not as when "Music, heavenly maid, was young." The Muse led by Beethoven through the labyrinths of the Inferno emerged with changed lineaments—sad with the woe of humanity, wise with divine mysteries. "Behold," as men said, looking with awe on the dark face of Dante, "the one that was in Hades!"

But Beethoven was a sealed book to the French public—at all events, as his genius appeared in its final phase. A few sonatas were essayed in the salons, and Liszt had played a concerto or two in public. The symphonies were known only to the limited number of those in attendance upon the concerts of the Conservatoire; and it was not until the very recent efforts of M. Pasdeloup at the Cirque d'Hiver that classical orchestral music became popularized in Paris. Always readier to turn a witticism than to hear and consider, the people were quite content with the opinions of the professors. And it was for these, the official guardians of art, to charge that the object of their ill-will had destroyed the specific, the consecrated form of the symphony; therefore they were constrained to exclude him from the Conservatoire. The records of the Société des Concerts* show the greatest of French composers represented but twice in the course of thirty years—by the early overture of *Rob Roy*, and a fragment of *Faust*. This society possessed the field during that period, and that period comprised the artistic life of Hector Berlioz. Here is the stigma.

So far as the technique of instrumentation goes, Berlioz's supremacy is not denied; his novel combinations, his knowledge of the resources of the various in-

* Elwart's *Histoire de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire.*

struments, his skill in grouping, his success in orchestral color, have been the admiration of all. Concerning his method of study, he writes:

"I carried with me to the Opéra the score of whatever work was on the bill, and read during the performance. In this way I began to familiarize myself with orchestral methods, and to learn the voice and quality of the various instruments, if not their range and mechanism. By this attentive comparison of the effect with the means employed to produce it, I found the hidden link uniting musical expression to the special art of instrumentation. The study of Beethoven, Weber, and Spontini, the impartial examination both of the *customs* of orchestration and of *unusual* forms and combinations, the visits I made to *virtuosi*, the trials I led them to make upon their respective instruments, and a little instinct did for me the rest."

One looks with wonder on this young provincial, an amateur of the flute, entering upon regular studies at an age when those darlings of genius whose cradles had been set in places so propitious—Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn—had already bound immortal sheaves; and who in half a dozen years from this time had written the *Symphonie Fantastique:* a work remarkable as the prototype of modern "programme music," remarkable in the orchestral means employed, and in the use of a particular theme with a distinct dramatic purpose throughout. This idea of the leading motive has been beautifully treated in *Romeo and Juliet*, in which a theme is intoned by the choral prologue, in connection with the words indicating its sentiment, and for whose import we are therefore prepared on hearing it taken up in the body of the work, and wrought out by the orchestra.

There is a class of Berlioz's works, called monumental, in which the style is imposing to the highest degree, and the means employed extraordinary. Such are his *Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale*, in which two orchestras and a chorus are employed; the *Requiem*, in which four orchestras of brass are grouped around the grand orchestra and the vocal mass; and the *Te Deum*, in which the organ at one end of the church responds to the orchestra and two choirs at the other, while a third choir of voices in unison joins from time to time. In contrast to these are that marvel of delicacy, *Queen Mab*, of which it has been said that "the confessions of roses, the complaints of violets, were noisy in comparison"; and *Absence*, that incomparable Romance, which is to all other romances what Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" is to all other odes—it is the very disembodied spirit of loneliness, the ethereal message itself on its longing way to the beloved.

It was the clearness with which he saw, and the keenness with which he felt, that gave its force to the character of Berlioz. He touched life at all points, and was in incessant vibration. His intelligence went like a plummet to the bottom of things; his imagination kindled at a breath; even his senses were abnormally acute; the reciprocal action of mind and body almost phenomenal. An earnest, full nature that must express itself, checked, turned aside, and thwarted—a nature marked by sincerity and extreme sensibility, intensified into violent self-assertion by an opposition that threatened the very conditions of existence; played upon beyond its natural powers—what wonder if it yielded at times jarring tones both in life and in art?

"Whether or not Berlioz was a great genius will long be argued," said Théophile Gautier, "the world being given to controversies, but none will deny that his was a great character." Sorely pressed on all sides, he made no concessions. Before he had abandoned one article of his artistic faith he would have been hung, drawn, and quartered—which, in effect, he was. Hector Berlioz, pursued unto death for his loyalty to a pure musical ideal by a public dazzled by the scenic splendors of the Grand Opéra, drunken with the strains of the vaudeville, is our modern Orpheus torn by the Bacchantes.

He died at the age of sixty-five. His funeral was held at the Church of the Trinity a few days after that of Rossini. Gounod, whose *Faust* was running at the Opéra, pronounced the discourse at the grave. Some eloquent things were said; they quoted for him the epitaph of Marshal Trivulce: "Hic tandem quiescit qui nunquam quievit;"* but the ghost would not be laid. A twelvemonth after appeared that book of *Mémoires*, still warm and glowing from the composer's heart. Paris does itself the justice to accept that which it had so long repelled; at the Conservatoire, the Cirque, the Chatelet, the music of Berlioz is heard with incomparable enthusiasm.

* "Here is he quiet at last who never was quiet before."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LOVE PENITENT.

"I TELL you, Captain Anerley, that she knocked me down. Your daughter there, who looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth, knocked down Commander Carroway of his Majesty's coast-guard, like a royal Bengal tiger, Sir. I am not come to complain; such an action I would scorn; and I admire the young lady for her spirit, Sir. My sword was drawn; no man could have come near me; but before I could think, Sir, I was lying on my back. Do you call that constitutional?"

"Mary, lof, however could you think it—to knock down Captain Carroway?"

"Father, I never did. He went down of himself, because he was flourishing about so. I never thought what I was doing of at all. And with all my heart I beg his pardon. What right had you, Sir, to come spying after me?"

This interview was not of the common sort. Lieutenant Carroway, in full uniform, was come to Anerley Farm that afternoon; not for a moment to complain of Mary, but to do his duty, and to put things straight; while Mary had insisted upon going home at once from the hospitable house of Uncle Popplewell, who had also insisted upon going with her, and taking his wife to help the situation.

A council had been called immediately, with Mistress Anerley presiding; and before it had got beyond the crying stage, in marched the brave lieutenant.

Stephen Anerley was reserving his opinion—which generally means that there is none yet to reserve—but in his case there would be a great deal by-and-by. Master Popplewell had made up his mind and his wife's, long ago, and confirmed it in the one-horse shay, while Mary was riding Lord Keppel in the rear; and the mind of the tanner was as tough as good oak bark. His premises had been intruded upon—the property which he had bought with his own money saved by years of honest trade, his private garden, his ornamental bower, his wife's own pleasure-plot, at a sacred moment invaded, trampled, and outraged by a scurvy preventive-man and his low crew. The first thing he had done to the prostrate Carroway was to lay hold of him by the collar, and shake his fist at him and demand his warrant—a magistrate's warrant, or from the crown itself. The poor lieutenant having none to show, "Then I will have the law of you, Sir," the tanner shouted; "if it costs me two hundred and fifty pounds. I am known for a man, Sir, who sticks to his word; and my attorney is a genüine bull-dog."

This had frightened Carroway more than fifty broadsides. Truly he loved fighting; but the boldest sailor bears away at prospect of an action at law. Popplewell saw this, and stuck to his advantage, and vowed, until bed-time, satisfaction he would have; and never lost the sight of it until he fell asleep.

Even now it was in his mind, as Carroway could see; his eyebrows meant it, and his very surly nod, and the way in which he put his hands far down into his pockets. The poor lieutenant, being well aware that zeal had exceeded duty (without the golden amnesty of success), and finding out that Popplewell was rich and had no children, did his very best to look with real pleasure at him, and try to raise a loftier feeling in his breast than damages. But the tanner only frowned, and squared his elbows, and stuck his knuckles sharply out of both his breeches pockets. And Mrs. Popplewell, like a fat and most kind-hearted lady, stared at the officer as if she longed to choke him.

"I tell you again, Captain Anerley," cried the lieutenant, with his temper kindling, "that no consideration moved me, Sir, except that of duty. As for my spying after any pretty girls, my wife, who is now down with her eighth baby, would get up sooner than hear of it. If I intruded upon your daughter, so as to justify her in knocking me down, Captain Anerley, it was because—well I won't say, Mary, I won't say; we have all been young; and our place is to know better."

"Sir, you are a gentleman," cried Popplewell with heat; "here is my hand, and you may trespass on my premises, without bringing any attorney."

"Did you say her eighth baby? Oh, Commander Carroway," Mrs. Popplewell began to whisper; "what a most interesting situation! Oh, I see why you have such high color, Sir."

"Madam, it is enough to make me pale. At the same time I do like sym-

pathy; and my dear wife loves the smell of tan."

"We have retired, Sir, many years ago, and purchased a property near the seaside; and from the front gate you must have seen— But oh, I forgot, captain, you came through the hedge, or at any rate down the row of kidney-beans."

"I want to know the truth," shouted Stephen Anerley, who had been ploughing through his brow into his brain, while he kept his eyes fixed upon his daughter's, and there found abashment, but no abasement; "naught have I to do with any little goings on, or whether an action was a gentleman's or not. That question belongs to the regulars, I wand, or to the folk who have retired. Nobbut a farmer am I, in little business; but concerning of my children I will have my say. All of you tell me what is this about my Mary."

As if he would drag their thoughts out of them, he went from one to another with a hard quick glance, which they all tried to shun; for they did not want to tell until he should get into a better frame of mind. And they looked at Mistress Anerley, to come forth and take his edge off; but she knew that when his eyes were so, to interfere was mischief. But Carroway did not understand the man.

"Come, now, Anerley," the bold lieutenant said; "what are you getting into such a way about? I would sooner have lost the hundred pounds twice over, and a hundred of my own—if so be I ever had it—than get little Mary into such a row as this. Why, Lord bless my heart, one would think that there was murder in a little bit of sweethearting. All pretty girls do it; and the plain ones too. Come and smoke a pipe, my good fellow, and don't terrify her."

For Mary was sobbing in a corner by herself, without even her mother to come up and say a word.

"My daughter never does it," answered Stephen Anerley; "my daughter is not like the foolish girls and women. My daughter knows her mind; and what she does she means to do. Mary, lof, come to your father, and tell him that every one is lying of you. Sooner would I trust a single quiet word of yours, than a pile, as big as Flambro Head, sworn by all the world together against my little Mary."

The rest of them, though much aggrieved by such a bitter calumny, held their peace, and let him go with open arms toward his Mary. The farmer smiled, that his daughter might not have any terror of his public talk; and because he was heartily expecting her to come and tell him some trifle, and be comforted, and then go for a good happy cry, while he shut off all her enemies.

But instead of any nice work of that nature, Mary Anerley arose and looked at the people in the room—which was their very best, and by no means badly furnished—and after trying to make out, as a very trifling matter, what their unsettled minds might be, her eyes came home to her father's, and did not flinch, although they were so wet.

Master Anerley, once and forever, knew that his daughter was gone from him. That a stronger love than one generation can have for the one before it—pure and devoted and ennobling as that love is—now had arisen, and would force its way. He did not think it out like that, for his mind was not strictly analytic—however his ideas were to that effect, which is all that need be said about them.

"Every word of it is true," the girl said, gently; "father, I have done every word of what they say, except about knocking down Captain Carroway. I have promised to marry Robin Lyth, by-and-by, when you agree to it."

Stephen Anerley's ruddy cheeks grew pale, and his blue eyes glittered with amazement. He stared at his daughter till her gaze gave way; and then he turned to his wife, to see whether she had heard of it. "I told you so," was all she said; and that tended little to comfort him. But he broke forth into no passion, as he might have done with justice and some benefit, but turned back quietly and looked at his Mary, as if he were saying, once for all, "good-by."

"Oh, don't, father, don't," the girl answered with a sob; "revile me, or beat me, or do anything but that. That is more than I can bear."

"Have I ever reviled you? Have I ever beaten you?"

"Never—never once in all my life. But I beg you—I implore of you to do it now. Oh, father, perhaps I have deserved it."

"You know best what you deserve. But no bad word shall you have of me. Only you must be careful for the future never to call me 'father.'"

The farmer forgot all his visitors, and

walked, without looking at anybody, toward the porch. Then that hospitable spot re-awakened his good manners, and he turned and smiled as if he saw them all sitting down to something juicy.

"My good friends, make yourselves at home," he said; "the mistress will see to you while I look round. I shall be back directly, and we will have an early supper."

But when he got outside, and was alone with earth and sky, big tears arose into his brave blue eyes, and he looked at his ricks, and his workmen in the distance, and even at the favorite old horse that whinnied and came to have his white nose rubbed, as if none of them belonged to him ever any more. "A' would sooner have heard of broken bank," he muttered to himself and to the ancient horse, "fifty times sooner, and begin the world anew, only to have Mary for a little child again."

As the sound of his footsteps died away, the girl hurried out of the room, as if she were going to run after him; but suddenly stopped in the porch, as she saw that he scarcely even cared to feel the cheek of Lightfoot, who made a point of rubbing up his master's whiskers with it. "Better wait, and let him come round," thought Mary; "I never did see him so put out." Then she ran up the stairs to the window on the landing, and watched her dear father grow dimmer and dimmer up the distance of the hill, with a bright young tear for every sad old step.

CHAPTER XXV.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD WEEDS.

Can it be supposed that all this time Master Geoffrey Mordacks, of the city of York, land agent, surveyor, and general factor, and maker and doer of everything whether general or particular, was spending his days in doing nothing, and his nights in dreaming? If so, he must have had a sunstroke on that very bright day of the year when he stirred up the minds of the washer-women, and the tongue of Widow Precious. But Flamborough is not at all the place for sunstroke, although it reflects so much in whitewash; neither had Mordacks the head to be sunstruck, but a hard, impenetrable, wiry poll, as weather-proof as felt asphalted. At first sight almost everybody said that he must have been a soldier, at a time when soldiers were made of iron, whalebone, whip-cord, and ramrods. Such opinions he rewarded with a grin, and shook his straight shoulders straighter. If pride of any sort was not beneath him, as a matter of strict business, it was the pride which he allowed his friends to take in his military figure and aspect.

This gentleman's place of business was scarcely equal to the expectations which might have been formed from a view of the owner. The old King's Staith, on the right hand after crossing Ouse Bridge from the Micklegate, is a passageway scarcely to be called a street, but combining the features of an alley, a lane, a jetty, a quay, and a barge-walk, and ending ignominiously. Nevertheless, it is a lively place sometimes, and in moments of excitement. Also it is a good place for business, and for brogue of the broadest; and a man who is unable to be happy there, must have something on his mind unusual. Geoffrey Mordacks had nothing on his mind except other people's business; which (as in the case of Lawyer Jellicorse) is a very favorable state of the human constitution for happiness.

But though Mr. Mordacks attended so to other people's business, he would not have anybody to attend to his. No partner, no clerk, no pupil, had a hand in the inner breast pockets of his business; there was nothing mysterious about his work, but he liked to follow it out alone. Things that were honest and wise came to him to be carried out with judgment; and he knew that the best way to carry them out is to act with discreet candor. For the slug shall be known by his slime; and the spider who shams death shall receive it.

Now here, upon a very sad November afternoon, when the Northern day was narrowing in; and the Ouse, which is usually of a ginger-color, was nearly as dark as a nutmeg; and the bridge, and the staith, and the houses, and the people, resembled one another in tint and tone; while between the Minster and the Clifford Tower there was not much difference of outline—here and now Master Geoffrey Mordacks was sitting in the little room where strangers were received. The live part of his household consisted of his daughter, and a very young Geoffrey, who did more harm than good, and a thoroughly hard-working country maid, whose

slowness was gradually giving way to pressure.

The weather was enough to make anybody dull, and the sap of every human thing insipid; and the time of day suggested tea, hot cakes, and the crossing of comfortable legs. Mordacks could well afford all these good things, and he never was hard upon his family; but every day he liked to feel that he had earned the bread of it, and this day he had labored without seeming to earn anything. For after all the ordinary business of the morning, he had been devoting several hours to the diligent revisal of his premises and data, in a matter which he was resolved to carry through, both for his credit and his interest. And this was the matter which had cost him two days' ride, from York to Flamborough, and three days on the road home, as was natural after such a dinner as he made in little Denmark. But all that trouble he would not have minded, especially after his enjoyment of the place, if it had only borne good fruit. He had felt quite certain that it must do this, and that he would have to pay another visit to the Head, and eat another duck, and have a flirt with Widow Precious.

But up to the present time nothing had come of it, and so far as he could see he might just as well have spared himself that long rough ride. Three months had passed, and that surely was enough for even Flamborough folk to do something, if they ever meant to do it. It was plain that he had been misled for once, that what he suspected had not come to pass, and that he must seek elsewhere the light which had gleamed upon him vainly from the Danish town. To this end he went through all his case again, while hope (being very hard to beat, as usual) kept on rambling over everything unsettled, with a very sage conviction that there must be something there, and doubly sure, because there was no sign of it.

Men at the time of life which he had reached, conducting their bodies with less suppleness of joint, and administering food to them with greater care, begin to have doubts about their intellect as well, whether it can work as briskly as it used to do. And the mind, falling under this discouragement of doubt, asserts itself amiss, in making futile strokes, even as a gardener can never work his best while conscious of suspicious glances through the window-blinds. Geoffrey Mordacks told himself that it could not be the self it used to be, in the days when no mistakes were made, but everything was evident at half a glance, and carried out successfully with only half a hand. In this Flamborough matter he had felt no doubt of running triumphantly through, and being crowned with five hundred pounds in one issue of the case, and five thousand in the other. But lo! here was nothing. And he must reply, by the next mail, that he had made a sad mistake.

Suddenly, while he was rubbing his wiry head with irritation, and poring over his letters for some clew, like a dunce going back through his pot-hooks, suddenly a great knock sounded through the house—one, two, three—like the thumping of a mallet on a cask, to learn whether any beer may still be hoped for.

"This must be a Flamborough man," cried Master Mordacks, jumping up; "that is how I heard them do it; they knock the doors, instead of knocking at them. It would be a very strange thing just now if news were to come from Flamborough; but the stranger a thing is, the more it can be trusted, as often is the case with human beings. Whoever it is, show them up at once," he shouted down the narrow stairs; for no small noise was arising in the passage.

"A' canna coom oop. I wand a' canna," was the answer in Kitty's well-known brogue; "how can a', when a' hanna got naa legs?"

"Oh ho! I see," said Mr. Mordacks to himself; "my veteran friend from the watch-tower, doubtless. A man with no legs would not have come so far for nothing. Show the gentleman into the parlor, Kitty; and Miss Arabella may bring her work up here."

The general factor, though eager for the news, knew better than to show any haste about it; so he kept the old mariner just long enough in waiting to damp a too covetous ardor, and then he complacently locked Arabella in her bedroom, and bolted off Kitty in the basement; because they both were sadly inquisitive, and this strange arrival had excited them.

"Ah, mine ancient friend of the tower! Veteran Joseph, if my memory is right," Mr. Mordacks exclaimed, in his lively way, as he went up and offered the old tar both hands, to seat him in state upon the sofa; but the legless sailor condemned "them swabs," and crutched himself into

a hard-bottomed chair. Then he pulled off his hat, and wiped his white head with a shred of old flag, and began hunting for his pipe.

"First time I ever was in York city; and don't think much of it, if this here is a sample."

"Joseph, you must not be supercilious," his host replied, with an amiable smile; "you will see things better through a glass of grog; and the state of the weather points to something dark. You have had a long journey, and the scenery is new. Rum shall it be, my friend? Your countenance says 'yes.' Rum, like a ruby of the finest water, have I; and no water shall you have with it. Said I well? A man without legs must keep himself well above water."

"First time I ever was in York city," the ancient watchman answered, "and grog must be done as they does it here. A berth on them old walls would suit me well; and no need to travel such a distance for my beer."

"And you would be the man of all the world for such a berth," said Master Mordacks, gravely, as he poured the sparkling liquor into a glass that was really a tumbler; "for such a post we want a man who is himself a post; a man who will not quit his duty, just because he can not, which is the only way of making sure. Joseph, your idea is a very good one, and your beer could be brought to you at the middle of each watch. I have interest; you shall be appointed."

"Sir, I am obligated to you," said the watchman; "but never could I live a month without a wink of sea-stuff. The coming of the clouds, and the dipping of the land, and the waiting of the distance for what may come to be in it; let alone how they goes changing of their color, and making of a noise that is always out of sight: it is the very same as my beer is to me. Master, I never could get on without it."

"Well, I can understand a thing like that," Mordacks answered, graciously; "my water-butt leaked for three weeks, pat, pat, all night long upon a piece of slate, and when a man came and caulked it up, I put all the blame upon the pillow; but the pillow was as good as ever. Not a wink could I sleep till it began to leak again; and you may trust a York workman that it wasn't very long. But, Joseph, I have interest at Scarborough also. The castle needs a watchman for fear of tumbling down; and that is not the soldiers' business, because they are inside. There you could have quantities of sea-stuff, my good friend; and the tap at the Hooked Cod is nothing to it there. Cheer up, Joseph, we will land you yet. How the devil did you manage, now, to come so far?"

"Well, now, your honor, I had rare luck for it, as I must say, ever since I set eyes on you. There comes a son of mine as I thought were lost at sea; but not he, blow me! nearly all of him come back, with a handful of guineas, and the memory of his father. Lord! I could have cried; and he up and blubbered fairly, a trick as he learned from ten Frenchmen he had killed. Ah! he have done his work well, and airned a good conduck—fourpence-halfpenny a day, so long as ever he shall live hereafter."

"In this world you mean, I suppose, my friend; but be not overcome; such things will happen. But what did you do with all that money, Joseph?"

"We never wasted none of it, not half a groat, Sir. We finished out the cellar at the Hooked Cod first; and when Mother Precious made a grumble of it, we gave her the money for to fill it up again, upon the understanding to come back when it was ready; and then we went to Burlington, and spent the rest in poshays like two gentlemen; and when we was down upon our stumps at last, for only one leg there is between us both, your honor, my boy he ups and makes a rummage in his traps; which the Lord he put it into his mind to do so, when he were gone a few good sheets in the wind; and there sure enough he finds five good guineas in the tail of an old hankercher he had clean forgotten; and he says, 'Now, father, you take care of them. Let us go and see the capital, and that good gentleman, as you have picked up a bit of news for.' So we shaped a course for York, on board the schooner *Mary Anne*, and from Goole in a barge as far as this here bridge; and here we are, high and dry, your honor. I was half a mind to bring in my boy Bob; but he saith, 'Not without the old chap axes;' and being such a noisy one, I took him at his word; though he hath found out what there was to find—not me."

"How noble a thing is parental love!" cried the general factor, in his hard, short way, which made many people trust him,

because it was unpleasant; "and filial duty of unfathomable grog! Worthy Joseph, let your narrative proceed."

"They big words is beyond me, Sir. What use is any man to talk over a chap's head?"

"Then, dash your eyes, go on, Joe. Can you understand that, now?"

"Yes, Sir, I can, and I likes a thing put sensible. If the gentlemen would always speak like that, there need be no difference atween us. Well, it was all along of all that money-bag of Bob's that he and I found out anything. What good were your guinea? Who could stand treat on that more than a night or two, and the right man never near you? But when you keep a good shop open for a month, as Bob and me did with Widow Tapsy, it standeth to reason that you must have everybody, to be called at all respectable, for miles and miles around. For the first few nights or so some on 'em holds off—for an old chalk against them, or for doubt of what is forrard, or for cowardliness of their wives, or things they may have sworn to stop, or other bad manners. But only go on a little longer, and let them see that you don't care, and send everybody home a-singing through the lanes as merry as a voting-time for Parliament, and the outer ones begins to shake their heads, and to say that they are bound to go, and stop the racket of it. And so you get them all, your honor, saints as well as sinners, if you only keeps the tap turned long enough."

"Your reasoning is ingenious, Joseph, and shows a deep knowledge of human nature. But who was this tardy saint that came at last for grog?"

"Your honor, he were as big a sinner as ever you clap eyes on. Me and my son was among the sawdust, spite of our three crutches, and he spreading hands at us, sober as a judge, for lumps of ungenerous iniquity. Mother Tapsy told us of it, the very next day, for it was not in our power to be ackirate when he done it, and we see everybody laffing at us round the corner. But we took the wind out of his sails the next night, captain, you may warrant us. Here's to your good health, Sir, afore I beats to win'ard."

"Why, Joseph, you seem to be making up lost way for years of taciturnity in the tower. They say there is a balance in all things."

"We had the balance of him next night, and no mistake, your honor. He was one of them 'longshore beggars as turns up here, there, and everywhere, galley-raking, like a stinking ray-fish when the tide goes out; thundering scoundrels that make a living of it, pushing out for roguery with their legs tucked up; no courage for smuggling, nor honest enough, they goes on anyhow with their children paid for. We found out what he were, and made us more ashamed, for such a sneaking rat to preach upon us, like a regular hordinated chaplain, as might say a word or two and mean no harm, with the license of the Lord to do it. So my son Bob and me called a court-martial in the old tower, so soon as we come round; and we had a red herring, because we was thirsty, and we chawed a bit of pigtail to keep it down. At first we was glum; but we got our peckers up, as a family is bound to do when they comes together. My son Bob was a sharp lad in his time, and could read in Holy Scripter afore he chewed a quid; and I see'd a good deal of it in his mind now, remembering of King Solomon. 'Dad,' he says, 'fetch out that bottle as was left of French white brandy, and rouse up a bit of fire in the old port-hole. We ain't got many toes to warm between us'—only five, you see, your worship—'but,' says he, 'we'll warm up the currents where they used to be.'

"According to what my son said, I done; for he leadeth me now, being younger of the two, and still using half of a shoemaker. However, I says to him, 'Warm yourself; it don't lay in my power to do that for you.' He never said nothing; for he taketh after me, in tongue and other likings; but he up with the kettle on the fire, and put in about a fathom and a half of pigtail. 'So?' says I; and he says, 'So!' and we both of us began to laugh, as long and as gentle as a pair of cockles, with their tongues inside their shells.

"Well, your honor understands; I never spake so much before since ever I pass my coorting-time. We boiled down the pigtail to a pint of tidy soup, and strained it as bright as sturgeon juice; then we got a bottle with 'Navy Supply' on a bull's-eye in the belly of it; and we filled it with the French white brandy, and the pigtail soup, and a noggin of molasses, and shook it all up well togeth-

er; and a better contract-rum, your honor, never come into high admiral's stores."

"But, Joseph, good Joseph," cried Mr. Mordacks, "do forge ahead a little faster. Your private feelings, and the manufacture of them, are highly interesting to you; but I only want to know what came of it."

"Your honor is like a child hearing of a story; you wants the end first, and the middle of it after; but I bowls along with a hitch and a squirt, from habit of fo'castle: and the more you crosses hawse, the wider I shall head about, or down helm and bear off, mayhap. I can hear my Bob a-singing: what a voice he hath! They tell me it cometh from the timber of his leg; the same as a old Cremony. He tuned up a many times in yonder old barge, and shook the brown water, like a frigate's wake. He would just make our fortin in the Minister, they said, with Black-eyed Susan and Tom Bowline."

"Truly, he has a magnificent voice: what power, what compass, what a rich clear tone! In spite of the fog I will have the window up."

Geoffrey Mordacks loved good singing, the grandest of all melody, and, impatient as he was, he forgot all hurry; while the river, and the buildings, and the arches of the bridge, were ringing, and echoing, and sweetly embosoming the mellow delivery of the one-legged tar. And old Joe was highly pleased, although he would not show it, at such an effect upon a man so hard and dry.

"Now, your honor, it is overbad of you," he continued, with a softening grin, "to hasten me so, and then to hear me out o' window, because Bob hath a sweeter pipe. Ah, he can whistle like a blackbird, too, and gain a lot of money; but there, what good? He sacrifices it all to the honor of his heart, first maggot that cometh into it; and he done the very same with Rickon Goold, the Methody galley-raker. We never was so softy when I were afloat. But your honor shall hear, and give judgment for yourself.

"Mother Precious was ready in her mind to run out a double-shotted gun at Rickon, who liveth down upon the rabbit-warren, to the other side of Bempton, because he scarcely ever doth come nigh her; and when he do come, he putteth up both hands, to bless her for hospitality, but neither of them into his breeches pocket. And being a lone woman, she doth feel it. Bob and me gave her sailing orders—'twould amaze you, captain; all was carried out as ship-shape as the battle of the Nile. There was Rickon Goold at anchor, with a spring upon his cable, having been converted; and he up and hailed that he would slip, at the very first bad word we used. My son hath such knowledge of good words that he answered, 'Amen, so be it.'

"Well, your honor, we goes on decorous, as our old quartermaster used to give the word; and we tried him first with the usual tipple, and several other hands dropped in. But my son and me never took a blessed drop, except from a gin-bottle full of cold water, till we see all the others with their scuppers well awash. Then Bob he findeth fault—Lor' how beautiful he done it!—with the scantling of the stuff; and he shouteth out, 'Mother, I'm blest if I won't stand that old guinea bottle of best Jamaica, the one as you put by, with the cobwebs on it, for Lord Admiral. No Lord Admiral won't come now. Just you send away, and hoist it up.'

"Rickon Goold pricked up his ugly ears at this; and Mother Tapsy did it bootiful. And to cut a long yarn short, we spliced him, captain, with never a thought of what would come of it; only to have our revenge, your honor. He showed himself that greedy of our patent rum, that he never let the bottle out of his own elbow, and the more he stowed away, the more his derrick chains was creaking; but if anybody reasoned, there he stood upon his rights, and defied every way of seeing different, until we was compelled to take and spread him down, in the little room with sea-weeds over it.

"With all this, Bob and me was as sober as two judges, though your honor would hardly believe it, perhaps; but we left him in the dark, to come round upon the weeds, as a galley-raker ought to do. And now we began to have a little drop ourselves, after towing the prize into port, and recovering the honor of the British navy; and we stood all round to every quarter of the compass, with the bottom of the locker still not come to shallow soundings. But sudden our harmony was spoiled by a scream, like a whistle from the very bottom of the sea.

"We all of us jumped up, as if a gun had broke its lashings; and the last day of

judgment was the thoughts of many bodies; but Bob he down at once with his button-stump gun-metal, and takes the command of the whole of us. 'Bear a hand, all on you,' he saith, quite steadfast; 'Rickon Goold is preaching to his own text to-night.' And so a' was, sure enough; so a' was, your honor.

"We thought he must have died, although he managed to claw off of it, with confessing of his wickedness, and striking to his Maker. All of us was frightened so, there was no laugh among us, till we come to talk over it afterward. There the thundering rascal lay in the middle of that there mangerie of sea-stuff, as Mother Precious is so proud of, that the village calleth it the 'Widow's Weeds.' Blest if he didn't think that he were a-lying at the bottom of the sea, among the stars and cuttles, waiting for the day of judgment!

"'Oh, Captain McNabbins, and Mate Govery,' he cries, 'the hand of the Lord hath sent me down to keep you company down here. I never would 'a done it, captain, hard as you was on me, if only I had knowed how dark and cold and shivery it would be down here. I cut the plank out; I'll not lie; no lies is any good down here, with the fingers of the deep things pointing to me, and the black devil's wings coming over me—but a score of years agone it were, and never no one dreamed of it—oh, pull away, pull! for God's sake, pull!—the wet woman and the three innocent babbies crawling over me like congers!'

"This was the shadows of our legs, your honor, from good Mother Tapsy's candle; for she was in a dreadful way by this time about her reputation and her weeds, and come down with her tongue upon the lot of us. 'Enter all them names upon the log,' says I to Bob, for he writeth like a scholar. But Bob says, 'Hold hard, dad; now or never.' And with that, down he goeth on the deck himself, and wriggleth up to Rickon through the weeds, with a hiss like a great sea-snake, and grippeth him. 'Name of ship, you sinner!' cried Bob, in his deep voice, like Old Nick a-hailing from a sepulchre. '*Golconda*, of Calcutta,' says the fellow, with a groan as seemed to come out of the whites of his eyes; and down goes his head again, enough to split a cat-head. And that was the last of him we heard that night.

"Well, now, captain, you scarcely would believe, but although my nob is so much older of the pair, and white where his is as black as any coal, Bob's it was as first throwed the painter up, for a-hitching of this drifty to the starn of your consarns. And it never come across him till the locker was run out, and the two of us pulling longer faces than our legs is. Then Bob, by the mercy of the Lord, like Peter, found them guineas in the corner of his swab—some puts it round their necks, and some into their pockets; I never heard of such a thing till chaps run soft and watery—and so we come to this here place to change the air and the breeding, and spin this yarn to your honor's honor, as hath a liberal twist in it; and then to take orders, and draw rations, and any 'rears of pay fallen due, after all dibs gone in your service; and for Bob to tip a stave in the Minister."

"You have done wisely and well in coming here," said Mr. Mordacks, cheerfully; but we must have further particulars, my friend. You seem to have hit upon the clew I wanted, but it must be followed very cautiously. You know where to lay your hand upon this villain? You have had the sense not to scare him off?"

"Sarten, your honor. I could clap the irons on him any hour you gives that signal."

"Capital! Take your son to see the sights, and both of you come to me at ten to-morrow morning. Stop: you may as well take this half guinea. But when you get drunk, drink inwards."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MEN OF SOLID TIMBER.

Mr. Mordacks was one of those vivacious men who have strong faith in their good luck, and yet attribute to their merits whatever turns out well. In the present matter he had done as yet nothing at all ingenious, or even to be called sagacious. The discovery of "Monument Joe," or "Peg-leg Joe," as he was called at Flamborough, was not the result of any skill whatever, either his own or the factor's, but a piece of as pure luck as could be. For all that, however, Mr. Mordacks intended to have the whole credit as his sole and righteous due.

"Whenever I am at all down-hearted,

samples of my skill turn up," he said to himself as soon as Joe was gone; "and happy results come home, on purpose to rebuke my diffidence. Would any other man have got so far as I have got by simple, straightforward, yet truly skillful action, without a suspicion being started? Old Jellicorse lies on his bed of roses, snoring folios of long words, without a dream of the gathering cloud. Those insolent ladies are revelling in the land from which they have ousted their only brother; they are granting leases not worth a straw; they are riding the high horse; they are bringing up that cub (who set the big dog at me) in every wanton luxury. But wait a bit—wait a bit, my ladies; as sure as I live I shall have you.

"In the first place, it is clear that my conclusion was correct concerning that poor *Golconda;* and why not also in the other issue? The Indiaman was scuttled—I had never thought of that, but only of a wreck. It comes to the same thing, only she went down more quietly; and that explains a lot of things. She was bound for Leith, with the boy to be delivered into the hands of his Scotch relatives. She was spoken last off Yarmouth Roads, all well, and under easy sail. Very good so far. I have solved her fate, which for twenty years has been a mystery. We shall have all particulars in proper time, by steering on one side of the law, which always huddles up everything. A keen eye must be kept upon that scoundrel, but he must never dream that he is watched at all; he has committed a capital offense. But as yet there is nothing but his own raving to convict him of barratry. The truth must be got at by gentle means. I must not claim the £500 as yet, but I am sure of getting it. And I have excellent hopes of the £5000."

Geoffrey Mordacks never took three nights to sleep upon his thoughts (as the lawyer of Middleton loved to do), but rather was apt to overdrive his purport, with the goad of hasty action. But now he was quite resolved to be most careful; for the high hand would never do in such a ticklish matter, and the fewer the hands introduced at all into it, the better the chance of coming out clear and clean. The general factor had never done anything which, in his opinion, was not thoroughly upright; and now, with his reputation made, and his conscience stiffened to the shape of it, even a large sum of money must be clean, and cleanly got at, to make it pay for handling.

This made him counsel with himself just now. For he was a superior man upon the whole, and particular always in feeling sure that the right word in anything would be upon his side. Not that he cared a groat for anybody's gossip; only that he kept a lofty tenor of good opinion. And sailors who made other sailors tipsy, and went rolling about on the floor all together, whether with natural legs or artificial, would do no credit to his stairs of office on a fine market-day in the morning. On the other hand, while memory held sway, no instance could be cited of two jolly sailors coming to see the wonders of this venerable town, and failing to be wholly intoxicated with them, before the Minster bell struck one.

This was to be avoided, or rather forestalled, as a thing inevitable should be. Even in York city, teeming as it is with most delightful queerities, the approach of two sailors with three wooden legs might be anticipated at a distant offing, so abundant are boys there, and everywhere. Therefore it was well provided, on the part of Master Mordacks, that Kitty, or Koity, the maid-of-all-work, a damsel of muscular power and hard wit, should hold tryst with these mariners in the time of early bucket, and appoint a little meeting with her master by-and-by. This she did cleverly, and they were not put out; because they were to dine at his expense at a snug little chop-house in Parliament Street, and there to remain until he came to pay the score.

All this happened to the utmost of desires; and before they had time to get thick-witted, Mordacks stood before them. His sharp eyes took in Sailor Bob before the poor fellow looked twice at him, and the general factor saw that he might be trusted not to think much for himself. This was quite as Mr. Mordacks hoped; he wanted a man who could hold his tongue, and do what he was told to do.

After a few words about their dinner, and how they got on, and so forth, the principal came to the point by saying: "Now both of you must start to-morrow morning; such clever fellows can not be spared to go to sleep. You shall come and see York again, with free billet, and lashings of money in your pockets, as soon as you have carried out your sailing orders. To-night you may jollify; but

after that you are under strict discipline, for a month at least. What do you say to that, my men?"

Watchman Joe looked rather glum; he had hoped for a fortnight of stumping about, with a tail of admiring boys after him, and of hailing every public-house the cut of whose jib was inviting; however, he put his knife into his mouth, with a bit of fat, saved for a soft adieu to dinner, and nodded for his son to launch true wisdom into the vasty deep of words.

Now Bob, the son of Joe, had striven to keep himself up to the paternal mark. He cited his father as the miracle of the age, when he was a long way off; and when he was nigh at hand, he showed his sense of duty, nearly always, by letting him get tipsy first. Still, they were very sober fellows in the main, and most respectable, when they had no money.

"Sir," began Bob, after jerking up his chin, as a sailor always does when he begins to think (perhaps for hereditary counsel with the sky), "my father and I have been hauling of it over, to do whatever is laid down by duty, without going any way again' ourselves. And this is the sense we be come to, that we should like to have something handsome down, to lay by again' chances; also a dokkyment in black and white, to bear us harmless of the law, and enter the prize-money."

"What a fine councillor a' would have made!" old Joe exclaimed, with ecstasy. "He hath been round the world three times—excuseth of him for only one leg left."

"My friend, how you condemn yourself! You have not been round the world at all, and yet you have no leg at all." So spake Mr. Mordacks, wishing to confuse ideas; for the speech of Bob misliked him.

"The corners of the body is the Lord's good-will," old Joe answered, with his feelings hurt; "He calleth home a piece to let the rest bide on, and giveth longer time to it—so saith King David."

"It may be so; but I forget the passage. Now what has your son Bob to say?"

Bob was a sailor of the fine old British type, still to be found even nowadays, and fit to survive forever. Broad and resolute of aspect, set with prejudice as stiff as his own pigtail, truthful when let alone, yet joyful in a lie, if anybody doubted him, peaceable in little things through plenty of fight in great ones, gentle with women and children, and generous with mankind in general, expecting to be cheated, yet not duly resigned at being so, and subject to unaccountable extremes of laziness and diligence. His simple mind was now confused by the general factor's appeal to him to pronounce his opinion, when he had just now pronounced it, after great exertion.

"Sir," he said, "I leave such things to father's opinion; he hath been ashore some years; and I almost forget how the land lays."

"Sea-faring Robert, you are well advised. A man may go round the world till he has no limbs left, yet never overtake his father. So the matter is left to my decision. Very good; you shall have no reason to repent it. To-night you have liberty to splice the main-brace, or whatever your expression is for getting jolly drunk; in the morning you will be sobriety itself, sad, and wise, and aching. But hear my proposal, before you take a gloomy view of things, such as to-morrow's shades may bring. You have been of service to me, and I have paid you with great generosity; but what I have done, including dinner, is dust in the balance to what I shall do, provided only that you act with judgment, discipline, and self-denial, never being tipsy more than once a week, which is fair naval average, and doing it then with only one another. Hard it may be; but it must be so. Now before I go any further, let me ask whether you, Joseph, as a watchman under government, have lost your position by having left it for two months upon a private spree?"

"Lor', no, your honor! Sure you must know more than that. I gived a old 'oom-an elevenpence a week, and a pot of beer a Sunday, to carry out the dooties of the government."

"You farmed out your appointment at a low figure. My opinion of your powers and discretion is enhanced; you will return to your post with redoubled ardor, and vigor renewed by recreation; you will be twice the man you were, and certainly ought to get double pay. I have interest; I may be enabled to double your salary—if you go on well."

This made both of them look exceeding downcast, and chew the bitter quid of dis-

appointment. They had laid their heads together over glass number one, and resolved upon asking for a guinea a week; over glass number two, they had made up their minds upon getting two guineas weekly; and glass number three had convinced them that they must be poor fools to accept less than three. Also they felt that the guineas they had spent, in drinking their way up to a great discovery, should without hesitation be made good ere ever they had another pint of health. In this catastrophe of large ideas, the father gazed sadly at the son, and the son reproachfully reflected the paternal gaze. How little availed it to have come up here, wearily going on upon yellow waters, in a barge where the fleas could man the helm, without aid of the stouter insect, and where a fresh run sailor was in more demand than salmon; and even without that (which had largely enhanced the inestimable benefit of having wooden legs), this pair of tars had got into a state of mind to return the whole way upon horseback. No spurs could they wear, and no stirrups could they want, and to get up would be difficult; but what is the use of living, except to conquer difficulties? They rejoiced all the more in the four legs of a horse, by reason of the paucity of their own; which approves a liberal mind. But now, where was the horse to come from, or the money to make him go?

"You look sad," proceeded Mr. Mordacks. "It grieves me when any good man looks sad; and doubly so when a brace of them do it. Explain your feelings, Joe and Bob; if it lies in a human being to relieve them, I will do it."

"Captain, we only wants what is our due," said Bob, with his chin up, and his strong eyes stern. "We have been on the loose; and it is the manner of us, and encouraged by the high authorities. We have come across, by luck of drink, a thing as seems to suit you; and we have told you all our knowledge without no conditions. If you takes us for a pair of fools, and want no more of us, you are welcome, and it will be what we are used to; but if your meaning is to use us, we must have fair wages; and even so, we would have naught to do with it if it was against an honest man; but a rogue who has scuttled a ship—Lor', there!"

Bob cast out the juice of his chew into the fire, as if it were the life-blood of such a villain, and looked at his father, who expressed approval by the like proceeding. And Geoffrey Mordacks was well content at finding them made of decent stuff. It was not his manner to do things meanly; and he had only spoken so to moderate their minds and keep them steady.

"Mariner Bob, you speak well and wisely," he answered, with a superior smile. "Your anxiety as to ways and means does credit to your intellect. That subject has received my consideration. I have studied the style of life at Flamborough, and the prices of provisions—would that such they were in York!—and to keep you in temperate and healthy comfort, without temptation, and with minds alert, I am determined to allow for the two of you, over and above all your present income from a grateful country (which pays a man less when amputation has left less of him), the sum of one guinea and a half per week. But remember that, to draw this stipend, both of you must be in condition to walk one mile and a half on a Saturday night, which is a test of character. You will both be fitted up with solid steel ends, by the cutler at the end of Ouse Bridge, to-morrow morning, so that the state of the roads will not affect you, and take note of one thing, mutual support (graceful though it always is in paternal and filial communion) will not be allowed on a Saturday night. Each man must stand on his own stumps."

"Sir," replied Bob, who had much education, which led him to a knowledge of his failings, "never you fear but what we shall do it. Sunday will be the day of standing with a shake to it; for such is the habit of the navy. Father, return thanks; make a leg—no man can do it better. Master Mordacks, you shall have our utmost duty; but a little brass in hand would be convenient."

"You shall have a fortnight in advance; after that you must go every Saturday night to a place I will appoint for you. Now keep your own counsel; watch that fellow; by no means scare him at first, unless you see signs of his making off; but rather let him think that you know nothing of his crime. Labor hard to make him drink again; then terrify him like Davy Jones himself; and get every particular out of him, especially how he himself escaped, where he landed, and who was with him. I want to learn

all about a little boy (at least, he may be a big man now), who was on board the ship *Golconda*, under the captain's special charge. I can not help thinking that the child escaped; and I got a little trace of something connected with him at Flamborough. I durst not make much inquiry there, because I am ordered to keep things quiet. Still, I did enough to convince me almost that my suspicion was an error; for Widow Precious—"

"Pay you no heed, Sir, to any manœuvring of Widow Precious. We find her no worse than the other women; but not a blamed bit better."

"I think highly of the female race; at least, in comparison with the male one. I have always found reason to believe that a woman, put upon her mettle by a secret, will find it out, or perish."

"Your honor, everybody knows as much as that; but it doth not follow that she tells it on again, without she was ordered not to do so."

"Bob, you have not been round the world for nothing. I see my blot, and you have hit it; you deserve to know all about the matter now. Match me that button, and you shall have ten guineas."

The two sailors stared at the bead of Indian gold which Mordacks pulled out of his pocket. Buttons are a subject for nautical contempt and condemnation; perhaps because there is nobody to sew them on at sea; while ear-rings, being altogether useless, are held in good esteem and honor.

"I have seen a brace of ear-rings like it," said old Joe, wading through deep thought. "Bob, you knows who was a-wearing of 'em."

"A score of them fishermen, like enough," cautious Bob answered; for he knew what his father meant, but would not speak of the great free-trader; for Master Mordacks might even be connected with the revenue. "What use to go on about such gear? His honor wanteth to hear of buttons, regulation buttons by the look of it, and good enough for Lord Nelson. Will you let us take the scantle, and the rig of it, your honor?"

"By all means, if you can do so, my friend; but what have you to do it with?"

"Hold on a bit, Sir, and you shall see." With these words Bob clapped a piece of soft York bread into the hollow of his broad brown palm, moistened it with sugary dregs of ale, such as that good city loves, and kneading it firmly with some rapid flits of thumb, tempered and enriched it nobly with the mellow juice of quid. Treated thus, it took consistence, plastic, docile, and retentive pulp; and the color was something like that of gold which had passed, according to its fate, through a large number of unclean hands.

"Now the pattern, your honor," said Bob, with a grin; "I could do it from memory, but better from the thing." He took the bauble, and set it on the foot of a rummer which stood on the table; and in half a minute he had the counterpart in size, shape, and line; but without the inscription. "A sample of them in the hollow will do, and good enough for the nigger-body words—heathen writing, to my mind." With lofty British intolerance, he felt that it might be a sinful thing to make such marks; nevertheless he impressed one side, whereon the characters were boldest, into the corresponding groove of his paste model; then he scooped up the model on the broad blade of his knife, and set it in the oven of the little fire-place, in a part where the heat was moderate.

"Well done, indeed!" cried Mr. Mordacks; "you will have a better likeness of it than good Mother Precious. Robert, I admire your ingenuity. But all sailors are ingenious."

"At sea, in the trades, or in a calm, Sir, what have we to do but to twiddle our thumbs, and practice fiddling with them? A lively tune is what I like, and a-serving of the guns red-hot; a man must act according to what nature puts upon him. And nature hath taken one of my legs from me with a cannon-shot from the French line-of-battle ship—*Rights of Mankind* the name of her."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PROPER WAY TO ARGUE.

Alas, how seldom is anything done in proper time and season! Either too fast, or too slow, is the clock of all human dealings; and what is the law of them, when the sun (the regulator of works and ways) has to be allowed for very often on his own meridian? With the best intention every man sets forth to do his duty, and to talk of it; and he makes quite sure that he has done it, and to his privy cir-

cle boasts, or lets them do it better for him; but before his lips are dry, his ears apprise him that he was a stroke too late.

So happened it with Master Mordacks, who of all born men was foremost, with his wiry fingers spread, to pass them through the scattery forelock of that mettlesome horse, old Time. The old horse galloped by him unawares, and left him standing still, to hearken the swish of the tail, and the clatter of the hoofs, and the spirited nostrils neighing for a race, on the wide breezy down at the end of the lane. But Geoffrey Mordacks was not to blame. His instructions were to move slowly, until he was sure of something worth moving for. And of this he had no surety yet, and was only too likely to lose it altogether by any headlong action. Therefore, instead of making any instant rush, or belting on his pistols, and hiring the sagacious quadruped that understood his character, content he was to advance deliberately upon one foot and three artificial legs.

Meanwhile, at Anerley Farm, the usual fatness of full garners, and bright comfort of the evening hearth, the glow of peace, which labor kindles in the mind that has earned its rest, and the pleasant laziness of heart which comes where family love lies careless, confident, and unassailed—the pleasure also of pitying the people who never can get in their wheat, and the hot benevolence of boiling down the bones for the man who has tumbled off one's own rick—all these blisses, large and little, were not in their usual prime.

The master of the house was stern and silent, heavy and careless of his customary victuals, neglectful also of his customary jokes. He disliked the worse side of a bargain as much as in his most happy moments; and the meditation (which is generally supposed to be going on where speech is scarce) was not of such loftiness as to overlook the time a man stopped round the corner. As a horse settles down to strong collar-work better when the gloss of the stable takes the ruffle of the air, so this man worked at his business all the harder, with the brightness of the home joys fading. But it went very hard with him more than once, when he made a good stroke of salesmanship, to have to put the money in the bottom of his pocket, without even rubbing a bright half crown, and saying to himself, "I have a'most a mind to give this to Mary."

Now if this settled and steadfast man (with three-quarters of his life gone over him, and less and less time every year for considering soft subjects), in spite of all that, was put out of his way by not being looked at as usual—though for that matter, perhaps, himself failed to look in search of those looks as usual—what, on the other hand, was likely to remain of mirth and light-heartedness in a weaker quarter? Mary, who used to be as happy as a bird where worms abound and cats are scarce, was now in a grievous plight of mind, restless, lonely, troubled in her heart, and doubtful of her conscience. Her mother had certainly shown kind feeling, and even a readiness to take her part, which surprised the maiden, after all her words; and once or twice they had had a cry together, clearing and strengthening their intellects desirably. For the more Mistress Anerley began to think about it, the more she was almost sure that something could be said on both sides. She never had altogether approved of the farmer's volunteering, which took him away to drill at places where ladies came to look at him; and where he slept out of his own bed, and got things to eat that she had never heard of; and he never was the better afterward. If that was the thing which set his mind against free trade so bitterly, it went far to show that free trade was good, and it made all the difference of a blanket. And more than that, she had always said from the very first, and had even told the same thing to Captain Carroway, in spite of his position, that nobody knew what Robin Lyth might not turn out in the end to be. He had spoken most highly of her, as Mary had not feared to mention; and she felt obliged to him for doing so, though of course he could not do otherwise. Still, there were people who would not have done that, and it proved that he was a very promising young man.

Mary was pleased with this conclusion, and glad to have some one who did not condemn her; hopeful, moreover, that her mother's influence might have some effect by-and-by. But for the present it seemed to do more harm than good; because the farmer, having quite as much jealousy as justice, took it into silent dudgeon that the mother of his daughter, who regularly used to be hard upon her for next to nothing, should now turn round and take her part, from downright

womanism, in the teeth of all reason, and of her own husband! Brave as he was, he did not put it to his wife in so strong a way as that; but he argued it so to himself, and would let it fly forth, without thinking twice about it, if they went on in that style much longer, quite as if he were nobody, and they could do better without him. Little he knew, in this hurt state of mind—for which he should really have been too old—how the heart of his child was slow and chill, stupid with the strangeness he had made, waiting for him to take the lead, or open some door for entrance, and watching for the humors of the elder body, as the young of past generations did. And sometimes, faithful as she was to plighted truth and tenderness, one coaxing word would have brought her home to the arms that used to carry her.

But while such things were waiting to be done till they were thought of, the time for doing them went by; and to think of them was memory. Master Popplewell had told Captain Anerley continually what his opinions were, fairly giving him to know on each occasion that they were to be taken for what they were worth; that it did not follow, from his own success in life, that he might not be mistaken now; and that he did not care a d—n, except for Christian feeling, whether any fool hearkened to him twice or not. He said that he never had been far out in any opinion he had formed in all his life; but none the more for that would he venture to foretell a thing with cross-purposes about it. A man of sagacity and dealings with the world might happen to be right ninety-nine times in a hundred, and yet he might be wrong the other time. Therefore he would not give any opinion, except that everybody would be sorry by-and-by, when things were too late for mending.

To this the farmer listened with an air of wisdom, not put forward too severely; because Brother Popplewell had got a lot of money, and must behave handsomely when in a better world. The simplest way of treating him was just to let him talk—for it pleased him, and could do no harm—and then to recover self-content by saying what a fool he was when out of hearing. The tanner partly suspected this; and it put his nature upon edge; for he always drove his opinions in as if they were so many tenpenny nails, which the other man must either clinch or strike back into his teeth outright. He would rather have that than flabby silence, as if he were nailing into dry-rot.

"I tell you what it is," he said, the third time he came over, which was well within a week—for nothing breeds impatience faster than retirement from work —"you are so thick-headed in your farmhouse ways, sometimes I am worn out with you. I do not expect to be thought of any higher because I have left off working for myself; and Deborah is satisfied to be called 'Debby,' and walks no prouder than if she had got to clean her own steps daily. You can not enter into what people think of me, counting Parson Beloe; and therefore it is no good saying anything about it. But, Stephen, you may rely upon it that you will be sorry afterward. That poor girl, the prettiest girl in Yorkshire, and the kindest, and the best, is going off her victuals, and consuming of her substance, because you will not even look at her. If you don't want the child, let me have her. To us she is welcome as the flowers in May."

"If Mary wishes it, she can go with you," the farmer answered, sternly; and hating many words, he betook himself to work, resolving to keep at it until the tanner should be gone. But when he came home after dusk, his steadfast heart was beating faster than his stubborn mind approved. Mary might have taken him at his word, and flown for refuge from displeasure, cold voice, and dull comfort, to the warmth, and hearty cheer, and love of the folk who only cared to please her, spoil her, and utterly ruin her. Folk who had no sense of fatherly duty, or right conscience; but, having piled up dirty money, thought that it covered everything: such people might think it fair to come between a father and his child, and truckle to her, by backing her up in whims that were against her good, and making light of right and wrong, as if they turned on money; but Mary (such a prudent lass, although she was a fool just now) must see through all such shallow tricks, such rigmarole about Parson Beloe, who must be an idiot himself to think so much of Simon Popplewell—for Easter offerings, no doubt—but there, if Mary had the heart to go away, what use to stand maundering about it? Stephen Anerley would be dashed if he cared which way it was.

Meaning all this, Stephen Anerley, however, carried it out in a style at variance with such reckless vigor. Instead of marching boldly in at his own door, and throwing himself upon a bench, and waiting to be waited upon, he left the narrow gravel-walk (which led from the horse gate to the front door) and craftily fetched a compass through the pleasure beds and little shrubs, upon the sward, and in the dusk, so that none might see or hear him. Then, priding himself upon his stealth, as a man with whom it is rare may do, yet knowing all the time that he was more than half ashamed of it, he began to peep in at his own windows, as if he were planning how to rob his own house. This thought struck him, but instead of smiling, he sighed very sadly; for his object was to learn whether house and home had been robbed of that which he loved so fondly. There was no Mary in the kitchen, seeing to his supper; the fire was bright, and the pot was there, but only shadows round it. No Mary in the little parlor; only Willie half asleep, with a stupid book upon his lap, and a wretched candle guttering. Then, as a last hope, he peered into the dairy, where she often went at fall of night, to see things safe, and sang to keep the ghosts away. She would not be singing now of course, because he was so cross with her; but if she were there, it would be better than the merriest song for him. But no, the place was dark and cold; tub and pan, and wooden skimmer, and the pails hung up to drain, all were left to themselves, and the depth of want of life was over them. "She hathn't been there for an hour," thought he; "a reek o' milk, and not my lassie."

Very few human beings have such fragrance of good-will as milk. The farmer knew that he had gone too far in speaking coarsely of the cow, whose children first forego their food for the benefit of ours, and then become veal to please us. "My little maid is gone," said the lord of many cows, and who had robbed some thousand of their dear calves. "I trow I must make up my mind to see my little maid no more."

Without compunction for any mortal cow (though one was bellowing sadly in the distance, that had lost her calf that day), and without even dreaming of a grievance there, Master Anerley sat down to think upon a little bench hard by. His thoughts were not very deep or subtle; yet to him they were difficult, because they were so new and sad. He had always hoped to go through life in the happiest way there is of it, with simply doing common work, and heeding daily business, and letting other people think the higher class of thought for him. To live as Nature, cultivated quite enough for her own content, enjoys the round of months and years, the changes of the earth and sky, and gentle slope of time subsiding to softer shadows and milder tones. And, most of all, to see his children, dutiful, good, and loving, able and ready to take his place—when he should be carried from farm to church—to work the land he loved so well, and to walk in his ways, and praise him.

But now he thought, like Job in his sorrow, "All these things are against me." The air was laden with the scents of autumn, rich and ripe and soothing—the sweet fulfillment of the year. The mellow odor of stacked wheat, the stronger perfume of clover, the brisk smell of apples newly gathered, the distant hint of onions roped, and the luscious waft of honey, spread and hung upon the evening breeze. "What is the good of all this," he muttered, "when my little lassie is gone away, as if she had no father?"

"Father, I am not gone away. Oh, father, I never will go away, if you will love me as you did."

Here Mary stopped; for the short breath of a sob was threatening to catch her words; and her nature was too like her father's to let him triumph over her. The sense of wrong was in her heart, as firm and deep as in his own, and her love of justice quite as strong; only they differed as to what it was. Therefore Mary would not sob until she was invited. She stood in the arch of trimmed yew-tree, almost within reach of his arms; and though it was dark, he knew her face as if the sun was on it.

"Dearie, sit down here," he said; "there used to be room for you and me, without two chairs, when you was my child."

"Father, I am still your child," she answered, softly, sitting by him. "Were you looking for me just now? Say it was me you were looking for."

"There is such a lot of rogues to look for; they skulk about so, and they fire the stacks—"

"Now, father, you never could tell a fib," she answered, sidling closer up, and preparing for his repentance.

"I say that I was looking for a rogue. If the cap fits—" here he smiled a little, as much as to say, "I had you there;" and then, without meaning it, from simple force of habit, he did a thing equal to utter surrender. He stroked his chin, as he always used to do when going to kiss Mary, that the bristles might lie down for her.

"The cap doesn't fit; nothing fits but you; you—you—you, my own dear father," she cried, as she kissed him again and again, and put her arms round to protect him. "And nobody fits you, but your own Mary. I knew you were sorry. You needn't say it. You are too stubborn, and I will let you off. Now don't say a word, father, I can do without it. I don't want to humble you, but only to make you good; and you are the very best of all people, when you please. And you never must be cross again with your darling Mary. Promise me immediately; or you shall have no supper."

"Well," said the farmer, "I used to think that I was gifted with the gift of argument. Not like a woman, perhaps; but still pretty well for a man, as can't spare time for speechifying, and hath to earn bread for self and young 'uns."

"Father, it is that arguing spirit that has done you so much harm. You must take things as Heaven sends them; and not go arguing about them. For instance, Heaven has sent you me."

"So a' might," Master Anerley replied; "but without a voice from the belly of a fish, I wunna' believe that He sent Bob Lyth."

MR. KEESLER'S HORSE-CAR.

YES, Mr. Keesler told me the story, virtually in confession. It is a queer story, and I was somewhat at loss as to the counsel I was to give him. So I take the gentle reader into my confidence and his. I may as well say, as I begin, that it was not in Boston, or in Brooklyn, or in New York, that this happened. The place was a sea-board town, where most of the people lived in a pretty suburb, but came into the old compact city for their work and for their amusements.

CHAPTER I.

THE PAINT-SHOP.

"It all began with the paint-shop," he said.

I knew that "the dumb man's borders still increase," so I asked no question what the paint-shop was, and by listening I learned.

"The paint-shop was in the garden of the little house Bertha and I had hired just after Elaine was born. When the agent gave me the keys, he said, 'There is a paint-shop in the garden, but you can make that useful for something.'"

So, indeed, it proved. Max Keesler and Bertha Keesler did make the paint-shop good for something, as you shall see, if you dare keep on with the story. But he never thought of it at the beginning.

Max had married Bertha, prudently or imprudently, as you may think—prudently I think—just because he loved her and she loved him. They were not quite penniless; they were not at all penniless. He had two or three thousand dollars in the savings-bank, and she had rather more in bonds. Max had a good berth, the day he was married, in a piano-forte factory. He earned his twenty-five dollars a week, with a good chance to earn more. I do not think they were imprudent at all.

But while they were on their wedding journey a panic began. Max always remembered afterward that he read of the first gust of misfortune in a *Tribune* which he bought in the train as they came from Niagara. That was the first gust, but by no means the last. The last? I should think not. Gusts, blasts, hurricanes, and typhoons came. Half the business establishments of the country went to the bottom of the oceans they were cruising on, and among the rest poor Max's own piano-forte factory. Nay, it seemed to Max that every other piano factory he ever heard of had gone under, or was likely to.

So that when the little Elaine was born, and they wanted to leave the boarding-house, which they hated, Max was out of work, and they were as economical as they could be. Still they determined that they would hire rooms somewhere, and keep house. Bertha knew she could manage better than that odious Mrs. Odonto, who polished their teeth so with her horrid steaks. And it ended in their hiring

—dog-cheap, because times were so bad—this tumble-down old house on the corner of Madison Avenue and Sprigg Court, which, as you know, had a paint-shop in the garden.

"The truth is," said the agent, "that the Cosmopolitan Railway Company, when they began, hired the barn and fitted it up for a paint-shop. They would leave their cars there to dry. But that was long ago. And no one has wanted to hire these premises till now. You don't happen to know a painter you could underlet the shop to?"

No. Max knew no such painter. But he figured to himself better times, when they would fit up the paint-shop as a sort of summer music-room. And it was pleasant to know that they had something to let, if only any one wanted to hire.

All the same, as he said to me when he began his confession, all his guilt, if it were guilt, all the crime, where there was crime, was "along of the paint-shop," as the reader, if he be patient, shall see.

CHAPTER II.

THE WOMAN BEGAN IT.

"DID you ever notice," said Bertha, at tea one night, "that the rails still run into the paint-shop, just as when the railway people painted their cars there?"

"Why, of course I have," said Max, surprised. "They took up the frog in the avenue, but the old rails were not worth taking."

"I suppose so," said Bertha, meekly. "I have been thinking," she said—"I have been wondering whether—don't you think we might—just while business is so dull, you know—have a car of our own?"

"Have a car of our own!" screamed Max, dropping knife and fork this time. "What do we want of a car?"

"We don't want it," said Bertha, "of course, unless other people want it." But then she went on to explain that, no matter how hard were the times, she observed that the street cars were always full. People had to stand in them at night coming out from the theatre, although that did not seem right or fair. Bertha had measured the paint-shop, and had found that there was room enough in it not only for a car, but for two horses. The old loft of its early days, when it served for a stable, was left as it was made, big enough for a ton or two of hay. It had occurred to Bertha that, as Max had nothing else to do, he might buy two horses and a street car, and earn a penny or two for Elaine's milk and oatmeal by running an opposition to the Cosmopolitan Company.

Max loved Bertha, and he greatly respected her judgment. But he was human, and therefore he pooh-poohed her plan as absurd—really because it was hers. All the same, after supper he went out and looked at the paint-shop. And the next morning he climbed into the loft and measured it. Poor Max, he had little enough else to do. He sawed and split all the wood. He made the fire. He would fain have cooked the dinner and set the table, but Bertha would not let him. He had nothing else to do. Not a piano-forte hammer was there to cover between the Penobscot and the Pacific, and the panic seemed more frightened and more frightful than ever. So Max did not waste any valuable time, though he did spend an hour in the old hay-loft.

And at dinner it was he who took up the subject. "Who did you suppose would drive the horse-car, Bertha?"

"Why, I had thought you would. I knew you were on their list for a driver's place at the Cosmopolitan office. And I thought, if you had your own car, you could be your own driver."

"And who was to be conductor?"

Then Bertha shut the window, for fear the little birds should hear. And she said that it had made so much fun at Christmas, when she dressed up in Floyd's Ulster, and that even Max's father had not known her; that she had been thinking that if they only made evening trips, when it was dark, if Max always drove, she should not be afraid to be conductor herself.

Oh, how Max screamed! He laughed, and he laughed, as if he had never laughed before. Then he stopped for a minute for breath, and then he laughed again. At first Bertha laughed, and then she was frightened, and then she was provoked.

"Why should I not be conductor? If you laugh any more, I shall offer myself to the company to-morrow, and I will wear a crimson satin frock, and a hat with an ostrich feather. Then we will see which car is the fullest. Can not I hand a gentleman in quite as well as this assiduous squinting man who hands me

in? Can't I make change as fast as that man who gave you a fifteen-cent bill for a quarter? I will not be laughed at, though I am a woman."

So Max stopped laughing for a minute. But he had laughed so much that they discussed no more details that day. Any allusion to fares, or platforms, or the rail, was enough to make his face redden, and to compel him to crowd his handkerchief into his mouth. And Bertha would not encourage him by laughing when he did.

CHAPTER III.

A LODGMENT MADE.

ALL the same, a lodgment had been made. The idea had been suggested to Max, and the little seed Bertha had planted did not die. Poor fellow! his name was on the lists of all the railway companies, and so were the names of five thousand other fellows out of work. His name was also on the postmaster's list of applicants for the next vacancy among clerks or carriers. The postmaster was amazingly civil; asked Max to write the name himself, so that there need be no mistake. So Max observed that his name came at the bottom of the seventh long column of K's, there being so many men whose name began with K who needed employment. He calculated roughly, from the size of the book, that about seven thousand men had applied before him. Then he went to the Mayor to see if he could not be a policeman, or a messenger at the City Hall. He had first-rate introductions. The Mayor's clerk was very civil, but he said that they had about eight thousand people waiting there. So Max's chances of serving the public seemed but poor.

And thus it was that he haunted the paint-shop more and more. At first he had no thought, of course, of anything so absurd as Bertha's plan; still, all the same, it would do no harm to think it over, and the thinking part he did, and he did it carefully and well. He went through all the experiences of driver and of conductor in his imagination. He made it his duty to ride on the front platform always as he went to town or returned, that he might catch the trick of the brakes, and be sure of the grades. Nay, he learned the price of cars, and found from what factories the Cosmopolitan was supplied.

When a man thus plans out a course of life, though he thinks he does it only for fun, it becomes all the more easy to step into it. If he has learned the part, he is much more likely to play it than he would be if he had it still to learn. And as times grew harder and harder, when at last Max had to make a second hole in his bank deposit, and a pretty large one too, tired with enforced idleness, as he had never been by cheerful work, Max took one of those steps which can not be retraced. He wrote, what he used to call afterward, "the fatal letter" on which all this story hangs.

But this was not till he had had a careful and loving talk with Bertha. He loved her more than ever, and he valued her more than ever, after this year and a half of married life. And Bertha could have said the like of Max. There was nothing she would not do for him, and she knew that there was nothing he would not do for her.

Max told her at last that he felt discouraged. Everybody said, "Go West;" but what could he do at the West? He did not know how to plough, and she did not know how to make cheese. No. He said he had laughed at her plan of the street car at first, but he believed there was "money in it." They would have to spend most of their little capital in the outfit. A span of horses and a car could not be had for nothing. But once bought, they were property. He did not think they had better try to run all day. That would tire Bertha, and the horses could not stand it. But if she were serious, he would try. He would write to Newcastle, to a firm of builders whom the Cosmopolitan had sometimes employed. He would look out for a span of horses and proper harness. If she would have her dress ready, they could at least try, when the car arrived. If she did not like it, he would make some appeal to the builders to take the car off his hands. But, in short, he said, if she did not really, in her heart, favour the plan, he would never speak of it nor think of it again.

He was serious enough now. There was no laughing nor treating poor Bertha's plan as a joke. And she replied as seriously. They had always wished, she said, that his work was what she could help in. Here seemed to be a way to earn

money, and, for that matter, to serve mankind too, where they could work together. True, the custom had been to carry on this business by large companies. But she saw no reason why a man and his wife should not carry it on as well as forty thousand share-holders. If it took her away from the baby, it would be different. But if they only went out evenings, after the little girl had gone to sleep, why, she always slept soundly till her father and mother came to bed, and Bertha would feel quite brave about leaving her.

So, as I said, the lodgment was made. After this serious talk Max wrote the fatal letter to the car-builders.

It was in these words:

"351 Madison Avenue, *April* 1, 1875.

"Dear Sir,—Can you furnish one more car, same pattern and style as the last furnished for the Cosmopolitan Company? The sooner the better. You will be expected to deliver on the Delaware Bay Line of steamers for this port, and forward invoice to this address.

"Respectfully yours,

"Max Keesler."

To which came an answer that fortunately they had on hand such a car as he described, and that as soon as the last coat of paint and lettering could be put on, it should be shipped. Max wrote by return mail to order the words "Madison Avenue Line" painted on each side, to direct that the color should be the same as that of the Madison Avenue Line, and he inclosed a banker's draft for the amount. Never had the Newcastle builders been better pleased with the promptness of the pay.

And everything happened, as Max told me afterward, to favor his plans. The *Richard Penn* steamer chose to arrive just before seven o'clock in the afternoon. Max was waiting at the pier with his span of horses. The car could be seen prominent in the deck cargo. The clerks and agents were only too glad to be rid of her at once. Quarter of an hour did not pass before some sturdy Irishmen had run her upon the branch rails which went down the pier. The horses behaved better than he dared expect. When he brought his new treasure in triumph into the paint-shop, and found Bertha, eager with excitement, waiting for him there, he told her that he had rejected, he believed, a hundred passengers by screaming, "Next car—next car!" as he had driven up through the city into the more sequestered avenue.

It was too late to go back, had they doubted.

But they did not doubt.

CHAPTER IV.

AN EXPERIMENT.

Bertha heard with delight, listened eagerly, and sympathized heartily. When Max had told his tale, he went round to his handsome span of horses to take off their collars and headstalls.

"Stop a minute, Max," said Bertha, who held his lantern; "stop a minute—if you are not too tired. We shall do nothing else to night. Suppose we just try one trip—just for fun."

"But you are not ready."

"I? I will be ready as soon as you are. See;" and she vanished into the harness-room. Max hardly believed her; but he did unfasten his horses—a little clumsily—led them round to the other end of the car, and hooked on the heavy cross-bar; ran open the sliding-door of the shop, and looked out upon the stars; went to the back platform and loosened the brake there; and then, as he stepped down, he met a spruce, wide-awake young fellow, who said, "Hurry up, driver; time's up; can't wait all night here."

"Bertha! my child!" cried Max; "your own mother would not know you."

"As to that, we'll see," said the young man. "All aboard!" and she struck the bell above her head with the most knowing air.

The trouble was, as Max said afterward, to run the wheels into the street rails when no one was passing. But he had, with a good deal of care, wedged in some bits of iron, which made an inclined plane on the outside of the outer rail, and as the car was always light when he started, the horses and he together soon caught the knack. A minute, and they were free of the road, bowling along at the regulation pace of seven miles an hour. For their trip down and back they were quite free from official criticism. The office was at the upper end of Madison Avenue—a mile or more above them.

And never did young lover by the side of his mistress drive his span of bays through Central Park with more delight than Max drove Bertha in that glad minute when she stood on the platform by his side, before they were hailed by their first passenger.

Bertha will remember that old woman to her dying day—an old Irishwoman, who, as Bertha believes, kept a boarding-house. She had with her an immense basket, redolent of cabbage, and of who shall say what else. No professional conductor would have let her carry that hundred-weight of freight without an extra fare. But Bertha was so frightened as she asked for one fare that she had no thought of claiming two. Bertha made a pretext of helping the woman with the basket, knowing, as she did so, that it would have anchored her to the roadway had she been left alone with it. When basket and owner were well inside the car, Bertha put her head into the doorway, and said, as gruffly as she knew how, "You must put that basket with the driver if you expect us to take it." The poor woman was used to being bullied more severely, and meekly obeyed.

Next three giggling girls with two admirers, glorious in white satin neck-ties, all on their way to the Gayety, all talking together with their high-keyed voices, and each of the three determined not to be the one neglected in the attentions of the two. Great frolic, laughter, screaming on the high key, and rushing back and forward before they determined whether they would sit all on one side, or three on one seat and two on the other, and, in the latter case, which girl should be the third. Riot and screaming not much silenced by the entrance of three old gentlemen, also in white neck-ties, on their way to the Thursday Club. Two paper-hangers, late from an extra job, have to place their pails on the front platform, and stand there with their long boards. Next comes a frightened shop-girl from the country. It is her first experiment in going down to the city at night, and long ago she wished she had not tried it. But Bertha hands her in so pleasantly, and insists on making a seat for her so bravely, that the poor pale thing looks all gratitude as she cuddles back in the corner and makes herself as small as she can.

And at last there are so many that poor Bertha must force herself to go through the car and take up the fares. Nor is it so hard as it seemed. Some give unconsciously. Some are surprised, and dig out the money from deep recesses, as if it were an outrage that they should be expected to pay. One old gentleman even demands change for five dollars. But Bertha is all ready for that. She is more ready for the hard exigencies than she is for the easy ones. And when she comes to the front platform she taps the two paper-hangers quite bravely, and has quite a gruff voice as she bids Max to be sure and stop at the South Kensington crossing before they come to the gutter.

By-and-by, as they come nearer the city proper, the car and platforms fill up. Bertha pushes through on her second and third tour of collection, and at last, at a stop, runs forward to her husband. "Be sure you stop at Highgate. I shall be inside. But all these theatre people leave there." This aloud, and then she leaned down to whisper, "There are three men smoking on the platform, and they make me sick. What can I do?"

"I should like to thrash them," said Max, in a rage. "But you must bully them yourself. I'll stand by you, and will call an officer, if there is a row."

Bertha gained new life, worked steadily back through the crowded passage, opened the door, and spoke:

"Smoking not permitted, gentlemen. Lady faint inside."

Without a whisper the three men emptied their pipes and pocketed them, and Bertha had won her first great victory. The second never costs so much as the first, nor is it ever so remembered.

"Could you know—should you know—can you tell—about when we come to 97 Van Tromp Street, and would you kindly stop there?" This was the entreating request of the poor frightened shop-girl.

"Certainly, ma'am; you said 97?" said Bertha, as grimly as before to the boarding-house keeper, but determined that that girl should go right, even if the car stopped an hour.

And when they came to 97, Bertha handed her down, and led her to the door, and pealed at the bell as if she had been a princess. "Oh, I thank you so," said the poor shrinking girl. "And please tell me when your car goes back. I will be all ready."

This, as Bertha says to this hour, was the greatest compliment of her life.

They came home light, for it was in that dead hour before the theatres and concerts are pouring out their thousands. Bertha did not forget 97 Van Tromp Street, and her poor little ewe-lamb was waiting at the door as the great car stopped itself, uncalled. As they approached Sprigg Court there was but one passenger left—a poor tired newspaper man, going out to Station 11 to see who had cut his throat in that precinct, or what child had been run over.

"Far as we go," said Bertha, in her gruffest voice.

And the poor fellow, who was asleep, tumbled out, not knowing where he was, and unable, of course, to express his surprise.

CHAPTER V.

REGULAR WORK.

When they were once home, both of them were too much excited and quite too tired to think of a second round trip, even to catch the theatres. Glad enough were they to shut the paint-shop. Bertha held the lantern while Max rubbed down the horses and put them up for the night. Then she disappeared in the harness-room, re-appeared in her own character in a time incredibly short, and ran into the house at once to see how the baby was.

Baby! Dear little chit, she had not moved a hand since her mother left her. So, with a light heart, Bertha joined her husband in the kitchen.

They counted up the money, and subtracted what Bertha had started with. Happily for them, the Cosmopolitan had not then introduced the bell-punch, nor did it ever, so far as I know, introduce the bother of tickets. Max and Bertha followed in all regards the customs of the Cosmopolitan. The freight down town had been very large, the freight up had been light, but they were seven dollars and fifty-five cents richer than they were three hours before.

"How much money it looks like!" said Bertha. "Even with that old man's five-dollar bill, it makes so big a pile. I never saw two dollars in nickels before."

"I hope you may see a great many before you are done, my sweet," said Max, cheerily.

"But is it fairly ours? Are you troubled about that?"

"I am sure we have worked for it," said Max, laughing. "I know I never worked so hard in my life, and I do not believe you ever did."

"No: if that were all."

"And is it not all? The car is bought with your money. The horses and their hay were bought with mine."

"But the rails," persisted Bertha, a little unfairly, as she had planned the whole.

"The rails," said Max, coolly, "belong to the public. They are a part of the pavement of the street, as has been determined again and again. If I chose to have a coach built to run in the track, nobody could hinder me. This is my hackney-coach, and you and I are friends of the people."

So Bertha's conscience was appeased, and they went happily to bed.

The next morning Max came home in great glee. He had seen Mr. Federshall, his old foreman, who always was cordial and sympathetic. He had told Mr. Federshall where he lived; that he had an old stable on the premises, and that, for a little, he was keeping a pair of horses there; that he had no other regular employment. And Mr. Federshall, of his own accord, had asked him to keep his covered buggy. "I have had to sell my horses long ago," he said, laughing. And Max was to store the buggy, and take his pay in the use of it for nothing.

So they might go to ride that living morning with the span, take the baby, and have no end of a "good time."

A lovely day, and a lovely ride they had of it. The baby chirruped, and was delighted, and pretended to know cows when they were pointed out to her. As if, in fact, the poor wretch knew a cow from a smoke-stack. All the same they enjoyed their new toy—and freedom.

With this bright omen "regular work" began. But they soon found that as "regular work" meant two round trips every evening, they must not often take the horses out in the morning. As Max pointed out to Bertha, they had better hire a horse for three dollars and a half than lose one round trip. So, in the long-run, they only treated themselves to a drive on a birthday or other anniversary.

A good deal of the work was a mere dragging grind, as is true of most work. Bertha declared that it came by streaks. Some nights the passengers were all crazy:

women would stop the car when they did not want to get out; people would come rushing down side streets to come on board, who found they wanted to be put out as soon as they had entered; a sweet-faced little woman would discover, after she was well in, that she was going into town when she should be going out; another would make a great row, and declare she had paid a fare, and afterward find that she had it in her glove. And all these things would happen on the same night. On another night everything would be serene, and the people as regular as if they were checker-men or other puppets. They would sit where they ought, stand where they should, enter at the right place, leave where they meant to; and Bertha would have as little need to bother herself about them as about that dear little baby who was sleeping at home so sweetly.

The night which she now looks back upon with most terror, perhaps, was the night when a director of the Cosmopolitan came on board. She was frightened almost beyond words when the tidy old gentleman nodded and smiled with a patronizing air. Did he mean to insult her? She just turned to the passenger opposite, and then, with her utmost courage, she turned to him, and said, firmly, "Fare, Sir."

"Fare? Why, my man, I am a director. I am Mr. Siebenhold."

The passengers all grinned, as if to say not to know Mr. Siebenhold was to argue one's self unknown. Bertha had to collect all her powers. What would the stiffest martinet do in her place? She gulped down her terror.

"I can't help that, Sir. If you are a director, you have a director's pass, I suppose?"

Magnificent instinct of a woman! For Bertha had never heard of a director's pass, nor contemplated the exigency.

"Pass?" said the great man. "Well, yes—pass? I suppose I have." And from the depths of an inside pocket a gigantic pocket-book appeared. From its depths, with just the least unnecessary display of greenbacks, a printed envelope appeared. From its depths a pink ticket, large and clean, appeared. "How will that do, my man?"

For all Bertha could see, the pass might have been in Sanskrit. Her eyes, indeed, were beginning to brim over. But she walked to the light, looked at the pass, said "All right" as she gave it back, and took out her own note-book to enter the free passenger.

"You've not been long on the line?" said the old gentleman, fussily.

"Not very long, Sir."

"Well, my lad"—more fussily—"you have done perfectly right—perfectly. I hope all the conductors are as careful. I shall name you to Mr. Beal. What is your number?"

Bertha pointed to her jaunty cap, and said "537" at the same moment. The old gentleman took down the number, and did not forget his promise.

The next day he talked to the superintendent an hour, to that worthy's great disgust. When Mr. Siebenhold left the office at last, the superintendent said to the cashier, "The old fool wanted 'to recommend No. 537.' I did not tell him that we only have three hundred and thirty men."

So Bertha passed her worst trial, as she thought it then. But a harder test was in store.

CHAPTER VI.

YOUR UNCLE.

THE baby was growing to be no baby. She was big enough to run about the floor; and if they had a boiled chicken for dinner, the little girl sucked and even gnawed at the bones. The autumn had gone, and Bertha had a long winter Ulster to do her cold work in, and Max a longer and a heavier one for his. Still, neither of them flinched. Max did not like his work as well as he liked covering pianoforte hammers, but he liked it better than nothing. And Bertha liked to be out of debt, and to see Max happy. So never did she ask him to drop a trip, and never did he ask her.

It was a light trip one evening, for the weather was disagreeable, and unless the theatre filled them up, it would be a very poor evening's work. As they went out of town nearly empty, Bertha came rushing out upon the front platform to Max, and said to him, in terror, "Your uncle and aunt are on board!"

"What?"

"Your uncle Stephen, from New Britain, and your aunt, and they have two of your old-fashioned German carpet-bags,

and two baskets, and a bird-cage. They are coming to make us a visit. He asked me very carefully to leave them at the corner of Sprigg Court."

"Make us a visit!" cried Max, aghast; "how can we run the car?"

"I don't know that," said Bertha. "I should like to know first how they are to get into the house."

"That, indeed," said Max; and, after a pause: "You must manage it somehow."

This is what men always say to their wives when the puzzle is beyond their own solution. And Bertha managed it. Fortunately for her, the night was dark. The old uncle and aunt were quite out of their latitude, and they didn't know their longitude. They were a good deal dazed by the unusual experience of travel. They were very obedient when Bertha stopped the car a full square before she came to her own house, and said:

"You had better get out here. I will take your baskets and the cage." This she did, and deposited all three of the bipeds on the sidewalk. She bade them "good-evening" even, and, when the old gentleman had at last put his somewhat cumbrous question, "Could you kindly tell us on which corner Mr. Max Keesler lives?" the car was gone in the darkness.

Short work that night as Bertha doffed her Ulster and assumed her home costume. For Max, he only tethered the horses, and then ran into the house, lighted it, and waited. Bertha joined him, however, before his uncle appeared. And leaving her in her own parlor, the guilty Max put on his hat, walked down the avenue, and met his dazed relatives, so that he could help them and the canary-bird and the baskets to his own door.

"Come, Bertha, come!" he cried; "here is Uncle Stephen and my aunt!"

"Where did you drop from, dear aunt?" and the dear old lady explained how they had rung at the wrong door, how long the servant was in coming, and then how badly the servant understood their English.

"But how came you there at all?" persisted Bertha.

"Oh, the conductor left us at the wrong street."

"At the wrong street!" cried Bertha; "these conductors are so careless! But this man must have done it on purpose. What looking man was he?"

"My dear child," said her aunt, speaking in German, "you must not blame him; he was very young and very kind; perhaps he was a new man, and did not know. He was very kind, and carried the bird himself to the sidewalk."

After this, mischievous Mistress Bertha did not dare say a word.

But there was no second trip that evening.

Nor the next evening. Nor the next. Nor the next. Nor for many evenings more.

Max and Bertha took Uncle Stephen and their aunt to the little German play of the Turnverein; they took them to the German opera, which, by good luck, came to town, but they did not go in Max's car. Max took his aunt to ride one day, and another day he took Uncle Stephen, but not in his own car. The horses were eating their heads off, as he confessed to Bertha, but not a wisp of hay nor a grain of oats could he or she earn for them. One is glad to have his aunt and uncle come and see him. But how shall the pot boil if aunt and uncle cut off the channel through which the water flows to the pot, nay, block the wheels of the dray which brings the coal to the fire?

At last one fatal day Uncle Stephen, as he smoked his pipe, came out, as he was fond of doing, to the paint-shop to see Max rub down his horses. Nay, the old man walked out into the garden, threw out the lighted *Tabak* which he loved so well, threw off his coat, and with a wisp of straw rubbed down one horse himself.

"I show you how," he said. "The poor brute—you do not half groom him." This in German.

"Ah me!" Max replied. "We must groom them well. The proverb says, 'When the horse is to be sold, his skin must shine.'"

"Must he be sold, then, my boy?"

"Ah me! yes, he must be sold. He eats off his head. As the proverb says, 'If the man is hungry, the beast goes to the fair.'"

"Mein Gott!" said the old man, not irreverently; "it is indeed hard times."

"Hard times," said Max, "or I would not sell my bays. But the proverb says, 'It is better to go afoot fat than to be starved and ride.'"

"And what do these people pay you for storing this car here, my son?"

"Pay me? They pay not a pfennig. But the proverb says, 'Better fill your house with cats than leave it empty.'"

"Mein Gott! they should pay some rent," said the old man. "I see by the rail they use it sometimes."

And Max said nothing.

The next day the old man returned to the charge.

"My son Max," he said, "do this company keep their car here, and pay nothing?"

"They pay nothing," said Max. "The proverb says, 'The rich miller did not know that the mill-boy was hungry.'"

"My son Max, let us take out the car at night, and let us drive down town and back, and we will get some rent from them."

Guilty Max! He started as if he were shot.

"Max, my son, do you drive the horses, and I will be the boy behind—what you call conductor."

Guilty Max! His face was fire. He bent down and concealed himself behind the horse he was rubbing.

"What do you say, my son? Shall I not make as good conductor as my little Bertha?"

Then guilty Max knew that his uncle knew all. But indeed the old man had not suspected at the first. Only there had seemed to him something natural, which he could not understand, in the face of the handsome young conductor. But, as chance had ordered—good luck, bad luck, let the reader say—early the next morning, as he smoked his pipe before breakfast, he had walked into the paint-shop. Then he had stepped into the car. On the floor of the car he had found his wife's handkerchief, the loss of which she had deplored, and evident traces of bird-seed from the cage. The old man was slow, but he was sure. And a few days of rapt meditation on these observations had brought him out on a result not far from true.

"My son," he said, after Max had made confession, "if the business is all right, as you say, why do we not follow it in the daytime?"

Max said that he did not like to expose Bertha to observation in the daytime.

"But, my son, why do you not expose me to observation in the daytime? If it is all right, I will go down town with you. I will go now."

Then Max said that though it was all right according to the higher law, the local law had not yet been interpreted on this subject, and he was afraid the police would stop them.

"Ah, well, I understand," said the old man. "Let them stop us; let us have one grand lawsuit, and let us settle it forever."

Then Max explained, further, that he had no money for a lawsuit, and that before the suit was settled he should be penniless.

"Ah, well," said Uncle Stephen, "and I—who have money enough—I never yet spent a kreutzer at law, and, God willing, I never will. But, my son, let me tell you. What we do, let us do in the light. At night let us play, let us go to the theatre, let us dance, let us sing. If this business is good business, let us do it by daylight. Come with me. Let us see your bureau man—what you call him—Obermeister, surintendant. Come." And he haled guilty Max with him in a rival's car to the down-town office of Mr. Beal, the superintendent.

And then the End came.

CHAPTER VII.

THE END.

MAX and his uncle entered the office, and were ushered into Mr. Beal's private room.

"Be seated, gentlemen—one moment;" and in a moment the tired man of affairs turned with that uninterested bow, as if he knew they had nothing of any import to say.

But when Max, man fashion, held up his head and entered squarely on his story, Mr. Beal colored and was all attention. A minute more, and Mr. Beal rose and closed the door, that he might be sure they were not heard. Indeed, he listened eagerly, and yet as if he did not wish Max to be proved in the wrong.

"In short," said Max, at the end, "if what I have done is wrong, I have come to say that I do not want any fight with the company, and I should be glad to make amends."

Strange to say, the man of affairs hardly seemed to heed him. Mr. Beal was already in a brown-study.

"Oh yes, certainly. I am sure I am much obliged. I beg your pardon. Have you said all you wished to say?"

"Nothing more," said Max, half offended.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Beal again.

"I came to beg yours," said Max, just rising to the drollery of the position.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Beal once more, "but—I have been afraid—of this thing ever since I was on the line. You say you do not want to fight with the company. Quite right, young man, quite right; the company is friends with all the world, and wants no fighting."

But after this pacific beginning Mr. Beal went on to say that he was well aware, and that the directors were aware, that any man had a right to use their rails if he did not interfere with the public convenience. He did not say, but Max was quick enough to see, that the fact that he and Bertha had used the rails for so long a time, and the company never knew it, was itself evidence that the public had suffered no inconvenience.

In an instant Max saw, and his uncle saw, that Mr. Beal was much more anxious to keep this fact from the public than he was to apprehend any offenders, if offenders they had been.

"Mr. Keesler, the press would make no end of fun of us if this thing was known."

This after a pause.

"Suppose, Mr. Keesler, you turn your stock over to us, at a fair valuation, and I give you the first berth I have as a driver? I am afraid I can not engage your conductor."

This with a sick smile. Max was amazed. He came to be scolded. It seemed he was expected to offer terms.

"Frankly, Mr. Keesler, we had rather not have much public discussion as to the rights of individuals to put their cars on our rails. You seem to be tired of the business. What do you say?"

Max made a very short answer.

The truth was, he was sick to death of the business. In very little time he had named his price for the car, and as soon as it was named Mr. Beal had agreed.

"But how shall I take possession?" said Mr. Beal. "If I send one of my men for it, the story will be in the *Herald* within three days."

"Trust me for that," said Max. "Till you have your car you need not send your check."

The Cosmopolitan cars do not run after midnight. At one the next morning Max drew out the fatal truck upon the avenue, down to the top of the steep grade at De Kalb Street, braked up, and then took off his horses. Then, with the exquisite relief with which a soldier after his enlistment leaves his barracks, Max loosened the brake, jumped from the platform, and saw the car run from him into the night.

The first morning driver on the Cosmopolitan, in the gray of the morning, met an empty car on the long causeway at Pitt's Dock. He coupled it to his own car, reported it, and was told to take it to the new Herkimer stables.

And Max?

And Bertha?

Uncle Stephen and the good Frau found life in Sprigg Court too comfortable to want to move. Little Elaine was such a pet, and dear Bertha was so much like her mother.

It ended when they took the rest of the house up stairs, and Uncle Stephen made Max his man of business in that curious commerce of his with Natal and the Mozambique Channel.

Still Max's conscience sometimes disturbs him. In one of such moods he comes to me to confess and receive counsel. Absolution I do not give.

And it is thus, gentle reader, that it happens that I tell his story to you.

A SYMPOSIUM OF WOOD-ENGRAVERS.

"THE impartial critic," says the London *Saturday Review*, "who is asked where the best wood-cuts are produced, has, we fear, but one answer possible: neither in England, Germany, nor France, but in America.....Look at the delicacy of the American engraving, the number of different tints and shades, the microscopic graining of the ground, the absolute fidelity of the print to the original drawing, the subordination of the engraver's mind to that of the artist whom he perpetuates. In ordinary English wood-cuts the artist's work is translated, not perpetuated. It is obliterated, and we must put up with a translation, just as some ancient Greek authors are known only by the Latin versions of their works. A child can recognize the heavy hand of the [English] engraver. His individual-

ity, his mannerism, is much more strongly marked than that of the artist, and in the result we have a black-and-white imitation of a pen-and-ink drawing, absolutely devoid of gradation, and showing everywhere that the cutter has been wrestling with the artist, not helping him; has been shouting him down, rather than allowing him to tell his own tale." The *Saturday Review* has never been charged with a bias in favor of American art, or indeed of anything American. Its appreciation of American wood-engraving, therefore, in addition to being intelligent and just, is apparently spontaneous and candid. The best of our wood-engravers are incontestably the best in the world; and the *Saturday Review* has mentioned the principal reason why they are so, namely, their unswerving loyalty to the original pictures which they are cutting in the wood. But there are other reasons also, and these, as well as the principal one, will be found in the proceedings of the present symposium. It is to be regretted that the limits of a magazine article make it possible to give a hearing to but few of the distinguished artists who have brought about the interesting and most creditable result that has enlisted the recognition and commendation of both Europe and America. This restriction is all the more unfortunate because so many of them are able to enlighten the public otherwise than with their facile and eloquent gravers. It should be added that the pleasantly colloquial tone of the testimony about to be adduced is due to the fact that it consists for the most part of reports of conversations with the several speakers. These reports have in every case been submitted to the speakers for revision and approval, and have received the same.

MR. A. V. S. ANTHONY.

Given the work of the artist, the engraver's first duty is to reproduce it without any change whatever. If the reproduction is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. I think that Mr. Linton is the best engraver that ever lived; his theories are absolutely sound and absolutely right. The best result is obtained by the pure graver line; yet any result is allowable, if faithful to the original. But I go farther than Mr. Linton with respect to Mr. Cole's engraving of Modjeska, which is one of the nicest pieces of work that I ever saw. As for Mr. Cole's engraving of Boyesen, I liked it so much that I was about to write to the editor of the magazine in which it appeared, and tell him so. My theories, so far as I have any, are for the simple direct line rather than for the involved style. Take this engraving of a drawing by Mr. Appleton Brown; I don't know any method that would have reproduced the picture better. The object was to repeat as closely as possible, by black ink and white paper, the artist's design; so I drew it with the graver as I went along. I wanted to get all the color, light, and atmosphere I could, and I used white line. Mr. Linton's doctrine that every engraving and the whole of it must be drawn in white line is the true doctrine; and I should simply refuse a block that I could not treat in that way, because it would give me no pleasure. There are plenty of engravers who can do fac-simile work better than I can, and who like it. As for brush marks, they are not worth reproducing, yet perhaps they could be reproduced in white line. When standing at the proper distance from a painting, you do not see them. Still, sometimes, as a copy of the original, an engraving that reproduces the brush marks is happy; for example, Mr. Juengling's engraving of the Whistler portrait. I don't know how it could have been done better. Yet, as an engraving pure and simple, Mr. Kruell's "Dauphin," with its knowledge and use of pure line to get all the forms, and the several textures of drapery, flesh, hair, and so forth, is more artistic and pleasing. The pure line is an added charm, and work done with it is delightful as an etching. The only motive that can lead an artist-engraver to reproduce brush marks, washes, crayon marks, and the like, seems to be one of bread and butter. But I would not put myself on record as objecting to any man's style. In the new edition of Longfellow you will find every good engraver in the country represented, with one exception, and I mean to get him. If a man has any individuality, he should show it in his work. One's graver-work is like his chirography; if he attempts to write back-hand when he usually writes running-hand, he will be cramped, and will resemble anybody else who is trying the same thing. Still, the future of wood-engraving lies, I think, in the domain of pure white line.

The engraver should be known by his

work. There should be no necessity for his name to appear on it. You should be able to tell it without any signature. Along with the faithful reproduction of the artist's picture there should be a certain beauty reflected by the engraver himself, who has told the story in his own special way. I like Mr. W. T. Richards's paintings; I like also Mr. W. M. Hunt's, although the latter are produced with a brush rarely less than two inches across. Each has something to say in his own way, and each has a special charm of his own. So of the engraver. Nevertheless, I recognize the right of any publisher to get his pictures engraved in any style that suits him, or that suits the public. Mr. Swain Gifford pronounced Mr. Juengling's engraving of his "Old Orchard" a perfect copy of the original drawing. The engraver relies entirely upon the estimation in which the painters and draughtsmen hold him. That is all the reputation he wants.

Which is the better to engrave from, a photograph on the block or a drawing on the block? I most decidedly prefer the drawing, and I don't know an engraver who does not. When cutting the photograph, you are constantly compelled to refer back to the original; and, besides, the cost is from ten to thirty per cent. more than when engraving from the drawing. There are plenty of painters who can draw well on wood. Shirlaw made as handsome a picture as I ever saw on wood. Dielman made one so handsome that I hated to give it up to the engraver. Colman, J. D. Smillie, Whittredge, McEntee, W. Hart, all draw beautifully on wood. Everybody knows what Abbey and Reinhart have done. It is difficult to say which will be more used in the future—the photograph on the block or the drawing on the block. Perhaps when the good times come again, and painters can sell their paintings freely, they will not draw much on wood. In that case probably the picture may be given to a skilled draughtsman, who will copy it on the wood: there are many men who can do such copying, and whose services are not expensive. This method, doubtless, would be simpler, and better both for the publisher and the engraver. Mr. G. H. Boughton wrote me from London only a few months ago: "The practice that one gets in drawing for drawing's sake is very valuable. Nearly all the best artists in England are or have been draughtsmen on wood. Millais was telling me the other day that those who let their practice of drawing lapse in any degree, fall off at once more or less in their painting." No subtleties of color help the artist in such work; he is dependent upon pure form. In black and white his reliance must be upon absolute truth. There is no charm of color to piece out his drawing. The best colorist in America is often faulty in his drawing; he is so engrossed with his hues and tints that he thinks of nothing else.

The wood-engraving of to-day has made no advance upon that of Bewick and Albert Dürer, so far as principle is concerned. Even the foremost of our engravers praise the work of those men. Literature has made no advance upon Shakspeare and Homer; painting no advance upon Michael Angelo, Raphael, and the rest of the big fellows. The users of the white line constitute the only lawful school of engravers. Bewick was the founder of this school. Linton is a white-liner. Cole, at his best, and untrammelled by his original, is always a white-liner. Of Smithwick the same is true, and of Morse also. It follows, therefore, that there is no new school of wood-engravers that can be paramount or authoritative. As a matter of fact there is no new school at all. The reproduction on wood of the peculiar effects of crayon or chalk was done, and perfectly done, as long ago as 1852, by Kretzschmar, in Leipsic. Until I had examined one of his engravings with a magnifying-glass, I took it to be a lithograph. In 1863, Loedel, another German artist, perfectly reproduced the effect of a drawing made with pen and ink, and worked over with a brownish tint, and heightened with red and white chalk. So you see that the so-called new school is at least twenty-seven years old. Moreover, as I said before, such reproductions of crayon, chalk, and brush effects lack the charm of firm, pure line. They give nothing that the photograph would not give. But in such a work as Kruell's "Dauphin," you have what it has taken years and years of study to produce. A good etching is altogether the highest form of art in black and white; and the reason that makes it such is the same that puts a good wood-engraving next to an etching in rank. It is the charm of the line that pleases. Contrast a poor etching with a fine one—an

etching by Hamerton, for example, with one by Seymour Haden. The former is commonplace to the last degree; it may be a faithful copy of a scene, but it has no art value whatever. On the contrary, every line that Seymour Haden draws is beautiful to perfection; you scarcely want to alter a single dot. So with engravers. One man will represent the picture simply; another will bestow upon it the additional charm of pure line, which nothing but protracted study can teach him. The added charm of color in a painting is analogous to the added charm of line in a fine wood-engraving.

MR. TIMOTHEUS COLE.

The function of wood-engraving is faithfully to produce the artist's work in pure lines. The present little flurry among the engravers is due to the fact that some of them have been experimenting recently in more or less novel ways. I have experimented with the rest of them, and I have learned to know the value of a pure line. There is no propriety in picking, stippling, and cross-lining where there is no sense in it. Suppose you cross-line trees (it has often been done), your result is mechanical rather than artistic, giving simply the color without any idea. There is something beautiful in a natural line that the hand makes in drawing; and it seems to me that an engraver should try to work in the free manner that an artist would with his pencil.

Hence a "square" tool is the best tool. A "tint" tool is set to a certain line, just as an organ key is set to a certain note, and is, in that sense, mechanical. But with the "square" tool one has all possible freedom. It is the artist's tool—the pencil, the brush, of the engraver. You can do with it whatever you desire. It cuts an infinite variety of lines, just as a pencil makes any line that you please. I use only two tools—a "square" tool, and a "fine" tool. Mr. Linton's line is the only true line there is. What engravers need to do is to use his line, and to strive to excel him in the reproduction of the artist's work. This is what I am trying to do, and shall continue trying to do. But when engraving the Wyatt Eaton portrait of Emerson, to which objection has been made by Mr. Linton, I exactly reproduced the crayon effects by the use of mechanical means—simply by picking with the "square" tool. Mr. Linton notes a deficiency of texture; the nose, he says, is the same as the background in quality. But he forgets that he often indulges in the same fault himself. The fault, if it was a fault, could have been avoided easily enough; but then I should have lost the crayon effect which I intended to keep. The background is in pure line, very slight and varied, and extremely laborious.

The portrait of Whittier was engraved in pure line. I don't know which the artist liked the better. Look at the soft, silky appearance of the robe in that picture; it would not be possible to represent this in any other way than by pure line. As for the sky, in no other way could you get the motion of clouds so well as by pure waving lines. Engraving is an art, I think; but it is no art if the engraver descends to such mechanical means as picking, cross-lining, and stippling for reproducing the original work. I could cut that sky perpendicularly if I chose; but what idea would it convey? The spectator would not think that it was a sky, but a wall, or something else. By a pure line the engraver can express anything and everything better than by any other means; but a line hatched up, chopped up, altered so that you do not see a line—I would not call that a pure line. The etcher goes to work just as the engraver should; the purpose is the same in each case. If he wants to represent a blue sky, he does not make a series of cross-hatchings. The sense of motion, as in leaves, of roundness, as in a human arm, can not be rendered so well in any other way as by pure lines. As for reproducing a painter's brush marks, I don't like it myself. Is it right to make a surface look as if it were patched? And where is the propriety of reproducing charcoal marks in an engraving, say, two inches square? Nobody would be so misled as to suppose that so small a picture could have been done in charcoal.

Mr. Linton has done a great deal for wood-engraving. For a long time I have constantly referred to him in my work. Of course, like the rest of us, he has a good many errors. But I wouldn't take the liberty he does with an artist's design. If the artist is a first-class one, it is not to be supposed that the engraver can be first-class and at the same time a better artist than the first-class one. It is as much as

any man can do to become a first-class engraver. Mr. Linton's renderings of some of Miss Hallock's work have certainly been abominable, horrible in their failure to get the spirit of the artist and her outlines. It is a shame for a man to cut such a lady's work in that way. But Mr. Linton is incapable of getting an artist's spirit and outlines. Fine work he has done, but that is not to say that he has represented the artist in it. You can not tell how much finer the artist's work was than the engraving. Mr. Linton has failed so many times, in so many things that I have seen, to get the feeling of the artist. There is too much mannerism in his work —his engravings all look alike. That's what I call mannerism. Yet mannerism is the very thing he objects to in Mr. Henry Marsh's work.

The secret of so many recent failures of engravers to do justice to the artist lies in the fact that artists make their drawings too large, and when these are reduced by photography, and put on the block very small, the engraver is put to a great task in striving to reproduce the original effect; and he fails in the endeavor because, through the reduction in size, the effect has already been lost. Don't you see that the remedy lies with the artist? He ought to draw smaller and bolder. He has yet to learn to draw for the engraver. He does not seem to consider the engraver at all. When a large picture is reduced to a small one, the whites become smaller, and so do the blacks, and the effect is weak. It remains for the engraver to strengthen his blacks, and this is done necessarily at the expense of some details; the same treatment must be accorded to his whites, because otherwise he would have to use a very fine line, and his work would fill up in printing. But if he uses too bold a line, the effect will be swallowed up. Therefore the artist should not complain if his picture has not been preserved in every detail. Very often, however, he does complain, although the fault really arises from his having made so large a drawing.

In such reductions by photography the engraver must, you see, take certain liberties with the original. But when the picture is drawn directly on the wood—not put there by photography—there is no reason whatever why the engraver should not produce an exact copy. Now Mr. Linton does not use the photograph on the wood; he will not cut from it; he requires a drawing on the wood. He should therefore be able to reproduce the artist perfectly, so that when looking at one of his engravings you would recognize the artist who made the original, as well as the engraver who duplicated it. The engraver, you see, holds a secondary position to the artist—does he not? Well, it would seem natural that when seeing an engraving of a drawing you should recognize the artist first and not the engraver: "Drawn by So-and-so, engraved by So-and-so." But when looking at an engraving of Mr. Linton's you say instinctively, "Engraved by So-and-so, drawn by So-and-so"—just reversing the order.

What Mr. Linton says about the "fine-tooth comb," or multiple graver, is applicable, so far as I know, to but one engraver in this country, who has, I believe, abandoned the use of that instrument, having learned how worthless artistically it is.

In the effort to get texture the engraver often loses the spirit of the picture. In many works I avoid texture as much as possible.

The future of wood-engraving will witness only a gain in skill faithfully to keep the artist's work. This is the end of wood-engraving—to give the artist.

Has there been recently an advance in the art of wood-engraving? Yes, the engraver to-day keeps the artist's work a great deal better than he did ten or twelve years ago. You can put all the advance in that. But he has lost this much: he has lost freedom. And this he must regain; only the freedom must be within the work of the artist whom he is reproducing.

The specific character of every picture to be engraved necessitates a specific treatment, a specific kind of line, a specific feeling in the line. They say the engraver is tied down, but he is not. You see what liberty he has—in every new work new freedom, so long as he uses pure line. But in all this stippling and cross-lining you see how much he loses. Such work is a process, a mechanical process, very laborious, and often extremely clever, but only a process after all. The delights of liberty are not in it.

MR. JOHN P. DAVIS.

The engraver's business is to put a picture in such a shape that it can be indefinitely multiplied by the process of print-

ing. This function, of course, must have its limitations; but aside from these, it lies plainly within that of the artist who made the picture. The engraver by no means stands to the artist in the relation of an interpreter, for the least cultivated observer understands the picture as well before as after it has passed through the hands of the engraver. Therefore it needs no interpreter. This subordination of the engraver to the artist is still further manifested by the fact that there is not one of the thousands of the readers of *Harper's Magazine* who would not prefer the originals of the illustrations in that periodical to the "proofs" of wood-cuts made after them. Now since it is impossible to supply the required number of illustrations in their original form, the engraver comes in to meet the deficiency. His work is the most convenient, and, if he is skillful, the best means of accomplishing the desired result. Accordingly it follows that the more the original artist's work appears in the engraving, unobscured by the personality of the engraver—the more "brush marks" there are and the fewer tool marks—the better is the effect produced. This is the purpose of the conscientious engraver.

A few years ago it was thought that beyond certain formal limits the engraver could not venture. A certain kind of line, it was held, should be used to represent ground; another kind to represent foliage; another to represent sky; another, flesh; another, drapery, and so on. Each sort of line was the orthodox symbol for a certain form, and if by chance or inexperience it was not used by the artist in his original drawing, the omission was expected to be supplied by the engraver. Of late, however, the publishers of illustrated periodicals have increased the range of their illustrations. The perpetual recurrence of old conventional lines became tiresome, and the use of the works of our best known and most eminent painters was felt to be desirable. These painters, however, were not trained in the special methods employed by draughtsmen on the block; they put their conceptions upon canvas or upon paper, each in his own way, but they were not adepts in the ways of the orthodox and regular draughtsmen on the block. Just here came in the assistance of photography, by which the paintings or drawings on canvas or on paper were transferred directly to the wood. The art of wood-engraving received in consequence a fresh impulse, and entered into a new liberty, the possibilities of which it is yet too soon to estimate. The promise certainly is very bright, notwithstanding the allowance that must be made for mistakes in all beginnings. Instead of merely symbolizing the work of the artist, the engraver now makes use of all methods by which he can fix on the block, as accurately and perfectly as possible, the original picture that has been put in his hands for reproduction. This abandonment of the conventional recipes, this enlarged liberty with respect to means, is the distinguishing characteristic of the new school. Exactly to reproduce—that is the present aim of the engraver on wood.

Mr. Linton is mistaken in his reference to the multiple tool. As far as I know, no engraver uses such a tool. He errs also in his condemnation of Mr. Cole's engravings of Mr. Wyatt Eaton's portraits. Mr. Cole's purpose was to copy that artist's drawings, and in them there was no distinction made between the flesh and the background that relieves the flesh. Mr. Cole, therefore, did not try to get the texture of flesh; this texture was not in the original which he was attempting to reproduce. If Mr. Linton's test is applied to some of his own work, the latter will be found to be sadly wanting. For example, in that engraver's portrait of Mr. Bryant in the "Flood of Years," it is impossible to distinguish between the flesh and the background. Mr. Linton is a great man, and has made his mark, but there are other men to come after him who have marks to make too.

MR. FREDERICK JUENGLING.

It is neither the duty nor the right of the engraver to make any change in the work that he has set himself to reproduce. He is not to be the critic of that work; he is neither to "improve" nor to alter it, however strongly his feeling or his judgment may tell him of deficiencies. Its beauties and its imperfections alike must be faithfully and reverently reproduced. Any addition to the original, any omission from it, will introduce something foreign to its design, will distort its truth. It is necessary for him fully to understand and feel the original that he is engraving, if he is to succeed in expressing it, for who can express that which he does not

feel? If an engraving is a true reproduction of a draughtsman's or painter's picture, it will satisfy the draughtsman or the painter; and if it satisfies him, making him feel that his own feelings have been recognized by the engraver, it is good and final proof that the latter has acquitted himself well of the task undertaken. The engraver can have no greater satisfaction than that which arises from satisfying the draughtsman or the painter; and this satisfaction is a reasonable one, because the originator of any work of art has a sole and insuperable right to measure and adjudge the value of the reproduction of the same. This is why Mr. Linton's verdict against certain engravings by Mr. Cole is irrelevant and valueless. The painter whose work was reproduced by the engravings was, I am informed, satisfied with them.

I claim that there is nothing that can not be engraved—that is to say, exactly reproduced—on wood. This is the view of the new school, and it opens for engraving the widest scope. We do not busy ourselves with presenting a "tasteful" arrangement of lines, with cleaning up a drawing as a good servant-girl does the chamber of her mistress. We do not fix up the room, make it nice, smooth out the bedclothes, and dust the furniture. Nor are we content with reproducing only those subjects to which the conventional modes of making lines are adapted, or with having our choice of means limited. The aim of the new school is too high to be hampered by filigree ideas. It proposes to engrave anything, and to engrave it realistically. It does not idealize at all. What it seeks is a perfect reproduction of the original. The engraver should be an idealist only when he is creating. When, for example, he is painting or drawing from nature, he may idealize. But when he is engraving, his business is to reproduce. I do not say "translate," because "translate" is too elastic a term. What I mean by "reproducing" is bringing the original work, whether it is a painting, a drawing, or nature, as close to the spectator's eye as possible, regardless of the means employed, so long as these means bring about the desired end. The method of the old school is to adapt the original to the means; the method of the new school is to adapt the means to the original. With the new school nothing is theoretically impossible, and no means are illegitimate. Wood-engraving can have a standing as a reproductive art only, and no feeling for individuality in an engraver can change or deny this thesis so long as he engraves after a painting or drawing not his own.

The remark is often made, "That will be fine when engraved," as if an engraving could be an improvement on a drawing. It is a gross popular error to suppose that it can. Another favorite expression is, "Almost as fine as a steel-engraving." This involves a fundamental misapprehension of the subject. A wood-engraving stands by itself, and is independent of the other graphic arts. One might as well say that a piano is almost as fine as a violin.

I can not for the world see any connection between modern wood-engraving and ancient. Modern wood-engraving is not older than thirty years, and excepting what was done in connection with Doré's earlier drawings, not older than ten years. To-day it is only beginning. Bewick and Branston could not have dreamed of the purposes with which the artistic engraver is now imbued. The older engravers' work shows no desire to give the original itself; a "transmutation" was thought necessary to the making of a good engraving. Their own idea of what they were to do seems to have been vague; they were sure only of their conventional means. These means consisted in a limited range of lines, not lines invented at the time the plan for the reproduction of the particular work in hand entered the engraver's mind, but lines laid down by usage to represent or mean certain effects in wood-cut pictures. For example, skies, whether calm or cloudy, were represented by a series of horizontals; water and ground, by the same; foliage, by a special line, with oblique directions preferred when the foliage was in the background; sides of houses, walls of interiors, by perpendicular lines; faces and flesh, by curved lines, mostly in extremely poor imitation of the lineal directions used by able etchers and steel-engravers of former times. Mr. Linton, though having once done notable work of its kind, differs from them only in having a conventional formula of his own. His recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly* is in direct opposition to modern artist-engravers, and is full of gross and unpardonable errors. My ideal of all art in which the services of printing are required

is etching. Etching is the highest of this class, and, as a whole, nearer than any other member of it to painting. There are some effects which wood-engraving to-day can get better than etching. It can express better large flats in skies or anywhere else. Unger, whom I greatly admire, seems to work in the way that I desire to work in wood-engraving. Another advantage of wood-engraving is the perfect placing of the drawing by means of photography, thereby insuring a degree of accuracy not easily obtainable in other arts of this class. In some instances the work of the old engravers possessed merit; it is certain, however, that those engravings which commanded the most attention were such as involved new principles not before used. When the drawing was a poor one, it was subject to the engraver's emendations; when it was really artistic, it was pronounced impossible to be engraved, or else was "transmuted."

Now Mr. Linton's work is, as I have said, in the spirit of the old school. It has no feeling for the specific, the particular. A drawing by Abbey, Hennessy, or Moran, when engraved by Mr. Linton, does not remind you of Abbey, Hennessy, or Moran. Instead of losing himself, as every true engraver should, he preserves and protrudes himself.

I claim as high a rank for wood-engraving as for any other reproductive art. The engraver is to the artist as the executing musician to the composer, and it is his duty to do his work in the same manner that Rubinstein, for example, plays a sonata by Beethoven. What would be thought of Rubinstein if he attempted to "transmute" Beethoven, or if he failed to reproduce Beethoven's spirit? There are, of course, two classes of engraving—one in the service of commerce, the other in the service of art. What I say does not apply to the former, which should not be measured by an art standard. It may be good of its kind, but it no more belongs to art than does the work of the cabinet-maker or the carpet designer.

The advantages and superiority of the new school over the old school may be summed up as follows: First, latitude of reproduction. Second, absence of exclusive method, of conventionalism, of formalism; no set way for producing an effect. For each work in hand special ideas are originated, special means are invented. Third, the use of photography on wood, which inaugurated the existence of the new school, and the advantages of which I have just mentioned. Fourth, faithfulness of reproduction, not only to the beauties, but down to the manner and defects, of the original. Mr. Linton thinks that such an aim is an unworthy one. The answer is that it is no more unworthy than for Wilhelmj, when playing a composition of Mozart's, to stick to it, and give it as it is. The able executant of the composition of another is not necessarily a smaller artist in his own sphere.

The finest triumphs of the new school are, perhaps, not more than three years old. They may be said to have begun with exact reproductions of the effect of drawing on rough paper with a large lead. Mr. King's engraving of the "Interior of a Ship-Carpenter's Shop" I consider to be the *ne plus ultra* of this style. This sort of work had to fight for existence at first. The next step was the exact reproduction of *gouache*, or water body color, black and white chiefly, which seemed to photograph more easily than anything else in the way of painting. Then came the exact reproduction of water-color washes, crayon, and charcoal, and, last of all, brush marks in oil. The engraving of Mr. Swain Gifford's "Old Orchard" was, as far as I know, the first specimen of the successful reproduction of brush marks with the graver. I consider that the *ultima thule* of wood-engraving is to reproduce painters' work. Heretofore it has been thought that etching alone could do this. It is the greatest triumph of the new school of wood-engraving that it has accomplished this result itself. The future triumphs will come from the efforts to perfect itself in the exact reproduction of these effects of lead, *gouache*, water-color, crayon, charcoal, and brush marks in oil. The era of perfection will follow the era of experiment.

I claim that in certain respects no other art can reproduce the skies and waters of such paintings as Swain Gifford's "Old Orchard," Colman's "Bit of Venice," and Bellows's "Parsonage" as literally as they have been reproduced in recent wood-engravings of those works. Etching could not do it; steel-engraving could not; lithography could not hit around it; "process" could not do it at all, except in the case of photogravure, which is the prince of the "processes." But the photogravure is apt to lose the color values—for ex-

ample, to make red appear black. The wood-engraver brings them out right. Steel-engraving never did bring out the color values as well as wood-engraving does; nor did it ever bring out textures as well.

MR. RICHARD A. MÜLLER.

The aim of wood-engraving is to be as faithful throughout as a photogravure is in its best parts. The photogravure, of course, loses color, often smears or produces a haze, sometimes makes a hard outline, frequently represents the light as a mere mass of white—is, in short, a mechanical process, and therefore can not equal artists' work; but it reproduces forms with wonderful fidelity, nevertheless.

The wood-engraver will never do the finest work until he is as good a draughtsman as the artist whom he is copying—until he can take his pencil and draw from life. He must be a hard student of painting and drawing. His business is to reproduce a picture as well as the looking-glass does.

The beauty of a wood-engraving does not consist in the beauty of its lines; lines have nothing to do with it at all; and any kind of lines is allowable that is not crazy, and has a certain symmetry, and will unite one tint with another. When a wood-engraving is held at the proper distance from the eye, the lines are not seen at all. This distance is three times the length of its diagonal. Pure lines are good as far as they go, but you can not reproduce the whole of an artist's work with them. You can reproduce sketches, perhaps, but not finished pictures. A wood-engraver should adopt a special style of engraving for each artist whom he is engraving—a style which will best express that artist's individuality. Otherwise engraving is a mere manufacturing process. What would you think of a painter who always paints the same way? He is played out. So is the wood-engraver who is always engraving in one set method, and repeats himself in everything he does.

Mr. Linton's style will do very well for large, imposing subjects, for large portraits, for anything broad and commanding; but for anything small, requiring high finish and delicate workmanship on a small scale, it is inadequate. He could not possibly have engraved many of the paintings of which reproductions have been appearing in *Harper's Magazine*. These reproductions must have been ten or twenty times as large as they are, to have been attempted by Mr. Linton, and even then he could not have equalled them. He has not the means at his command. He does not know how to break his lines, how to use crosses, dots, and short lines, to get variation of tints. In a miniature engraving one little dot in just the right place will often bring out the whole eye.

There is no limit in art; a work of art is always on the hither side of perfection. An artist is always striving for perfection. The old masters, many of them, would have to study pretty hard, were they alive now, to keep up with the results of modern art.

The great advantage of a wood-engraving is that it is susceptible of an almost indefinite amount of improvement. The engraver, after he has done his work, can keep on improving it, just as the artist does with his picture on the canvas. He can blacken his block after he has cut the picture on it, and can put on any number of finishing touches, giving days, weeks, and years in the effort to produce an exact likeness of the original. The steel-engraver can not work in this way, and accordingly his resources are greatly inferior to those of the wood-engraver.

Then there is the help that comes from the triumphs of modern printing. In the days of Bewick the wood-engraver's lines were broad and thick; otherwise they could not have been printed. If he had put dozens of tints into a picture, as is done to-day, no printer could have brought them out. But the greatest wood-engraver now is the one who can reproduce the greatest variety of tones and tints.

French engravings have for the most part a certain cast-iron appearance, owing to their use of the more or less mechanical tint tools. Froment, one of the best French engravers, usually gives white and black, and cast shadows, and a half-tint; and that is all, save a few cross lines to harmonize the white with the half-tint. But anybody can produce such results. It is not art to do so; it is only manufacture.

To give Mr. Linton his due, he was the first wood-engraver who, by using the graver, without tint tools, lifted wood-engraving into the realm of art. He made

a good beginning, but old age overtook him before he could fully complete his reformation in the art. As for his notion about idealizing a picture, it is like that of Canova and Kaulbach, who thought that Nature was not good enough for them, but that they ought to improve upon her. The Greeks, however, were content with her; they went to her in the spirit of children, and copied her. The true art of the engraver is to reproduce the spirit, the key, the color, the characteristics, of the work of the artist whom he is copying, so that the spectator shall say that the wood-engraving looks like a picture by the original artist himself. On this line it is that modern engraving will make its progress.

A photograph on the block is better for the engraver than a drawing on the block. It will not rub out; and, furthermore, it requires the same time and ability to draw the picture on the block as to make the picture itself. If a great artist like Gérôme or Meissonier would draw on the block with the same care that he uses in painting the original picture, even then the engraver would be more successful with the photograph, because he would have the original, or at least a good large photograph of it, beside him to refer to. All things considered, for an engraver who has artistic ability, the photograph is better than the drawing, as long as the engraver has the original picture near him as a model.

I have a notion to engrave direct from nature on a blackened block, drawing with the graver just as I would etch. I think that it can be done—at any rate I shall make the experiment one of these days when I have some time to spare.

MR. JOHN TINKEY.

The new school claims the right to engrave the lines in any direction it chooses, in order to produce the required effects. The old school, on the contrary, had a particular line for each particular effect: sky, for instance, was always represented by horizontal lines across the block; but here is a wood-engraving by Mr. Juengling, in which the sky is indicated in many places by perpendicular lines. There is another one. Do you notice a softness about the light clouds in that sky? We get this effect by cutting the black lines in one direction, and crossing them with white lines in another. Mr. Linton does not believe in white lines so used. But I defy him or anybody else to produce that result without them. The softness of those lights could have been secured in no other way. We hold Mr. Linton in great esteem as an engraver; but when he discards the use of white line over black, he discards the only means of obtaining those delicate grays which are so admirable and conspicuous in the work of the new school. You can't get softness without white lines over black. I believe also in using white lines to get color. We call it color. It isn't color, but we call it so.

About twenty-five years ago, when Whitney, Childs, and Howland were engraving, and Darley was the leading draughtsman in America, the drawings which the engraver was to copy were all made on the wood. Darley had a monopoly. He was a sort of deity in the business. There was no other man of note who could draw on wood. To-day Darley is considered behind the times, very limited in his ideas, and a too frequent reproducer of himself. You remember his pictures of frontiersmen and Indians on the old bank-notes. They were too often alike in parts. Were Darley a young man now, he would develop in a different direction. Formerly, too, the artist was confined to the surface of a small block, and his scope was limited. Now he can use a larger surface, and have all the swing and elbow-room he chooses; the photographer puts his work on the block for him, and in any size required, and the engraver is freer also. In many cases he hasn't a single line to copy; he must select his own lines, and use his own judgment in determining how best to represent textures. He goes farther even than the artist. He will tell you, for example, by his work, whether a garment is made of broadcloth or of silk, when the artist has left the point perhaps partly undecided. If the artist had himself put the drawing on the wood—as in the olden time was universally the case—the engraver would have been limited by what the artist had done, would have been compelled to follow the artist's lines instead of inventing new ones of his own, and thus going farther than the artist had gone. Photography is of value in another respect. Many of the best painters can not or will not draw on wood at all. But to-day their finest paintings are photo-

graphed on the block and reproduced by the engraver.

Still, photography has its disadvantages. It changes the colors of the picture photographed. Browns take nearly black; yellows and reds become dark; blues appear white. The engraver, therefore, must continually refer to the original, else he will miss the color values; and this constant reference is a distraction. Moreover, the original is almost invariably larger than the photograph on the wood. Here is another distraction. Still further, the silver film used by the photographer often eats into the wood and discolors it, which throws the engraver off his guard. Again, in some photographs details are lost. There are only three or four photographers in New York who succeed in transferring a picture to the block. Only one of them prevents his silver from getting down into the grain of the wood, but is not happy in reproducing subtle details. The others let the silver discolor the wood, and so are not happy in preserving the relations of light and shade. The first photographs a painting the best, for he retains the general effect of light and shade, and we can work up the details from the original. The rest photograph best objects like a *repoussé* silver vase, for example, where the details need to be brought out cleanly and boldly. Look at the specimens of the "King Collection of Gems." Without the aid of photography those beautiful engravings would not have been produced. No draughtsman on wood could have kept all the fine muscles of the small figure of Apollo, for instance. Photography is indispensable for such work as that.

It would be advantageous for the engraver, however, if the artist refrained from using yellows, browns, reds, and blues—colors which the photograph does not reproduce, and which therefore are a stumbling-block to him. Publishers are often disappointed with an engraving simply because it misses the effects of those colors, when the latter have appeared on the wood simply as degrees of black and white. A little consideration for the engraver, on the part of the artist, would make the former's task much easier and pleasanter.

Different engravers produce the same effect in different ways. Light and shade and texture are the things that we are after.

Other things being equal, give me a first-rate photograph on the wood. One usually has the original to refer to while cutting the block, and is apt to succeed better in giving what the artist intended. When the drawing is made directly on the wood, we are confined to the lines, and, besides, we efface the original as we go along. Photography is coming to be used more and more. Most of the illustrations in our illustrated magazines are engraved from photographs on the block.

There is more for an engraver to aspire to now than ever before. Formerly apprentice boys used to help the engravers a good deal, especially on the edges of the picture, on the grass, on the simpler parts. But there are no simpler parts now. An engraver requires more brains than in the olden time, and love enough for the work to peg away at it a long while without much result. The publisher wants the engraver's individual work: every engraver is known by his work, and he can't shop it out. One is apt to detect where your young man's work begins, and where yours ends. The public, too, is becoming quick to find out when work is degenerating. The newspapers mention it, and their readers' tastes are becoming more and more cultivated.

An engraver's style often changes. If he is attentive to his business, he is bound to change. And he does change. Take Mr. J. P. Davis, for example. What a change there has been in the fineness of his work! The progress of his art has influenced him.

Can the art be taught? Yes, in a measure; but the pupil must begin with a taste for it—a taste for pictures, for nature reproduced. He wonders how it is done. He is told that there is light, and here is shade; that the lights in the foreground are stronger than those in the background, and why; that the picture has foreground, background, and middle distance. After some practice he may get the relative colors right. Then, coming to details, he might be told how to make the outlines of his clouds soft and fleecy by making their edges irregular and broken up; then how the twigs in the foliage are produced by indentations; then how the massing of the foliage is done; then how to distinguish the nearer trees from those more remote by making the latter darker than the former; then the truths of perspective; how the closer you are to the

foreground the more defined are the forms. The more he was told, the more he would see. If he didn't see, he would soon get tired of trying to become an engraver.

MR. HENRY WOLF.

The aim of the engraver ought to be to render as faithfully as possible the drawing that has been given him, whether it be in ink, in pencil, in crayon, in charcoal, or in *gouache*. So faithfully should this be done that the spectator will see in the engraving, not the engraver, but the original artist after whose work the engraving has been made. This attainment I consider to be the nearest approach to perfection in wood-engraving.

During the last few years wood-engraving has found in photography a powerful auxiliary. Previously the pictures were drawn directly on the wood by means of the pencil and brush. But now they can be drawn or painted on paper, on canvas, or on panel, white, tinted, or plain, according to the taste of the artist, and in any size that may suit him. The photograph will reproduce it in proper shape. Still, photography often translates badly, and is too loquacious—too *bavarde*, as the French say. It changes blue into white, yellow into a very dark, and so on. A blue sky with white clouds becomes entirely white. When a canvas is painted thinly, its texture shows in a photograph; when it is painted thickly with heavy brush marks that throw shadows, the photograph reproduces all this too.

When engraving from an oil-painting, I do not try to render the brush marks, the heaps of paint, the texture of the canvas; all these bass-reliefs in miniature are not seen when the painting is at the proper distance, and in a full light. My effort is to follow the feeling, the *élan*, of the painter. Still, in many instances, I indicate the direction taken by the brush, if not the brush marks themselves. Just here I sympathize with Mr. Linton when he asks, "What would you say to the engraver who should so far disregard the bold carelessness characteristic of the painting as to give you in niggling minuteness every brush and trowel mark, in order that, or so that, you may forget the real worth of the picture, despite the painter's slovenliness and absolute disdain of finish, in your admiration of the engraver's most delicate and neatest handling?" Still, I believe that it is not ill-bestowed labor to discriminate between a pencil drawing, or a water-color drawing, or an oil-painting, and any other kind of work. The duty of the engraver is to reproduce the original; and unless his work enables you to tell whether the original was in pencil, in water-color, or in oil, he has failed to reproduce it. For the engraver to make a pencil drawing look like a water-color drawing would be as reasonable as for the painter to make a musk-melon look like a water-melon. The preservation of the original character of the picture, so that the spectator can tell whether it was in pencil, in water-color, in oil, in charcoal, or in any other substance, is what constitutes the richness of modern wood-engraving, and its superiority over engraving on steel and on copper.

The original must, as I have said, be faithfully reproduced. Still, I should take the liberty of rectifying the bad outline of a hand, a foot, an eye, and so on, though I should not meddle with the color or with the general effect, unless told to do so. It is not the engraver's duty to transform the original, but faithfully to reproduce it; and in the process of this reproduction he is entitled to the use of any means that will serve his purpose.

Mr. Linton's criticism upon Mr. Cole is not fair. Mr. Cole was given a drawing and told to reproduce it, and he did so. Mr. Linton's engravings always suggest Mr. Linton. They do not remind you of the original artists.

When the engraving so closely resembles the original drawing that you can not detect any difference between the two, then it could not have been done any better.

A NIGHT IN AN AVALANCHE.

IT was curious enough how I came to see an avalanche. We don't have many of them in our country, I believe; at least, they never fall near to the highways and country villages, seemingly for the accommodation of sight-seers, as they do at the Wengern Alp, and in a hundred other places of Switzerland and the Tyrol.

Contrary to all arrangements and expectations of the dear old uncle who had reared me, I had not got further along in life than to a third-class clerkship in the State Department at Washington, and this only because I could write a fine

hand, and make fancy capitals, said my disappointed uncle.

I believe uncle was thoroughly ashamed of my getting into the department at all. He would a hundred times over have preferred that I had been a common farmer. But when the hard times came, and when the hard times got harder, and the old farm, going under a mortgage, was only rescued by my savings as a third-class clerk, uncle sank his shame in his gratitude, and my fancy writing was ridiculed no longer. A little good penmanship had kept my uncle out of the poor-house. It did something for me, too, later.

Still, it was weary enough for me at last, reading and copying endless dispatches of the chief clerk to our consuls in Europe, and all that without any apparent hope of ever becoming chief clerk myself. One day I was copying a dispatch of the Secretary to the consul at Z——. It was to the effect that from that day on he would, in accordance with his request, be allowed $1000 a year for clerk hire. "He will want a clerk, then, of course," I said to myself, "and if I could secure the situation, I might be happy still." I whistled meditatively. I would see Europe at least, and that would be a change; anyway, I would be no longer liable to become a fixture as a third-class clerk in the department. I didn't want promotion so much as I wanted a change. I got the latter, as the sequel will show. That evening the dispatch of the department, copied in my best hand, left for Europe, accompanied by a private note of my own to the consul. As a specimen of my writing, I referred to the inclosed dispatch, and informed the consul that I could speak the German language, having learned it, evenings, during my stay in Washington. Perhaps the last remark, and not my fine writing, settled the business. Clerks who can speak foreign languages are in demand with our consuls.

In six weeks from that day I had peeped into the great cities of London, Paris, and Brussels, and was now standing at the clerk's desk of the American consulate at Z——.

The business was not burdensome. With the office open but five hours a day, we were happy. I had beautiful times—so did the consul.

What wonderfully various duties consuls have to perform in these five hours, though! What a combination of *pater* and *mater familias* the consul is! Though never severe, his work is as multifarious as are the characters of a thousand tourists. His office is the grand dépôt of all strange things. The consulate at Z—— was no exception to the rule. It was the receptacle of everything, from a dainty love-letter with a lock of hair, to wills of invalids and Saratoga trunks. Everybody called there, many "loafed" there, and one poor melancholy tramp claimed the immortal privilege of hanging himself in the consul's wood-house—just to be under the flag, as it were.

Tourists and tramps, however, are not alone in furnishing the consul with the spiced variety of life. Uncle Sam contributes his mite occasionally.

Among the Washington letters last winter was one from our worthy Commissioner of Pensions, asking the consul to investigate, and furnish evidence that certain widows and minor daughters of United States pensioners living in his district had not married, and thus forfeited their claim to further aid from the government. It was easy enough to secure this evidence in most cases. Those living near the city were invited to call at the consulate, and it was sometimes a matter of sly pleasure to the consul and myself to listen to the embarrassed confessions of pretty widows that Cupid had never cast his net a second time for them. But there was one pensioner from whom repeated official notes, written in good German, and with my finest flourish of capitals, brought no message, pro or con.

Pensioner No. 1004 seemed to feel that Uncle Sam had no right to ask so indelicate a question.

All the certificates, except 1004, were indorsed, and ready to be returned. "This pensioner," said the consul to his chief clerk one morning, "is probably either dead or married, and I am determined to find out which. It is not so wonderfully far from here to the village of Bleiberg, and if you have an inclination, you may take the next train and go there. Come back by Saturday, and, of course, make the expenses as trifling as you can."

I had long wished for a stroll of some sort into the magnificent valleys of the Carinthian Alps, and here seemed my opportunity.

I can't say that the cars whizzed me very suddenly away to the pretty town of

Bleiberg, for in fact the trains whiz dreadfully slowly in the Tyrol. I was twenty-five miles still from Bleiberg when I transferred my hand valise and myself from a second-class railway car into a first-class mountain diligence.

It was a wonderfully beautiful valley I was to ascend to Bleiberg. There are no finer mountain prospects anywhere. It seems to me sometimes that all the ornamental work of the creation has been expended on Switzerland and the Tyrol.

Usually, when in the mountains, I pay the diligence conductor a franc *pourboire*, and ride outside with the driver, or up in the imperial, perched like a leather bonnet on the top of the vehicle. I determined fully to do so this time.

How capricious is the mind of man, I reflected, on entering the little station, and seeing a young lady in a velvet jacket and gray kids buy inside coupé No. 1 for Bleiberg. In a minute and a half I had changed my mind, and was the owner of coupé ticket No. 2; and yet the weather had not changed, the sun shone as warmly as ever, and the mountains, right and left, were as magnificent as five minutes before, when I had told the conductor I would share his outside perch with him.

The velvet jacket, though fitting closely to a neat form, I didn't mind so much; but gray kids on a pair of pretty hands inside a diligence coupé, slowly ascending a romantic mountain valley on a charming spring day, were simply irresistible.

I helped my travelling companion to her seat, fixed my own precious baggage into the big box behind, and then proceeded, naturally enough, to occupy inside seat No. 2. There was but one passenger besides myself. I was never in this world accused of being a flirt or a gallant; but I submit to my bachelor readers if there is anything extraordinary in the fact that in twenty minutes the two occupants of that mountain diligence were tolerably acquainted.

We spoke, of course, in German. We noted the green fields at the edge of snow-banks, the singular costumes of the men passing us, and who hailed us with a "God greet you!" as they tipped their broad-brimmed hats. We thought, too, how chilly they must be, even on a day like this, with their open red jackets, breeches only to the knee, and stockings only to the ankle. Still more interesting to us were the women, trudging along in their short black petticoats and dove-gray stockings, though the muddy roads sometimes interfered with any exact discrimination in the shades. What struck us both as *very* singular, however, was the great similarity of our German accent. Miss Shelton—Miss Margot Shelton, to be more explicit—for I had seen her name on the ticket as I passed it to the conductor—was perfectly certain I was not a Swiss, much less an Austrian, and I was equally confident my fair companion was not a native to the Alps. Her German bore too strong an accent for that. I afterward learned she had thought my own a little curious. Once, just for the sport of the thing, I shouted something to the driver in English. How astonished I was to hear Miss Shelton add to it a phrase as English as my own! We held breath to explain, and in almost no time at all discovered that we were both Americans. Stranger discoveries followed—they always do. Miss Shelton's father had been a volunteer captain in our army, and I myself had been within a rifle-shot of him when he fell at Vicksburg.

Her mother, a native of Bleiberg, took this only daughter, and returned to her old home, stopping at the solicitations of friends, first for months, and now it had been years. In a moment I recalled what had been puzzling me for an hour. I had seen the name Shelton before somewhere.

Who was pensioner 1004 but Elsie Shelton—why had I not thought of that?—wife of Captain Shelton, killed at Vicksburg in June, 1863. How extremely singular! we both exclaimed. Mrs. Elsie Shelton, I was soon informed, was not remarried.

The object of my journey was accomplished. I might return home at once. I did not, however. Besides, Miss Shelton insisted that I should go on and visit pretty Bleiberg, her mother, and *herself*. I was easily persuaded.

Why had the consul's letters not been answered? I asked, as we made a turn in the road. "Oh," said Miss Shelton, "mother and I were both coming next week to Z——, to visit a relative there, and so she proposed answering in person. Besides, she is not so poor that she cares dreadfully whether Uncle Sam stops the ten dollars or so a month or not. She always gives half of it to the postmaster's

children, and the rest to me for pin-money. Why, do you know, I bought these very gloves with some of that money at Innsbruck only two days ago;" and here the pretty hands and the gray kid gloves nestled coquettishly on her lap. By noon the church steeple of Bleiberg was in sight, and in an hour the driver blew a shrill note or so on his horn, the villagers hastened to the windows of the houses as our four panting ponies passed on a gallop, and the little old postmaster lifted his blue cap, and gave us a salute all round. Mrs. Shelton was living with a friend, then absent, in a substantial two-story stone house not far from the post.

"This is Mr. ——," said Miss Shelton, laughing, as she presented me to her mother, "a real American; and, just think, he has come to ask, mamma, if you are married." The good-looking, embarrassed little widow soon unravelled the nonsense with which Miss Margot was seeking to overwhelm us, and I was welcomed not only as an American, but as one of the "boys in blue" who had been with Grant at Vicksburg.

When the dinner was over, I strolled out through one of the loveliest situated villages of the Alps. The view down the valley we had just ascended was enchanting. Behind the pretty town, and edged by a green meadow sloping upward, was a forest of tall dark firs, and above this an alp, angling up the side of a steep mountain, known to all tourists as the "Rigi" of the Kernthal.

It was only the 25th of February, but the sun seemed as warm as in midsummer. The grass, so wonderfully green, was high enough for pasture, and violets and daisies peeped out everywhere.

It was "*dangerously* warm, in fact," muttered the little postmaster in the blue cap, as I handed him a letter to post to the consul at Z——, saying everything was well, but I couldn't possibly be back on Saturday—"dangerously warm, because there had not been so much snow on the mountains in fifty years as now, and already people began to hear of avalanches falling out of season."

Bleiberg, however, is safe enough, I thought to myself, as I glanced up the sides of the old peak, where, sure enough, there were oceans of snow and ice glistening in the sunshine. But it was a mile away, and between pretty Bleiberg and it swept, like a dark veil, the forest of tall fir-trees. Besides, how could a village that had slept a hundred years be waked up now to an adventure just to gratify a young American?

"I don't like it—it's too warm—and there's no telling," continued my would-be pessimist of a postmaster. "I haven't lived in these regions well-nigh to fifty years for nothing. Snowing all winter, and hot sun and daisies in February, aren't natural. It means avalanches to somebody somewhere."

I had almost forgotten that, as I left the house of my fair entertainers, I was informed that it was carnival-day in the village, and that at three o'clock I must be on hand to see the procession. It was already after three, and I hurried back to be offered a good place to see from, at the upper chamber window of Miss Margot, where, joined by her mother, we awaited the boys in striped trousers and masks, and the men with music and flags. It was a novel sight, as the long procession filed up the road and approached the house where we were waiting. A parade in a mountain valley always is novel. The contrast of the bright colors of the costumes and flags with the green foliage and the greener grass at the road-sides; the comparative silence, disturbed only by the echoing of the notes of music from the lofty rocks; the seeming diminutiveness of everything—of the men, of the thread-like roads, of even the houses and trees, as seen under the shadow of the towering mountains—all added impressiveness to the thing.

There were possibly a hundred persons in the procession, with a score of boys following at the sides, and all the villagers looking on. I don't know why it was, but somehow they seemed less joyous than I had seen the peasants at other village carnivals. Was it the unusual heat, or was there in their minds some flitting presentiment of evil? Some of these old men had had experiences—sad enough, doubtless—of the unexpected dangers to life in these high valleys. I recall now a sort of uneasiness I noticed on the faces of those nearest us, and, as I thought, an occasional glancing over our house at the great mountain behind. In some mysterious way this uncanny feeling was communicating itself to us also. Avalanches, however, give no signs of approaching, no warning. They are as unexpected, as sudden, as earthquakes,

and sometimes lightning is not much more rapid in its work. When a million tons of ice and snow slip from the side of a mountain, they are not long in reaching the bottom.

The gay procession moved on. The music and the laughter grew merrier. Even the little postmaster in the blue cap was engaged in a loud guffaw at a clown marching on stilts. I had filled my pockets with bonbons at the post, and we were throwing them to the boys nearest us in the procession.

Suddenly the music ceased; there was an awful whizzing in the air; a cry of "Avalanche!" "Avalanche!" and an instant roaring and cracking, as of falling forests. In ten short seconds an awful flood of snow, mangled trees, ice, and stones passed the house, like the swell of a mighty sea. Everything shook. The procession disappeared as if ingulfed by an earthquake. Houses, right and left, tumbled over, and were buried in one single instant. The air, cooled for a moment, and again hot, was rent with the screams of the mangled. An awful catastrophe had befallen us; the wrath of the mountains was upon the village! For a moment we stood paralyzed—speechless. *We* had been saved.

My first impulse was to rush to the street, and to drag my companions with me; but there was no street. Even the garden had disappeared in a foam of snow and ice. We thought of the back window at the embankment, but as we tore it open, a single glance toward the mountain told us the horror was but begun. "The forest!" we all shouted in a breath. It was gone, all gone, as if mown by a mighty reaper, and masses of other snow seemed ready to slide. The white brow of the mountain still gleamed in the sunshine, and seemed to laugh at the desolation. Another whizzing, a roar, and with our own eyes we saw the side of the mountain start. Instantly and together we sprang down the steps into the lower room. There was a roll of thunder, a mighty crash, and then all was darkness. We were buried alive beneath an avalanche.

What my first thoughts were I am unable to recall. I only remember our fearful cries for help; how we shouted separately, and then united on one word, crying together again and again, our only answer the silence of the grave.

Every soul in the village, probably, had been killed, or, like ourselves, had been buried beneath the snow and ice of the mountain. It was only after we had exhausted ourselves with vain cries for help that we meditated on helping ourselves. We had not been injured. We remembered that we were in the little sitting-room down stairs, the windows only of which seemed broken in, and filled with snow, ice, and stones. The stairway was also filled with snow and the débris of the crushed walls. Above us all was desolation.

How deep the avalanche lay across us we feared even to conjecture. As is my custom when in the Alps, I had a flask in my pocket of the best brandy. I persuaded my companions to drink, and drank myself until the last drop disappeared. Possibly it gave us courage.

The furniture in the room seemed all in its proper place. We could move about, but it was becoming terribly cold, and we felt the sleepy chill, that dreadful precursor of death by freezing, overcoming us. Once we were certain we heard voices above us, and again we shouted to try to tell them we were still alive. We listened: the voices were gone—we were abandoned to our fate.

For hours we had alternately shouted and listened, until we sank down in despair. It must have been midnight when, in our gropings about the little chamber, our hands came on a wax candle. In a few moments we had light—*light to die by.*

It would have been a strange sight for an artist—that buried room, with the dim light, the windows filled with snow, and the three inmates there waiting death. Once I attempted to encourage my companions, though myself hopeless, by telling of people who had been dug out of avalanches safe and well; but my words brought only groans. Hours went by. I don't know whether we were sleeping or freezing, when I started at hearing a voice cry, "A light! a light!" I sprang to my feet, and again the voice cried, "A light!" In ten minutes three half-frozen, half-insane human beings were tenderly lifted from the grave into the gray light of the morning. A hundred noble souls had labored the long night through, seeking the buried.

Every man and woman, from every village in the whole valley, had hurried to the scene, and was straining every nerve

to rescue those to whom life might still be clinging. We were among the last taken from the snow and rocks, which had lain upon us thirty feet in depth. Did those brave rescuers wonder that we knelt to them, and kissed the hems of their ragged garments?

Beautiful Bleiberg is no more. Half of those whom we saw dancing along in the procession of the carnival, in the bright sunshine, sleep among the violets on the hill-side. The snow, and the ice, and the black bowlders from the mountain, and the dark fir-trees, still lie, in this early summer of 1879, in one mass in the valley. We all left as soon as we could travel. I went home to Z——.

My chief has resigned, and I am now acting consul in his place. Should the Senate confirm all the new appointments, I expect to remain as consul. Miss Shelton thinks also of remaining, and when Americans wander to Z—— they will find the latch-string of our home at the consulate on the outside of the door.

One word and I am done. Mrs. Shelton has lost a part of her pension—so much of it as was allowed for a minor daughter. I have so reported it to the Commissioner at Washington.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is doubtless very unjust to the clergy to suppose that they turn the barrel of sermons to save themselves the trouble of writing new ones. Nothing but the levity of the pews could be guilty of such a suspicion. The preacher knows that one squeezing does not take all the juice out of an orange; and how much juicier a fruit is a good sermon! Moreover, the pews are so pachydermatous, so rhinoceros-skinned, that nothing but an incessant pelting upon the same spot makes an impression. Who is it that says the bald shining pates above the old-fashioned high square pews always seemed to him to have been polished by the sermons that had hit them and glanced off? The preacher knows that the weapons have glanced off, but he knows also that they are as serviceable as ever. So he carefully gathers them up and lays them away, and in due season tries them again. Many a sinner has been awakened by the very sermon that formerly put him to sleep, and it is sheer ribaldry to say that turning the barrel is only a device of indolence. Besides, who knows that it is turned, or when it is turned? How many pews remember what the pulpit said last year, or ten years ago? Throwing out some ear-marks, so to speak, such as the text or a striking illustration, how many of the critical pews recognize an old sermon?

The power of iteration and reiteration, however, which is symbolized by the turning of the clerical barrel, the constant blow of the hammer on the same spot, is illustrated also in the press. The editor, like the preacher, knows the value of repetition. The austere and venerable critic in the pews, who was very impatient of "journeymen preachers," and who, thinking aloud as he followed severely the line of the sermon, remarked, with audible disgust, and to the dire confusion of the pulpit, "O my God! my God! you said that before," would have criticised the editor in vain. For the editor would have replied, "Certainly, and that is the reason I say it again." The same truth needs to be spoken again and again and again, both from the pulpit and the press, and the Easy Chair makes these remarks upon barrel-turning because it is about to turn the barrel.

It has preached to contributors very often upon the text of favoritism in magazine editing, and its discourse has been always like the famous ninth or nineteenth chapter of the famous book of travels in Iceland, which treats of snakes in that country, and which consists of the words, "There are no snakes in Iceland." There is no favoritism in editing a magazine. The Easy Chair has often announced this truth, but there are sinners whom it soothed to sleep before who may now heed the word. The post constantly brings little or large manuscripts, with the request that the Easy Chair will hand them to the editor upon bended knee, and endeavor to placate that grim and cruel tyrant, pleading with him not to doom the poem, the tale, the essay, the *jeu d'esprit*, the sketch, to the yawning waste-basket, or to the returning mail-bag with his terrible "thanks." The theory plainly is that the editor is a huge wicked giant Humgrum or Bloodyjaws, glaring out of his horrible castle upon timid wayfaring contributors, swiftly pouncing upon them as they come in sight, and greedily grinding them with his awful teeth as he hisses a fee-faw-fum.

Let the Easy Chair, then, again remind intending contributors that an editor is a trustee. A magazine is a property. He administers his trust in good faith for the owners, and with due regard to himself. The proof of successful management is the prosperity of the magazine. That prosperity depends upon public favor, and that favor can be secured in one way, and in one way only. That way lies in pleasing the public—in presenting a magazine which the public likes, and which it will buy. Now the intending contributor can decide whether that end will be secured by the edit-

or's favor toward his personal friends because they are his friends. The test of his fitness, indeed, is his ability to refuse them as friends, and to judge their offerings solely upon their merits. He is in Washington's position, when he was asked to appoint a man to office on the ground of the personal friendship of the applicant. Washington answered, "As George Washington I would give anything to my friend; as President of the United States I can give him nothing." The editor's personal friendships can not affect his conduct as trustee.

Let the skeptics to whom the Easy Chair addresses this discourse reflect that the editor's character as an editor, and often his livelihood, depend upon the prosperity of the magazine which we have just defined. He is intimate with Brown, Jones, and Robinson, those estimable young men who emulate Timotheus upon the tuneful lyre. But if his kind heart and his knowledge of the slender purses of these worthy youth, each one of whom only awaits a little encouragement for his genius to lead a blushing partner to the hymeneal altar, persuade him to publish their effusions in prose and poetry, what will be the result? The public, which finds those excellent young men exceedingly dull as poets and story-tellers and wits and essayists, will decline to buy. The prosperity of the magazine will be arrested, and Giant Humgrum will be deposed from his trusteeship. There is no greater or more universal delusion than that of the favored inner and friendly circle of contributors. Famous authors, of course, compose such a circle in every magazine, but not writers upon the score of personal friendship. Indeed, the editor whom so often the Easy Chair is besought to approach as snake-charmers are supposed to handle a poisonous serpent, instead of that hideous Giant Bloody-jaws, is rather sister Ann upon the top of Blue-beard's castle eagerly scanning the wide landscape. Every cloud of dust, every motion, every sound, he hopes will prove to be the charming tale brief and fresh, the sparkling little essay, the beautiful lyric, the picturesque and instructive sketch of travel, the clear and crisp scientific or social paper, for which his anxious eye of expectation sweeps the horizon. The editor, amid all his piled-up literary treasures, still anxiously awaits that brilliant contribution which shall take instant precedence of all the rest—

> "the bird of loudest lay
> On the sole Arabian tree."

These remarks may perhaps suggest to Jones a timely thought. Instead of supposing that his offering is not accepted because it is not Brown's or Robinson's, Jones henceforth may possibly suspect that it is not found available because it is not as good as Brown's or Robinson's. That is a dreadful thought; but when the reader of these lines dashes off a copy of verses, or writes a little sketch of any kind, as an amateur, he may wisely reflect that his work will come into competition at once with the careful and finished work of practiced artists, and perhaps he may decide to retain it to fit it more fully for the ordeal which it must certainly undergo. That will do no harm, and if he could but catch a furtive glimpse of the procession of manuscripts which sets forth for the editor's sanctum simultaneously with his own, he would probably decide to consider a little longer. Doubtless there are "mute, inglorious Miltons," and bards who "die with all their music in them." But it is not because of favoritism of any kind, or back-stairs influence, nor does it follow that Jones is Miltonic because he says that, strange as it may seem, and without wishing to insinuate personal malevolence of any kind, the curious and surprising fact remains that his articles are rejected—*rejected!*—while those of Brown and Robinson are actually printed!

> "Where is this patriarch you are kindly greeting?
> Not unfamiliar to my ear his name,
> Nor yet unknown to many a joyous meeting
> In days long vanished: is he still the same?"

The same, and more than ever the same; the same, and never so much the same as in the tender and simple melody with which he acknowledged the homage not only of the famous and brilliant company that sat with him at the feast, but the greater company beyond that gladly owns its gratitude to Holmes, and hears with smiling incredulity the story of threescore and ten. The breakfast to the Autocrat, "le jour du rossignol," as Mr. Stedman happily called the sparkling poem that he read, was a beautiful tribute of affection and admiration to the distinguished potentate, who has never dared to write as funny as he can lest the world should end in inextinguishable laughter. It was a tribute to one who is known as a humorist, yet his own poem at the breakfast, and the tone of all the other poems and speeches and letters, showed truly that the humorist is the master of tears as of smiles, and that of all tenderness in literature his is the most tender.

It is a very remarkable body of men and women which has for many years made Boston the literary capital of the country. It has contained, with the three exceptions of Cooper, Irving, and Bryant, all the chief names in our literature, and a breakfast to Holmes at which Emerson, Longfellow, and Whittier sat, Lowell being absent in Europe, without mentioning another name, shows the literary distinction of the city. The great literary day of Edinburgh at the beginning of the century was not so brilliant in genius as the last twenty years of Boston have been. Scott, indeed, was there, but there was only one Scott. When the famous Boston Round Table is finally dissolved,

> "Which was an image of the mighty world,"

it will be remembered not only for the literary lustre of its great names, but for the purity and dignity of the literary life which gathered about it. There has been no Bohemia at that table. Its chief guests have shown that genius is not another name for loose habits and shiftlessness and weak extravagance and vagabondage of every kind, but comports with the highest manhood and good citizenship. Thus the life of that one of

"The goodliest fellowship of famous knights"

whom we all know as the Autocrat has been devoted to science as well as to literature, and he says himself that he had fallen into a kind of literary lethargy, when Lowell aroused him, and he turned to the creation of what Howells called a new kind of literature.

This lethargy, however, followed the very brilliant beginning of a career. Soon after his return from Europe, where he had studied diligently, Dr. Holmes delivered his famous Phi Beta Kappa poem, "Poetry; a Metrical Essay," which is as noted among the chief Phi Beta poems as Everett's or Emerson's discourses among Phi Beta orations. He had, indeed, already written some of the familiar poems, fugitively published until included in the volume of 1836 with the Metrical Essay. The singular mastery of versification, the full rich rhythm of the decasyllable in which at the end he boldly and successfully challenges Goldsmith himself by introducing one of his lines, the clear thought, the lambent and penetrating humor, with the delicate and exquisite pathos of the poem, at once showed the presence of another poet, and a power beyond that of the rollicking and delightful humor of the early verses, among which, however, as in "The Last Leaf," there was a strain of the simplest and most natural tenderness. This poem, with its quaint portrait of "the last of the cocked hats," was suggested by Major Melvill, of Boston, who had the threefold distinction of being one of Sam Adams's tea party, of mention by Webster in a famous speech, and by Holmes in a touching poem. Webster, in his speech at Worcester in 1832, arraigning the Jackson administration, cites, in illustration of the infamy of the spoils system, the case of Melvill, "a spirit of 1776, one of the very first to venture in the cause of liberty," who was also one of the very first victims of the proscription.

But while the signal literary success of Dr. Holmes prevented him from renouncing literature entirely, he devoted himself so earnestly to his profession that he fell into the half-slumber of the literary lethargy from which, he said at the breakfast, Mr. Lowell aroused him, and presently retiring from the more engrossing demands of his calling, he has steadily practiced the profession of charming and cheering and stimulating and elevating his kind with the tonic of a sweet and humane wisdom and the balm of tender humor. The grace and gayety, the pathos and melody, the incisive wit, the aggressive earnestness and shrewd sense of his writings, have given him a place, and a sunny place, in the popular heart, so that the recent tribute, necessarily somewhat elaborate in form, was a spontaneous expression of sincere admiration and affectionate regard. The fellowship of authors has been sometimes called mutual admiration. But if the names of the guests at the Holmes breakfast be scanned, it may be fairly asked whom they should admire, if not each other. Whittier, we hope, is not to be forbidden admiration of Emerson, or Mrs. Stowe of Howells, because they are all poets and story-tellers together. If the Boston Round Table did not admire each other, they would be a sorry company, and debar themselves of a pleasure which the rest of the world enjoys. And on this happy day it was not Boston that sat at table, but the whole country. It was not a town-meeting, but a national congress. The Autocrat is not a Mayor, but an Emperor, and the toast of the day is the toast of appreciative hearts and generous souls far beyond the sound of the *Atlantic*—"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table: O King, live forever!"

A SINGULAR criticism has been made upon the delightful series of books called "English Men of Letters." A critic insists that they should be called "Reading for Lazy People," and protests that it is shameful to treat the accepted and honored classics of our literature in so superficial a way. This is a criticism, however, which entirely misconceives both the purpose and the character of these charming works. Nothing is plainer than that it is impossible for the great multitude of readers to know in detail, and like thorough and accurate specialists, all the works which they would gladly know. The circumstances of most men's lives, the necessary and engrossing avocations of business of every kind, forbid them to gratify their desires of this kind. They must be content to know something or nothing, but not everything. Certain great names are familiar to them, and stimulate their curiosity. They hear of Spenser and Milton, of Goldsmith and Gibbon, of Burke and Defoe, and of scores more, who have written in their own language, who have made and enriched its literature, and whatever they can hear and know of them is most grateful, and a possession forever.

Take any one of these and other names: take Dr. Johnson. His works fill twelve solid volumes, and his *Life*, by Boswell, six more. A reader may wish to have a clear idea of Johnson and what he did, but to read eighteen volumes and the collateral works necessary to elucidate them is out of the question; he can not do it. But are Macaulay and Hawthorne and Carlyle to be jeered because they, whose business it is to read books and to read them wisely, write papers upon Johnson which everybody may read, and which leave a distinct

and adequate and admirable impression of Johnson and his work? They can not quote much. They can not lay his own writings before the reader, because they are not editing, and because the reader could not stop to survey them. But they sketch his life, they describe the man personally and the books that he wrote, so that when the reader has done he knows what manner of man Johnson was, he knows what his works were, and what their character, and he has learned just where to turn if his own pursuits require him to investigate any of them. This is a literary service of a very high kind. It is a service which becomes indispensable as literature accumulates. There was a time when it was practicable to know the classics in every literature. At the epoch of the new learning, Sir Thomas More and Colet and Erasmus could be masters of all the chief books in the world, or of all that they might care to know. But that is now impossible. Our great scholars are great specialists, and they must be so. One of the most remarkable of our scientific students, whose range was very wide, owned that he knew nothing of poetry beyond a little of three or four authors. The question is not how many of the classics or of the concededly great authors are worth reading, for after a few names opinions would differ. The question is simply whether limited knowledge is worse than ignorance. A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing in certain branches of scientific pursuit, but to know the "Allegro" and "Comus" only is better than to know nothing of Milton.

This is the principle upon which the series of books that we have mentioned has been prepared. Professor Mark Pattison, for instance, a trained student and accomplished writer, who has a thorough mastery of Milton, who is familiar with the history of his time, and with all the biographies and critical essays, prepares a small volume upon Milton, based upon all these sources of information. The volume is large enough to admit some details of the life and a comprehensive account of Milton's poetry and prose. It is not, indeed, a book which alone will satisfy the student of Milton or of English literature, but it is one which such a student must see, while to those who are not such students it shows what Milton was. It might be justly denounced as superficial, if the work were done without ample preparation, and undoubtedly the knowledge which it would give of Milton's own works would be that of description only. But Professor Pattison's *Milton*, and the *Spenser*, and the *Burke*, and the *Burns*, of the series are certainly not superficial works in themselves, and those for whom they are chiefly designed would gain from them some knowledge of the men of whom they treat, instead of having none. Mr. Morley's book on Burke is no more open to the charge of superficiality than Goldwin Smith's papers upon him, or than Macaulay's article upon Madame D'Arblay. On the contrary, nobody can be said thoroughly to have studied Burke who has not read it, while those who know nothing of Burke but his name will be all the wiser and more contented for Mr. Morley's admirable sketch.

Spenser is, perhaps, of all great English classics, most nearly a mere name, both as man and as poet. "The Faerie Queene" is seldom read; the "Epithalamium" is known almost exclusively to students. A work upon Spenser, of convenient size, telling the story of his life, and describing the scope and character of his famous work, illustrated with quotations or specimens, is not, in the critic's sense, reading for lazy hours, because it will not satisfy those who wish really to know Spenser and to read him carefully, while it will satisfy those who, without the time or the desire to study him, have a legitimate curiosity to know who he was and what was the nature of his poetry, which is accepted as a classic. This is the intention of this series of "English Men of Letters." For those who are familiar with the authors of whom they treat they are to be thoroughly competent estimates founded upon all accessible material; for those who are not familiar they are meant to be manuals of authentic information. The work, of course, will be unequally done, because done by different hands. But Mr. Morley, the editor, is singularly qualified to select the hands, as is shown in the instance of the only American name yet included in the series, that of Hawthorne, which is intrusted to Mr. Henry James, Jun., whom, we are glad to say, the English papers have at last discovered to be neither a son of G. P. R. James, nor the wearer of a *nom de plume*, which was the only alternative they could imagine last year.

THERE is an evident reaction of feeling about Dickens, as there was about Scott—a reaction which, in the case of Scott, is only now subsiding. The Dickens reaction dates from the publication of his *Life* by Mr. Forster, and it has been hastened by the recent issue of his letters. Despite *Chuzzlewit* and the *American Notes*, the admiration of Dickens seemed never to flag in this country, and with characteristic ardor the feeling for his genius was extended to his personality. Of this, however, he was never aware, as is curiously shown by an interchange of notes between Mr. Dickens and Mr. Delane, the late editor of the London *Times*. Mr. Jennings, who was the former editor of the New York *Times*, and who is now the London correspondent of the *World*, was professionally a pupil of Mr. Delane, and was trained upon the *Times*. Upon a visit to England in 1867 Mr. Jennings was told by Mr. Delane that Mr. Dickens declined to go to America to read because he feared that he might be "tarred and feathered," or receive some equally impressive mark of American disfavor. Mr.

Jennings laughed, and replied that Mr. Dickens had a droll misconception of his American popularity; that no author was so universally known and quoted and liked; that even the *Notes* and *Chuzzlewit* were not excluded; and that he might be sure of a hearty welcome. A few days afterward he received a note from Mr. Delane, who said that the conversation about Dickens had resulted in the note that he inclosed, which was a note from Dickens stating that what Mr. Jennings had said, as reported to him by Mr. Delane, had led him to decide to come to America, and he had telegraphed accordingly.

The extraordinary popularity of his readings here, the singularly courteous and friendly tone of the press, the manner in which his desire of personal seclusion during his visit was respected, and the warmth of the farewell dinner of the press to him at Delmonico's, must have shown him that the surprise and even resentment which had been felt after his return home from his early visit were not so great as our admiration for his genius. Indeed, except for his deep conviction of this fact he would have hardly appeared at the dinner, for he was suffering severely, and could walk only with great difficulty, when at last, after an hour's delay, he came into the room with Mr. Greeley, who presided. The kind of recantation of his old opinions which he made in his speech at the dinner was both touching and graceful, and his final reading two evenings afterward at Steinway Hall was very pathetic. The reason of the reaction probably is the conviction that he was not the man we supposed him to be, and this was first made apparent in the *Life* by Mr. Forster. This showed a man wholly interested in himself, and seemingly valuing men and things mainly as they enabled him to display himself. Undoubtedly this must be said with reservation, because of the extraordinary exuberance of his expression. Whoever read the Christmas stories, or the tale of little Nell, or of Paul Dombey, felt that the writer must be a man of singular sincerity and generosity of heart—simple and earnest and gentle. There is no doubt of his own interest in his work, and he describes himself as suffering with the suffering of his characters, as he was engaged in writing the stories. But the impression of the writer which the writings produce is not justified by further knowledge. However delightful a companion, however exhilarating his spirits, however flowing his humor, it is another man than the reader supposed. It is no fault of his. He is not to be blamed that he is himself; but those are to be pitied who had expected something else, and who, acknowledging the genius, regret what seems to them inadequate character, because it is not genius but character which tests the man himself.

There was something of the same kind of feeling even about Scott—a conviction that it was unworthy of such a man to care so much for a toy castle, and to suffer himself to be entangled for its sake in such terrible toils. Nothing, indeed, could have been nobler than his heroic self-sacrifice to retrieve his own fortunes and to save others. It is one of the tragedies of literature, and moves an infinite pity, like the sorrows of Lear. But it is not the kind of feeling that we wish to associate with that great and sunny genius. The distinction, indeed, between the man and his genius is old enough. It is not revealed for the first time either in Scott or in Dickens. It is not pleasant to see a man of great genius like Dickens, whose works had made him justly famous and rich, grasping for more money, and dying of excitement and overwork. Might not his own life teach the lesson of his books? is the natural and sorrowful question of the reluctant reader. Were all these fine pictures unreal, all this feeling really unfelt? Was he an actor only, whom we had thought sincere, and is the sly limner of the bottle-green patriarch himself such a figure?

All reaction is unjust and extreme, yet much of the present feeling about Dickens is not now awakened for the first time; it is only freely expressed. The kind of extravagance and caricature which many readers have always perceived in the Dickens books has constantly withheld their sympathy, and it is because the later light seems to reveal the same thing in the man that they now feel their impression to be justified. But a reaction which is personal, although it may for a time affect the estimate of an author's works, will necessarily pass like a cloud from the moon. The *Antiquary*, and *Old Mortality*, and the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, and *The Bride of Lammermoor*, like the great pictures and temples, stand upon their own merits. The depthless tenderness of the Madonna della Seggiola is not touched by the knowledge that Raphael may have loved and left the Fornarina, nor is the superb and massive grace of the Parthenon harmed by any vanity or avarice of the architect. It is very possible that the immense popularity of Dickens will not continue, and that extravagance which was agreeable to the humor of his own time may not be relished by a later taste. Perhaps his figures, like some of Scott's and Fielding's, will not prove to be immortal, and it may be his books will go with Madame De Scudéry's. But it is not easy to imagine an England that would not delight in the *Christmas Chimes*, that would not laugh over *Pickwick*, and acknowledge the power of *David Copperfield*. Perhaps there is not one of his characters that stands quite squarely upon his feet, like Parson Adams, or the Antiquary, or Colonel Newcome, and which is not in some way overdone. But if they at last lose their hold, it will be because of their own demerit, not of any personal disappointment in their author. That would affect only those of his contemporaries who had instinctively identified him with his work, and who have unconsciously at-

tributed to the author all the virtues and powers which they have admired in his creations.

It is an old sophistry that the virtue is to be judged by the preacher. His duty, indeed, is that of all men, to take care, without evasion or excuse, to do the best that he can. But if nobody should exhort to perfection who is not himself perfect, nor to truth-telling who has not always avoided even the appearance of prevarication, who could exhort? There is a little disillusion proceeding in regard to Dickens. He was much taken up with himself. His life and his ideals were, perhaps, not simple and elevated. He had possibly a certain trick or knack of pathos and humor. We do not pass from his books to his life, and back from his life to his books, upon that serene level which the imagination demands. Yet is *The Tale of Two Cities* any the less one of the most powerful pictures of a tragical time, or is the horsemanship of Mr. Winkle or the sliding on the ice at Dingley Dell less delightfully droll? Even if Dickens without his genius might have been a commonplace, self-involved man, of a character not winning or inspiring, yet his genius makes him, like all the true poets and story-tellers, a benefactor of his kind. It is the Dickens of *Nickleby* and *Copperfield*, not of Forster's *Life* and the Dickens letters, with whom we are all really concerned; the Dickens who has so long filled the mind of this generation with pleasant fancies, and its heart with generous emotions; who has quickened the hand of charity, and deepened and broadened the range of sympathy with suffering and sorrow; who, as Thackeray said, has lighted huge Christmas fires, and kindled a true Christmas feeling—this is the Dickens, and not the wearer of extraordinary coats and waistcoats and cravats and jewelry, or the correspondent who thought Mr. Stanton a man of extraordinary memory, who could quote any passage from "my books," or the student of the scenic effects of his own exertions, in whom the world is really interested. The reaction may re-adjust his place, but it will not obliterate it.

Charles Lamb's farce of *Mr. H.*, which was "damned" when it was first played, but which, the recent *Life of Charles Mathews* tells us, was subsequently reproduced with great success for a single evening, turned upon the horror of discovering that the true name of the fascinating Mr. H. is Hogsflesh. There is a branch of this noted family to which the Easy Chair has been sometimes compelled to direct attention. Indeed, as a censor of manners, it has been often besought to remonstrate with members of the large and increasing H— family, and it has often responded by earnest expostulation. Another request of the kind has been made, and the duty of responding seems to be as imperative as ever. The H— family is like the orator's famous description of the debt—it has increased, it is increasing, and it ought to be diminished. It is one of the most familiar families in the city, and is seen especially at all places of public amusement, often occupying conspicuous seats—indeed, making any seats which it occupies conspicuous. The H—s are immediately recognized even by strangers by their bustling entrance and loud conversation, and they announce themselves in the midst of the interested silence of others by their gabble and giggle. In any place of public resort, if you hear talking or laughing in the audience during a performance, you may be very sure that some of the H— family are present.

As we have heretofore recorded, Mr. Theodore Thomas was once so disturbed by them that he rapped his orchestra to silence, and remarked to the audience that the music seemed to interfere with conversation. The members of the family who were present took the hint, and the performance proceeded undisturbed. It was the conduct of some of the family which caused the ingenuous youth at the theatre to ask his experienced uncle, with an indignant glance at the H—s and a tone of impatience, "Do people owe nothing to others in public places?" "At least," responded his uncle, "they owe something to themselves, and often a great deal more than they are willing to pay." The ingenuous youth's question is worthy of consideration by all the branches of the family. Do we owe nothing to others in public places? Charles Lamb, in describing a gentleman's manners, says substantially what was said of Burke, that you could not stand with him under a shed during a shower without discovering that he was a remarkable man. There is always that unavoidable impression of character and manner, and the family in question ought not to forget that if a person is perceived not to be a gentleman or a lady, he is simultaneously perceived to be very different from either.

It is a little remarkable that the hotels which exclude the Hebrew race have not yet excluded the H— family. At some fashionable hotel, perhaps in the summer at a watering-place, you shall see persons staring at others and audibly commenting upon them, scanning them through glasses, laughing and jeering, and you know, without further inquiry, that the starers are of the family. In the railway train, if there is no drawing-room car, you see passengers piling shawls and bags and packages upon the seat before them, and unable to see that other passengers are standing. That inability is a characteristic of the H— family. They are curiously near-sighted whenever a little farther sight would reveal some small sacrifice to be made by them.

The other night a gentleman arrived late at a hotel, and was shown to a room, where he soon fell asleep. Presently he was awakened by a loud noise. The occupant of the next room, coming in still later, had flung his boots down at his door, awakening perhaps half a dozen neighbors. "I knew," said the gentle-

man relating the incident, "that I was next door to a H—." Another gentleman, weary with a day's hard work, rose in the street car and gave his seat to a woman, who flounced into it with an air which implied that it was impertinent in any one to take it until it was known whether she was coming. "She was veiled," he said, "but I instantly recognized a H—." The family frequents musical rehearsals and concerts and the opera. One of the morning papers, in speaking of the opera the other day, said: "As the season progresses, however, the attention of the audience is more and more distracted by the tardy arrival of many persons who choose to disregard the rights of others, and march to their seats during the first act without reference to what is going on on the stage. The nuisance of loud talking also calls for reproof, and should be suppressed in the boxes and first gallery, if there is any way to make ignorant, thoughtless, or vulgar people refrain from misbehaving themselves in public." This is a shocking manner in which to speak of the H— family, and yet, we fear, despite their silks and laces and diamonds, it is the manner in which those whom they selfishly disturb comment upon the disturbance, and they insist, moreover, that the last syllable has been dropped from the family name.

Editor's Literary Record.

SOON after his inauguration President Hayes invited Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, chairman of a Congressional commission that had been formed to devise rules and regulations for the reform of our civil service, to personally investigate the operation of the reformed system of civil service in England, and prepare a report of the results of his inquiry. Already, during a sojourn of more than a year in England, Mr. Eaton had closely studied the general subject; and having accepted the invitation of the President, he devoted several additional months to an exhaustive inquiry, conducted upon the spot, into the origin of civil service abuses in England, and the reasons for and methods and results of the reforms that have been accomplished in them. The fruit of these labors is a volume on *Civil Service in Great Britain*,[1] which is an exhaustive history, epoch by epoch, from the feudal times until the present day, not only of civil service abuses and reforms, but of the entire subject of English civil administration. In the course of his deliberate and elaborate history the author traces civil service abuses step by step from their earliest origin, and through all the stages of their most active growth and rankest development, and along with them notes every movement of reform as it was generated under the slow growth of the idea of official responsibility. In a forcible and well-considered introduction to the work, after justly pronouncing it a timely and valuable contribution to the literature of civil service reform, and an exceedingly interesting study in a neglected branch of historical and political inquiry, Mr. George William Curtis remarks that while the history of the movement for reform in the United States does not fall within the scope of Mr. Eaton's inquiry, yet he fully treats of those principles of a sound civil service which are common to both England and America, and presents a complete and well-reasoned argument for their enforcement here. We fully concur with Mr. Curtis's opinion of the merits of the work in this particular. Especially satisfactory is Mr. Eaton's overwhelming response to the hackneyed objection that the spoils system is a necessary outgrowth of a republic, and can not be removed without changing our form of government. He shows conclusively in his elaborate history of English patronage and civil service administration that the spoils system flourished luxuriantly in England from the most ancient times, with the same results that we now experience, and this equally under an absolute or a limited monarchy. There can be no doubt, in the light of the abundant evidence cited by Mr. Eaton, that the duty to use public *authority* as well as public *property* only for public *purposes* was even more completely ignored, and that the theory of official irresponsibility in the use of the appointing power and of official tyranny in its exercise was even more diligently reduced to practice by old-time royal tyrants than by our modern party despots. The evidence is constant and indisputable that the corrupt and corrupting spoils system is not peculiar to or original and inherent in our institutions, and is not a necessity of them; that, in fact, it is only a faint reproduction, in an uncongenial age and under an uncongenial form of government, of vicious methods whose coarse and even more corrupt originals are to be found in the most despotic periods of English history, and were the inevitable outgrowth of despotism and aristocracy. If this be so, then of course the conclusion is unavoidable that if Great Britain, whose laws, people, and national characteristics so closely resemble ours, has been able to lop off the deadly parasite, not only without injury, but with positive advantage, it is equally possible for us to do so with similar healthful results. We agree with Mr. Curtis in assuring the public that there are few points relative to the general subject or

[1] *Civil Service in Great Britain.* A History of Abuses and Reforms, and their Bearing upon American Politics. By DORMAN B. EATON. 8vo, pp. 468. New York: Harper and Brothers.

its details—especially with reference to the methods and operation of the English reforms—which any serious thinker will find to have escaped Mr. Eaton's attention.

In a modest little volume with the rather uninviting title, *Notes on Railroad Accidents*,[2] Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jun., illustrates with great clearness the effect of railroad accidents, especially when emphasized by loss of life, to bring about important reforms in railroad appliances and management. The volume consists in large part of carefully prepared accounts of some of the most remarkable railway accidents that have occurred in this country and England, each of which is accompanied by an analysis of the causes, preventable or otherwise, that made them possible or inevitable, and by a statement of the obvious practical lessons suggested by them. Mr. Adams also gives, in connection with these accounts, very interesting sketches of the origin and perfection of the more important safety appliances which have now come into general use, and of the opposition they encountered from the avarice, stupidity, prejudice, and unconcern of officials. Indeed, this inertia of railroad officials has been a constant difficulty. As long as their imperfectly equipped roads enjoyed a lucky immunity from destructive accidents, they have clung to the use of means that were not only inefficient to avert danger, but invited it; and not until they were startled from their criminal inactivity by some destructive and expensive horror have they discarded the old and worthless appliances, and adopted improved methods to which they had hitherto turned a deaf ear. Mr. Adams's notes have a direct and substantial interest for their careful comparison of the English and American systems of management, where the traffic is the most gigantic, and the risks of accident greatest, but especially for the fullness with which they invite attention to existing causes of danger, and their remedy. All the more usual forms of danger are passed in review; the possibilities of danger even under the best systems, and with the best appliances, are enumerated; and nearly every form of accident that has occurred under the old or in the tentative stages of the new methods is minutely examined, and the precise defect pointed out that led to it. The book is a sober, thoughtful, and practical contribution to the public safety.

The origin of the early races who inhabited this continent, their customs, beliefs, modes of life, and state of advancement in knowledge and the arts, have been a favorite study almost from the hour when Columbus discovered America. The earlier inquiries were confined to the race that was found here at the time of the discovery, and related more particularly to their then existing conditions, although occasional excursions were ventured into the question of their origin and antiquities. Comparatively little, however, was ascertained that threw any light on the prehistoric races; and it has been reserved for the leisure, the curiosity, the increased opportunities, and the increased skill and scientific knowledge of our nineteenth-century scholars to prosecute the investigation till it has been crowned with an encouraging measure of success. Within the last fifty years especially there has been a large and rapid accumulation of original works on this branch of the subject, many of which are extremely valuable contributions to ethnology and archæology, uncovering a mass of important testimony relative to the prehistoric people of America, and placing them before us with great distinctness in many of their most significant relations. The extent of these discoveries, however, has been concealed from the popular observation by the number and magnitude of the works that have described them. So huge is the pile of pamphlets, dissertations, discourses, and tomes of greater or lesser dimensions that have been issued on the general subject, or special fields of it, and so technical have been the language and methods of many of them, that the general reader has been deterred by the difficulty of the task from acquiring an intelligent connected view of the interesting revelations that have been made. In a volume on the origin, migrations, and type of civilization of *The North Americans of Antiquity*,[3] Mr. John T. Short, of Columbus, Ohio, ministers to the popular needs, without being unmindful of the requirements of specialists. His book is a valuable manual of information concerning our earliest antiquities, thrown into the form of an elaborate summary of the present state of knowledge on the subject. This summary embraces the historical, traditional, scientific, and speculative aspects of North American antiquities, and includes careful accounts of the sculptures, picture-writings, cave-dwellings, pyramids, mounds, implements, and remains of all kinds that have been discovered, on which the various hypotheses and demonstrations of explorers and scholars have been founded. More than half of the volume is appropriated to a consideration of the origin and antiquity of man on this continent, involving an examination of the relative antiquity and the relative superiority or inferiority of the mound-builders and the red Indian, and also of the nature, antiquity, designs, and contents of the mounds. In order that the unscientific reader may have the benefit of all that is known on these points, Mr. Short presents a clear, condensed statement of the diverse opinions that have been entertained by early writers, and

[2] *Notes on Railroad Accidents.* By Charles Francis Adams, Jun. 12mo, pp. 280. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[3] *The North Americans of Antiquity.* Their Origin, Migrations, and Type of Civilization Considered. By John T. Short. 8vo, pp. 544. New York: Harper and Brothers.

also by recent more skillful investigators, respecting the origin of the two races; and follows this with an interesting *résumé* of the traditions of the Indians themselves concerning those earlier races who were the forerunners of the present aborigines, the supposed builders of the mounds, and the authors of those other remains that evince a comparatively high degree of civilization. The remainder of the volume recapitulates and enlarges upon the nature of the evidence which is afforded by the mounds, pueblos, cliff-dwellings, ancient ruins, and other remains in the United States, Mexico, Central America, and elsewhere, as to the origin, language, arts, religion, and astronomical and other knowledge of these ancient races. Mr. Short's conclusion is that the origin of the earliest North American peoples can not be positively settled in the present state of our knowledge, but that the probability is very strong that at a remote period, before race and national characteristics had become well defined, the continent had received its population from the Old World at different times and from different quarters, the ancient Mayas reaching it from Western Europe or Africa, the Nahuas from Northern Asia, and the progenitors of the Esquimaux from the people who inhabited the north pole. He is further of the opinion that the autochthonic hypothesis, based on the theory of separate creations of races, receives no support from any aboriginal remains discovered in North America; that the preponderating evidence points clearly to the truth of the proposition that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men"; and that although the people who dwelt here before the red men were not indigenous, the civilization developed by them was indigenous, the most persistent investigations having failed to discover any marked resemblance between their art, architecture, religion, and customs and those of any Old World people, although it must be admitted that occasional analogies and traditions suggest a certain degree of intercourse and relationship with particular Old World races. As Mr. Short's work is intended to be an introduction to ancient American history, he confines his attention to the prehistoric races, leaving the red Indian, whom he believes to be a more recent comer, and the representative of a greatly inferior race, for future consideration. Mr. Short has performed his task thus far with sagacity and ability, and with a degree of dispassionateness that wins upon our confidence. While he manifests all the earnestness and enthusiasm that are usually so engaging in the specialist, his clear good sense rescues him from the credulity that too often invests the theories of scientific men—especially when they are men of one idea—with a show of the ridiculous. Holding his own imagination under resolute check, he shows no favor to the vagaries of others; and he often interposes a blunt denial or a chilling doubt when imposture is ascertained or suspected, or where an active, a convenient, or an ingenious fancy busies itself to convert imaginary resemblances into identical realities.

THE sagacity which was so marked a feature of Admiral Farragut's character did not fail him when he fixed upon his only son as his biographer. Mr. Loyall Farragut has executed the pious trust with modesty and ability. Wherever it was possible—and from the admiral's habit of recording in detail the events of his life, it is seldom otherwise—Mr. Farragut has let his heroic father tell the story of his life in his own clear and nervous language, and has reserved to himself the task of connecting the breaks in the journal by a narrative of the intervening events, or by such explanatory personal and historical notes as are necessary to its consecutive unity. In this way, and by the further aid of his father's letters, and the letters of others who were or became eminent in naval, military, and civil life, he has completed a biography[4] which is generally worthy of its illustrious subject. On the paternal side the admiral was a descendant of a brave and chivalrous Spanish noble, who held an important office near the person of the Conquistador, James I. of Aragon. The family subsequently settled in Minorca, where a long line of them served honorably as councillors and magistrates. Here the father of the admiral was born, but emigrated to this country in 1776, when he at once cast in his lot with our Revolutionary ancestors. On the mother's side the admiral came of a good Scotch family; and the qualities he inherited from both sides made up that rare union of chivalry, daring, prudence, pluck, endurance, conscientiousness, rectitude, and patriotism for which he was so conspicuous. The record of the life of Farragut is necessarily to a large extent the history of our navy, from the time when he entered it in 1810 till the close of his career. His journal glows with life-like portraitures of our naval heroes, and with graphic descriptions of the various naval battles and expeditions in which he participated. The larger portion of the volume is a full and minute account of the part that he and the fleets under his command bore in the war of the rebellion. The work is affluent in personal recollections, memoranda, and documentary material of historical value; and it is a satisfactory memorial of a sterling man, a humble Christian, an unselfish and unswerving patriot, and a hero without ostentation, without fear, and without reproach. The world will be the better for a closer knowledge of such a man. No fairer or nobler record could be placed in the hands of our youth. Its literary

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[4] *The Life of David Glasgow Farragut, First Admiral of the United States Navy.* Embodying his Journal and Letters. By his Son, LOYALL FARRAGUT. With Portraits, Maps, and Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 586. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

execution would have been unexceptionable if greater compression had been exercised, and if the very patriotic but indifferent poetry with which it is profusely garnished had been excluded or relegated to an appendix.

Mr. Morley made a judicious selection when he assigned the task of preparing the volume on *Milton*,[5] for the "English Men of Letters Series," to Rev. Mark Pattison. Mr. Pattison writes like a man with a full mind, who has a great deal to say and a short time to say it in. Waiving all prefatory dalliances, he plunges into his subject at once, and does not relax his grip of it until he has extracted all the marrow from it. His outline of *Milton* has nothing of the bareness and washiness of most biographical sketches, but is full, flowing, and rounded. According to his conception of it, Milton's life, not reckoning the period of his boyhood and course at the university, is a drama of three acts. The first, from 1632 to 1639, discovers him in the calm and peaceful retirement of Horton, of which "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas" are the expression; and it closes with his journey to Italy. This Mr. Pattison styles a period of preparation rather than of production. In the second he is breathing the heated atmosphere of party passion and religious animosity. This is the period that is lurid with the glare of his "battalious" controversial pamphlets. The third act comprises the final period of his solitary and Promethean grandeur, when, blind, destitute, and friendless, he testified, alone before a fallen world, of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. It was in this period he gave utterance to the three great poems "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes." After a succinct preliminary account of Milton's family, and of his childhood, and school and college life, Mr. Pattison groups the events and results of the poet's career around these three central periods, following him closely in his daily life and studies, and exhibiting his physical, intellectual, and poetical development in every stage, clearly presenting him to us in his external life, but more especially in the internal life of his mind. By this subdivision of the poet's life into distinct periods, all his productions are passed in review while the reader has yet fresh in his mind the circumstances under which they were written, and the incidents that inspired them. Each one of them is subjected to a careful inspection, not with any purpose of microscopic analysis, but to gain a lucid impression of its drift, scope, and animating spirit. Although Mr. Pattison's performance is concise almost to severity, it embodies a singularly successful and very attractive brief counterfeit presentment of Milton's person and character, together with a series of studies of his various prose and poetical compositions that are models of compact and luminous expository criticism.

The publication last year of the memoirs of the Baroness Bunsen, and the interest they excited for her friend and relative Mrs. Delany, have suggested the preparation of an American edition of Lady Llanover's *Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany*.[6] Lady Llanover's edition, which is now out of print, was large, costly, and swelled to unnecessarily large proportions by the introduction of a number of letters of insignificant interest, having little if any bearing upon the life or character of Mrs. Delany. The American editor has with judicious reserve eliminated the most unimportant of these, omitting none, however, that could add material value or interest to the narrative. It is difficult to speak of these fascinating volumes as they deserve and yet avoid the use of terms that are liable to the suspicion of exaggeration. The character of Mrs. Delany was so perfect in its symmetrical beauty, her accomplishments were so varied and great, her elegance was so consummate, and her mental, moral, and social equipoise so remarkable, that it is almost as difficult for us, while fresh from her charming letters, as it was for her contemporaries, while fresh from the charm of her presence, to speak of her without a resort to superlatives. Mrs. Delany's greatest charm, however, as her American editor well discriminates, resided not in her supremacy in the world of rank and fashion and intellect, but in her womanly qualities. "Modest, high-minded, discriminating, and just—loyal alike to principle and to affection, admirable as wife, daughter, sister, friend—her merits as a woman outshone her lustre as *grande dame*, and commend her to the love and admiration of all who are capable of reverencing excellence in womanhood." Mrs. Delany's life was a long and eventful one, extending from 1700 to 1788. During all this period she lived in the social circle that revolved in and around the court, and was brought into close and familiar intercourse with members of the royal family, as well as with all others who were distinguished for rank, or virtue, or abilities. Her letters are the expression of the mind of a true gentlewoman; and besides affording pleasing glimpses of the interior life and surroundings of her own family, and of the families of her friends and relatives, are specially valuable for their fresh and vivid pictures of social life and manners among the privileged classes of England during the reigns of Anne and the first three Georges, and for the round of introductions they give us to those who were then famous in the world of art, fashion, politics, and literature.

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[5] *Milton.* By Mark Pattison, B.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 215. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany.* Revised from Lady Llanover's Edition, and Edited by Sarah Chauncey Woolsey. 2 Vols., 12mo., pp. 465 and 499. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

CHARLES DICKENS'S eldest daughter, Mary, and her aunt, Miss Hogarth, have made a collection[7] of his letters from his general correspondence, which they design as a supplement to Forster's *Life of Dickens*, moved thereto by the feeling that however exhaustive as a biography that work may have been, it was incomplete as regards his correspondence. The letters embrace the period from 1833, when Dickens was a young bachelor of twenty-one, living in Furnival's Inn, and engaged as a Parliamentary reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*, until the very day of his death, in 1870. They closely follow him through all his active career, exhibiting all the phases and moods of his character, domestic, social, and public; throwing flashes of light on the various stages of his literary drudgery and triumphs; and introducing him to the chosen friendships and companionships of his life. As finished specimens of the "art epistolary," they will scarcely compare with the letters of Gray, or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or Madame De Sévigné, or Mrs. Delany, or Horace Walpole, all of whom greatly surpass him in unstudied ease and graceful elegance. Nor are they conspicuous for their literary merit. Jaunty rather than easy, hilarious rather than gracefully gay, occasionally loud and overstrained in their protestations, and habitually written as if some one were looking over his shoulder, they are chiefly valuable as a means of enabling us to observe their author a little more closely in his relations as a man, as an author and editor, as a friend, and as the head of a family.

MADAME DE RÉMUSAT was lady-in-waiting and lady of the palace to the Empress Josephine, from 1802, when the future Empress was simply Madame Bonaparte, until her downfall in 1808. During this time Madame Rémusat kept an exact record of her life, in which she entered daily, while her memory was still fresh, notes of nearly everything she saw or heard at Paris, St. Cloud, and Malmaison, in which Bonaparte and Josephine participated. Her jottings included conversations, political and military gossip, versions of events that have since become historical, and descriptions of the public and private life of Napoleon and Josephine, and of the personages with whom they were associated by his ambition or the march of events. At the downfall of Josephine Madame Rémusat was distrusted by Napoleon, and subsequently, on his return from Elba, he caused her husband to be sentenced to exile. It was expected that their house would be searched, and inquisition made of their papers, and it became necessary to get rid of everything that would compromise them. The memoirs of Madame Rémusat were considered particularly dangerous, and she was persuaded that if they should fall into the Emperor's hands he would visit his wrath not only upon herself, but upon her husband and friends. They were therefore burned. But in 1818 she undertook the task of rewriting them, living the time over again that she had spent with Josephine, and recalling the events she had witnessed. The result was a new manuscript of the memoirs, that again for more than half a century lay concealed from the world, until they were recently published by her grandson in obedience to the will of his father. These memoirs[8] are, perhaps, the most accurate record of the times, and of the succession of events, situations, and feelings under the early empire, that has yet been published. They give familiar portraits of all the members of the Bonaparte family, and describe their traits and peculiarities with vivacity and judgment. But their chiefest interest resides in their revelations of the conversations and intercourse of Josephine and Napoleon, and their minute report of the sayings and doings of the brilliant circle of soldiers, savants, diplomatists, literati, ecclesiastics, and spies that revolved around them. The installment of this absorbing work now published brings Madame Rémusat's diary down to Napoleon's accession to the empire in 1804, and covers the happy portion of his and Josephine's early married life.

Now that nearly a century has elapsed since the shock of Benedict Arnold's great crime, we are able to contemplate his character with more calmness, and to form a more dispassionate judgment of it than was possible to his outraged contemporaries and early biographers. There can be no doubt that their hatred of his execrable treason extended to his person, and was so intense as to make them less than just in their estimate of his earlier acts, services, and motives, and disposed them to interpret his whole career in the light of his unpardonable offense. To distinguish between the two unlike portions of Arnold's life—the earlier, when he was a patriot-hero, and the later, when he permitted the enemies of his country to work upon his discontent and love of greed till he became their traitorous tool—is the aim of an exceedingly full and well-written *Life of Benedict Arnold*,[9] by Mr. Isaac N. Arnold, which we have read with interest and generally with approval. The biographer, who is not a descendant of the traitor, as might be inferred from the name, discriminates fairly between Arnold's patriotism and baseness; and while exhibiting the former, and the splendid services by which it was illustrated, with generous earnestness,

[7] *The Letters of Charles Dickens.* Edited by his Sister-in-Law and his Eldest Daughter. 2 Vols., 12mo, pp. 544 and 536. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[8] *Memoirs of Madame De Rémusat.* 1802–1808. Edited, with a Preface and Notes, by her Grandson, PAUL DE RÉMUSAT, Senator. Translated by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY and Mr. JOHN LILLIE. Part I. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 37. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. 8vo, paper, pp. 178. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[9] *The Life of Benedict Arnold:* his Patriotism and his Treason. By ISAAC N. ARNOLD. 8vo, pp. 444. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, and Co.

does not in any degree extenuate the turpitude of the other. Besides giving a full account of Arnold's parentage, early life, and career as a merchant and sailor, the volume embodies an exhaustive investigation of all the facts bearing upon the events that influenced his treason, and an interesting account of his subsequent career. The investigation is not confined to familiar documentary evidence, but is assisted by new and important supplementary material derived from manuscripts, letters, journals, etc., not generally accessible hitherto. Although in several instances the author has been more generous to Arnold than he deserves, it is due to him to say that for the most part his versions are sustained by a reasonable basis of fact. After reading his book, however, the verdict will be, no less emphatically than before, the one that was given by a patriot soldier who fell into Arnold's hands in the Virginia campaign, and who, being asked by Arnold what would be his fate if he were taken prisoner by his countrymen, bluntly replied, "They will cut off your leg that was wounded at Quebec and Saratoga, and bury it with the honors of war, and then hang the rest of you on a gibbet."

Mr. Edwin Arnold, the editor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, is the author of an Oriental poem of great power, entitled *The Light of Asia*,[10] in which he delineates the life, depicts the character, and indicates the philosophy of the "Lord Buddha, Prince Siddârtha styled on earth." In this remarkable poem are described in detail the incidents attending the miraculous conception of Buddha; his birth; his early manifestations of miraculous power and knowledge; his growth and education from childhood to manhood; his wooing; his marriage to the beautiful Yasôdhara; the infinitude of sensual delights into which he was plunged by his earthly father in order to withdraw him from the contemplation of divine and holy things, and to dispose him to aspire to universal empire; and the divine thoughts which came to him when these delights were at their height, at first seeming like the suggestions of a dream, but at length inspiring him to abandon his luxury of happiness, together with his purest joys and best affections, and to undertake a predestined mission of self-sacrifice and self-renunciation for the deliverance of his race. We have styled the poem "remarkable," and it is so, alike for the splendor of its imagery, the gorgeousness of its descriptions, its chaste sensuousness, its exquisite pictures of paradisiacal beauty, its dark contrasts of misery and woe, and its scholarly outline of the tenets and practices of Buddhism. The author exhibits rare rhythmical gifts, a rich imagination, and unusual historical and descriptive powers. It is difficult to say for whom he excites our interest the most profoundly—the sweetly grave and tenderly serious boy, lover, youthful husband and prince, whose heart is filled with an inspired compassion for his race, or glows in its every fibre with love for the wife of his bosom, and whose innocence is unstained by the abounding bliss of his environments, or the devoted, self-sacrificing sage, living on alms, suffering pangs of cold and hunger, assailed by evil angels, but ever meditating upon the misery of his race, and devising means and putting in operation plans for their deliverance from the mental, moral, and physical thralldom to which they are subjected.

The publication of a new and revised edition of Mr. Didier's *Life and Poems of Poe*[11] will invite renewed attention to the genius and fortunes of that gifted but hapless poet. Although the biographical portion of the volume is marred by attempts to extenuate the defects of Poe's character, which are as unsatisfactory as its defense of his reputation from the grosser vices with which it has been libelled is full and complete, and although it is pervaded by absurdly exaggerated estimates of the quality and comparative rank of Poe's poetry, the book in the main is a touching and faithful story of one of the most brilliant, most promising, and saddest careers recorded in the annals of literature. We naturally associate Poe with those poets that we rank among the "untimely dead," concerning whom we speculate as to what they might have done, seeing what they have done. And yet there are many reasons for believing that their reputation would not have been the gainer if their lives had lasted twice as long. We remember that the keen edge and polished point of Savage's blade were turning into a common bludgeon, that the subtle ideality of Keats was becoming vague and hysterical, that Shelley's clear and soaring imagination had become misty with mad hallucinations, and that Poe was lapsing into a morbid sentimentality that invested mere sounds with a mystical meaning not obvious to saner minds. It was perhaps as well for their reputation as poets that they went over to the majority when and as they did. An important feature of the volume before us is the introductory letter by Mrs. Whitman, embodying her personal recollections of Poe, and a warm and womanly defense of him from the aspersions of careless or malicious writers.

Her Lover's Friend, and Other Poems,[12] is the title of a volume of poetry by Nora Perry, among which are half a dozen of unusual ex-

[10] *The Light of Asia; or, The Great Renunciation.* Being the Life and Teaching of Gautama, Prince of India, and Founder of Buddhism. By Edwin Arnold, M.A. 16mo, pp. 238. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[11] *The Life and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe.* A New Memoir by Eugene L. Didier, and an Introductory Letter by Sarah Helen Whitman. 16mo, pp. 305. New York: W. J. Widdleton.

[12] *Her Lover's Friend, and Other Poems.* By Nora Perry. 16mo, pp. 183. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

cellence—so excellent, indeed, that they might reflect credit on any poet. The opening poem, from which the collection derives its title, is a monody in which the speaker tells the story, in tones of suppressed passion, of the traitor-love that once possessed him for the beautiful betrothed of a friend who reposed implicit trust in his loyalty, of the temptations that beset him to win her for himself, and of his victory over them so that he might save his "flower of love" from any soil or stain, in the consciousness that if she became a party to his perfidy, no art could ever leave her life as white and clean as in the days before they met. Even more vigorous than this strong poem, and withal exceedingly dramatic and picturesque, are two others—"Lady Wentworth" and "Barbara"—based on legendary incidents in New England colonial times, and which celebrate woman's pride and will, woman's endurance, woman's love, and woman's tenderness in a manner to remind us, but without any suggestion of imitation, of several of Shakspeare's finest female creations. "For the King," and "The King's Kiss," are in a different vein, being as noteworthy for their chaste sensuousness and glowing sensibility as the others for their stern self-repression. The first-named of the two, of which the other is an echo, is a loving idyl in honor of "Italy's hero and Italy's king, Victor Emmanuel."

No American poet more effectively strikes those chords which make the popular heart pulsate with patriotic pride and sympathy than Dr. Thomas Dunn English. His *American Ballads*,[13] just gathered into one of their "Half-hour Series" by the Messrs. Harper, have much of the ring that made the old ballad of "Chevy Chase" so great a favorite with the hero of Zutphen. Indeed, there are few ballads of any period more resounding with stir and movement than they, or whose descriptions are more vividly real. His battle ballads glow with the very inspiration of heroism, and his humorous and imaginative ballads easily incline us to laughter or tears.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge and Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt have collected the poems hitherto published by them in various periodicals, together with a number that are now first printed, in two volumes, respectively entitled *Along the Way*,[14] and *Dramatic Persons and Moods*.[15] The title of each volume is fairly indicative of the general tone and character of its contents. Mrs. Dodge's collection consists of poems written under the influence of every-day-life happenings, or descriptive of every-day sights and scenes, in the fields, by the hearth, or in the companionship of nature. Mrs. Piatt's poems are more abstract and introspective, more pointed and dramatic, more subtle, and also more querulous and moody.

In the preface to his edition of Shakspeare's *Winter Tale*,[16] Mr. Rolfe expresses the modest hope that no one will turn for help without finding it to the notes by which he has explained and illustrated the comedy. Before reading his preface, our attention had been arrested by the copiousness and clearness of these particular notes, and their great value as aids not merely toward the interpretation of dark or enigmatical words and passages, or for a due comprehension of the customs, modes, and manners of the times shadowed in the text, but also as refined and satisfactory interpretations of the poetical drift and spirit of essential portions of the play. We have no doubt the experience of other readers will be the same as our own, and that they will agree with us in assuring Mr. Rolfe that his modest hope has been realized. The play is printed in uniform style with its predecessors in the series, and in conformity with the same editorial methods.

There are many liberally educated business and professional men who during their college course, and perhaps for a few leisurely years afterward, were ardent admirers and diligent students of Greek literature, but who have since been forced by the stress of their daily avocations to abandon such studies, to whom an opportunity is now afforded, by Mr. Symonds's *Studies of the Greek Poets*,[17] to renew their acquaintance with their old favorites without any serious intrusion upon their time or undue strain upon their attention. The two compact and handy volumes in which he takes a scholarly survey of Greek poetry, and illustrates it by a series of ripe studies of some of its greatest ornaments, are peculiarly adapted to aid this class to refresh and extend their interrupted studies. And they are equally suited to the case of that other large and cultivated class who are unable to read Greek poetry in the original, but are yet solicitous to gain an intelligent general knowledge of its history, development, and characteristic qualities, so as to be able to trace its influence upon modern poetry. Mr. Symonds begins with a general survey of the five chief periods of Greek literature, namely, the period of superb adolescence, or the heroic, pre-historic, and legendary age, whose chief monuments are Homer and Hesiod; the period of early manhood,

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[13] *American Ballads.* By Thomas Dunn English. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 155. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *Along the Way.* By Mary Mapes Dodge. Sq. 12mo, pp. 136. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[15] *Dramatic Persons and Moods, with Other New Poems.* By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. 12mo, pp. 96. Boston: Houghton, Osgood and Co.

[16] *Shakspeare's Comedy of the Winter's Tale.* Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M. 16mo, pp. 218. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *Studies of the Greek Poets.* By John Addington Symonds. 2 Vols., 16mo, pp. 488 and 419. New York: Harper and Brothers.

signalized by the transition from the heroic or epical stage to that of artistic maturity; the period of magnificent maturity, when the Athenian supremacy was unquestioned, and when whatever was superb in human nature or in art and literature found its natural home and sphere in Athens; the period of robust old age, when, indeed, the great names of Plato, Aristotle, and Demosthenes gave splendor to the national existence, but when the creative genius of Athens had become less active, and the sceptre had passed away from the Greek nation; and the period of decline and decay, when Greek culture in its decadence had become the heritage of the whole world. This masterly preliminary survey is followed by a clear and comprehensive account of the ancient Greek mythology, and its influence on poetic art; after which Mr. Symonds proceeds in successive leisurely studies, occasionally interrupted by essays on some related line of thought or inquiry, to a particular examination of each of the more famous poets from Homer to the erotic poets and epigrammatists of the Anthology. Each of these studies is accompanied by minute and glowing expositions of the greatest productions of the poet under examination, with spirited translations of particular poems or passages, with careful accounts of the structure and other accessories of the several poems, with elaborate criticisms and comparative estimates of the genius of the Greek poets, and with discriminating reflections upon their characteristics as artists in every branch.

It is a little surprising that in the prevalent rage for bric-à-brac no one has set the fashion of collecting from the venerable rubbish of their spinster aunts and bachelor uncles specimens of the once resplendent "Annuals, "Souvenirs," "Keepsakes," and "Offerings" that were in vogue as gift-books when they were in the heyday of their youth and sentimentality. Doubtless such a collection would be as great a curiosity as any collection of the ancient crockery that is now so highly prized; and besides, it would afford the rising generation an opportunity to note the changed and improved taste that has consigned these relics of the past to the oblivion they deserved. Should any of our readers be curious to measure the extent of this change, they have only to exhume some of the gift-books of half a century ago from their quiet graves, and place them beside their fresh and beautiful successors of to-day. One of the finest specimens of the modern gift-book is a beautiful volume by Lucy Larcom, entitled *Landscape in American Poetry*,[18] the text of which consists of selections of passages from American poets descriptive of various landscape scenes and aspects in various seasons and under various skies, accompanied by amplifications and expositions of the poets' themes by the editor. Eloquent and poetical as are her presentation and interpretation of each of the passages cited, she has not hesitated to call in the aid of the artist to heighten or vary their meaning. The book is a sumptuous one, and the illustrations, which are engraved by Anthony, Linton, Harley, Lauderback, Andrew, and others, from drawings by J. Appleton Brown, are superb.—Another elegant book, which, besides being a treat for the eye, has a substantial historical interest, consists of a large number of well-written descriptions by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb of different American homes,[19] comprising the mansions and residences of the colonial and Revolutionary periods, those of a period later than the Revolution, and those of recent times. The descriptions include the homes of nearly all our most eminent patriots, soldiers, statesmen, poets, historians, and professional and business magnates, and are supplemented by more than a hundred fine engravings of as many historic or specially noteworthy mansions and homes.—*The Book of Job*,[20] in the accepted version, but broken up into verse, and adorned with fifty illustrations, engraved by Dalziel Brothers, J. W. Whymper, and W. L. Thomas, from designs by Sir John Gilbert, is another luxurious holiday volume. Besides the beauty of its illustrations, and the interest of the sublime poem which they embellish and interpret, the volume has a substantial literary value to the Bible reader or student, for the scholarly treatise on the "Patriarch and the Poem" with which it opens, and for the copious body of explanatory and critical notes, poetical parallels, and various renderings that are appended at its close.—Mr. Wallace Bruce, whose graceful illustrated poem, "The Land of Burns," is doubtless still pleasantly remembered by some of our readers, comes with a new claim to their favor in a dainty holiday volume, containing a spirited and in parts finely imaginative poem on *The Yosemite*,[21] which is embellished on every page by engravings by Smillie illustrative of striking or beautiful features of Yosemite scenery.—Mrs. Hemans's fine lyrical song *The Pilgrim Fathers*[22] has never been interpreted more adequately or with greater spirit than by the pencil of Miss Humphrey in the elegant volume that lies on our table. Her vigorous designs, admirably engraved by Andrew, are perfectly *en rapport* with the spirit of the noble poem in its every verse and line.

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[18] *Landscape in American Poetry.* By Lucy Larcom. With Illustrations on Wood, from Drawings by J. Appleton Brown. Royal 8vo, pp. 121. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[19] *The Homes of America.* Edited by Martha J. Lamb. 4to, pp. 256. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[20] *The Book of Job.* Illustrated with Engravings from Drawings by Sir John Gilbert, etc. Sq. 8vo, pp. 188. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[21] *The Yosemite.* By Wallace Bruce. Illustrated by James D. Smillie. Sq. 12mo, pp. 36. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[22] "The breaking waves dashed high" (*The Pilgrim Fathers*). By Felicia Hemans. With designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Engraved by Andrew. Sq. 12mo, pp. 34. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

—Another rich and timely volume for the holiday season is a new and finely illustrated edition of *The Complete Poetical Writings of J. G. Holland.*[23] The volume is embellished with a fine portrait of the author, engraved by T. Cole from a drawing by Eaton, and with twenty-four engravings from designs by Reinhart, Mary Hallock, Hennessy, Moran, Fredericks, Abbey, and others, illustrative of passages in the various poems.—Lovers of devotional poetry will find a copious anthology of genuine song, addressed to every phase of Christian sentiment or feeling, and adapted to every mood and season—to hours of sorrow and joy, to times of prosperity or adversity, to the rapture of worship, the absorption of contemplation, and the ecstasy of prayer and thanksgiving—in Dr. Prime's noble collection of *Songs of the Soul.*[24] There could be no tenderer or worthier gift than it from one Christian friend or member of a Christian household to another.

THE large drafts that have been made upon our space by works of permanent value, and by others of a more fugitive character, which depend very largely upon their holiday timeliness for recognition, compel us to confine our notices of the novels of the month within the narrowest limits. Mr. Justin McCarthy's *Donna Quixote*[25] is a brilliant bit of character painting, the interest of which centres upon a young and beautiful widow—"a widowed wife and wedded maid"—who is a philanthropic enthusiast and supporter of all sorts of practicable and impracticable projects for the benefit of her fellow-creatures. The fanatics and fools, the knaves and villains, the selfish and the designing characters, who are attracted by her wealth and innocence, are racily painted by Mr. McCarthy; and he also tells with infinite zest the story of the innumerable mistakes and misadventures —some of them very humbling, and others full of delightful compensations — that resulted from his heroine's well-meant but Quixotic course. Mr. McCarthy successfully exerts his art in delineating the process by which the really sterling qualities of the heroine are refined and purified in the crucible of experience, and finally directed to noble and womanly ends by the agency of true and fortunate love.—Whoever takes up the volume styled *A Fool's Errand*[26] in the expectation that it is a novel of the stereotyped stripe will not remain long under such a delusion. It can scarcely be called a love story, although a fluttering fringe of love's robe is here and there visible in it. It is rather an earnest and at times passionate philippic in narrative form against the wisdom of the reconstruction policy that was adopted at the close of the late war. The author believes the Southern States should have been treated as a conquered country, and held in the condition of Territories until the old generation that precipitated and participated in the war had died off, and a generation animated by different convictions and feelings had sprung up. The author illustrates the failure of the reconstruction policy by the device of transplanting an imaginary Union officer to the South with his family at the close of the war, where the officer's rose-colored ideas as to the restored amity of the sections are dissipated by the ostracism and outrage that he experienced because of his Northern principles and practices. The volume is one-sided, but intensely in earnest, and many of its reflections and reasonings will arrest the attention of thoughtful men, North and South.—The romance of manufacturing life, as it may be woven out of the relation of employers and workmen in large mills or factories, is the staple of two strong novels—*Probation,*[27] by Jessie Fothergill, and *The Parson o' Dumford,*[28] by George Manville Fenn. Although the two authors treat the subject from different stand-points, and introduce dissimilar accessories for its illustration, they traverse similar ground in the main. Both describe with great vigor the strife and jealousies that result from the active conflicts of interests of the two classes; both draw effective pictures of the methods by which strikes are fomented, precipitated, and mollified or subdued, and of the suffering that follows in their train; and both celebrate the power of the love that springs up in the heart of master and workman alike, and makes all men equal at last. Both are unusually strong tales, and each has a double love story of changeful interest interwoven with the coarser incidents of its narrative.—Miss Holt's *Lady Sibyl's Choice*[29] is another of the mediæval revivals in novel form of which, on former occasions, she has shown herself so skillful an artificer. The tale is a romance based on incidents in the Crusades, the principal interest being concentrated on the love and constancy of Guy of Lusignan and the beautiful Sibyl, Queen of Jerusalem. It is, however, something more than a romance. Its delineations of the social and religious life of the times, and of the pageantries of courts and camps, are careful and truthful historical reproductions.—We must dismiss with simple mention Annie Keary's minutely finished and vigorous society novel, *A Doubting Heart;*[30]

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[23] *The Complete Poetical Writings of J. G. Holland.* Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 509. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[24] *Songs of the Soul*, Gathered out of Many Lands and Ages. By SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME. 12mo, pp. 661. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[25] *Donna Quixote.* A Novel. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 78. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[26] *A Fool's Errand.* By One of the Fools. 16mo, pp. 315. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

[27] *Probation.* A Novel. By JESSIE FOTHERGILL. "Leisure-hour" Series. 16mo, pp. 434. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[28] *The Parson o' Dumford.* A Tale. By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 70. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[29] *Lady Sibyl's Choice.* A Tale of the Crusades. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. 12mo, pp. 342. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[30] *A Doubting Heart.* A Novel. By ANNIE KEARY.

Mr. Farjeon's quaint and relishing Christmas story, *The Bells of Penraven*;[31] Miss Braddon's annual *Mistletoe Bough*[32] budget of short tales, by herself and others, for Christmas reading; and Mrs. Oliphant's half-tristful and half-sunshiny romance, *The Fugitives*.[33]

Dr. Schaff informs theological scholars that with the volume of *Lange's Commentary*,[34] now published—and which embraces the last two books of the Pentateuch—the English reproduction of Dr. Lange's "Bibelwork" is completed; and also that the American editor and publisher have concluded to add an original volume on the Apocryphal books, which is now passing through the printer's hands. The books in the volume before us—Numbers and Deuteronomy—have been handled after the same general plan with those that have previously appeared. The Commentary on Numbers, occupying the first half of the volume, is the work of Dr. Lange himself, and it has been translated and enlarged in this country by Rev. Samuel T. Lowrie, D.D., and Rev. A. Gosman, D.D. The Commentary on Deuteronomy, which follows to the close of the volume, was the work of the late Pastor F. W. Schroeder, of Berlin, and has been translated and enlarged by Dr. Gosman. Since these works were completed by Dr. Lange and Pastor Schroeder, the Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy has been subjected to new trial under the criticism of Bishop Colenso, Dr. Keunen, and Professors Wellhausen and Smith, and Dr. Gosman was requested to prepare and add a special appendix to rebut the views of these scholars. This he has done in a treatise entitled "A Vindication of the Mosaic Authorship of Deuteronomy, with Reference to the latest Critical Discussions," which forms a distinguishing feature of the volume, and is a masterly chapter in apologetics.

It is difficult to overestimate the dignity or the importance of the theme discussed in Dr. Uhlhorn's able historical disquisition, *The Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism*.[35] As the accomplished editor of the American edition of the work justly remarks, Christianity had from the first to encounter active and skillful foes. Heathenism and Judaism were no abstractions, but armed warriors. The struggle was a vital and protracted one, and as it went on, all the forces which could be arrayed against the new religion had time to reach the field of conflict and mingle in the strife. The victorious Roman, the acute and versatile Greek, the Oriental theosophist, the Jewish legalist, the power of the state, the learning of the schools, the pride of human reason, the accumulated resources of literature, the energy of popular prejudice, and the interests of a priesthood who felt that they were engaged in a death-struggle, were all marshalled against the new-born claims that were asserted by the Christians for the origin, the authority, and the power of the Gospel. This stupendous conflict is traced by Dr. Uhlhorn in a philosophical temper, and with ample learning and masterly eloquence, in his impressive work; and in the course of it he reproduces with marvellous distinctness the Babel-like condition of the nations, the degradation of their religion and morality, and the utter bankruptcy of heathenism, when the hour struck that precipitated the conflict whose history he relates. Only less striking than his brilliant chapters which describe the powers and agencies that were arrayed on the one side or the other are those which depict the persecution of Nero, the persecutions of legislation and the tribunals, the persecution under Marcus Aurelius, and the general persecutions.

To promote the critical and doctrinal study of the Epistle to the Romans, Professor Shedd has prepared a *Commentary*[36] upon it, which is specially intended for theological students and clergymen. To render it the more serviceable and acceptable to them, he has printed the Greek at the top of the page, thus enabling the reader to refer, by a glance, to the word or clause which is explained in the commentary below. In printing the text he has adopted that of Lachmann, with modifications, chiefly from Tischendorf; and where the uncial omits long clauses that appear in the received text, he has generally added the latter in brackets. In the punctuation he varies in some instances from both Lachmann and Tischendorf, and thus, so far as the exposition of the text depends upon punctuation, he gives an independent exposition of the arrangement of words and clauses, according to his own understanding of their connection. The commentary is critical, philological, and theological; the notes are concise, pregnant, and bear strictly upon the word or clause to which they relate; the style of both notes and commentary is simple, condensed, dignified, and lucid; and the severe closeness of the reasoning of their author is modelled after the example of the great reasoner with whose greatest production he deals.

"Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 108. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[31] *The Bells of Penraven.* A Novel. By B. L. Farjeon. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 23. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[32] *Miss Braddon's Mistletoe Bough for Christmas*, 1879. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 48. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[33] *The Fugitives.* A Story. By Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 27. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[34] *A Commentary on the Holy Scriptures*, Critical, Doctrinal, and Homiletical. By John Peter Lange, D.D. Translated, Enlarged, and Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D. Vol. 3 of the Old Testament—Numbers and Deuteronomy. 8vo, pp. 464. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[35] *The Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism.* By Gerhard Uhlhorn. Edited and Translated, with the Author's sanction, by Egbert C. Smyth and C. J. H. Ropes. 12mo, pp. 508. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[36] *A Critical and Doctrinal Commentary upon the Epistle of Paul to the Romans.* By William G. T. Shedd, D.D. 8vo, pp. 439. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE works of few living authors cover a more extensive range of difficult inquiry, bearing upon questions of theology and the principles of mental, moral, and social philosophy, than those of the accomplished president of Princeton College. Still fewer present the fruits of long, laborious, and severe thinking in language so generally intelligible, or illustrate the most abstruse metaphysical problems by reasoning so easily comprehended. This is a great merit in any teacher, but is more emphatically so in one who has to deal with questions of intrinsic intricacy, where every step must be carefully deliberated, lest it should lead to unexpected and perilous pitfalls, and where important results often hinge upon subtle verbal or mental distinctions. Usually the tendency of teachers and writers of metaphysics is to be obscure and technical. But Dr. McCosh is among the least technical and obscure of metaphysicians. There is scarcely a paragraph—not one that we can now recall—in his most difficult discussions but easily yields its meaning to patient thought and steady attention. Thus, besides the value of his writings as contributions to philosophical knowledge, they form a body of discipline in the arts of close thinking and acute and polished reasoning that is invaluable for the training it affords. We have no space for an extended outline summary of the volumes composing the new edition of Dr. McCosh's works that have just been published in cheap library form, nor is it requisite to offer a critical estimate and analysis of productions that have been before the public so long, and whose reputation for candor, courtesy, and ability is so firmly established. For the information of readers interested in philosophical studies we merely add that this new and convenient edition of Dr. McCosh's works is in five volumes,[37 to 41] and comprises his several treatises on the Divine Government, on Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation, and on the Intuitions of the Mind, his elaborate examination of John Stuart Mill's Philosophy, and his critical, expository, and biographical work on the Scottish Philosophy.

Mr. Hovey's *Causerie*[42] has all the cut-and-come-again qualities of a deliciously flavored ham. Like it, it combines the serviceable with the elegant and the relishing, and is equally *en règle* and equally handy to have in the palace of the millionaire or the garret of the poor-devil student or man of letters. It is good at a pinch and good when the locker is full, good for a random bite and good for a "square meal"—good every time and all the time. On dipping into the volume only a little, one ejaculates, "A capital side-pocket or reticule book for the cars!" After a further reading he exclaims, "A royal resource for a rainy day, or for an hour of ennui or of enforced idleness!" And on a fuller acquaintance he winds up with the emphatic declaration, "Just the thing for the easy-chair and the cozy chimney-corner when wife and daughters are by to toss its bright thoughts back and forth shuttlecock-wise!" And so it is. Its wit and anecdote, its happy reflections both grave and gay, its quaint moralizings and genial philosophizings, its spicy chats on art and literature, and its thoughtful society gossip, its crisp observations on men and manners, its cheery reminiscences and experiences, and its spirited brief descriptions, will insure it a welcome with all who are refined and intelligent enough to appreciate and enjoy it. We have credited this agreeable volume to Mr. William A. Hovey, the versatile editor of the Boston *Transcript*, since it is an open secret that it is made up from his contributions to the gossip column of that paper.

SEVERAL of the books for youthful readers published during the month are of unusual excellence, not only for their exterior and interior attractiveness, but also for the improving or refining qualities of their contents. Pre-eminent for merits of this sort is Mr. Lanier's arrangement, in consecutive form, under the title of *The Boy's Froissart*,[43] of the disconnected stories of the delightful old chronicler, whom the poet Gray was wont to style "the Herodotus of a barbarous age." The book is an enchanting one for boy or man, but trebly so for the lad who delights in tales of personal prowess, and whose imagination is captivated by stories of sallies and sieges, battles and tournaments. The pages of Froissart are a constantly shifting panorama, resplendent with the forms of lovely women and chivalric knights, and bustling with life and energy. In preparing the volume Mr. Lanier has scrupulously adhered to Froissart's own language, following the admirable translation by Thomas Johnes, with the exception of the single chapter describing the battle of Crécy, which he has transcribed from the picturesque version by Lord Berners.—Scarcely less enchanting than this fine old chronicle is a volume that Mr. Towle has added to his series of "Young Folks'

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[37] *The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral.* By JAMES MCCOSH, LL.D. 8vo, pp. 549. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[38] *Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation.* By JAMES MCCOSH, LL.D., and GEORGE DICKIE, A.M. 8vo, pp. 539. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[39] *The Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Investigated.* By JAMES MCCOSH, LL.D. 8vo, pp. 451. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[40] *An Examination of Mr. J. S. Mill's Philosophy.* Being a Defense of Fundamental Truth. By JAMES MCCOSH, LL.D. 8vo, pp. 470. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[41] *The Scottish Philosophy, Biographical, Expository, and Critical, from Hutcheson to Hamilton.* By JAMES MCCOSH, LL.D., D.D. 8vo, pp. 481. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[42] *Causerie.* From the Boston Evening Transcript. 18mo, pp. 203. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[43] *The Boy's Froissart.* Being Sir John Froissart's Chronicles of Adventure, Battle, and Custom in England, France, Spain, etc. Edited for Boys, with an Introduction by SIDNEY LANIER. 8vo, pp. 422. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Heroes of History," being an account of the life, adventures, perils, exploits, and discoveries of the intrepid Portuguese explorer Fernan Magellan,[44] in which he felicitously describes the incidents of the early youth as well as of the maturer age of the adventurous mariner. Besides being a captivating biography, the book interests the youthful reader in the new countries visited by the great navigator, familiarizes him with the customs, habits, and manners of their strange peoples, and gives him a clear idea of the extent of the geographical knowledge of those early times.—The early settlement of Virginia,[45] and the causes that led to it; the adventures of Captain John Smith, and the fortunes of the first colonists, and, incidentally, the life and character of Pocahontas; and the early wars of the Six Nations;[46] the border warfare of the Revolution; the history of the Iroquois; and the deeds of Brant and Red Jacket —form the subjects of two volumes compiled by Edward Eggleston and Miss Seelye with the design of attracting young people to the study of the early history of our country. Both are well adapted to this end. It is only just to add that although they are designed primarily for the entertainment and instruction of the young, they have been prepared with such strict regard to historical accuracy as to merit perusal by adults.—The subjects treated upon in a little volume entitled *First Lessons in Natural History and Language*[47] are so congenial to the tastes of children, and the entire performance is so replete with useful information as well as genuine entertainment, as to merit our emphatic commendation. The plan of the book is, in the first instance, to accompany pictures of the most common birds, quadrupeds, etc., with a series of simple oral or written exercises directing attention to their characteristic differences of form, habit, modes of life, etc., by this means training the pupil to cultivate habits of observation and discrimination, and helping him to lay up a basis of facts that will assist him to understand the classifications of natural history. After this he is made to assimilate and apply what he has learned, and is taught the art of expressing himself with grace and precision by being required to fill out the bare synoptical outlines which accompany the plates with words of his own that will give roundness to the style and completeness to the sense—in other words, to give his own interpretation of each picture in his own language. Although intended as an elementary school manual, the book is one that is peculiarly suitable for home and fireside teaching.—*The Serpent-Charmer*[48] is a fascinating book of travels, translated from the French of Louis Rousselot, which gives a vivid picture of India at the period of the Indian Mutiny, under the device of the imaginary wanderings of a youth whose father had been treacherously assaulted, his property destroyed, his people massacred, his daughter carried away captive, and himself left for dead, by Nana Sahib. The youth assumes the guise of a Hindoo, and passing as the son of a "Nât," or serpent-charmer, traverses India in the hope of rescuing his father and sister. In his wanderings he sees every phase of life in India, and the record of his adventures, which are ultimately crowned with success, comprises thrilling accounts of incidents of the Mutiny, together with graphic descriptions of the country and people.—Another pleasant juvenile derives its title, *An Involuntary Voyage*,[49] from the circumstance that a young Frenchman, who goes to Liverpool to see his friend off for America, is involuntarily carried to sea with him on an enforced voyage. He is afterward transferred from one ship to another, in the hope of getting back to France, but the fates are always adverse, and, much against his will, he is made to pursue his travels farther and farther from home. As the author carries his imaginary travellers from point to point, and from surprise to surprise, he cleverly interjects upon his narrative of their adventures useful bits of knowledge, geographical, nautical, and topographical, and interesting accounts of the countries they visited.—*Around the Yule-Log*[50] is the chronicle of the sayings and doings of five bright girls and as many clever and wide-awake boys, who are on a visit to the sea-side at Christmas. Assisted by their seniors, they tell stories and recite ballads, describing patriotic incidents in our colonial and Revolutionary history, and sprightly accounts are given of the sports and amusements by which they beguiled the intervals of their recitals.—Lovers of fairy lore will greatly enjoy Mr. J. Moyr Smith's spirited translations and equally spirited illustrations of the eight Scandinavian fairy legends that he has collected under the title *Tales of Old Thulê*.[51] The stories are genuine wonder-tales, in which fairies and brownies enable beautiful princesses and heroic princes to achieve magic results, through the agency of enchanted swords and magic shoes and gloves. Our young readers will recognize in one of the best of them—the legend of the Princess Rashycoat—another version of their old favorite, Cinderella.

[44] *Magellan; or, The First Voyage Round the World.* By George M. Towle. 12mo, pp. 281. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[45] *Pocahontas.* Including an Account of the early Settlement of Virginia, etc. By Edward Eggleston and Lillie Eggleston Seelye. 12mo, pp. 310. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[46] *Brant and Red Jacket.* Including an Account of the early Wars of the Six Nations, etc. By Edward Eggleston and Lillie Eggleston Seelye. 12mo, pp. 370. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[47] *First Lessons in Natural History and Language.* 16mo, pp. 165. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[48] *The Serpent-Charmer.* By Louis Rousselot. Translated by Mary de Hautville. With 68 Engravings. 8vo, pp. 294. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[49] *An Involuntary Voyage.* By Lucien Biart. Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 200. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[50] *Around the Yule-Log.* By Richard Markham. Illustrated. 4to, pp. 234. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[51] *Tales of Old Thulê.* Collected and Illustrated by J. Moyr Smith. 12mo, pp. 199. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of December.—The second session of the Forty-sixth Congress was begun December 1. President Hayes in his Message recommended the earliest practicable retirement of the legal-tender notes, and the maintenance of the present laws for the accumulation of a sinking fund sufficient to extinguish the public debt within a limited period. The laws against polygamy, he says, should be firmly and effectively executed. In the course of a lengthy discussion of the civil service the President declares that in his opinion "every citizen has an equal right to the honor and profit of entering the public service of his country. The only just ground of discrimination is the measure of character and capacity he has to make that service most useful to the people. Except in cases where, upon just and recognized principles, as upon the theory of pensions, offices and promotions are bestowed as rewards for past services, their bestowal upon any theory which disregards personal merit is an act of injustice to the citizen, as well as a breach of that trust subject to which the appointing power is held." The competitive system, where applied, has in various ways contributed to improve the public service. Considerable space is given in the Message to the condition of the Indians. The President recommends the passage of a law enabling the government to give Indians a title-fee, inalienable for twenty-five years, to the farm lands assigned to them by allotment. He also repeats the recommendation made in a former message that a law be passed admitting the Indians who can give satisfactory proof of having by their own labor supported their families for a number of years, and who are willing to detach themselves from their tribal relations, to the benefit of the Homestead Act, and authorizing the government to grant them patents containing the same provision of inalienability for a certain period.

Alexander Ramsey, of Minnesota, was nominated and confirmed as Secretary of War December 10.

The House, December 12, passed the Fortifications and Pension Appropriation bills, the former amounting to $375,000 and the latter to $32,404,000. On the 17th, the Military Academy Appropriation Bill, amounting to $314,919, was passed.

The Senate, on the 19th, appointed a committee of five to investigate the causes of the recent negro exodus from the South. On the same day a committee was appointed by the House to examine into the subject of an inter-oceanic ship-canal.

Congress took a holiday recess from December 19 to January 6.

General William Mahone was elected, December 16, United States Senator from Virginia, to succeed Senator Withers, whose term expires March 4, 1881.

Another attempt was made, December 21, near Moscow, to kill the Czar of Russia by blowing up the cars on which he was supposed to be travelling. Fortunately the conspirators by mistake destroyed the baggage train, and the royal party escaped.

Alfonso XII., King of Spain, and the Archduchess Marie Christine, of Austria, were married in Madrid November 29.

A new Spanish ministry was formed December 10, with Señor Canovas del Castillo as Premier.

A new Italian ministry was announced November 25, under the Presidency of Signor Cairoli.

The French Legislature met in Paris November 27, for the first time since 1870. M. Gambetta congratulated the House on the restoration to Paris of the legal title of the capital of France.—The Waddington ministry resigned December 21.

The Afghans have renewed the contest with the British, and at last accounts General Roberts had been driven from Cabool, after hard fighting.

The war in South America still continues. The Chilians followed the Peruvians and Bolivians to Iquique, and defeated them there, late in November, capturing the city, which the allies burned before abandoning it. The Chilians have also captured the Peruvian corvette *Pilcomayo*.

DISASTERS.

December 11.—Town of Red Rock, Pennsylvania, destroyed by fire.

December 2.—The steam-ship *Borussia*, of the Dominion and Mississippi Line, sank at sea. Two hundred lives lost.—Fire-damp explosion in Chemnitz, Saxony. Over seventy persons killed.

December 6.—Storm wave swept over Monkishkhal Island, Bay of Biscay, drowning several hundred persons.

December 9.—News of sinking of British steamer *Roscommon*, from Liverpool for Havana. Six of the crew drowned.

December 16.—Twelve men killed and eight wounded by an explosion of blasting material in a salt mine at Schwabischhall, Würtemberg.

OBITUARY.

November 30.—In Chicago, Illinois, General Jefferson C. Davis, in his fifty-second year.

December 10.—At Cambridge, Massachusetts, Dr. Enoch Cobb Wines, prison-reformer.

November 23.—At Madrid, Spain, the Countess de Montijo, mother of the ex-Empress Eugénie.

November 24.—In London, John Thaddeus Delane, late editor of the London *Times*, aged sixty-two years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE reception given to Bishop Potter at the Academy of Music on the 25th of November, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth year of his episcopate, called together an audience that filled all the seats and standing-room of the stage and auditorium. Crowds turned away who desired to get in, but "could not for the press." Apropos of this, a reverend gentleman near one of the doors, who was struggling for entrance, said, "The only propriety I can see in the selection of a theatre for such a reception consists in the fact that in the early ages of the Church the bishops were always *martyred* there."

ANOTHER reverend gentleman of this city, known alike for his wit and eloquence, alluding casually to the fact that a brother of Bishop Potter had been Bishop of Pennsylvania, and that the bright and genial rector of Grace Church, Dr. Henry C. Potter, had just narrowly escaped election to the see of New Jersey, remarked, "It would seem that *the American episcopate is really the Potters' Field.*"

"GRIM-VISAGED war hath smoothed his wrinkled front" in all campaigns, in every clime, by incidents fairly stuffed with humor. The last contribution comes from Zululand.

Sir Evelyn Wood, it seems, did not get on very well with his chaplain, and on one occasion got into a little conversation with him in which he did not come off first best.

"When are you going to leave us, Mr. ——?" asked the general.

"Oh, about the same time that you do yourself, I suppose," meekly answered the parson.

"Oh, I don't know so much about that," said Sir Evelyn, "for I want your tent, and I can't spare your rations much longer."

"Ah! but I want my tent myself, general, though I don't want spare rations."

"Yes, but you know mine is the 'flying column,' and I can't be expected to fly with a lot of parsons hanging on to my coat tails."

"Well, general, all I can say is that if you call seven miles and a half a day flying, I think I shall be able to keep up with you."

"That's all very well," said the general, a little nettled, "but I hear now that there's a Roman Catholic chaplain about to join us, and if he does, I declare I'll put him in your tent."

"If you do, I dare say I shall have sufficient strength to put him out again," meekly observed the parson, and so the interview ended.

JUDGE —— was a Louisiana judge who was never known to use the pronoun "I" after he was elevated to the bench. On one occasion he undertook to lecture an offender who was brought before his court while under the influence of liquor, and proceeded thus: "When this Court was a young man, it sometimes indulged in excessive drink, and, in consequence, nearly committed the crime of murder upon the Court's cousin. But the Court saw the error of its ways, reformed, became a respectable man, and was elected judge. This Court has no doubt whatever that if it had *not* reformed, the Court would long since have been in the penitentiary, or in its grave. Go you, Sir, and do likewise."

FOREIGN papers sometimes contain notices like the following, but this is the first instance we have observed in this country.

In the Titusville (Pennsylvania) *Herald* of November 24, 1879, is this editorial announcement:

THE LAST OF EARTH.

The last sad tribute that can be paid by the living to the dead was rendered over the remains of Mrs. —— at St. James's Memorial Church yesterday afternoon, the Rev. Henry Purdon officiating.

Two days later the same paper contained the following:

CARD OF THANKS.

ALSO, AN ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

TITUSVILLE, *November* 26.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Permit me through the columns of your paper to express my sincere thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who, by their unremitting attention and many acts of kindness toward my wife and myself during the former's recent illness, have placed me under great obligations to them.

I would also take this opportunity to state to the ladies of Titusville and vicinity that I will continue in the millinery business, and shall endeavor to keep a much more complete assortment of goods than even heretofore. I propose to offer every novelty and variety that the seasons can produce, at the lowest market prices.

THIS, from Utica, New York, is just a trifle out of the ordinary run of the doleful:

DIED—At Paris Hill, December 4, 1879, Katey Tormey, daughter of Patrick Tormey, in the 26th year of her age.

We laid Katie to rest in her rose-wood case,
That was frosted with silver and lined with lace;
A pillow of satin, with tassels of silk,
And silk fringes whiter than milk;
Folds of linen like snow-drifts
Over the bosom the breath mightn't lift;
White hands crossed that easy to show,
Hiding the heart that was broken below.

IN a certain college under Presbyterian auspices, not a hundred miles from New York, it is a rule that the students shall attend church at least once each Sunday, either in the college chapel, or some church in town which they shall designate, and for non-attendance satisfactory reasons must be given. Of course on Monday mornings, when these reasons are called for, much ingenuity and some fun are brought out. In one of these interviews Prof. L—— asked a student: "Mr. C——, where did you attend church yesterday?"

Mr. C—— replied, "The First Church, Sir."

The professor, looking a little surprised, said,

"Are you not aware, Mr. C——, that there was no service at the First Church yesterday?"

This was a poser, but was coolly met by, "I mean, professor, *the first church I came to.*"

A general laugh followed, and somehow the young gentleman got rescued.

THE humor of the war continues to crop out here and there, and is relished equally by the gray-coats and by those who wore the blue. For instance, here is good old Daniel S. Helton, a Baptist preacher of Roane County, Tennessee, eighty-eight years old. He had sixteen sons in the Union army and two in the Confederate, and thereupon becomes statistical by saying, "My sympathies were with the Union by fourteen majority." The computation seems to be charged with accuracy.

SOME very good things were said at the annual dinner of the St. Nicholas Society, of this city, in December last. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, one of the wittiest as well as one of the ablest of our speakers, was particularly

DECORATIVE HIGH ART.



Arabella falls in love with an antique set of fire-irons.



George gives her the set for a Christmas present. She then discovers it will look entirely out of place with their modern grate. So the grate is changed—



—into a fire-place. Of course it then becomes necessary to buy a few vases, jars, bric-à-brac, etc., in order to furnish and set off the fire-place.



Arabella then discovers that the whole effect is injured by their modern carpet. She explains to George that a hard-wood polished floor—



—is required to complete the effect. But the modern easy-chairs of course do not harmonize with the other effects; so they are changed for solid, stiff, antique chairs.

GEORGE. "But I miss the warm grate; the jars and



bric-à-brac are in the way; the polished floor is cold; and these horrid chairs are uncomfortable."

ARABELLA. "Uncomfortable! Why, George, you shouldn't think of that. You must remember these furnishings are *antique*, *artistic*, and FASHIONABLE."

bright, making the following statement among others of high historical interest: "The Dutchmen, when they landed in New York, did not, like those who landed on Plymouth Rock, wrest the soil from the hands of its owners. They paid twenty-four dollars for Manhattan Island, like honest men, and then played pitch-penny on the Battery with the Indians, and won it back. *These principles have been handed down to us.*"

THE late Senator Chandler had no special regard for the "newspaper man" who happened to ruffle his temper, and he had a way of expressing himself that was more nervous than elegant. One of these gentlemen had made himself so obnoxious to the Senator that he deemed it a duty to do something gory to him, and with that intent started for "Newspaper Row." Entering the office of one of the New York correspondents, he said:

"Where is ——? Is he around here?"

"No, Sir; his place is down town."

"Well, when you see him you may tell him I am looking for him; and when I find him I'm going to run this umbrella into him, *and open it.*" And he stalked out in hot pursuit.

IT was the Rev. Mr. Ten Broeck who, when elected by the laity and rejected by the clergy, was asked: If a man is "*Right* Reverend" who is wholly elected bishop, what is a man who is only half elected?

"The *Left* Reverend," was his witty reply.

LORD COLERIDGE, besides his great legal acquirements and judicial distinction, has, like Lord Selborne, the gift of music. He is president of the Bach Club, which comprises the selectest amateurs of London. He is also full of humor, and considerate, and even playful, to embarrassed witnesses. A young barrister had called a witness's attention to two contradictions in his testimony, one of which his own counsel showed was no contradiction at all. His lordship gave the young barrister a way of retreat out of his confusion by saying, "Never mind, Mr. ——; one of your barrels has missed fire, but the other has taken effect."

THE Rev. Mr. I—— is a very small man. He has a big heart and a large soul, but his body is diminutive. The Rev. Dr. S—— was opposing division of dioceses, on the ground that it would "necessitate taking very small men for the episcopate."

"Just the reason I am in favor of it," said I——, dryly.

All who know him will appreciate the joke.

AN admirer of the beautiful, *i. e.*, a gentleman who has read the Drawer for twenty years, and is *still living*, in Vermont, sends us this:

Democrats are the exception instead of the rule in Vermont, and it is unusual to see more than two or three gathered together. Widow —— has buried three husbands, all prominent Democrats. At the funeral of the last, many of the "unterrified" were in attendance, and as they were leaving the house a gentleman remarked, in an under-tone, "This looks like a Democratic State Convention."

The widow is soon to marry a fourth husband, who is also a noted Democrat, and as the

matter was being discussed recently, Jim ——, who is one of the "true blues," said: "Boys, this thing is getting serious: at this rate the widow will in a few years *ruin the Democratic party of Rutland County.*"

THE late Bishop Whittingham was not destitute of true humor. He once "brought down the house" at Convention by saying that he was continually in receipt of applications from Maryland vestries for clergy with very small families. "If this goes on," said he, "I shall expect before many years that no one may obtain a cure in my diocese unless he be a clergyman with a *very small appetite.*"

He used to cheer up his half-frightened candidates on examination by telling them of the deacon who read the closing verse of a certain chapter of the Acts: "And he spake unto them in the Hebrew tongue, saying, 'Here endeth the second lesson.'"

RIDING one day in the cars, Dean F. R. Milspaugh, who is of a very clean-cut, close-shaven, cassock-vested, spruce-looking style, was accosted by an Irishman: "Praste, Sur?"

"Yes," said the dean.

"*Catholic* praste, I mane?"

"Oh yes."

Not quite satisfied, he continued: "*Roman* Catholic praste?"

"No, *Sir*," said Dean M.

"Faith, Sur, and ye almost decaved me, ye look so like wan."

THAT little San Francisco boy was quite correct. He had been visiting some country cousins, who had a fine Gordon setter dog. Willie, who had apparently failed to win the dog's friendship, gave as a reason that "dere was too many boys on dat farm, and not enough dorg."

THE Rev. Mr. —— was travelling somewhere in what was then the West. He fell in with a French Roman Catholic priest. Our parson spoke of *his* Church as the Catholic Church, and the Frenchman spoke of *his* as the Catholic Church. Some confusion of ideas naturally followed. At last said the polite Romanist: "Vat veel ve do? I tell you. Ve veel say *my* Catolic Shurch, and *your* Catolic Shurch." And they did, much to mutual amusement.

THE encouraging and ever-popular bean, whether boiled, baked, or porridged, is thus alluded to by a correspondent at Lakeville, Connecticut:

"A family residing in the city were visited by relatives residing some distance off. One of the visitors remarked that there had been a great quantity of bean porridge made in his mother's family; 'enough,' said he, 'to float a 74-gun ship. Don't you think so, Uncle John?'—appealing to one of his relatives.

"'Yes, yes,' replied that uncle; 'and the ship could float twenty-four hours and not hit a bean.'"

A NEW ENGLAND contributor sends the following epitaphs taken from grave-stones in a cemetery in the northeastern part of Connecticut:

Shed not the tear for Simon Ruggle,
For life to him was a constant struggle;
He preferred the tomb and death's dark gate
To managing mortgaged real estate.

Here lies the body of little Jane,
Who ran off slyly and played in the rain,
Got cold, had the measles, they struck inside,
And in less than four short days she died.
With tears her parents sprinkled her grave;
Fresh water killed her, salt tears won't save;
But cheer up, parents, she's gone before
Where chicken-pox and measles attack us no more,
Where the sun shines ever on streets of gold,
And there's no possible chance of taking cold.

PARSON B—— lived a few miles "out" on the road running from a certain elm-bowered city of Maine to a small manufacturing village just beyond. The parson was known as the embodiment of oddities and quiddities, and also as a very convenient resort when one of the city pulpits needed a "short-notice" supply, and the village of Sacarappa had a reputation, equally well established, for manners and morality for which ungodliness was a gentle term.

One Sunday morning the parson was suddenly summoned to fill the "crack" pulpit of the city, its own divine being unexpectedly detained away from home. Hastily snatching a sermon from the pile, he put it in his pocket, mounted his high-hipped nag, and was off.

It was a bright October morning, and the keen air had put life into the parson's veins and oratory into his soul. Warming at every sentence of his discourse, he poured forth a rising flood of rebuke, exposure, warning, and condemnation such as might well stir the souls of any company of sinners to their depths.

But as the climax was reached and the conclusion drew near, the parson began to recollect himself. This was no company of sinners. These were the "first circles" of P——, aristocrats in velvet and silk; their church had the tallest steeple and the handsomest front in town, and their minister commanded a higher salary than any other church in Maine could raise.

The parson felt a blush stealing to his cheek. He hurried through his sermon, closed it, and reached uncomfortably for the hymn-book; then, with a quick little movement, he wheeled about, and cocking his wizened face to one side, piped out, in his queer, high-pitched voice: "I hope no one in the audience will take offense at any remarks offered in my address this morning. I was sent for in great haste, had no time to make a selection, and *the truth is*, this sermon never was written to come in here; it *was written for Sacarap' folks.*"

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLVIII.—MARCH, 1880.—Vol. LX.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF ITALIAN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

MODERN taste ignores almost entirely the old creative, æsthetic, instructive, and religious aspects of art, and confines itself to bare naturalism or its counterfeit, genre and still-life being the favorite forms. Even the Renaissant decorative art, so richly imaginative in details and effects, has died out like the others. Thus it happens that our present art, in ideas, limitations of motives, and creative choice, has fallen into a narrow mental rut, despising its old birthright of a suggestive world of its own, and using nature as its servant. Instead of being self-poised, the law giver and maker in its own kingdom, it looks up to nature as its master, and is vain of its position as a faithful imitator and scholar; or, at the best, a kind of Kindergarten object-teacher, in place of being prophet and ruler in a dominion of its own. The intellectual gulf that separates an Albert Dürer, not to speak of a Buonarotti, from a Meissonier, is an immense one; but it is the measure of the distance the nineteenth century is behind the sixteenth in the higher phases of art.

On the other hand, it has done good service in opening men's eyes to the manifold beauties of the natural world, and inspiring them with a wholesome love of it. A few master-hands interpret it in a broad, subjective way, as the material reflection of a divine power, whilst others have enlarged and deepened the scope of human sympathies in depicting the less fortunate sons of toil, and brought them into nearer relationship to the more favored ones of earth. Art that presents humanity in its lowly aspects, helping forward the recognition of the solidarity of human beings as mutually self-helping children of one Father, whose bounties and blessings all equally crave, is a high as well as fine art. If there be less faith in modern than in old art, there is in it



"MADONNA AND CHILD."—[MORELLI.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

an incipient conscience that may in time guide it to great ends. Its prevailing sentiment, however, is purely materialistic—too content to dwell on things of time and sense in a superficial, external style, finding its chief triumphs in clever paintings of archæological details, costumes, stuffs, and the accessories that make up a brilliant or entertaining eye-tableau.

I do not quarrel with this, for it is a stepping-stone to an art which shall finally better express the idealisms, the poetry, the faith, and the facts of humanity on a broader, loftier plane, with more of divine truth and inspiration, than any preceding art. We must accept the art of the present age in its inchoate condition, impregnated as it is with a reactionary indifference and disbelief in old faiths and ideas, skeptical of all transcendentalisms, and delighting in common things, vulgar somewhat and boastful, priding itself on its dainty touch and infinite curiosity, a keen, gossip-eyed, plain-talking, panoramic art, garrulous and parrot-like, seldom vexing its brain with the psychological or æsthetical phenomena of life allegories or problems, theological or otherwise, as did the old masters.

The traditions and methods of the old schools have had always a deeper foothold in Italy than elsewhere. Nevertheless, the spirit of the new departure in art has obtained the full ascendency even here, although it is influenced in some degree by the examples and standards of the ancient masters. There are still left some theoretical followers of the classical Academicians, accomplished artists after the Benvenuto style, but modifying it with the vigorous naturalism of the period. Professors Ussi and Cassioli are eminent examples of this species of art-eclecticism, and well sustain the reputation of the school of historical art in Italy. I shall, however, confine my remarks to a few distinguished artists of the new departure, as representing its technical and psychological extremes, and showing the drift of the present current.

Beginning with Southern Italy, Morelli is the strongest type of the feeling and manner which characterized the school of Naples in the works of Spagnoletto and his followers, combined with an originality and individuality which, in audacity, strength, and breadth of composition, place him quite on their artistic level. He seems also much in sympathy with them in the quality of his choice and motives, discarding their ruffian-like satisfaction in savage torture and blood-shedding for their own sake. His coloring is less sombre, more diaphanous and brilliant, and were he located in Paris, would give him a superiority over those artists who compose in his vein, but share in the French deficiency as colorists. The "Madonna and Child" and the "Women at the Sepulchre" are pertinent examples as to how a modern master, yielding to the exigencies of patrons, and still influenced by the traditions of the past, treats sacred topics, for which he has a painter's taste to make a picturesque composition only as his guide, with entire neutrality of feeling as to the sentiment, beyond other desire than an effective naturalism in accordance with the demands of the age. Mary and her child are simply a modern version of Gentile da Fabriano, a Crivelli, or a Bellini, gracefully posed and placed, with a passable choice of models for both, making, with the rich architectural throne and the flowers, a pleasing group, but with no divine significance other than the associations which belong to their names. They lack the solid, careful execution of the Venetian and Umbrian schools, but display freedom and gracefulness of touch, and a playful naturalness of manner in the baby, which contrasts somewhat inharmoniously with the seeming drowsiness of the mother in her studied position.

The "Women at the Sepulchre" is even more sketchily done. It is a purely naturalistic composition, with an appropriate dramatic sentiment—Jerusalem in the distance, the sepulchre near by, but unseen, and the interest concentrated in the groups of mourners, whose unexaggerated grief tells a tale of sorrow, although there is nothing except the name of the picture to connect it distinctively with Calvary itself, or give it any religious character. It might be a company of Eastern women of any time bewailing their lost ones, or mourning for the desolation of Sion.

In the "Temptation of St. Anthony," Morelli concentrates the strong points and defects of his own genius and of his school. As a masterpiece of modern art-sensualism of extraordinary inventive power, broad but subtle touch, rich coloring, striking qualities of light and shadow, and harmonious centring of effective mysterious de-

tails in the plainest possible pictorial speech, with a subdued vigor that quietly goes directly to its point, and tells the story just as it was interpreted by the brain of the artist, with its finely graduated climax of unmitigated, coarsest sensualism, without equivocation, this painting is a representative one, as much admired for its truthful naturalness by some as condemned by others for its wrongful rendering of the supposititious scene.

Ever since Italy was colonized by the Greeks in the south, and the Etruscans in the more northern provinces, artists have been a numerous and important class, even when ranked socially no higher than workmen. Until the very recent period of Italian unification, those marked distinctions of local styles and methods which characterized its mediæval and later art survived with more or less variation and rivalry. Now, however, with the obliteration of provincial costumes and political jealousies, these differences have mostly disappeared. In art, as in fashions of dress, in politics, and trade, there is a growing unity of ideas and solidarity of interests and ambitions throughout the peninsula, developing a national school permeated by cosmopolitan ideas and motives, and greatly influenced by the more advanced technique and methods of other countries, but chiefly France. Emancipated from its old domestic and foreign tyrants and fragmentary existence, in art as in all else, Italy is embarking on the broader currents of life which form modern progress, and losing her special peculiarities, variety, and force of home characteristics, but gaining in freedom of thought, versatility of cultivation, and the wholesome consciousness, for the first time in its art experience, that it has something to learn from as well as to teach its neighbors. While its history, climate, natural features, and old art remain what they are, Italy must continue to be the world's central point of inspiration and instruction in all fundamental things belonging to art, and scholars and amateurs, who agree on nothing else, will confess the necessity of going to her for a perfect comprehension of the highest standards of æsthetic means, motives, possibilities, and achievements. On the other hand, by breaking the old fetters of academic routine and effete ideas and practice, and accepting the spirit of the new phases of art knowledge and topics, Italy puts herself on a par, in opportunity, with the rival nations about her, with the probability that she will surpass them, as heretofore, in virtue of her longer art-life, profounder inbred æsthetic experiences, spontaneous artistic proclivities, superior instincts of color, design, and invention—in short, her native disposition for fine art. All this, joined to equal skill and knowledge of the new tools, methods, and facilities of other peoples, now temporarily in advance in some features, may restore to her before long the old supremacy in these matters. For the moment Italy is in an incipient transition period, just opening her eyes to her new liberties and opportunities, and willingly going to school to her late enemies and long-while conquerors.

In criticising the present art of Italy, the peculiar mingling of its old and new life in the development of fresh forms under foreign influences, some purely artistic, others commercial, should be kept in mind in order to fairly appreciate its practical effects. As she becomes cosmopolitan in circumstances and feelings, Italy subjects herself more than heretofore to the general rules of trade. Regulating her art supply in accordance with the demand, she caters to the tastes of others, instead of being solely guided by her own higher creative instincts. America, being her best customer, influences the quality of her art productions more than any other nation. For the present the effect is not a happy one, because it virtually subjects the best-instructed and most sensitive people in art to the crude caprices and conceits of the most callous and ignorant, speaking generically. But so long as Italy can maintain her supremacy in the chief art materials, in cheap skilled workmanship, facility of invention and adaptation to foreign wants, and keep good her ranks of accomplished artists, she must be a great exporter of art, and a serious competitor of all schools outside of her limits.

Florence having become one of the chief seats of the new movement, it will suffice to describe some of its features and works of its leaders to get an idea of the whole. An effective agent of the renewed vitality is the "Società Artistica," an art company, which has erected an edifice that is managed by artists themselves. It consists of a central building divided into commodious studios, the chief feature,



"BOY AND HIS PETS."—[G. CHIERICI.]

however, being a series of well-lighted galleries where the artists place their works for exhibition and sale, fixing their own prices, and paying a commission to the art company. The direction frequently encourages young men by buying their works on the easel, and taking on themselves the risk of a market. By having a convenient locality, free of expense, for exhibition, close to their studios, permanently open, the artists are stimulated and benefited by reciprocal comparisons and professional criticisms. They lose no time by inquisitive visitors, whilst the latter are freed from embarrassing visits to them, and can at their ease examine the works of all specialties and degrees of talent in competitive juxtaposition, without being subjected to the sophistical persuasions of interested dealers, the direct intervention of their authors, or other bias than their own individual tastes and judgments. This system, still in its infancy, is susceptible of much improvement, by being made even more co-operative, so that all interested might become stockholders, provide a magazine and store of the art properties needed in their profession, and materials of best quality, which could be hired or bought at low tariff rates, and the profits, rents of studios, and commissions on sales be returned to them in stock dividends. This would cheapen pictures, and bring them more within the average means of the cultivated classes, make artists their own business agents directly or by election, and could be the source of accumulating a species of insurance fund against the casualties of their lives and calling. However this might prove, the system as it is has helped to attract to Florence a numerous colony of artists of different nations, who occupy new studios built in the immediate vicinity of the parent building, and constitute a rising local school, with several eminent chiefs that have already won distinction in Paris, Vienna, and London.

Professor Gaetano Chierici is already favorably known in America, where many of his works have gone. He early struck an attractive vein of what may be called domestic genre, taking for his special topic the unsophisticated peasant life of Tuscany, which he illustrates with remarkable accuracy of design, local knowledge, and delightful sentiment, mingled with a nice perception of the humorous. Its phases are delineated with a picturesque

truthfulness of composition and sincerity of feeling that vividly characterize the phenomena of human nature in a very interesting, shrewd, independent, contented class of people, whose courteous, unembarrassed manners, democratic frankness, and pure use of their native tongue are very attractive to foreigners who have an opportunity to know them in their own homes.

Chierici's selection of motives, style, and balance of composition are artistically felicitous, as well as happy episodes of character. They are eloquent in those touches of heart that make men of all ranks akin, and render his pictures popular even with those who care but little for such topics in general. He is so successful in vitalizing the changes of scene and expression, which he rings on a very limited gamut of homely personages, places, and accessories, as to avoid tiresome reiteration. A fresh, agreeable phase of humble humanity is evoked at each successive effort of his pencil. Genre painting like this, which uses the material, accidental, and common only as a background of the never-dying human affections and aims, keeping the soul uppermost in action in all things, and putting dumb and perishable things in their proper relation to the imperishable, endowing the human figure with genuine emotions, however low in the scale of human destiny, becomes a fine art but one degree less important or interesting than the purely historical and dramatic, which deals exclusively with the great events and struggles of life. The "Baby's Bath" and the "Boy and his Pets," both graphic pictures of the interiors of Tuscan farm households, fairly represent his average compositions and design.

Unhappily Chierici's color is not equal to his design, for it is coarse, positive, muddy. Although strong in emphasis, and full of light, it is wanting in quiet, rich tone, harmonious balance, gradation, and unity. Ponderously realistic, in the most matter-of-fact sense, it has no subjective, æsthetic, subduing, or subtle choice to meet the finer senses of those whose acutest enjoyment of painting lies in the suggestive mysteries and diaphanous harmonies of warm-toned colors interblending into one beautiful whole. Chierici's deficiency, however, would not be much felt in France, England, or America, where he would stand in the use of his palette on a level with the average painter, but it is uncomfortably apparent aside of the best Italian and Spanish colorists. His distinguishing merit lies in an unexaggerated, artistic, objective seizing of the happiest movements and expressions of his subjects, without any idealistic sentiment or sacrifice of the actual fact to æsthetic demands, telling his story neatly and clearly, and keeping the attention fixed on the main point, while introducing a pleasing variety of side detail.

We now come to three Florentine masters of a higher order of genre, bordering on historical painting, searching the most brilliant periods of the Renaissance for subjects, and choosing them more in regard to picturesque effects of costumes, accessories, and action than to any special sentiment or event. Their aim is not creative, suggestive, idealistic, or even historically illustrative, but simply pictorially entertaining and descriptive. They strive to push workmanship to its finest point of material verity of imitation and substantial rendering of the various qualities of things by a commingled subtlety and strength of touch, studying everything closely from nature, at the same time seeking variety in character and composition. All three manifest the influence exercised by Meissonier, Gérôme, and Fortuny, or their contemporaries, chiefly because of their commercial success. Unlike the latter trio, however, they are *painters* in the best sense of color, for they make it their supreme vehicle, and have inherited the traditions and practice of the old Venetians and Flemings fused into one system of harmonious, rich, solid, brilliant painting, with accurate design and masterly gradation of light and shade. These three men are F. Vinea, Tito Conti, and Eduardo Gelli, still young in years, and thus far prone to topics that bear the stamp of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: rollicking blades in gay doublets and lace collars, with feathered slouching hats, trailing swords, long stockings, and curling locks—cavaliers of the Charles II. pattern; Renaissant lords, ladies, courtiers, and attendants, with backgrounds of feudal or palatial architecture, and furniture of the most aristocratic types; high-bred animals, festive maids, guzzling monks, or whatever else will help make up a tableau that has no other *raison d'être* than the painter's fancy of

the moment, backed by a well-stored studio of artistic properties and suitable models conveniently at command. The drawback of this kind of art is that we may get too much of one thing, model or incident; but as the foundation of a thorough technique for loftier motives, it is an invaluable preparation.

topics that delight in glancing bits of contrasting color and action, and bric-à-brac displays. His coloring is rich and sparkling, but not always in complete harmony or balance, the effect as a whole being sacrificed to some part, which becomes unduly emphasized. There would appear to be no absolute standard of finish for the whole



"THE SOLDIER'S VOWS."—[F. VINEA.]

Vinea's touch is sharp and true, vibrating between highest finish and a somewhat careless drag, but solid, and effecting precisely his aim. In some heads it would seem as if minute painting and characterization, broadly, incisively done, could go no farther. His sentiment is unrefined and extremely realistic, going, like his strokes of brush, without equivocations or apologetic disguises, directly to his point. In composition his range is limited and studio-nurtured—mainly free and jovial work, for it is apt to challenge internal comparisons by inequalities of execution. Throughout all, however, there is a Rembrandtish play of light and shade, mingled with a magnificence of color that few artists, if any, surpass.

Tito Conti has more refinement and a higher artistic culture. His best pictures are marvels of exquisite coloring, in harmonious relation of parts to wholes, and of skill of composition and drawing, with the faculty of making even trivial acts and



"THE HEALTH OF THE BAR-MAID."—[TITO CONTI.]

things interesting. So perfect is Conti's painting of tapestried backgrounds, ornate furniture, and elaborate details, with such a delicate sparkle and suffusion of colors, clearness, and transparency of shadows, and gradations of half-tints, so lucidly bright and reposeful the whole, that his work suggests in technique what Giorgione's must have been when fresh from the easel, with this difference: often Conti's accessories are so admirably executed that the attention is more riveted on them than on the chief motive. He paints too well for his subject. If his creative faculty were equal to his execution, he would be, perhaps, the first painter of the day; certainly behind none other.

The observations on the coloring and design of Vinea and Conti apply with equal pertinency to Gelli, the youngest of the three. Since coming from Lucca to Florence he has been greatly influenced by Conti's system and methods. He is endowed by nature with so wonderful a facility of design and keen sense of color that he composes his pictures directly from his head, after deciding on the general idea, without previously making cartoons or studies, drawing them rapidly on the canvas with his brush, finishing each portion as he goes on, but scraping out and changing until it pleases him, and never beginning a new subject until the one in hand is done. This is a dangerous facility, and in less scrupulous hands might lead to unequal and careless work. But as with Gelli every effort is a study for something superior in the next, his progress has been surprisingly rapid. Fortunately his theory of painting is not narrowed to the materialistic limitations of the Meissonier school of genre. To consummate manipulation he adds a refined selection and treatment of motives with acute characterization. Still, he is in full sympathy with the spirit of the day, painting directly from fact and nature, with but a scanty recognition of idealism or beauty, for its own sake, as the chief aim of art. If no great original school can spring from a too restricted imagination, in its place there may be a more popular, because a more intelligible, art to the multitude, with equal technical skill, more direct imitation of nature, and within its limitations abounding in pleasing sentiment and character.

Gelli's intellectual range, subtle humor, and general refinement of style, added to his technical skill, seem likely to place him at the head of his school of genre, and possibly, as his power increases, to make him the chief of the picturesque-historical, which is the highest

manifestation of painting, with but scanty exception, of our time. As Colonel T. A. Scott, of Philadelphia, Colonel Le G. B. Cannon, of New York, and N. S. Benton, Esq., of Chicago, have taken several of Gelli's pictures to America this year, the public may have an opportunity of verifying how far my encomiums are deserved. Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, the accomplished water-colorist, remarked, on seeing some of the pictures bought by the above connoisseurs, that Gelli's works were destined to take as high a position as those of Fortuny or Meissonier in the market, and the amateur would be fortunate who could secure one. She knew no more promising artist in London or Paris. We may safely trust the fortunes of the resuscitated painting of Italy in the hands of the remarkable artists whom I have characterized, representing as they do numerous others scarcely less promising, but whose works I can not now notice, as the remaining space must be given to Italian sculpture.

This continues in the same active condition and favor that it has enjoyed for more than two thousand years. It is the popular, intuitive art inherited from Grecian and Etruscan ancestry, strengthened by Roman fashion of cosmopolitan acceptance of foreign arts and mythologies, deepened by the Lombard bizarre passion of prolific stone-cutting, and the traditions and tenets of mediæval Christianity, which found their freest expression in carvings in every possible material in the service of religion and honor of men. Under every change of faith, government, and conditions of life, Italy has kept vigorously alive its national predilections for plastic forms, modifying them from time to time by new ideas and the creative genius of rare masters. Whatever else languishes in Italy, money is always to be found for busts, statues, and monuments of her illustrious sons, or for the sculpturesque decoration of public and private edifices. True, painting has liberally shared the popular favor, but always in degree subordinate to sculpture architecturally and decoratively. Its severer limitations also gave the law to painting; for until a recent period many of the specific effects and details of the latter were subjected to those æsthetic rules of composition which, while imperative as regards fine art in sculpture, because of its less manageable and more ponderous materials, in practice were uncalled for in painting. The labor of a few minutes in gradations of tints and contrasts of light and shade was capable of imitations of minute form and particulars in nature, or creations of imagination, which no manipulations of solid materials, however skillful and elaborate, could do more than merely suggest. Consequently sculpture rightly was restricted by legitimate artistic expediency and physical laws in its choice and enterprises, when painting was not only free to act, but prompted to variety of detail by reason of its more flexible and imitative vehicles. The one was positively abstract, symbolical, intellectual, ideal, and spiritual, by the constitution of its concrete means; in no sense deceptively realistic, sensual, or even imitatively sensuous, but narrowed in action and sphere by its resisting substances, which law of substance the keen, appreciative intellect of Greece early made a fundamental æsthetic principle of its art, whilst perhaps inadequately recognizing the greater natural freedom of painting, with its liberty of brush to represent not only all that the chisel properly could do, but infinitely more, on the lower and more practical plane of simple realism. Hence the ancients in applying to painting somewhat of the restrictions of its sister art, cramped its action, and hampered it with limitations not its own.

This æsthetic conservatism was adopted by classical Italy, although tempered in part by the native Etruscan fondness for the more naturalistic representation of forms and things, and the less cultivated national taste, which found its artistic culmination finally in the bronze doors of Ghiberti at Florence. Even these show severe plastic restraint in comparison with the meretricious license of to-day, which, after having overthrown the lawful barriers that separate carving from painting, seizes on the motives and domain of the latter, and attempts by rival sleight of hand to execute in hard, resisting substances those subjects which belong exclusively to the pictorial branch of art.

The decadence of sculpture as high art has been largely promoted by the debased taste of foreigners, who are captivated by the cheapness and dexterity with which Italian artisans can copy any trivial object, or the ready invention of artists in rendering in marble or metal pantomime the silliest, commonest, or most complicated human action, partly perhaps by de-



"THE LADIES OF THE QUEEN."—[E. GELLI.]

light in the comical, grotesque, and superficial, and with Americans, their instinctive preference of form to color, which is the right beginning but wrong ending of taste. All this, and the current senseless prejudices against the old masters of painting, have caused to flourish commercially in Italy a school of picture-statuary, or sculpture gone mad, which is the delight of eye of the uncultivated multitude, disposed to enjoy it as they would the feats and jests of the circus, or the action of low comedy.

There still live in Italy artists to whom sculpture is a serious, noble profession, and ideal form of highest abstract beauty and symbolism their living inspiration. But they starve, while vulgar, petty, or pseudo-pretty realism thrives. Sculpture shops now are crammed with the most extravagant devices to attract novices in art. Suffice it to name a few to indicate how low the spirit of the profession has fallen in catering to ignorance and sensational desire. We see groups of Raphael toying with the charms of a mistress-model, intended doubtless for the much-maligned Fornarina—a contemptible libel on both him and his noble art; infantile girls in ball costumes and masks aping old coquettes; also in full promenade dress, gloves, laces, flounces, fans, jewels, and parasol, flirting with dandyish boys of similar mature years. I note one overtaken by a gust of wind, which sends her skirts wildly flapping about her tiny, shrinking person; laces, ribbons, and finery torn and streaming in whirling confusion, the parasol rent and turned inside out, hair blown over her face, as with angry, tearful eyes she makes a frantic effort to avoid exposure and arrest damages. Wonderfully delicate carving of translucent marble is this tomfoolery, I admit, as fragile almost as blown glass—cunning, difficult workmanship, but frivolous, tricky sculpture.

There are also babies in basket-cages playing with birds, or in impotent rage because they can not reach some coveted object; mournful babies, with broken dishes and spilled food, which sly kittens are stealing and eating to the tune of their cries. But enough! These and congenial marble toys are becoming as common as swimming and talking dolls, with this lamentable difference, that they are made for the edification of grown men and women. There is a harmless absurdity in some of this genre, incongruous sculpture, which protects it from serious criticism. And if there be any class of people incapable of admiring sculpture for any higher qualities than imbecile tricks of fancy and dexterity of chisel, there is no law to compel them. Indeed, some of the picture motives and inventions are healthfully amusing or emotional, but there are

none that might not be much more efficiently and easily executed in their own proper mediums of design and color.

The old painters were frequently so sculpturesque in their compositions that they afford pleasing and graceful groups for the copyists in marble. This is particularly the case with Raphael, whose pictorial Madonnas and Bambinos are now used by sculptors as models instead of living ones, especially the Tribune Cardellino, and the Gran Sisto of Dresden. Now it would seem likely that painters must soon go to the sculptors for their subjects.

Turning to original work of distinctive character, a statuette by Signor Gori, of Florence, merits notice. It is called "Senza Lavoro" (without work), and represents a tall, strong man in the prime of life, of good brain and features, seated, with his unkempt head bowed in reverie, a picture of pathetic misery. There is no ferocious despair in his pinched countenance and sunken eyes gazing into vacancy, no appeal for alms, no gleam of vindictiveness because of his unmerited wretchedness, but a touching consciousness of his utter inability to contend longer against the inevitable, with a forlorn resignation to the worst. His shrunken but still robust limbs, patched clothes, respectable in their decay, tell of a hard-fought battle against want, and an honest willingness and capacity of toil. The severe, truthful realism of this well-modelled figure, with its sincere sentiment, mutely but eloquently appealing to the brotherhood of all men, raises it to the level of fine art, and sanctifies it to all time.

Of a far different character is a work by E. Gallori, portraying a weather and vice battered toper in dirt-stiffened garments, leaning on a Tuscan wine barrel, supporting his deeply furrowed cheeks on his claw-like clinched fists. One eye has been knocked in or out; the other is bleary, askew, and deep-buried in unwholesome flesh; the hair, beard, and mustache look like the stubble of a reaped field; the vein-swollen, sun-baked skin is broken up by heavy wrinkles, and tight drawn over big brutal joints; whilst his open mouth, holding on to a clay pipe, and showing only two remaining teeth, unites with his squinting eye in a malevolent leer, which animates his entire repulsive countenance. The composition is done with a skill and sincerity which proclaim the unmitigated delight of the author in his dirty work. But it is an artistic apotheosis of the vilest realism, of whatever is most carnally disgusting and degrading in humanity, insolently flung into the face of the public, as if to say: "Behold the new art of the period! Like it or not, you shall have nothing else from me!" And Gallori, in his "Nerone," a statue of heroic size, shows to what extent genius—for he has genius—can be misled into evil by a sophistical passion and theory of art, which, banishing all guidance of the beautiful, or ennobling and purifying sentiments, riots in organic ugliness and whatever is low and pernicious, under pretense of natural truth.

As a statue Nero is splendidly modelled, posed, and draped for the chosen motive. The emperor is costumed as a Roman actress in one of the parts he played in the maddest period of his cruelty and debauchery. The lineaments are those of a handsome man, inflamed by every conceivable vice and crime, but with an abounding intellect steeped in fiendish lechery and self-conceit. His form is masked in sumptuous female apparel, with every effeminate adornment of toilet, jewelry, and alluring artifice then in fashion, or that the brain of the simpering, leering counterfeiter of the other sex, with mirror in one hand, and dainty twist and pose of his heavy body and naked neck and arms, could conceive; the sinister gleam of his watchful eyes boding vengeance to any doubter of the reality of his painted and shaven charms, or who does not admire his acting as much as he does himself. In his worst moments Nero doubtless was the revolting monster the sculptor has made him; but such art, like public executions, only helps men to keep on the downward track of life, and stimulates and familiarizes in the human heart the very passions it seeks to forcibly portray, under pretense of reforming it by truthfully displaying human nature.

The "Dying Mozart," by Carnielo, just purchased by the French government for the Conservatory of Music, at Paris, is another instance of realism pushed to extreme, but in a less original manner, with no objectionable features other than those which are natural to the unæsthetic mode of treating the topic. Instead of spiritualizing the phenomena, and making material details simply subservient and sug-

gestive, Carnielo has given with painful accuracy the figure of a young man who has just died of consumption, and fallen back in a large arm-chair, with one hand lying on a sheet of music, and his head deep sunk in a voluminous pillow. There is nothing ecstatic or painful in the features. They are not placidly peaceful, but seem somewhat apprehensive, and, with the attenuated, well-modelled limbs, no doubt correctly represent the average appearance of the several dying youths whose death-beds Carnielo closely watched in the Florentine hospitals as studies for his subject. The accessories of dressing-gown, chair, and other details are so chose plastic form for a subject which, as treated, could have been much more effectively and naturally rendered by painting.

The clew to Carnielo's practice becomes even more apparent in his models for sepulchral monuments, now much in vogue in cemeteries like that at Genoa, to record the grief of the wealthy, fashionable classes. They are in the form of sarcophagi, with figures of the dead lying on them, and living relatives kneeling beside, dressed in the latest styles, the men with fashion-plate cut of clothes, canes, etc., and the women in Worth's dresses and long trains gracefully flowing from their bent

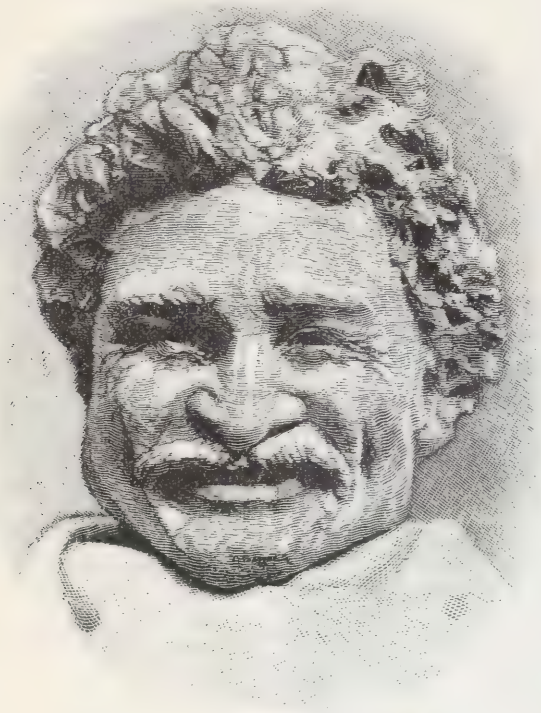


THE TOPER, BY E. GALLORI.

elaborately wrought and cumbersome in treatment as to interfere with the main point, whilst the material phenomena of emaciation and death are even more emphasized; so that, although the sentiment is pure and the treatment refined, unless the spectator evokes in his own brain the scene and sentiments supposable at the death of Mozart, he gets little else in looking at this statue than an idea of the external circumstances attending the decease of a nameless mortal, with no special call on his sympathies or imagination. Its chief satisfaction is felt in the ability shown in overcoming the material difficulties, and he wonders why the artist persons, so beautifully fitting and skillfully wrought, and so suggestive of the pomps and vanities of life, that one marvels greatly what such lay figures have to do with the dead.

Signore S. Albano, a native of the Abruzzi, thirty years of age, as sturdy and strong of physique as one of his native oaks, is a new prolific master in sculpture, who seems to unite in himself much of the spirit of the old schools with the feeling and ambitions of the new. Although born in a poor mountain hamlet, where there was no art whatever to inspire him, he early manifested a disposition to model and carve. This bias, with his pertinacious

will, soon attracted notice, and obtained for him the coveted opportunities of instruction, of which he made such good use that in a short time he has been enabled to mount one of the largest and most attractive studios in Florence, and win for himself an extended reputation



ALBANO'S CARICATURE OF HIMSELF.

as an artist of exceptional versatility and fertility of invention, a remarkable capacity of execution, and a surprising ability for continuous, rapid work, strong or delicate. In two sittings only Albano models a spirited, characteristic bust, producing a striking likeness, and embodying the salient traits of the sitter. His muscles are almost Herculean in structure, so that the severest labor seems mere play to him. Frequently, instead of the ordinary tools, he makes direct use of his broad thumb in shaping the clay, literally feeling his way continuously, as it were, by rapid touches which respond magnetically to the model before him, or to the idea in his brain, with a creative energy and facile delicacy of manipulation that must be seen to be fully appreciated. In the mechanical as well as the ideal phases of his profession he is ingenious and varied in power, with equal facility and appreciative thought making use of idealistic or realistic and even humorous motives, seeking to meet all tastes, omnivorous in selection, but swerving overmuch in his own particular fancy toward the meretricious-ornate of the modern school, and its petty artifices of execution in details, such as chiselled eyelashes and exaggerated cuttings for greater emphasis of shadow, etc., thus ignoring the best examples of classical and mediæval art as to a broad simplicity of suggestion. Instead, he leans evidently in his taste to wax-work-like attempts at absolute imitation in some details. Albano's work occasionally is too hastily composed and executed, and consequently of unequal merit. The critic detects incongruities and crudities, a disposition to the commonplace, artificial, and sensational, amid statuary of a high standard of thought and finish, displaying marked genius. There is still too much of the shop mingled with the studio, salesman with the artist, for Albano to do complete justice to his highest powers.

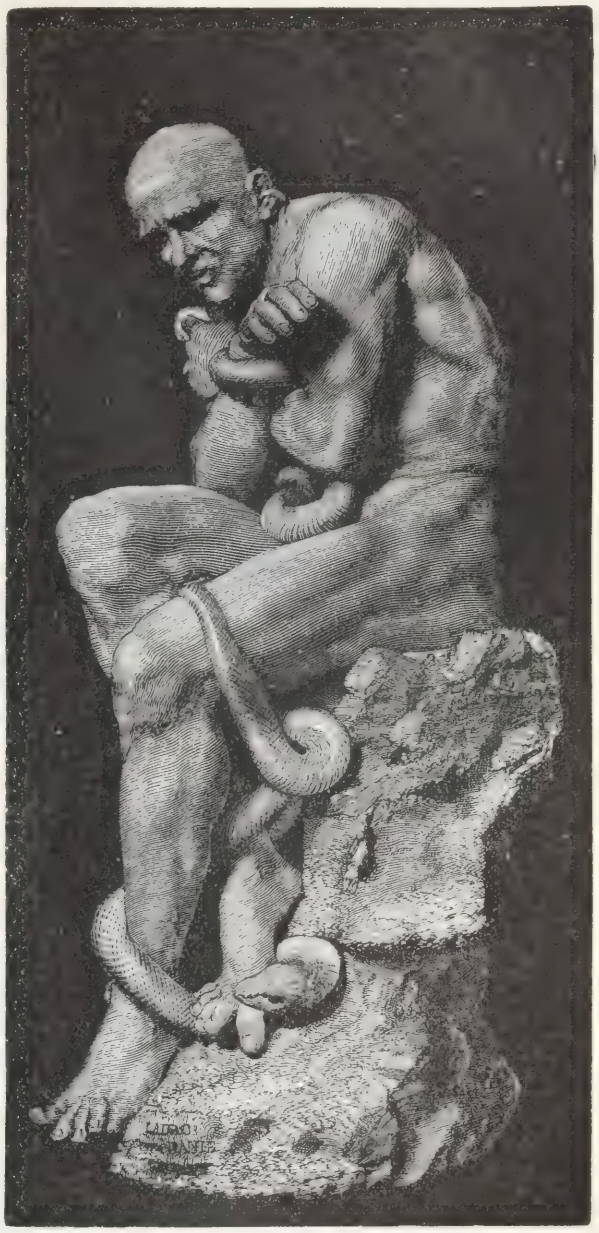
Nevertheless, he is born a genuine sculptor. He delights in his work, fondles and caresses the growing image of clay in his hands as if it were a thing of life, and could respond to his voice and endearments. His person gives the idea of an original, audacious force of nature, a Pan-like embodiment of new secrets and reserved powers, sagacious, kindly, humorous, self-poised, and independent, knowing his own aims, and steadily and pleasantly achieving them. As a jocular touch of his temperament and disposition, I give a cut of the faun-like caricature of his own face which he sometimes attaches to favorite work, as a species of sign-manual or artist's mark. Albano laughs good-naturedly at himself and the world; goes on shrewdly and fixedly minding his own business, making his studio a pleasant world for himself, and for outsiders too, for in its variety they must find something to their liking.

If he spurns at times or is forgetful of the higher requirements of a classical taste and æsthetic culture in overrapid multiplication of mere shop-work, at others he undertakes serious, solid, and costly work to test his powers and progress, such as is little likely to attract the average buyer. Of this character are "The Old Man," life-size—a fine piece of truthful realism, free of clap-trap exaggeration, though unpleasing as an art topic—and the "Ladro," or thief, from Dante—a Michael Angeloesque figure, suggesting, but in no sense copying, the Laokoon.

Albano's finest nude statue by far, among many, is the "Slave," or "Captive," executed for Colonel Le G. B. Cannon, of New York—a life-size figure of a beautiful girl of eighteen, of the purest physical type, handsome features, gracefully modelled, with striking individuality of person and expression, indignant at her outraged modesty and liberty, as she struggles hopelessly with her chains, the mental suffering intensely shown in her flashing features pervading her shrinking but resisting form. The motive does not admit of the highest sentiment and expression of womanhood, but as a possible episode, in some form or other, of the sex's outraged humanity, it is treated with great purity of conception, and is a spirited, original execution of remarkable beauty.

In contrast with the chaste nudity of the "Captive" is the clothed figure of Faust's Marguerite, done for Colonel T. A. Scott, of Philadelphia—a statue of equal merit, lovely outline, delicacy of suggestive treatment, simplicity of pose, fine finish of appropriate details, pensive thought, and first throbbing of love, as expressed by a rare unity of all parts of the composition in one all-pervading emotion—a feeling which finds its sympathetic echo in every maiden's heart at some period of life's problems.

It is an advantage for native art in America that statues like these, and pictures like those of Gelli and Conti, should go there, to raise its standards in sculpture and painting, and hasten the time when the New World can repay the Old World her debt in art, by sending to her, if possible, works as superior even to these as her mechanical inventions are to the old-time tools of Europe. They are so greatly in advance of the European art in general as to indicate a revival on the old continent which will test the powers of American artists to their utmost even to rival.



"LADRO."—[ALBANO.]

ISIS.

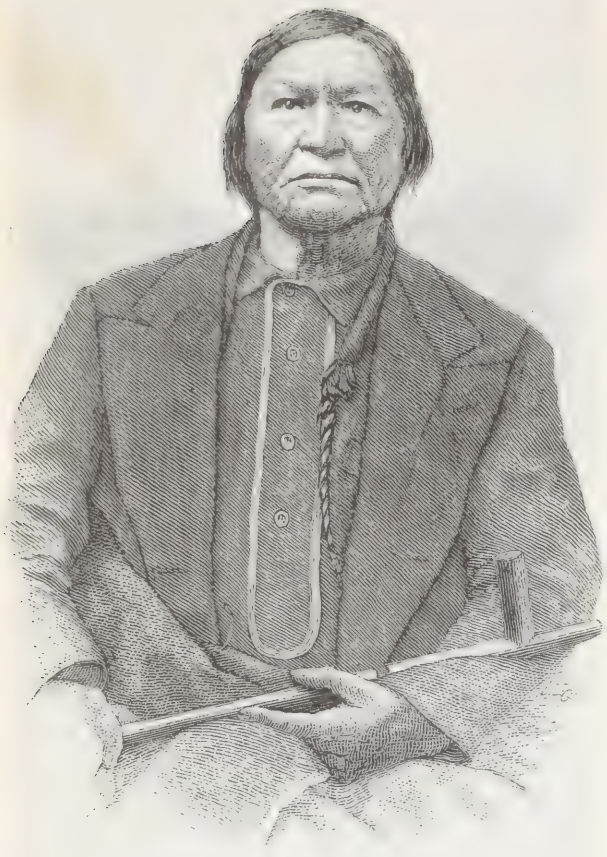
Low at her feet I watch and dream;
  She will not lift her veil;
I dimly see a brow sublime
  And features grand and pale,
And feel a mighty heart replies
To all my rapture or my sighs.

She is so near her breathing falls
  On my attentive ear,
She is so far the twilight stars
  Shine through her mantle clear—
As silent as the grave may be,
And yet the soul of melody.

The lotus trembling on her brow
  Exhales divine perfume;
The mystic splendor of her smile
  Pervades my narrow gloom.
The dearth of solitary hours
She answers with a thousand flowers.

Oppressed with haunting, hindering cares,
  My heart rebels at fate;
She stoops to me, and lo! I share
  Her own imperial state.
I glide beyond my prison bars,
And walk with her the path of stars.

Forever sorrowful in death,
  Forever glad in birth,
Her face the glory of the skies,
  Her steps the bloom of earth—
As Nature's self, the fallen, the free,
O Isis, I interpret thee!



FRIDAY.



"A PULLER."

"SHE'S a puller."

"A *puller?*"—inquiringly.

"Yes, a puller."

I ride on in silence, not wishing to betray undue curiosity; but presently I ask, "Friday, what is a puller?"

"A squaw that *pulls* hair."

Friday is an Arrapaho Indian. Lost when eleven years old, he was found by a party of returning emigrants, taken to St. Louis, and there educated. At twenty-one he returned to his people, over whom, by his unusual attainments and civilization, he soon exercised great influence. At fifty he had relapsed into barbarism. He had forgotten how to read and write, possessed as many squaws as fingers, and was a pander of the vilest description. His knowledge of English facilitated the practice of this vocation at the agency and military posts, and procured him employment as official interpreter, in which capacity he accompanies me. Like his cannibal yet scarcely more savage prototype, Robinson Crusoe's man, his discovery, fortunate albeit on Friday, caused him to be named after that unluckiest day of the week. The subject of our conversation is one of his numerous wives, whom a jealous disposition and irascible temper make an unruly helpmate. Because of her small eyes, she is called The-one-who-sleeps.

These are two of my *compagnons de voyage*. Black Coal is chief. He is remarkably intelligent. Ordinarily he dresses in a semi-civilized garb, comprising a white shirt, a vest, and the conventional blanket and breech-clout of the Indian; but upon especial occasions these are discarded for a broadcloth suit presented him by the Secretary of the Interior when in Washington. A watch and chain, and a white felt hat, to the crown of which is attached his eagle's feather, complete his attire. His hair is worn in a scalp-lock and two braids, the latter being wrapped in fur. To one of these, and in convenient proximity to his nose, is attached a little buckskin sack that exhales the pungent odor of the musk-rat. His *tipi* (lodge) is the largest in the village, and is adorned with embroidered bead circles, from the centres of which dangle human scalps. Black Coal says they were taken in battle from the Utes. Several years ago he surprised their principal village, which he despoil-

ed and burned. In commemoration of this victory he stripped and wallowed naked in the hot ashes and cinders until he was *black as a coal*, from which circumstance he derived his name. The third and little fingers of his right hand were shot off in the combat, and Black Coal avers that the wound was miraculously healed by this means, which at least was well adapted to hasten its cure. In camp he is usually attended by an aged and crippled Indian, who, ascending any convenient eminence, cries out the instructions of the chief to the village. Meals, and the hour and order of march, are thus announced.

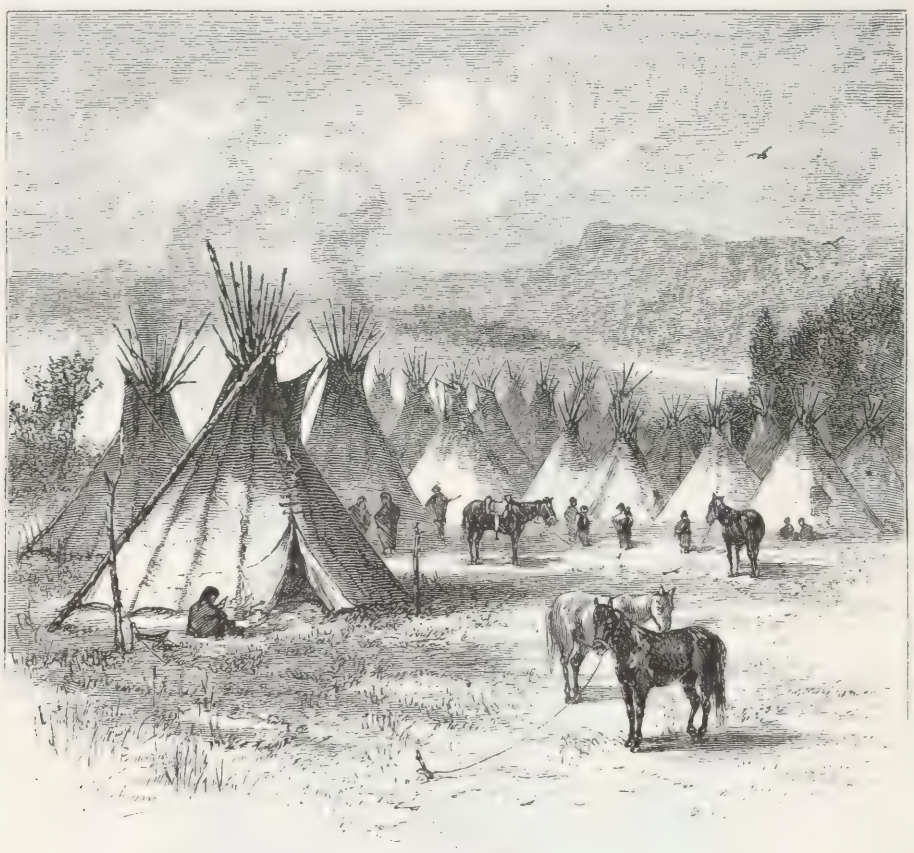
The squaws are first astir; and in the early morning they cut and collect huge bundles of fire-wood, which are strapped to and carried on their backs. Breakfast is soon cooked, and now the buck makes his appearance. He is a veritable monarch, although a dirty and an exceedingly ill-bred one. He will do nothing to assist his wife or wives, and those charming amenities which the very name of woman suggests to, and that are distinctive of, civilized man, rarely animate his soul. Among the Arrapahoes there is not even the semblance of a marriage ceremony. A squaw is bought, and becomes the absolute property—the slave—of her purchaser. If he tires of her, he may cast her off; if she is unfaithful, he may kill her, but oftener he cruelly disfigures her by cutting off her nose. For the squaw there is no relief.

On the march, after breakfast, she saddles his pony, and he is away like the wind. In summer, grass, in winter, a cottonwood bough thrown across the saddle, furnishes ample food for his wiry little mount. The tipi is then "struck" and packed. The poles are utilized as shafts, and for this purpose are equally divided on either side of and attached to a pony, the heavier ends dragging. Joining these, and as near the animal as practicable, is frequently constructed a basket or wicker seat, upon which ride the children, perhaps an old squaw, and not unfrequently a litter of puppies. If she has a nursing infant, the mother carries it in her arms or on her back. Meanwhile she rides one, leads several, and drives many more ponies, that are often unmercifully packed. When camp is reached, they are immediately freed from



BLACK COAL.

their burdens, and herded a mile to windward, by which means they feed toward it, reserving the grass in the vicinity for the night. They are wonderful little beasts, full of pluck and endurance. The best, or properly the war ponies, are marked by ugly slits in the ear, thus enabling the owner to readily distinguish them in the dark.



INDIAN VILLAGE.

To pitch the tipi, a circular space of ground is cleared—no easy task in deep snow—of the required dimensions. Three poles are then tied together at the smaller ends, and raised; others are laid on, and a cord is drawn around to secure them. The canvas or skin is elevated by a final pole on the side of the wind, and by its agency is made to envelop the conical frame. The edges are provided with eyelets, and are joined by wooden pins. The base is now increased to the fullest extent, and the poles are thrust into holes prepared, and the canvas securely fastened to pegs driven in the ground. The smaller ends of two poles are inserted into loops near the vertex, by which means a smoke exit is formed, and its position shifted with the wind. Fire is at last lighted, the simple interior arrangements are completed, and preparations for cooking inaugurated, all of which is often performed by a single squaw. Not until he perceives these evidences of comfort does her lord appear, and meanwhile he has probably been loitering over a few coals, or under the friendly shelter of a neighboring hillock.

My first dinner with the Arrapahoes was by invitation of Six Feathers, a very hospitable and friendly Indian. It was served upon common white china, and comprised stewed dog, boiled rice slightly sweetened, bread baked by reflection, and tea. Observing that my host shook the contents of a perforated tin box into his cup, and supposing it was sugar, I followed his example, and found it was black pepper—not, however, an unpalatable mixture in extremely cold weather. Dog meat is considered a great luxury, and is reserved for feasts and special occasions.

After dinner Six Feathers seated me upon a couch of buffalo-robes and bright red blankets, spread upon a willow mat that lay upon the ground and against two poles of a tripod, to which could be given any inclination. This formed a support for the back when sitting, and for the

head when lying down. My hostess now presented me with a pair of moccasins uniquely embroidered with colored porcupine quills, which I was gratified to observe fitted perfectly, and I expressed my pleasure and thanks to the dusky donor in my choicest Arrapaho. Cigarettes, of which they are exceedingly fond, being produced, we complacently smoked, while the fire burned brightly in the centre of the lodge, maintaining a comfortable and uniform temperature, and the smoke gracefully curled through its appointed aperture.

Their language is the most difficult to acquire of all Indian tongues, and it is said, indeed, that two Arrapahoes can not thoroughly comprehend each other in the dark, that is, without the intervention of the sign-manual common to all North American tribes. My earlier attempts at a conversation by this means were necessarily crude, and my mistakes often ludicrous. Prominent among my Arrapaho friends is Washington, so called at the agency because of a three-cornered hat he wears, the similarity of which to that of

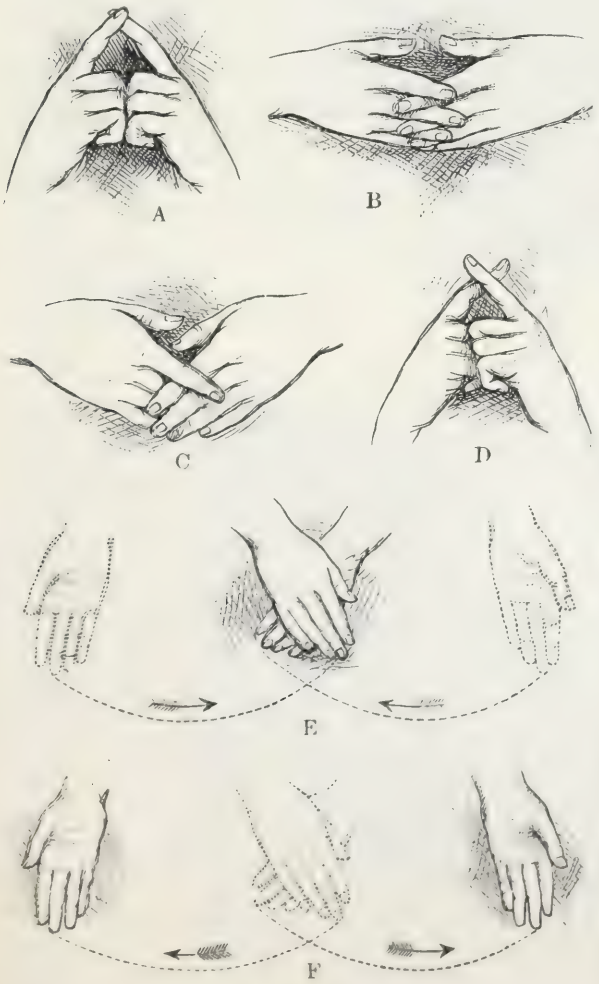


WASHINGTON.

the Continental period has dignified the wearer into a real or fancied resemblance to the "Father of his Country." He is a "medicine man," happily unfettered by allopathic or homœopathic schools. Whatever the diagnosis, his remedy is invariably the same, and consists of beating upon a "tom-tom," yelling hideously, and dancing wildly about the patient, until he is either frightened to death or recovers by natural processes. In the latter case the Good Spirit triumphs; in the former, the Evil. It is merely a question of successful invocation or exorcism. But Washington is an empiric, and when these means fail, he has recourse to others not less fallible—he comes to me. I carry a small case of medicines, and upon one occasion, misunderstanding his signs, I prescribed an astringent in copious quantities, when the unfortunate victim was almost dying for want of a laxative, and narrowly escaped prematurely sending the poor devil to the happy hunting grounds.

A few examples of this curious method of communication may not be uninteresting.

The Arrapahoes call themselves "The Good Hearts," and are universally designated by touching the left breast. A tipi is indicated by both forefingers crossed near the nails, as in the cut A, so as to



INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE.

present the general outline of a lodge; while the hands partly folded, as in B, in imitation of the corner of an ordinary rail fence, signify a settlement or town. The sign for "on horseback" is made by separating the fore and middle fingers (C) of the right hand over the fingers of the left, extended and joined. The forefingers crossed at right angles (D) mean a trade, or "swap." Darkness or night is expressed by a simultaneous motion of the hands from a position at their respective sides, fore-arms horizontal, and palms up, in a circularly approaching manner, so as to bring them palms down, one above the other, in front of the body (E), as though to say that "everything is closed." "Everything open," that is, day or daylight, is this motion reversed (F), and both are very significant.



SHARP NOSE.

Sharp Nose is Black Coal's lieutenant, or head soldier, and the finest scout I have encountered on the plains. He derives his name from a physiognomical fact, and not from acute scent, which, however, he possesses in an astonishing degree. His eyes are as bright and as piercing as an eagle's. Nothing escapes his vision. In Colonel Mackenzie's winter campaign against the Cheyennes in 1876–77, Sharp Nose rendered invaluable service. His son, an intelligent and active little fellow of eight summers, frequently accompanies him upon less hostile expeditions.

Judged by the Caucasian standard of beauty, a handsome buck or squaw is rarely found among the Arrapahoes, although fine physiques are common; but the reverse obtains with their children. In them roundness of outline conceals high cheek-bones and other prominent angularities, and they are generally pretty, and very prepossessing in manner. They are obedient, and seldom quarrel; hence they are not often punished. Parental affection and filial are equally strong. As I have before remarked, the squaws are generally ill treated by the bucks, but otherwise fighting is uncommon, and thefts seldom occur. Individual differences are amicably adjusted; if of a serious nature, by arbitration. Murder—unless the massacre of their enemies, against whom they fiendishly delight to perpetrate every atrocity, be so regarded—is almost unknown. These facts appear the more remarkable when their mode of life is considered. Two or more families



A SON OF SHARP NOSE.

are not unfrequently crowded into a single lodge, but great delicacy characterizes their intercourse. Does the civilized lover ask how this warrior of the plains wooes? There are no moon-lit groves for him; only the boundless and treeless prairie. But he folds his blanket around his nut-brown mistress, and under its common shelter they sue and sigh undisturbed. And this barbarian, as we call him, when he receives his death-wound, calmly surrenders to the knife of his adversary a scalp-lock neatly braided by himself in anticipation of this very fatality. Than this nothing in modern warfare savors more strongly of the chivalric courtesy of feudal ages.

In approaching the buffalo range a dance ensues. The tribe assembles about an open space, in the middle of which are squatting many of the young men of the village, hideously painted and almost naked. A monotonous chant, accompanied by a regular beating upon "tom-toms," is begun. The shrill treble of the squaws mingles not discordantly with the guttural tones of the bucks; and to this wild refrain the central group begin a rude and savage dance, hopping upon one foot and then upon the other, and yelling horribly the while. Those who join in this grotesque sport thus enroll themselves as a sort of "citizen soldiery," the chief purpose of which is the prevention of any interference with the buffaloes until, by a concerted action of the village, a "big surround" and great slaughter can be effected.

A buffalo hunt by Indians has been often described. The buffaloes are generally approached from such direction that, in the chase that ensues, they will run toward camp, and by this means facilitate the transportation of their own flesh. Hundreds are killed, and the meat, cut into thin slices, is hung upon poles outside the lodge to dry in the sun. Cured by this process, it is said to be "jerked." Nothing pertaining to the animal is thrown away. The entrails, and especially the tripe, indifferently cleaned, are eaten raw, or thrown upon live coals, where they shrivel and broil into fragrant crispness. The skull is cracked, and the squaws insert their slender fingers into its crevices, and greedily devour the bloody and uncooked brains.



JERKED MEAT.

The days that succeed a successful hunt, after the hides are in process of tanning, are passed in general idleness. All hands have eaten their fill, and with an Indian a full stomach means a glad but slothful heart. The bucks lie listlessly about, while the squaws scratch their heads, comb and plait the long straight hair, and disgustingly catch and eat the vermin that abound therein. If cleanliness is next to godliness, the foulness of the Indian is his greatest sin. A peculiar and disagreeable odor pervades everything that belongs to them, although much of it is due to other causes than personal filth. The tanning, drying of beef or buffalo, cooking, etc., simultaneously in progress in and about the lodge, produce a variety of unpleasant scents, which permeate their clothing and impregnate the atmosphere. The unfrequent change of the former is also a fruitful source of physical impurity. The Turco-Russian bath is, however, of very common application among them. It is their panacea.

The manner of its preparation is necessarily primitive. Willow wands are sharpened and thrust into the ground, and their smaller ends are interlaced so as to form a bower little more than a yard in height, and eight or ten in circumference. Over this is stretched and secured a piece of canvas or skin, under which, after several large stones have been brought to a red heat and rolled to its centre, a dozen or more Arrapahoes crowd and crouch. Water is slowly poured upon the stones, from which arise hot air and vapor. After profuse perspiration, the inmates leap into an adjoining stream, or wallow naked in the snow. This bathing establishment is called a "wicky-up," and they dot the banks of water-courses in all Indian countries.

An Arrapaho belle, before she retires, greases her hair and face with liquid marrow from a bone set upright near the fire to reduce its contents to the proper consistency. Her hair is then braided *à la Marguerite*. In this manner the Sioux and Cheyenne squaws wear theirs; but in the morning our Arrapaho maiden undoes the careful plaiting of the evening, which has given her hair a wavy appearance, and permits it to fall unconfined about her shoulders. Her face now presents an excellent surface for the reception of paint, the use of which, by-the-way, is as much for protection against inclement weather as for supposed adornment. The most approved mode is to make a general application of chrome-yellow, with finishing touches of vermilion, but often only a little rouge is employed.

Feather Head, whose features are here reproduced, is a typical Arrapaho girl;



FEATHER HEAD.

and when riding astride of her pony, her jet-black hair falling loosely upon the red blanket that envelops her, she is a picturesque and interesting object. Her only ornaments are several score of brass bangles, not dissimilar to those worn by a Murray Hill belle. Her dress, other than the indispensable blanket, ordinarily comprises buckskin leggings and moccasins and a calico gown. The latter is generally a mere sack, with a drawn opening for the head, and with short, full sleeves, through which, in charming ignorance of or indifference to the use of hooks and eyes or buttons, the aboriginal mother gives natural sustenance to her child.

"PINAFORE'S" PREDECESSOR.

THE winter of 1878–79 witnessed a curious change of front in the face of the enemy, operated by those who manage our theatres for us. The season was a bad one, and failure impended; suddenly an English comic opera was produced, first in Boston, and then a little later in New York and Philadelphia. Soon theatre after theatre caught the infection, and in houses sacred hitherto to tragedy and comedy the merry jingle of the music of *H. M. S. Pinafore* was heard night after night. As the English opera began to fail as an attraction, a French opera, *The Little Duke*, by Lecocq, and a German opera, *Fatinitza*, by Suppé, were in like manner brought out in all the important cities of the country. And the end is not yet: these English, French, and German operas, supplemented by various American attempts to fall into line, are taking their tours into every State of the Union. For many years almost the only light musical entertainment offered to play-goers was the cheap English burlesque, but there seems no reason to doubt that the result of this sudden and altogether extraordinary revival of interest in comic opera will be the establishment, more or less permanently, of theatrical companies competent to appear in the lighter musical drama. This is a return to an old fashion. A hundred years ago "musical afterpieces" were no uncommon things in the theatres of England; and toward the end of the last century the few places of amusement open in the American sea-board cities gave repeated performances of ballad-operas and of singing comedies and farces. It is likely that, with a return to the old custom, we shall also have a revival of some of the best of the old plays, and it will not be at all surprising if some enterprising manager shall sooner or later set before us *The Beggar's Opera* of John Gay and *The Duenna* of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, with the original music. Indeed, if any selection at all of old musical pieces is to be made, these must needs be among the plays chosen, for the history of English opera is but a barren one at best, and *The Beggar's Opera* and *The Duenna* are by far the brightest names on the list.

One distinction must be made at the beginning. Both Gay's and Sheridan's musical plays were ballad-operas; that is to say that neither of them was a true comic opera as we now understand the term. In the modern comic opera (and in the French *opéra bouffe*) the music is the first consideration; the situations are contrived so as to lend themselves readily to musical setting, and to the introduction and proper contrasting of male and female choruses, and the dialogue is only used to develop character and to link together the various solos, duets, and concerted pieces. The music, always composed expressly for the piece, is all-important, and to omit it would be impossible. But in the old ballad-opera, and in the French vaudeville, which is closely akin to it, the music holds a wholly secondary place; the story of the play is told in prose dialogue, and the songs (generally set to popular airs) are introduced in the middle of scenes, and could all be omitted without spoiling the plot. This distinction is important. In the comic opera the music is original, and it is the first consideration; while in the ballad-opera the music is generally selected, and it could at a pinch be omitted. The comic opera is a modern birth, and seems to be the result, in a measure, of gradual development from the ballad-opera.

And this brings us to Gay, the author of *The Beggar's Opera*, the earliest play of this type; for, as Dr. Johnson said, in his life of the poet, "We owe to Gay the ballad-opera—a mode of comedy which at first was supposed to delight only by its novelty, but has now, by the experience of half a century, been so well accommodated to the disposition of a popular audience that it is likely to keep long possession of the stage." And of all ballad-operas the first is easily the foremost, excepting only *The Duenna*. Gay had

already seen more than one play of his acted when he took up Swift's idea of a Newgate pastoral, and, perhaps borrowing a hint or two from *A Joviall Crew; or, the Merry Beggars*—a once popular comedy, by Richard Brome (originally acted in 1641)—drafted a play full of bitter satirical humor, directed against ministers and placemen, all the more bitter because of his own failure to get a place. After the play was done, the songs were added, and *The Beggar's Opera* was submitted to the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Colley Cibber, the author of an Apology for his life, which remains to-day one of the best books ever written about the stage. Cibber either doubted or feared; at all events, he declined the drama. Gay then took the play to the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where Rich accepted it. Pope tells us that neither he nor Swift thought the play would succeed. "We showed it to Congreve, who said it would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly. We were all, at the first night of it, in great uncertainty of the event, till we were much encouraged by hearing the Duke of Argyll, who sat in the next box to us, say, 'It will do—it must do: I see it in the eyes of them.' This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for that duke, besides his own good taste, had a particular knack in discovering the taste of the public: he was quite right in this, as usual. The good nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamor of applause. In the notes to the "Dunciad" the success of *The Beggar's Opera* is again set forth: "It was received with greater applause than was ever known. Besides being acted in London sixty-three days without intermission, and renewed the next season with equal applause, it spread into all the great towns of England; it made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; the ladies carried about with them the favorite songs of it on fans; houses were furnished with it on screens; furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years." Swift wrote to Gay that "*The Beggar's Opera* hath knocked down Gulliver," adding that he hoped to see Pope's forth-coming "Dunciad" knock down *The Beggar's Opera*, "but not till it hath fully done its job"—for Swift fully believed in the morality of the piece.

The great actor Quin was to have been the Macheath, but he gave up the part to Walker, who made a great hit. Toward the end of the long run he once tripped on the words of a song.

"I wonder," said Rich, the manager, "that you should forget the words of a part you have played so often."

"Do you think," asked Walker, "that a man's memory is to last forever?"

Miss Lavinia Fenton was the Polly Peachum, and conquered not only the pit, but the heart and hand of the Duke of Bolton, leaving the stage to become the Duchess of Bolton, just as a little more than a century later the heroine of Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, Miss Farren, was to leave the stage to become the Countess of Derby. Nearly all the parts gave opportunity for effective acting, and received it. In short, the success of the play was great enough to make Rich *gay*, and Gay *rich*—to copy a contemporary joke, which was not, however, exactly accurate. Rich made a mint of money; Gay received about seven hundred pounds in all. He afterward attempted a sequel, called *Polly*, which the Lord Chamberlain suppressed when it was ready for rehearsal—in revenge, doubtless, for the satirical hits of the original play. Gay published *Polly* by subscription, and is said to have made more money from this practical method of getting sympathy for his wrongs than he would have received had the play been acted. *The Beggar's Opera* was not only an immediate, but also a long-lived success. It held the stage for something like two hundred years, having been acted well into this century. About a hundred years ago the curious experiment was tried of having all the male parts played by women and all the female parts by men. Pecuniarily profitable for a time, such a trick was most inartistic, although the part of the dashing Captain Macheath has often been acted by a woman with little if any loss of interest.

The Beggar's Opera, like most successful works, has enriched our language with a few familiar phrases and popular quotations. Mr. Bartlett, in his useful dictionary, gives seven quotations from it, which he thinks sufficiently frequent to be called familiar. Among them is the well-worn "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away." All of these seven quotations are from the songs of

the play, which shows how much easier it is to sing one's way into the human heart than to get into it by rugged prose. One

It is no wonder that Gay was able to write good songs for his opera, when we remember that he was the author of the



of the songs, or rather epigrams, not in the play, but suggested by an incident which happened during the run of the piece—

> "Lucy Locket lost her pocket;
> Kitty Fisher found it;
> But ne'er a penny was there in't,
> Except the binding round it"—

was set to music and sung, and seems to have still survived to this day in England as a sort of nursery rhyme; you will find it on page 25 of Mr. Walter Crane's admirable *Baby's Bouquet*, with the music, which, on trying over, will be discovered, if I mistake not, to be very like our "Yankee Doodle."

touching ballad, "Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan," beginning,

> "All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd."

The Duenna had no political purport; its only aim was to please, and this it succeeded abundantly in doing. Brought out for the first time at Covent Garden on the 21st of November, 1775, it was performed seventy-five times during the ensuing season—an extraordinary number in those days—twelve more than *The Beggar's Opera* had achieved. In order to counteract this great success of the rival house, Garrick, then the manager of Drury Lane, as Moore tells us, "found it ne-

cessary to bring forward all the weight of his own best characters, and even had recourse to the expedient of playing off the mother against the son, by reviving Mrs. Francis Sheridan's comedy of *The Discovery*, and acting the principal part in it himself. In allusion to the increased fatigue which this competition with *The Duenna* brought upon Garrick, who was then entering on his sixtieth year, it was said by an actor of the day that 'the old woman would be the death of the old man.'" Its success was not confined to one season: it lasted nearly fifty years. Yet it must be acknowledged that, except the trifling farce of *St. Patrick's Day*, it is now the least known of all Sheridan's plays. While the plots of *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal* are familiar to all, but little is remembered about *The Duenna*, and a few lines telling briefly its intrigue may not here come amiss.

The scene is laid in Seville, and the characters are all Spaniards. Don Jerome has a son, Don Ferdinand, and a daughter, Donna Louisa. The latter is guarded by the Duenna. Donna Louisa is in love with Don Antonio, but her father wishes her to marry a little Portuguese Jew, Isaac Mendoza. He asks his daughter whether she will marry Isaac, and on her refusal, declares that he will never see or speak to her until she returns to her duty. The Duenna secretly sides with Donna Louisa, and artfully contrives to get herself discharged by Don Jerome, who, however, allows her to go to her room to pack up her belongings, which gives her an opportunity of changing dresses with Donna Louisa, and Don Jerome turns his daughter out of doors, taking her for the Duenna, and immediately after sends little Isaac to woo the Duenna, who pretends to be the daughter of the house. To these two love stories, Don Antonio with Donna Louisa, the Duenna with little Isaac, is added a third—Don Ferdinand's chase of the coquettish Donna Clara, the intimate friend of his sister, Donna Louisa. It will readily be seen how, on such a groundwork, Sheridan was enabled to build a light and airy superstructure of intrigue admirably adapted for music.

The plot lends itself in his hands to most amusing scenes of equivoque and cross-purpose. In the end there are three well-married couples, for little Isaac is not ill matched with the antique Duenna.

The characters of *The Duenna* have far less strength, as well as far less originality, than their brothers and sisters in *The Rivals*, in *The School for Scandal*, and in *The Critic*. There is no Sir Anthony Absolute or Mrs. Malaprop, no Sir Peter or Lady Teazle, no Mr. Puff or Sir Fretful Plagiary; there are for the most part nothing but half a dozen of the usual types—the young lover, the romantic girl, the jealous rival, the lively coquette, the arbitrary father, the intriguing old woman. Among all these, the character of the little Portuguese Jew, Isaac Mendoza, stands out in bold relief as the only figure in the play really worthy of its illustrious authorship. He is knavish, and always overreaches himself; like Dickens's Joey Bagstock, who was "sly, devilish sly, sir," he is "a cunning dog, ain't I? A sly little villain, eh?.....Roguish, you'll say, but keen, hey?—devilish keen?" Did Dickens, I wonder, remember this passage?

Not only in the drawing of character, but also in dialogue, is *The Duenna* inferior to Sheridan's better-known plays. In spite of all its brightness and lightness, it is impossible not to acknowledge that it does not contain his best work. It has few specimens of the recondite wit and quaint fancy which make *The School for Scandal* so brilliant and unequalled a comedy. If Sheridan's wit, like quicksilver, is always glistening, perhaps at times, like mercury, it seems a little heavy. Now and again the dialogue vies in sparkle and point with the talk of its author's other plays, but not as often as might be wished. This, for instance, is one of the best bits in the play. Don Jerome asks his son and daughter what objection they have to Isaac as a suitor for the latter:—

Don Ferdinand. He is a Portuguese, in the first place.

Don Jerome. No such thing, boy: he has forsworn his country.

Donna Louisa. He is a Jew.

Don Jerome. Another mistake: he has been a Christian these six weeks.

Don Ferdinand. Ay, he left his old religion for an estate, and has not had time to get a new one.

Donna Louisa. But stands like a dead-wall between church and synagogue, or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament.

This last is a very Sheridanesque touch; it is quite in the style of *The School for Scandal*. Rather in the freer and more humorous tone of *The Rivals* is the scene in which Isaac, after having heard Don Jerome describe his daughter as a paragon

of loveliness, pays his devoir to the Duenna, who has taken her place. He is astonished at her age and ugliness, but as he is in love with her money rather than herself, and as the wise old Duenna flatters him most abominably, he agrees to elope with her, as she requests. When he next meets the father, Don Jerome asks:

Well, and you were astonished at her beauty?

Isaac. I was astonished indeed! Pray, now, how old is miss?

Don Jerome. How old! Let me see—eight and twelve—she is twenty.

Isaac. Twenty?

Don Jerome. Ay, to a month.

Isaac. Then, upon my soul, she is the oldest-looking girl of her age in Christendom.

Don Jerome. Do you think so? I believe you will not see a prettier girl.

Isaac. Here and there one.

Don Jerome. Louisa has the family face.

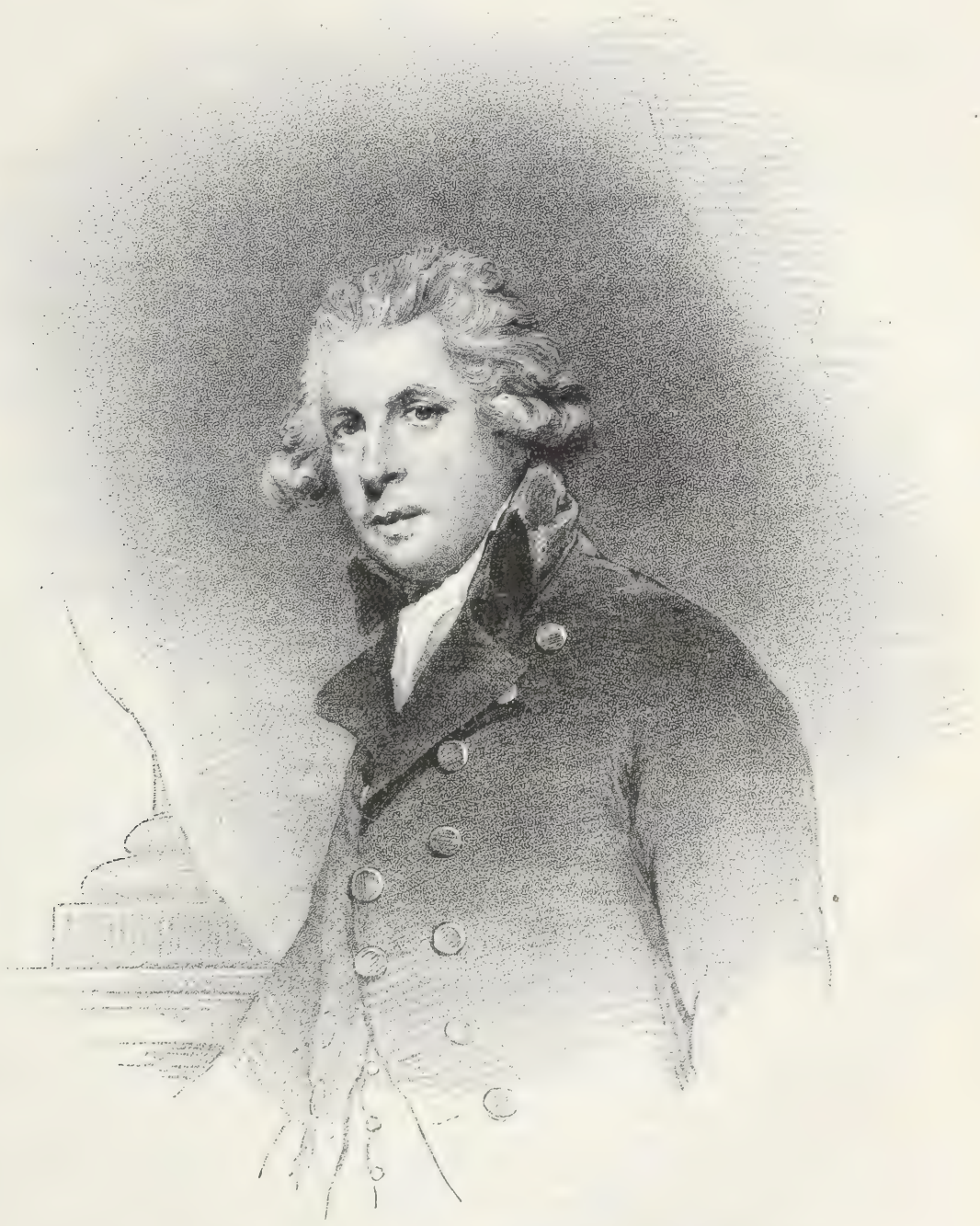
Isaac. Yes, egad, I should have taken it for a family face. [*Aside.*] And one that has been in the family some time, too.

Don Jerome. She has her father's eyes.

Isaac. Truly, I should have guessed them to have been so. [*Aside.*] If she had her mother's spectacles, I believe she would not see worse.

Don Jerome. Her aunt Ursula's nose, and her grandmother's forehead to a hair.

Isaac. Ay, faith! and her grandfather's chin to a hair. . . .



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.—[FROM PORTRAIT BY JOSHUA REYNOLDS.]

Don Jerome. Her charms are of the lasting kind.

Isaac. I' faith, so they should; for if she be but twenty now, she may double her age before her years will overtake her face.

In the same broadly free style of humor is the amusing scene in which the monks are seen and heard carousing in the refectory of the priory. The festivities are interrupted by the coming of two of the loving couples, who seek a friar to marry them:

Porter (*entering*). Here's one without in pressing haste to speak with Father Paul.

Francis. Brother Paul!

[Father Paul *comes from behind the curtain with a glass of wine, and in his hand a piece of cake.*

Paul. Here! How durst you, fellow, thus abruptly break in upon our devotions?

Porter. I thought they were finished.

Paul. No, they were not. Were they, Brother Francis?

Francis. Not by a bottle each.

Paul. But neither you nor your fellows mark how the hours go. No, you mind nothing but the gratifying of your appetites. Ye eat, and swill, and gormandize, and thrive, while we are wasting in mortification.

Porter. We ask no more than nature craves.

Paul. 'Tis false. Ye have more appetites than hairs. And your flushed, sleek, and pampered appearance is the disgrace of our order. Out on't! If you're hungry, can't you be content with the wholesome roots of the earth? And if you are dry, is there not the crystal spring? [*Drinks.*] Put this away. [*Gives the glass.*] And show me where I'm wanted. [*Porter drains the glass. Paul going, turns.*] So you would have drunk it if there had been any left? Ah, glutton! glutton! [*Exeunt.*]

Is there not in this, satire of the same sort that Mr. Gilbert has of late attempted so successfully? Is not Father Paul the ancestor of the First Lord of the Admiralty, who declares that love levels ranks, but not so much as that?

But, as a whole, the dialogue of *The Duenna* is far inferior to that in Sheridan's other plays. It seems hastier work, at once less happy and less polished. One thing to be remarked about all of Sheridan's plays is that the dialogue is easy to speak. The son of an elocutionist and lecturer, and himself an orator, Sheridan worked his words until they fell trippingly from the tongue. And the songs in *The Duenna* have a quality not as common as might be thought: they are all singable. The words of many songs, and especially of many modern songs, are so loaded with harsh consonants and combinations of consonants, and with sounds which shut instead of opening the mouth, that they are very difficult to sing. But the songs of *The Duenna*, like the songs of all true songsters—Moore, for instance, and Lover, and a few other poets who have sung their verses into being—are as easy to sing as they are appropriate to music. And they sang themselves at once into popularity. Moore refers to them fifty years after they were first heard in public as though they were then known to all his readers. Here is one of Don Antonio's songs:

"I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose, untouched by art,
I will own the color true
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

"Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then
Till it, grateful, press again.
Must I with attentive eye
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me."

Sheridan had great literary thrift. He treasured up all his own rough draughts and unpublished writings, and whenever any call was made on him for prose or verse, he went to his collection and turned them over, and was again and again rewarded by finding some hasty improvisation, which he was able, by dint of hard labor, to cut and polish into brilliancy. This song is an instance. Moore prints an Anacreontic poem of thirty or forty lines, which contains this song in the rough, as it were, needing only Sheridan's keen eye to discover what lay hidden beneath a mass of verbiage. This appropriation of the firstlings of his own muse is more praiseworthy than Ben Jonson's procedure when he constructed out of odds and ends from the love-letters of the sophist Philostratus the lovely lyric, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

None of Sheridan's verse can bear comparison with this gem of Jonson's, but all the songs in *The Duenna* rise above the average of such work. They are better, for instance, than the songs in *M. P.; or, The Blue-Stocking*—an opera by Moore, a professed song-writer. As Moore himself justly points out, though some of the poetry in Sheridan's opera is "not much above that ordinary kind to which music is so often doomed to be wedded, making up by her own sweetness for the dullness

of her helpmate, by far the greater number of the songs are full of beauty, and some of them may rank among the best models of lyric writing." And he then goes on to praise the best song in the piece, the score of which is subjoined.

This was set to the beautiful Irish air "Molly Asthore." For it is to be noted that while much of the music of *The Duenna* was composed by Linley, Sheridan's father-in-law, not a little of it was selected by him from Dr. Harrington and Rauzzini, and from popular airs. Linley was a thoroughly trained musician, a teacher in Bath, then the conductor of the oratorios in London, and the musical director of Drury Lane Theatre after he had joined with his son-in-law in the purchase of it from Garrick. The Linley family was a nest of singing-birds.

From the correspondence between Sheridan and Linley it is evident that the success of *The Duenna* was largely due to the same reason which made *H. M. S. Pinafore* a success. The author and the composer worked in perfect accord, the latter seeking not to display himself, but to second the former as best he might. In any opera the music should fit the words as the words fit the music, until they both seem to be the result of but one inspiration, and to have but one body—just as the Aztecs on first beholding the Spanish troopers took horse and man for but one being. This, Linley thoroughly understood, and he acted on all his son-in-law's suggestions. Sheridan had no voice, and could not sing, and knew nothing about music; but he was a born dramatist, and he had a keen ear for what was likely to be effective in a given situation. Many years after *The Duenna*, when Sheridan



MUSICAL SCORE OF SONG FROM "THE DUENNA."

brought out his last play, *Pizarro*, Kelly was required to compose the music it needed, for it was a sort of melodrama, in the early sense of the word as well as the later. And in his reminiscences Kelly records the conversation he had with Sheridan in regard to it. "My aim was to discover the situations of the different choruses and the marches, and Mr. Sheridan's ideas on the subject; and he gave them in the following manner: 'In the Temple of the Sun,' said he, 'I want the Virgins of the Sun and their High-Priest to chant a solemn invocation to their Deity.' I sang two or three bars of music to him, which I thought corresponded with what he wished, and marked them down. He then made a sort of rumbling noise with his voice (for he had not the smallest idea of turning a tune), resembling a deep, gruff bow, wow, wow; but though there was not the slightest resemblance of an air in the noise he made, yet so clear were his ideas of effect that I perfectly understood his meaning, though conveyed through the medium of a bow, wow, wow."

It is a proof of Sheridan's remarkable cleverness that he never failed in anything he attempted, and that while he wrote only six plays, five of them are the best we have, each in its kind—*The Rivals*, in broad comedy; *The School for Scandal*, in the comedy of wit; *The Critic*, in satirical farce; *Pizarro*, in high-flown melodrama; and *The Duenna*, in ballad-opera.

OBSTINACY.

IT was the strangest thing in the world that I should have found myself in the presence of Duchess Blanca on the very day of our arrival at the baths of L——, in Thuringia, and should happen to overhear a conversation which, in the sequel, became most interesting to me. I must, however, begin by telling the reader that I had seen one-half of Europe with my husband, the well-known pianist and composer M——. We had crossed and recrossed it in search of fame and gold, and having secured plenty of both, were now in search of rest and fresh breezes, and that leisure not to be met with in a large town, with its whirl of business and pleasure, yet so needful to the composer. Our tour was doubly pleasant from our having fallen in with our friend the celebrated violin-player I—— at the baths of L——, who, like ourselves, was quite ready to enjoy his holiday. The first damper our high spirits received was the well-known words "*trop tard.*" We were just one day too late, they said, on our arrival at the Kurhaus. Yesterday there had been a grand ball, an illumination of the subterranean grotto, a dinner, and what not, in honor of the reigning duke's birthday; then, again, too late to find rooms at the Kurhaus—they were occupied since yesterday, every one of them; and too late for the table-d'hôte dinner, just ended.

Knowing that my two gentlemen relied upon me for their daily bread, I called out to the still open-mouthed waiter, "Give us whatever you have got, and as quickly as you can;" and then, turning to my companions, said: "Do let us try for some place to lay our heads in while this blessed dinner is in preparation. I will turn to the left; do you take to the right. Let us be here in half an hour and compare notes. Maybe we shall meet with some interesting adventure."

"But, above all, with comfortable rooms," they called out, *unisono;* "not resembling this wretched Kurhaus."

So we parted. My eyes wandered along the road—the straight, monotonous road—relieved only here and there by a glimpse at the distant hills. The noon-tide sun was shedding its glorious light on their luxuriant verdure, and I stood contrasting nature's picturesqueness with the long, square-shaped row of houses, the works of men. Suddenly I perceived a house in the style of an Italian villa. Hydrangeas in full bloom were ornamenting its entrance; lovely summer flowers filled its balconies. Could that be a hotel? Not likely; still, I would inquire. There was no servant at the door, or in the marble-paved hall through which I penetrated into a garden tastefully and splendidly laid out. The green lawn, with its large baskets of scarlet geraniums, the calceolarias of every shade and variety, delighted me; and the words, "Oh, how charming! none of our stiff, uncongenial carpet-beds," were starting to my lips, when I perceived a group of three persons not far from me. Feeling that I might be an intruder, I slipped behind a sheltering lime-tree, and quietly observed the party. At the entrance of a charming summer-house, built in the rustic style, there sat a lady in an elegant morning

costume; she might be fifty, and her matronly beauty was quite as attractive as that of the blooming young girl sitting almost at her feet on a low stool. Both ladies were at work, but the elder one had dropped hers on her lap as she addressed a man, evidently her inferior, standing before her, hat in hand.

"Well, Cantor," said she, without altering her reclining position, "I certainly did not expect *that* result from your mission."

"Yes, to be sure, your Highness," replied the Cantor; "but what is to be done with such an oddity as *that* man? I have duly executed your Highness's commands —first, by offering him the two thousand florins, and free lodgings for three years; and then, when I found he would not hear of selling his hovel even at *that* price, remonstrated with him on his obstinacy in not accepting your Highness's terms; and lastly, tried to convince him how your Highness's condescension, and the charity you bestow—"

"Enough, dear Cantor," interrupted the lady. "I do what I can; but this Heller has never required my services. Yet I had hoped he would sell his wretched little house, lying between this villa and that of my son, for three times its value. I had reckoned, too, upon your intercession. He is a piano-forte maker; music is your profession; you have necessarily done business together: why might not this little matter be arranged between you?"

"Did I not believe to have tried everything," said the Cantor, evidently much embarrassed, "I might endeavor again; but this immovable obstinacy—"

"No, never you mind," replied the matron, somewhat impatiently, but soon checking herself, and turning to the younger lady: "A very Meunier de Sans Souci, dear Wittum, is not he?"

"And a second Frederick the Great to meet him in grandeur and self-control," was the rejoinder.

"Oh, you flatterer!" struck in the Highness, threatening with her raised forefinger, but evidently restored to good humor by the compliment. "Take care your deceit is not unmasked! But you, dear Cantor—do not take the thing to heart; *you* are not to blame."

She inclined her head with a distinguished air, and her silk dress rustled past him and past my hiding-place.

"The duchess feels her disappointment very much," said the Fräulein, following her; and the Cantor, shrugging his shoulders, proved that he fully entered into her feelings.

As soon as he and I were left alone, I stepped forward with, "Pray can you inform me if this is a public garden?"

"A public *what?*" he stammered. "This is the villa of her Highness the Duchess Blanca, sister and sister-in-law to a queen and to two reigning dukes. Public, indeed!"

"Do excuse me," I broke out; "I am a total stranger here. I found the door open, and the hall deserted; thence my mistake."

Our colloquy brought us to the back door of the garden, and on passing it I saw a miserable little hut standing between the villa and a lovely Swiss cottage. That must be the Heller house they just talked about, thought I, but did not venture to say so, lest I should betray myself as a listener.

The half hour after which my companions and I were to meet had elapsed, so I returned to the Kurhaus, and found that the gentlemen had actually taken rooms in a lovely situation, and opposite a most romantic-looking ruin. They reported their success triumphantly. I told my adventure with due importance. M—— did not, however, pay much attention to the wretched dinner which had been prepared for us; he sighed for his Erard, or some not altogether unworthy substitute, which seemed unattainable, all his inquiries after pianos having been met with the disheartening words, "You are too late; every instrument is out on hire." Even our landlord to be, himself a piano-forte maker, sorry as he was when he heard M——'s name, had nothing to offer him; and yet we had already been a whole hour at L——, had taken our rooms for a week, and not found a piano! Such an enormity was never heard of; it turned the lovely neighborhood into a sandy desert, whose inhabitants were no better than an uncivilized tribe. But M——, suddenly starting up, said to I——, "Come, friend, let us scour the place once more. My wife may rest meanwhile from her bad dinner and her ducal adventure; later on we shall call and take her to our new rooms."

I——, always obliging, assented, and forth they sallied, leaving me to pass my

time as best I could. After feasting my eyes upon the inevitable two prints of the reigning Grand Duke and Duchess, they wandered listlessly along the walls, covered with advertisements of old and new hotels, of railways and their time-tables, of the charities, including a lottery patronized by the Grand Duchess, a hospital and a babies' asylum to be built by its produce; and then my poor eyes got very heavy. But what was that giving me such a sudden start? Could it be, or was I dreaming? No, there it was, plainly to be read: "A new and excellent piano to be let on hire, to be seen at Heller's, opposite the 'long building.'" There it was, in the farthest corner of the room, a place easily overlooked. And Heller? Why, that was *my* Heller, the owner of the hut next to the duchess's villa, the second "Meunier de Sans Souci." Of course I rushed off at once to see this gem of a piano.



"IT IS MY INSTRUMENT YOU WANT?"

Hardly had I touched the bell when the owner of the wretched little place stood before me, asking in anything but a polite manner what I might want with him.

"A piano," was the answer. "You have got one to let; please let me see it."

"Indeed," said he; "it is *my* instrument you want?" while his small gray eyes looked daggers from under a large round pair of brass spectacles, and the dark vein on his bald forehead kept swelling more and more. "*My* instrument, is it?"

"Well, yes," I retorted, with a mixture of astonishment and impatience; "and why not? You have advertised it." So saying, I managed to squeeze past the ungainly figure in the shabby brown overcoat that reached down to his ankles, and having entered the miserable little room, quickly opened a square piano, tried it, and said: "It will do very well. Please send it at once to Vogt's house, where we lodge. Here is my card, that you may know to whom you let it."

He seemed dumfounded, and I saw the cold perspiration rising to his forehead. "To Vogt's? So far as to Vogt's? No, not out there, for the world!" he stammered.

"It is not far, believe me," said I; "scarcely ten minutes' walk. And then, look at the card; you must know that name, and be proud, I fancy, to let it to so celebrated a piano-forte player; so please send it at once."

"No," repeated he, "not so far from me; it can't be; not so far from me—not *my* instrument."

"But consider," I rejoined, "Erard, the celebrated Erard, sends his pianos for him all over Europe, wherever he performs. Surely you would not be less obliging."

This argument, which I had thought conclusive, proved of no avail, and the everlasting, "No, not so far from me," again met my ear. What could I do but use all a woman's wits, all a woman's persuasion? I entreated and flattered like a true daughter of Eve; then puffed my husband's merits as though I had been a penny-a-liner; tried to awe him into acquiescence by speaking of their Highnesses' probable visit to hear M—— play on that instrument; and concluded by making golden promises of his weighty patronage. But in vain—all in vain. So, feeling my tears rising and a choking sensation in my throat, I rushed out, to the no doubt immense satisfaction of Heller, who quickly shut his door after me.

What was I to do now? Go back to the Kurhaus, upset as I was? No, that would not do. I must first regain my self-possession; and for that purpose I strolled into the adjacent corn fields, meaning to rest a while. But hardly was I seated on a mossy bank when I heard loud sobbing, without being able to discern whence it came. I spied and spied, and at last discovered, behind a clump of trees, a corner of what appeared to me a blue and white striped apron. The apron belonged to a pretty young girl, who was vainly trying to dry her eyes with it, since the fresh tears coursing down her cheeks rendered the operation quite fruitless. A basket only half filled with strawberries stood beside her, and she surely did not at that moment think of turning into the wood to fill it.

"What *can* be the matter with you, poor child?" said I, going up to her. "Do tell me if I can assist you."

Of course fresh tears were her answer, and for some time she could scarcely speak.

"Oh, ma'am," she sobbed, "you can not help me—nobody can; only father could, and he won't!"

As I grew more anxious to hear the girl's story, I became more importunate in my questions. I made her sit down beside me; and while I stroked her rosy cheek, she gained confidence, and told me all. Her father was, of all people in the world, that same Heller, my abomination. The pretty girl and Fritz Vogt, the son of our landlord to be, had agreed to become husband and wife, but Heller would not give his consent. The duchess had called him a Meunier de Sans Souci; I now set him down in my own mind as a Cardillac—that famous goldsmith who treasured his beautiful work too much to part with it. Heller would not part with his instruments, much less with his daughter, that greatest treasure of all. Still, the young couple had more than once talked him over to let them marry, and give them one hundred thalers to set up housekeeping; but then he had always repented, and *would* always repent; and, oh! she was so unhappy; and it would end by Fritz marrying Lisa, or Margaret, or any other girl. This conviction brought on a new flood of tears, which I dried by assuring her that no such thing would happen if she consented to trust me. She hesitated; but when I took up her basket and walk-



"'OH, MA'AM,' SHE SOBBED, 'YOU CAN NOT HELP ME.'"

ed on, she followed me mechanically to L——, where M—— and I—— were expecting me. They had not been able to get a piano, and were overflowing with complaints at such deep distress.

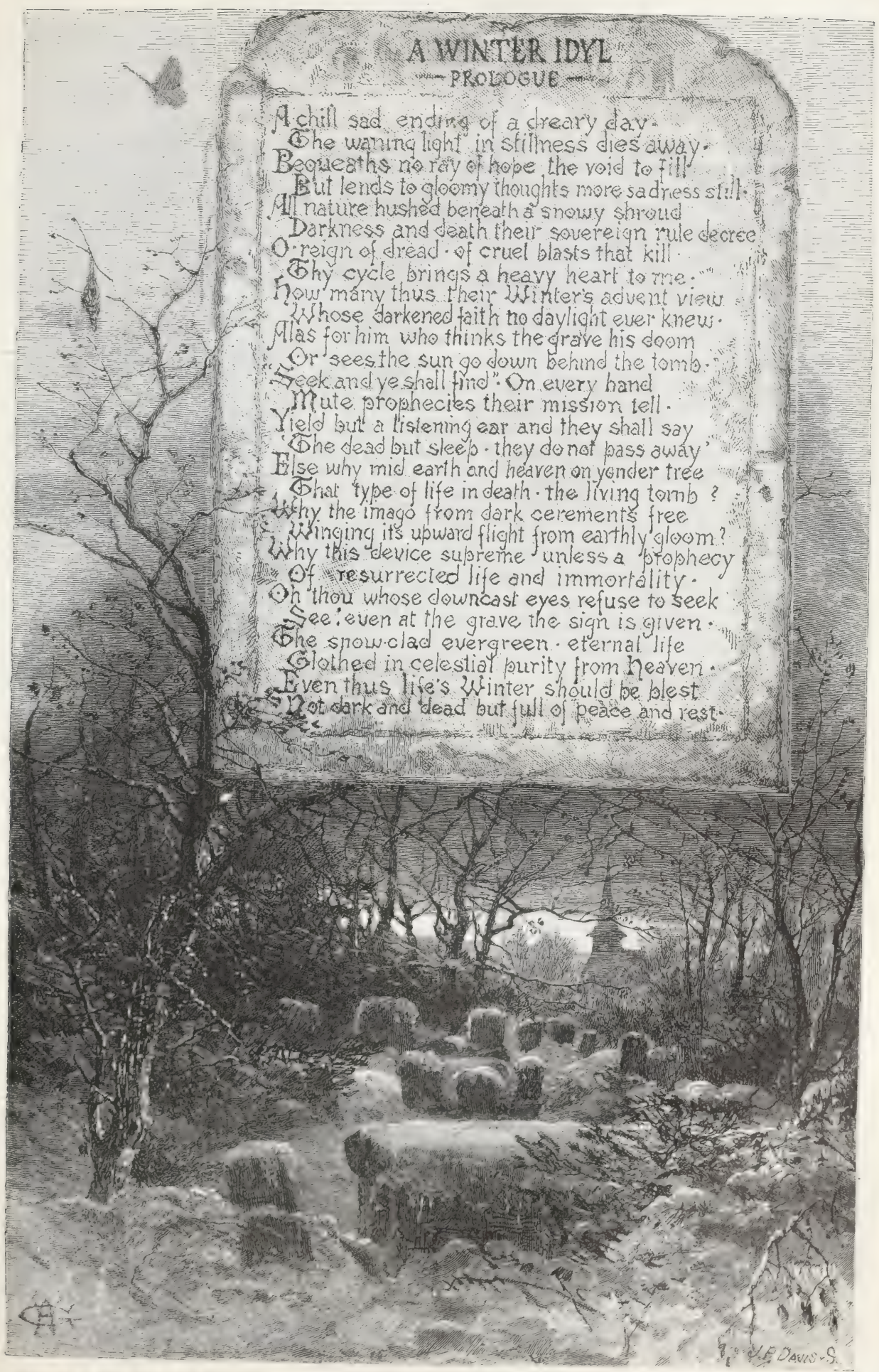
When they wanted to know who was the girl I had picked up, their inquiries were cut short by a messenger from Duchess Blanca with so charming a note, requesting their attendance at the villa this very afternoon, that there was nothing for it but to dress and start. On their return their commendations of her seemed endless. To these I listened with but one ear, for a deep-laid scheme, concerted with the lovers during their absence, weighed on my mind. Old Heller always slept on something like a hard bench close to his beloved pianos, but *that* night at any rate he must have slept soundly; he never heard the very piano which I wanted for my husband being carried away, and its counterpart, an empty case of Vogt's, being placed close to the sleeper in its stead. Nothing could equal my delight and my husband's surprise. Of course I had to confess my *ruse de guerre*, and then I told Kate Heller's pathetic story. I readily obtained a promise of M—— and I—— to play at the Kurhaus in order to raise the indispensable hundred thalers.

One day's announcement filled the largest room at the Kurhaus to overflowing, and the duchess struck the key-note of the enthusiasm which burst forth from this mixed audience, first at the respective solos of the two performers, then at their marvellous playing of Beethoven's sonata dedicated to Kreutzer; and when M—— sat down to the piano, asking for a theme to improvise upon, and the duchess herself had one handed to him, all was silent attention, in expectation of great things to come. But hardly had he commenced when a most unharmonious noise disturbed both player and audience. An old man, vainly restrained by a young girl, had burst into the room, ejaculating, "But I tell you it *is* my piano, and yet I have not sent it—not I—so far away." M—— rose, and was going up to the speaker, when he heard cries of "Order!" "Silence!" from all parts of the room, and quickly recovering the presence of mind which never failed him when before the public, sat down and recommenced playing. The old man—Heller, of course—seemed to become more and more riveted, drew nearer and nearer to the piano, and when a brilliant passage of tenths concluded the fantasia, he joined in the plaudits; then whispered, as in a dream: "It was, though, my instrument; I knew it as I was passing along the road; and yet I have not sent it—not I—so far away. But, oh! how beautiful it was!" So saying, a tear stole into his hard gray eyes: he had been conquered by M——'s playing.

Of course we made use of this softened mood to get his consent for the marriage of the young people, and this time the wedding followed the betrothal.



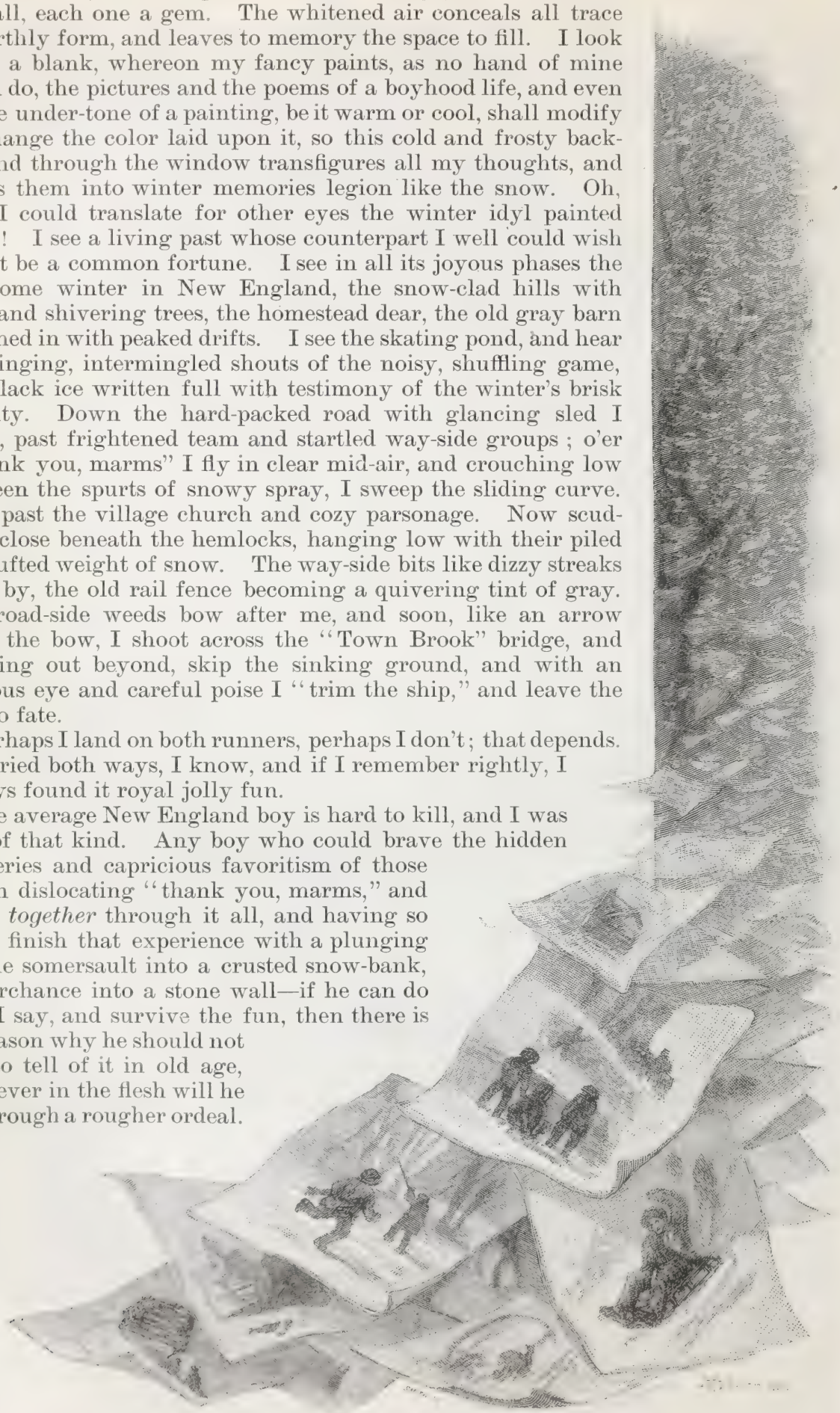
"BUT, OH! HOW BEAUTIFUL IT WAS!"


A WINTER IDYL
— PROLOGUE —
A chill sad ending of a dreary day·
The waning light in stillness dies away·
Bequeaths no ray of hope the void to fill
But lends to gloomy thoughts more sadness still·
All nature hushed beneath a snowy shroud
Darkness and death their sovereign rule decree
O reign of dread · of cruel blasts that kill ·
Thy cycle brings a heavy heart to me·"
How many thus their Winter's advent view
Whose darkened faith no daylight ever knew·
Alas for him who thinks the grave his doom
Or sees the sun go down behind the tomb·
"Seek and ye shall find" · On every hand
Mute prophecies their mission tell ·
Yield but a listening ear and they shall say
"The dead but sleep · they do not pass away"
Else why mid earth and heaven on yonder tree
That type of life in death · the living tomb ?
Why the imago from dark cerements free
Winging its upward flight from earthly gloom ?
Why this device supreme unless a prophecy
Of resurrected life and immortality ·
Oh thou whose downcast eyes refuse to seek
See! even at the grave the sign is given ·
The snow-clad evergreen · eternal life
Clothed in celestial purity from Heaven ·
Even thus life's Winter should be blest
Not dark and dead but full of peace and rest·

SILENTLY, like thoughts that come and go, the snow-flakes fall, each one a gem. The whitened air conceals all trace of earthly form, and leaves to memory the space to fill. I look upon a blank, whereon my fancy paints, as no hand of mine could do, the pictures and the poems of a boyhood life, and even as the under-tone of a painting, be it warm or cool, shall modify or change the color laid upon it, so this cold and frosty background through the window transfigures all my thoughts, and forms them into winter memories legion like the snow. Oh, that I could translate for other eyes the winter idyl painted there! I see a living past whose counterpart I well could wish might be a common fortune. I see in all its joyous phases the gladsome winter in New England, the snow-clad hills with bare and shivering trees, the homestead dear, the old gray barn hemmed in with peaked drifts. I see the skating pond, and hear the ringing, intermingled shouts of the noisy, shuffling game, the black ice written full with testimony of the winter's brisk hilarity. Down the hard-packed road with glancing sled I speed, past frightened team and startled way-side groups; o'er "thank you, marms" I fly in clear mid-air, and crouching low between the spurts of snowy spray, I sweep the sliding curve. Now past the village church and cozy parsonage. Now scudding close beneath the hemlocks, hanging low with their piled and tufted weight of snow. The way-side bits like dizzy streaks whiz by, the old rail fence becoming a quivering tint of gray. The road-side weeds bow after me, and soon, like an arrow from the bow, I shoot across the "Town Brook" bridge, and jumping out beyond, skip the sinking ground, and with an anxious eye and careful poise I "trim the ship," and leave the rest to fate.

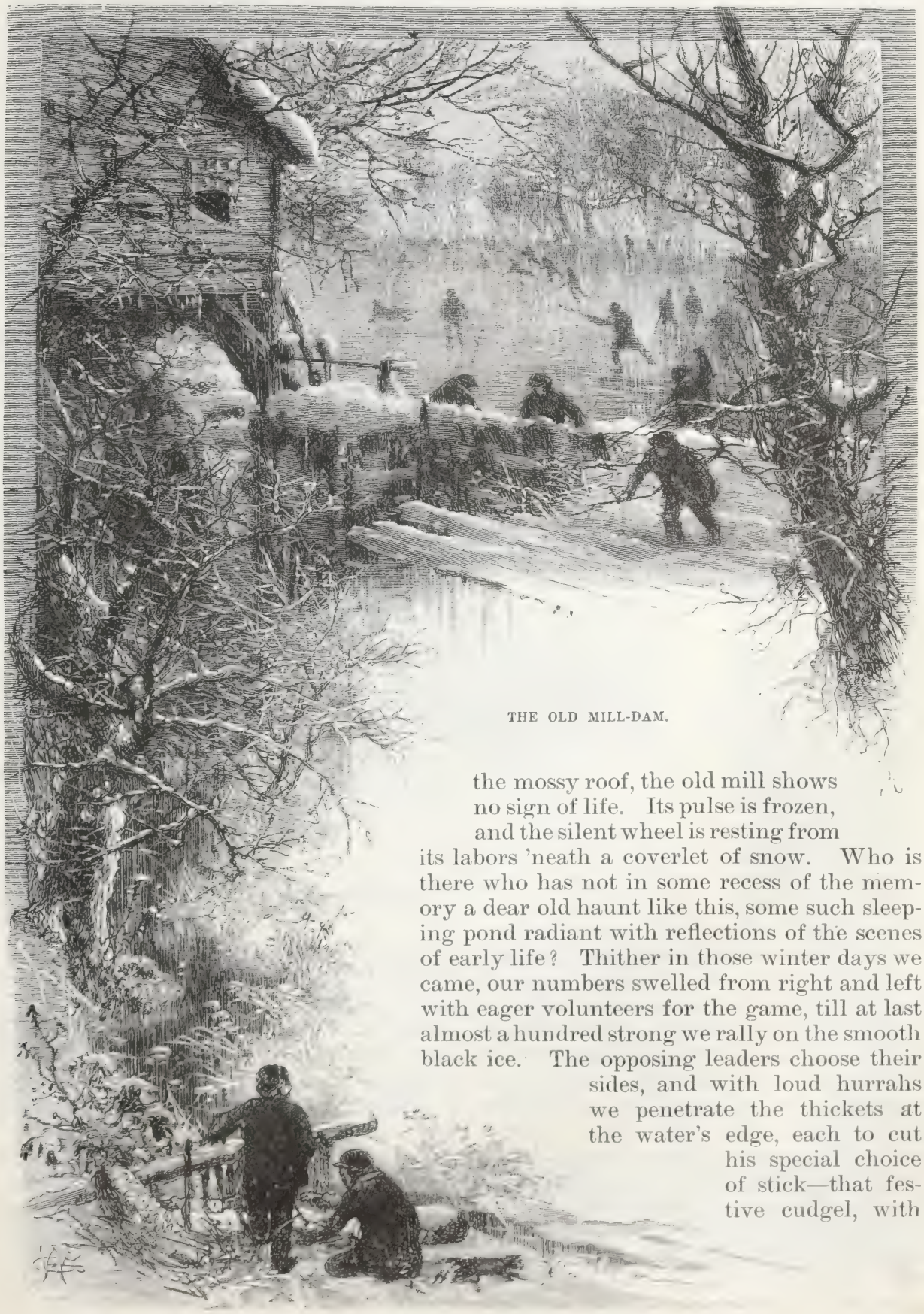
Perhaps I land on both runners, perhaps I don't; that depends. I've tried both ways, I know, and if I remember rightly, I always found it royal jolly fun.

The average New England boy is hard to kill, and I was one of that kind. Any boy who could brave the hidden mysteries and capricious favoritism of those fifteen dislocating "thank you, marms," and *hang together* through it all, and having so done, finish that experience with a plunging double somersault into a crusted snow-bank, or perchance into a stone wall—if he can do this, I say, and survive the fun, then there is no reason why he should not live to tell of it in old age, for never in the flesh will he go through a rougher ordeal.



SNOW-FLAKES OF MEMORY.

At the foot of that long hill the "Town Brook" gurgles on its winding way, and passing beneath the weather-beaten bridge, it makes a sudden turn, and spreads into a glassy pond behind the bulwarks of the Saw-mill Dam. In summer, were we as near as this, we would hear the intermittent ring of the whizzing saw, the clanking cogs, and the tuneful sounds of the falling bark-bound slabs; but now, like its bare willows that were wont to wave their leafy boughs with caressing touch upon

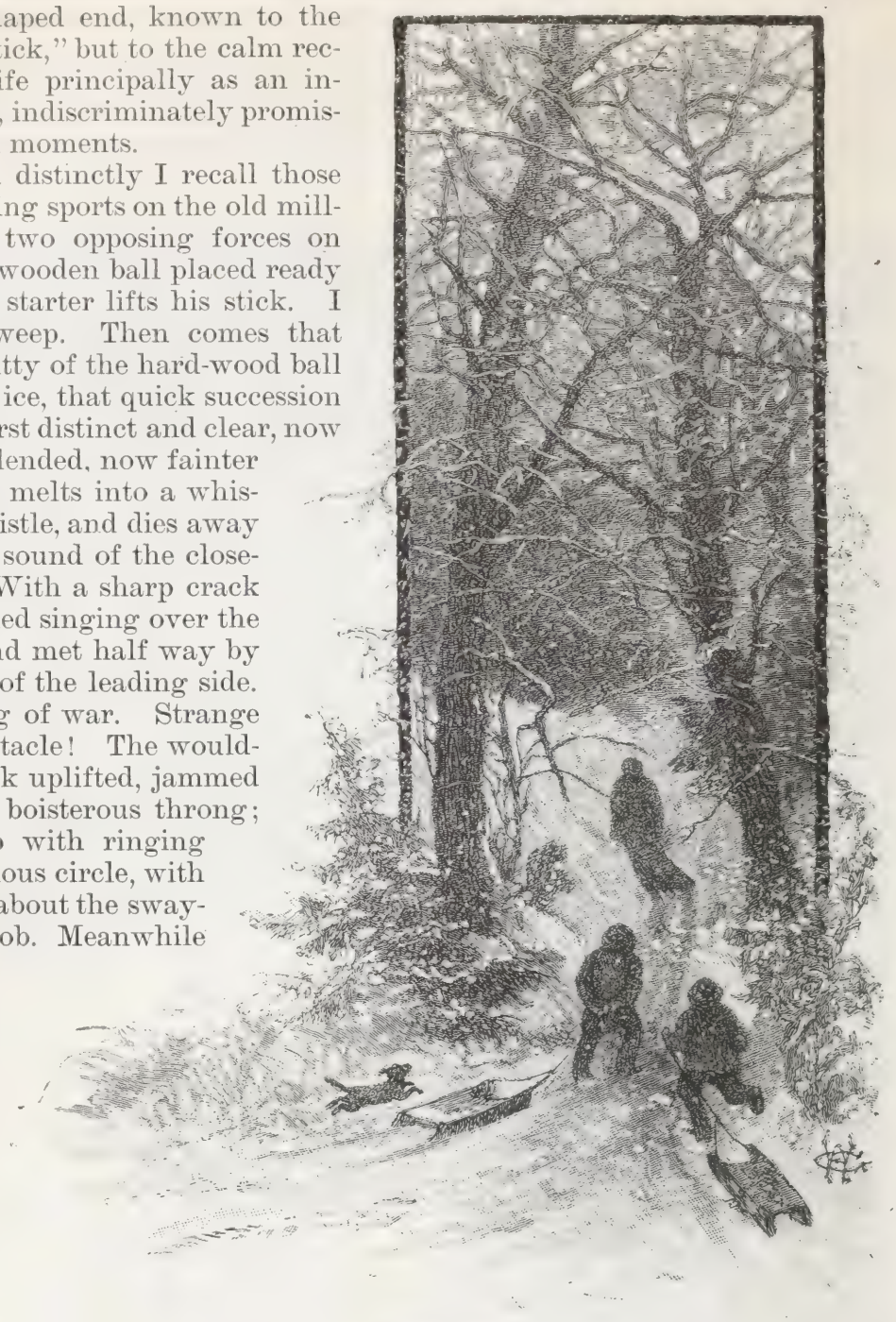


THE OLD MILL-DAM.

the mossy roof, the old mill shows no sign of life. Its pulse is frozen, and the silent wheel is resting from its labors 'neath a coverlet of snow. Who is there who has not in some recess of the memory a dear old haunt like this, some such sleeping pond radiant with reflections of the scenes of early life? Thither in those winter days we came, our numbers swelled from right and left with eager volunteers for the game, till at last almost a hundred strong we rally on the smooth black ice. The opposing leaders choose their sides, and with loud hurrahs we penetrate the thickets at the water's edge, each to cut his special choice of stick—that festive cudgel, with

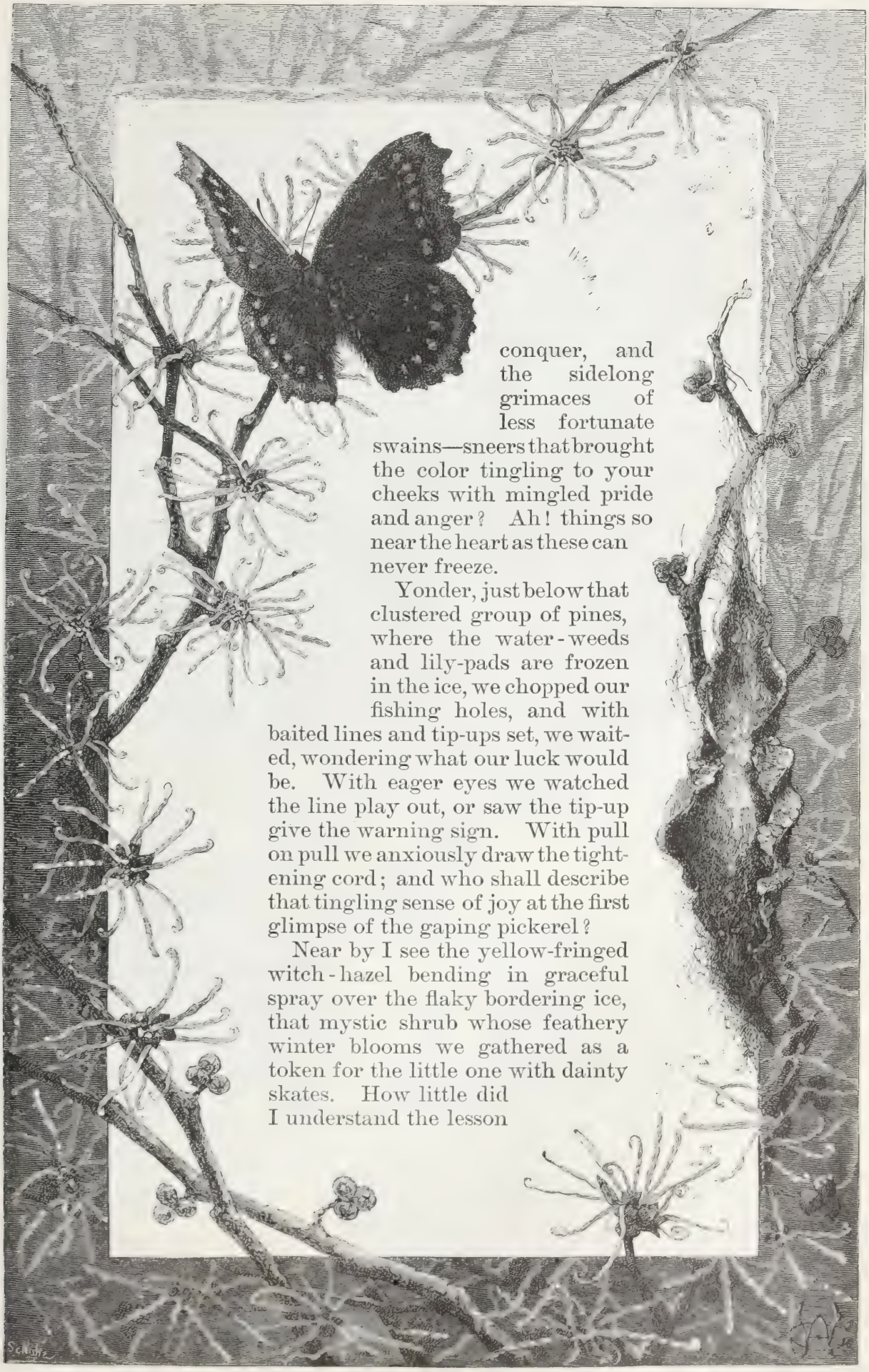
curved and club-shaped end, known to the boy as a "shinny stick," but to the calm recollection of after-life principally as an instrument of torture, indiscriminately promiscuous in its playful moments.

How clearly and distinctly I recall those toughening, rollicking sports on the old mill-pond! I see the two opposing forces on the field of ice, the wooden ball placed ready for the fray. The starter lifts his stick. I hear a whizzing sweep. Then comes that liquid, twittering ditty of the hard-wood ball skimming over the ice, that quick succession of bird-like notes, first distinct and clear, now fainter and more blended, now fainter still, until at last it melts into a whispered quivering whistle, and dies away 'midst the scraping sound of the close-pursuing skates. With a sharp crack I see the ball returned singing over the polished surface, and met half way by the advance-guard of the leading side. Now comes the tug of war. Strange fun! What a spectacle! The would-be striker, with stick uplifted, jammed in the centre of a boisterous throng; the hill-sides echo with ringing shouts, and an anxious circle, with ready sticks, forms about the swaying, gesticulating mob. Meanwhile the ball is beating round beneath their feet, their skates are clashing steel on steel. I hear the shuffling kicks, the battling strokes of clubs, the husky mutterings of passion half suppressed; I hear the panting breath and the impetuous whisperings between the teeth, as they push and wrestle and jam. A lucky hit now sends the ball a few feet from the fray. A ready hand improves the chance; but as he lifts his stick a youngster's nose gets in the way and spoils his stroke; he slips, and falls upon the ball; another and another plunge headlong over him. The crowd surround the prostrate pile and punch among them for the ball. When found, the same riotous scene ensues; another falls, and all are trampled under foot by the enthusiastic crowd. Ye gods! will any one come out alive? I hear the old familiar sounds vibrating on the air: whack! whack! "Ouch!" "Get out of the way, then!" "Now I've got it!" "Shinny on yer own side!" and now a heavy thud! which means a sudden damper on some one's wild enthusiasm. And so it goes until the game is won. The mob disperses, and the riotous spectacle gives place to uproarious jollity.



FIRST SNOW.

There are other more tranquil reflections from that old mill-pond. Do you not remember the little pair of dainty skates whose straps you clasped on daintier feet, the quiet gliding strolls through the secluded nooks, the small refractory buckle which you so often stooped to

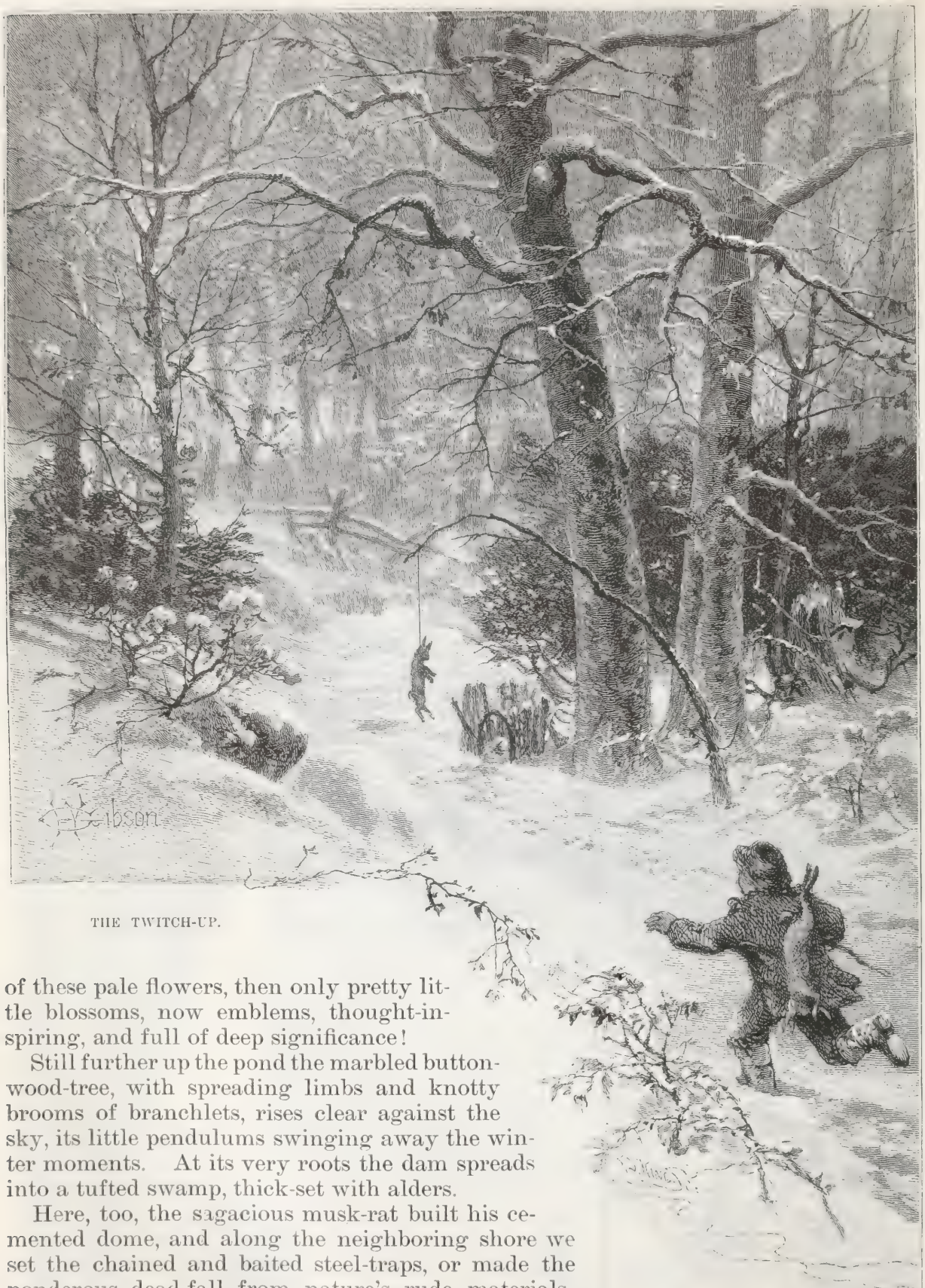


conquer, and the sidelong grimaces of less fortunate swains—sneers that brought the color tingling to your cheeks with mingled pride and anger? Ah! things so near the heart as these can never freeze.

Yonder, just below that clustered group of pines, where the water-weeds and lily-pads are frozen in the ice, we chopped our fishing holes, and with baited lines and tip-ups set, we waited, wondering what our luck would be. With eager eyes we watched the line play out, or saw the tip-up give the warning sign. With pull on pull we anxiously draw the tightening cord; and who shall describe that tingling sense of joy at the first glimpse of the gaping pickerel?

Near by I see the yellow-fringed witch-hazel bending in graceful spray over the flaky bordering ice, that mystic shrub whose feathery winter blooms we gathered as a token for the little one with dainty skates. How little did I understand the lesson

MUTE PROPHECIES.

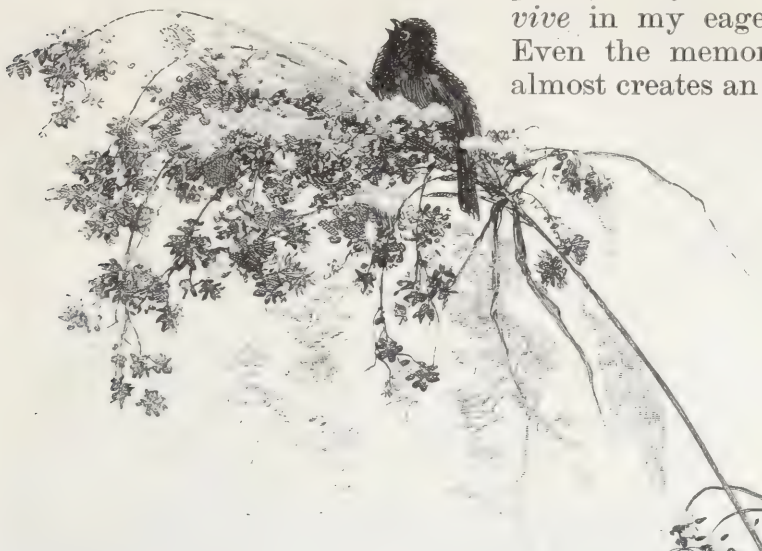


THE TWITCH-UP.

of these pale flowers, then only pretty little blossoms, now emblems, thought-inspiring, and full of deep significance!

Still further up the pond the marbled buttonwood-tree, with spreading limbs and knotty brooms of branchlets, rises clear against the sky, its little pendulums swinging away the winter moments. At its very roots the dam spreads into a tufted swamp, thick-set with alders.

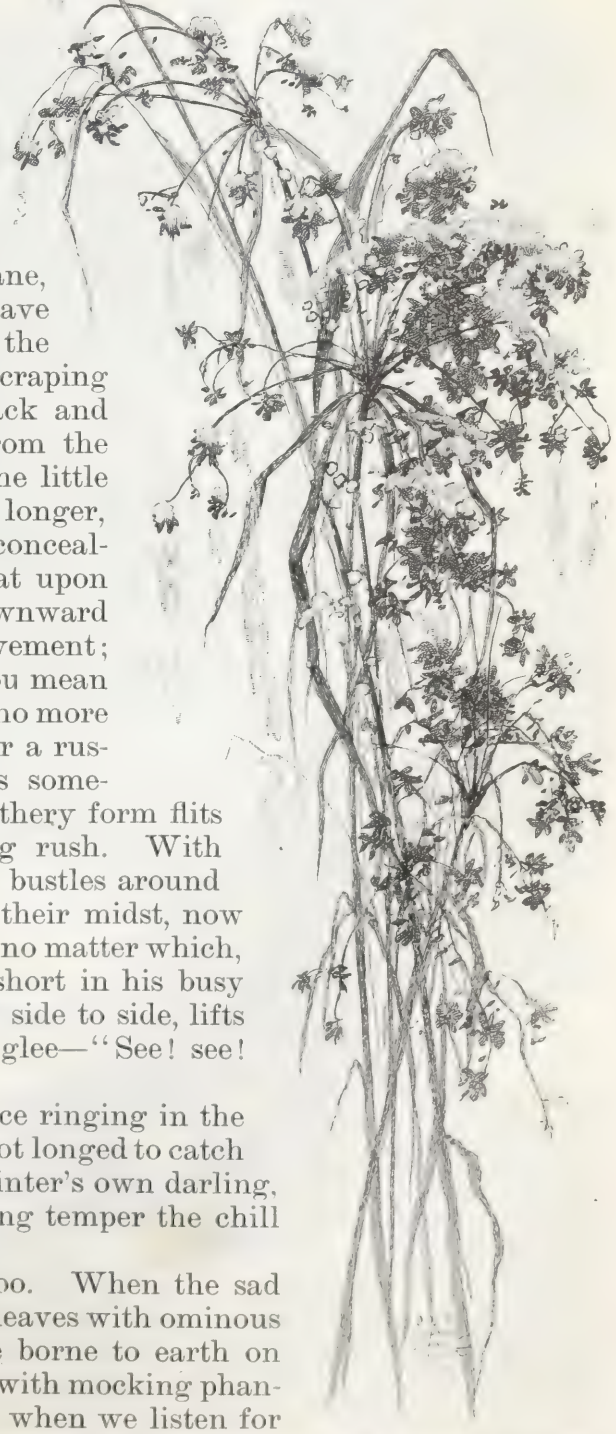
Here, too, the sagacious musk-rat built his cemented dome, and along the neighboring shore we set the chained and baited steel-traps, or made the ponderous dead-fall from nature's rude materials. Yonder, too, in the side-hill woods, I set the big box rabbit traps, with keen-edged jackknife trimmed the slender hickory poles, and on the ground near by, with sharpened branching sticks, I built the little pens for twitch-up snares. Can I ever forget the fascinating excitement which sped me on from snare to snare in those daily tramps through the snowy woods, the exhilarating buoyancy of that delicious sus-



pense, every nerve and every muscle on the *qui vive* in my eagerness for the captured game! Even the memory of it acts like a tonic, and almost creates an appetite like that of old.

And then the lovely woods. How few there are who ever seek their winter solitude; and of these how fewer still are they who find anything but drear and cold monotony!

One of the most striking features of the winter ramble in the woods is their impressive stillness. But stop a while, and listen. That very silence will give emphasis to every sound that soon shall vibrate on the clear atmosphere, for "little pitchers have big ears," and wide-open eyes too. They will first be sure that the stick you hold is only a cane, and not the small boy's gun which they have so learned to dread. Hark! even from the hollow maple at your side there comes a scraping sound, and in an instant more two black and shining eyes are peering down at us from the bulging hole above. Tut! don't strike the little fellow. Had you only waited a moment longer, we would have seen him emerge from his concealment, and with frisky, bushy tail laid flat upon the back, he would have hung head downward on the trunk, and watched our every movement; but now you've startled him, he thinks you mean mischief, and you'll see his sparkling eyes no more at that knot-hole. Listen! Now we hear a rustling in the sere and snow-tipped weeds somewhere near by, and presently a little feathery form flits past, and settles yonder on the swaying rush. With feathers ruffled into a little fuzzy ball, he bustles around among the downy seeds, now prying in their midst, now hanging underneath, head up, head down, no matter which, it's all the same to him. Now he stops short in his busy search, turns his little head jauntily from side to side, lifts his tufted crest, and sets free his pent-up glee—"See! see! see me sing! Chickadee-dee-dee!"



THE WINTER'S DARLING

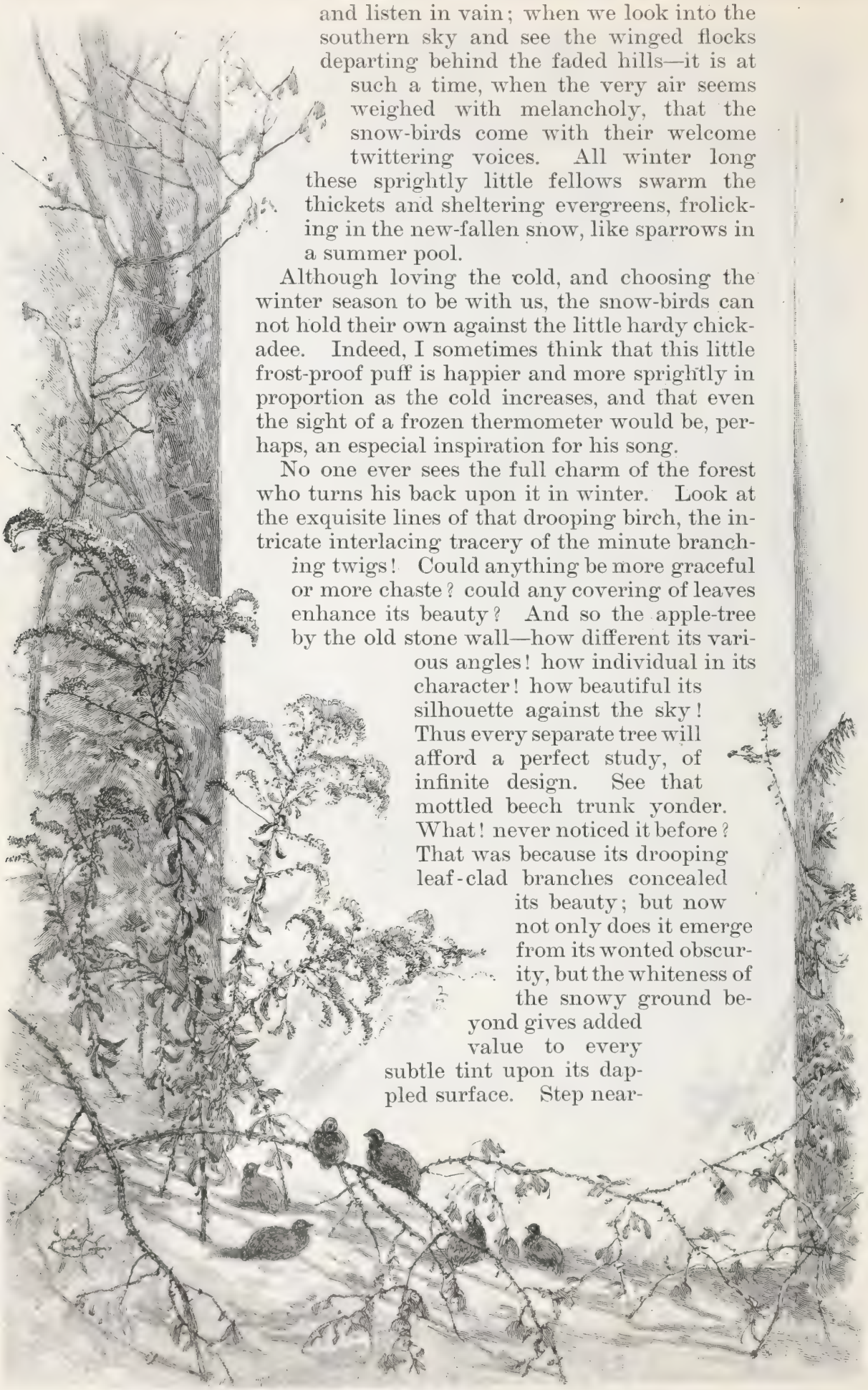
Who has not heard that wee small voice ringing in the frosty air? and who, having heard it, has not longed to catch and cuddle that little feathery puff, the winter's own darling, whose little warm heart and sprightly song temper the chill and enliven the cheerless days?

Then there are the little snow-birds, too. When the sad autumn days are upon us, when the dying leaves with ominous flush yield up their hold on life, and are borne to earth on wailing winds, and all nature seems filled with mocking phantoms of the summer's life and loveliness; when we listen for the robin's song and hear it not, or the thrush's bell-like trill,

and listen in vain; when we look into the southern sky and see the winged flocks departing behind the faded hills—it is at such a time, when the very air seems weighed with melancholy, that the snow-birds come with their welcome twittering voices. All winter long these sprightly little fellows swarm the thickets and sheltering evergreens, frolicking in the new-fallen snow, like sparrows in a summer pool.

Although loving the cold, and choosing the winter season to be with us, the snow-birds can not hold their own against the little hardy chickadee. Indeed, I sometimes think that this little frost-proof puff is happier and more sprightly in proportion as the cold increases, and that even the sight of a frozen thermometer would be, perhaps, an especial inspiration for his song.

No one ever sees the full charm of the forest who turns his back upon it in winter. Look at the exquisite lines of that drooping birch, the intricate interlacing tracery of the minute branching twigs! Could anything be more graceful or more chaste? could any covering of leaves enhance its beauty? And so the apple-tree by the old stone wall—how different its various angles! how individual in its character! how beautiful its silhouette against the sky! Thus every separate tree will afford a perfect study, of infinite design. See that mottled beech trunk yonder. What! never noticed it before? That was because its drooping leaf-clad branches concealed its beauty; but now not only does it emerge from its wonted obscurity, but the whiteness of the snowy ground beyond gives added value to every subtle tint upon its dappled surface. Step near-



A SUNNY CORNER.

er. With what variety of exquisite tender grays has nature painted the clean smooth bark! See those marbled variegations, each spot with a distinct tint of its own, and each tint composed of a multitude of microscopic points of color. Here we see a fimbriated blotch of dark olive moss, spreading its intertwining rootlets in all directions, and further up a spongy tuft of rich brown lichen tipped with snow. Who could pass by unnoticed such a refined and exquisite bit of painting as this? And yet they abound on every side. See the shingly shagbark, with its mottlings of pale green lichen and orange spots, its jagged outline so perfectly relieved against the snow, and, beyond, that group of rock-maples, with its bold contrasts of deep green moss, and striped tints of most varied shades, from lightest drab to deepest brown. And there is the yellow birch with its tight-wound bark, fringed with ravellings of buff-colored satin. Here we come upon a clump of chestnuts, their cool trunks set off in bold relief against a background of dark hemlocks, whose outer branches, clothed in snow, like tufted mittens, hang low upon the ground.



SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN THE WOODS.

Passing from the wood, we now pick our way through a neglected by-path shut in on either side with birches, whose brown and slender branches spring from a trunk so white as to be almost lost in the background tint of snow. At every step we dislodge the glistening wreaths of snowy flakes from the bluish raspberry canes. The little withered nests on the tips of the wild-carrot stems hurl their fleecy burden to the ground; and each in turn the phantom shapes are turned to homely yarrows, golden-rods, or thistles. Further on we see a wild-rose branch with scarlet berries, and further st— What's that? A fleet-footed little creature darts out almost from under our very feet, and bounds away into the dark recess. That little cotton tail! what a tempting target it always was for me! Lucky for you, my dear little fellow, that I am not a boy again, or I'd set a snare for you in about

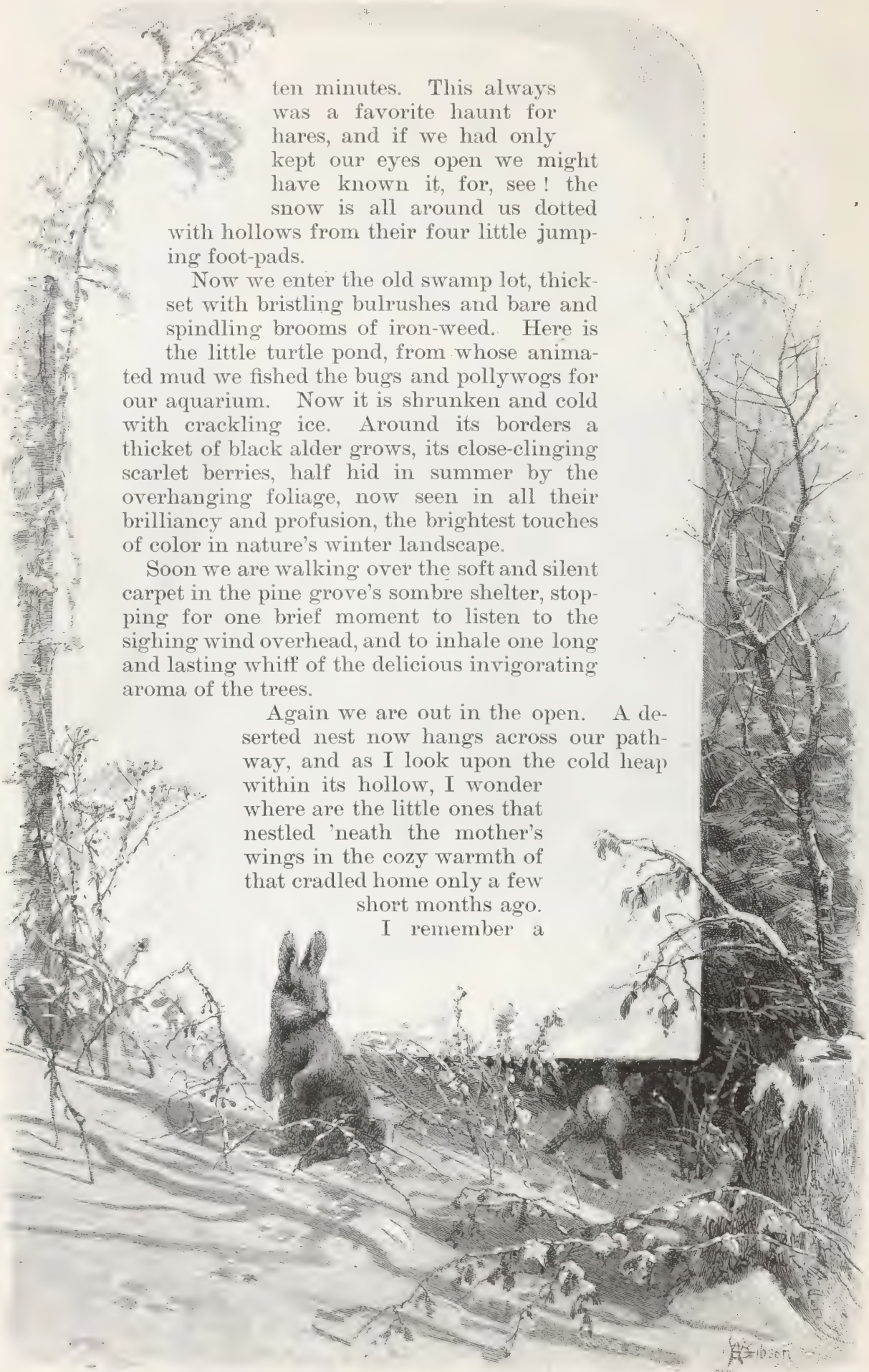
ten minutes. This always was a favorite haunt for hares, and if we had only kept our eyes open we might have known it, for, see! the snow is all around us dotted with hollows from their four little jumping foot-pads.

Now we enter the old swamp lot, thick-set with bristling bulrushes and bare and spindling brooms of iron-weed. Here is the little turtle pond, from whose animated mud we fished the bugs and pollywogs for our aquarium. Now it is shrunken and cold with crackling ice. Around its borders a thicket of black alder grows, its close-clinging scarlet berries, half hid in summer by the overhanging foliage, now seen in all their brilliancy and profusion, the brightest touches of color in nature's winter landscape.

Soon we are walking over the soft and silent carpet in the pine grove's sombre shelter, stopping for one brief moment to listen to the sighing wind overhead, and to inhale one long and lasting whiff of the delicious invigorating aroma of the trees.

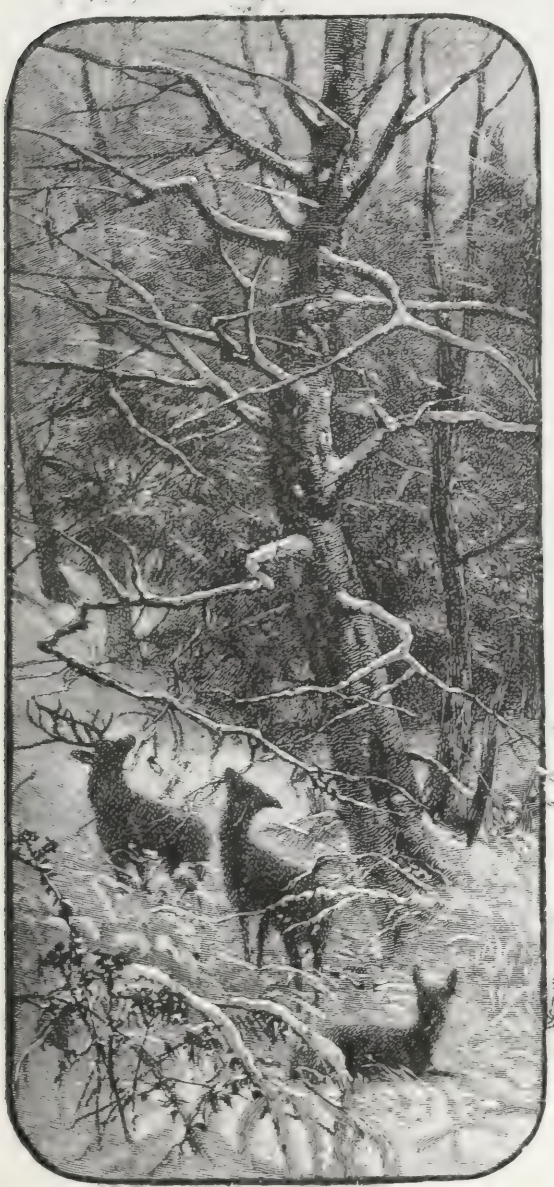
Again we are out in the open. A deserted nest now hangs across our pathway, and as I look upon the cold heap within its hollow, I wonder where are the little ones that nestled 'neath the mother's wings in the cozy warmth of that cradled home only a few short months ago.

I remember a



"WHO'S THAT?"

typical New England home, with slanting roof on one side, and embowered in maples, and it had the most picturesque barn in the neighborhood. O you good people far off in the country everywhere, how I envy you these dear old barns! How much you ought to appreciate their homely rustic beauty! But you never will, until, like me, you are forced to live away from them, and to see them only through the golden haze of memory. Then you will learn how great a part they took in influencing your daily life and happiness.



DEER IN THE WOODS.

Was ever perfume sweeter than that all-pervading fragrance of the sweet-scented hay? and was ever an interior so truly picturesque, so full of quiet harmony?

The lofty haymows piled nearly to the roof, the jagged axe-notched beams overhung with cobwebs flecked with dust of hay-seed, with perhaps a downy feather here and there. The rude, quaint hen boxes, with the lone nest-egg in little nooks and corners. How vividly, how lovingly, I recall each one!

In those snow-bound days, when the white flakes shut in the earth down deep beneath, and the drifts obstructed the highways, and we heard the noisy teamsters, with snap of whip and exciting shouts, urge their straining oxen through the solid barricade; when all the fences and stone walls were almost lost to sight in the universal avalanche; and, best of all, when the little district school-house upon the hill stood in an impassable sea of snow—then we assembled in the old barn to play, sought out every hidden corner in our game of hide-and-seek, or jumped and frolicked in the hay, now stopping quietly to listen to the tiny squeak of some rustling mouse near by, or it may be creeping cautiously to the little hole up near the eaves in search of the big-eyed owl we once caught napping there. In a hundred ways we passed the fleeting hours.

The general features of New England barns are all alike. The barn that we remember is a garner full of treasure sweet as new-mown hay. You remember the great broad double doors, which made their sweeping circuit in the snow; the ruddy pumpkins, piled up in the corner near the bins, and the wistful whinny of the old farm-horse as with pricked-up ears and eager pull of chain he urged your prompt attention to your chores; the cows, too, in the manger stalls—how sweet their perfumed breath! Outside the corn-crib stands, its golden stores gleaming through the open laths, and the oxen, reaching with lapping upturned tongues, yearn for the tempting feast, "so near and yet so far." The party-colored hens group themselves



THE OLD BARN-YARD—A JANUARY THAW.

in rich contrast against the sunny boards of the weather-beaten shed, and the ducks and geese, with rattling croak and husky hiss and quick vibrating tails (that strange contagion), waddle across the slushy snow, and sail out upon the barn-yard pond. Here is the pile of husks from whose bleached and rustling sheaths you picked the little ravellings of brown for your corn-silk cigarettes. Did ever "pure Havana" taste as sweet?

Near by we see the barracks stored with yellow sheaves of wheat. Soon we shall hear the intermittent music of the beating flail on the old barn floor, now chinking soft on the broken sheaf, now loud and clear on the sounding boards. Upon the roof above we see the cooing doves, with nodding heads and necks gleaming with iridescent sheen. Turning, in another corner we look upon a miscellaneous group of ploughs and rakes and all the farm utensils, and harness hanging on the wooden pegs. There, too, is the little sleigh we love so well. Could it but speak, how sweet a story it could tell of lovely drives through romantic glens and moonlit woods, of tender squeezes of the little hand beneath the covering robe, of whispered vows, and of the encircling arm—a shelter from the cold and cruel wind! But no—I'll say no more: these are memories too sacred for the common ear. And there's the carry-all sleigh just by its side. How well you'll remember the merry loads it carried, its three wide seats and space between packed full of jolly company! How the hard-pressed snow squeaked be-

neath the gliding runners, as with prancing span and jingling bells you sped down through the village street, with waving handkerchiefs and cheerful greetings right and left! How with "ducking" heads and muffled screams you ran the gauntlet past the school-house mob; saw them scrambling for "a hitch," and with tantalizing beckonings tipped your horses with the whip. Away you go through the deep ravine, with a *jing jing jing* on the frosty air, with voices high in merry laughs, 'mid loud hurras from the "boys-away, now farther still, the silvery bells now scarcely heard, now fainter yet, till lost to sight and sound—but not to memory dear. For all through life we shall hear those happy jingling bells.

And when, with ruddy faces and stamping feet, we all rush in and crowd the old fire-place, how welcome the glowing warmth, how keen the relish for the appetizing spread upon the snow-white tablecloth: the smoking dish of beans, with crisp accompaniment of luscious pork; the hot brown bread, so sweet; and, last of all,



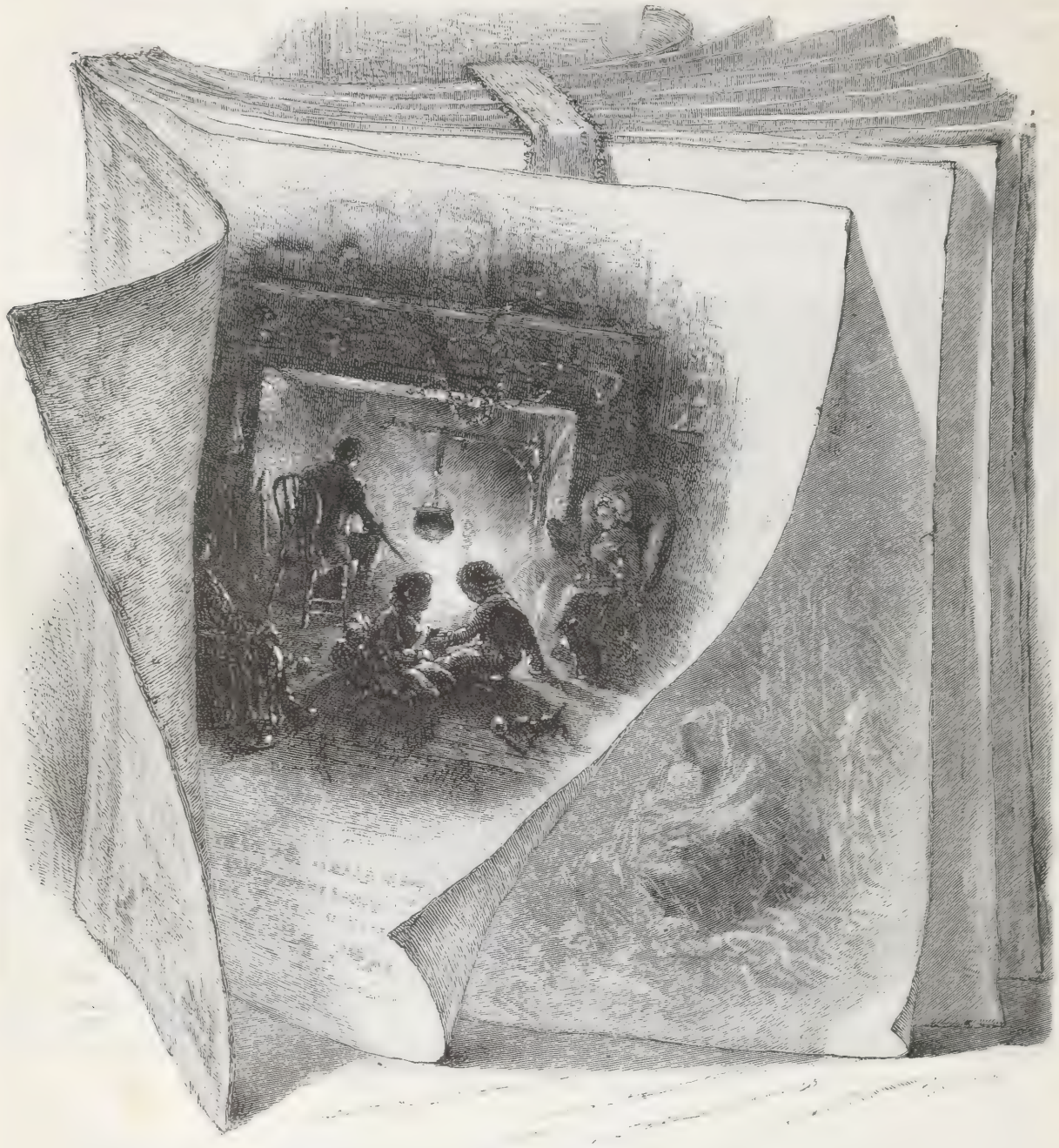
THE MOONLIGHT RIDE.

terous" crowd now far behind. Now you speed through a mist of drifting snow, and the rosy cheeks tingle with the stinging icy flakes flying before the wind. Now comes another chorus of piercing screams, as the laden hemlock bough, tapped with mischievous whip, hurls down its fleecy avalanche on coat and robe, on jaunty little hat—yes, and on a small pink ear, and even down a pretty neck. Ah me! How is it possible that a shriek like that could come from a throat so fair? But so you go, with a *jing jing jing*, now past the mill-pond with its game, now up the hill, now through the woods, and far the far-famed Indian pudding, fresh and steaming from the old brick oven.

How distinctly I recall those long and happy evenings around that radiant hearth, the games, the stories read from welcome magazines! Little we cared for the howling storm without. I hear the tick of the ancient clock in the corner shadowed by the old arm-chair; I see the glimmer on the whitewashed wall, the festooned strings of apples, sliced and hung above the fire to dry; I hear the patient, expectant stroke of hammer on the upturned log, and now the crackling burst of the rough-shelled butternut, yielding up its long and

filmy kernel; I hear the apples sizzling on the hearth, the puffy snap of pop-corn jumping in its fiery cage, the kettle singing on the pendent hook—a thousand things; and what a precious living picture of sweet home life they all bring back to me!

But look! there is another hidden picture in the book of life—a shadowed page, which we had well-nigh forgotten. See that crouching figure in the dark deserted street—that spurned and wretched outcast, without a home, without a friend! Perhaps if that broken heart has not already ceased to yearn, if the last spark has not yet been smothered by the driving, covering snow, we might still hear the faint and stifled sobs:



THE SHADOWED PAGE.

"Once I was loved for my innocent grace,
Flattered and sought for the charm of my face.
Father, mother, sisters, all,
God, and myself, I have lost in my fall.
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will take a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh,
For of all that is on or about me, I know,
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.
How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be, when the night comes
again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain,
Fainting, freezing, dying alone!"

What a terrible night! Hark how the wind moans, like a long wail from some despairing soul shut out in the awful storm! The air is filled with dense clouds of flying snow and sleet chased along by the gale. The trees bend and writhe, and scratch their boughs upon the roof; the driving flakes beat with an angry, hissing sound upon the window-panes. We hear a crash of breaking glass, the shaking of the old barn doors, and now a frightened neigh, half smothered in the storm.

Who would venture out in such a night as this? We shudder at the thought, and yet there is one whose holy sense of duty will see no barrier even in this fierce tempest. Even now he is urging his faithful horse onward through the lonely road, cold and benumbed, but thinking only of the suffering he hopes to relieve.

How well I remember the welcome stamping at the front door, the chinking rattle of the tin box sounding nearer and nearer up the stairs, the tall and stately figure entering the room, clad in great-coat reaching nearly to the floor, the genial smile bringing both hope and comfort with its very presence! And what a noble face! the shapely forehead, the snowy tufts of close-cut hair, the magnetic, penetrating eyes, so deep and dark, looking out from beneath the heavy jet-black brows, and the clean-shaven cheeks and chin, of almost child-like bloom, relieved against the whiteness of the stock about the throat! Never before were winter and summer so strangely and beautifully blended in a human face. But we shall see that face no more. Physician, friend, companion, all were laid away with him, and sad indeed was the day that bore him from us.

And so the winter goes. It has its joys and its sorrows, its strong contrasts of light and shadow. The bitter winds will freeze and rule the earth, but the sun will shine again, and the very gloom transform to glittering splendor. Soon we greet the lengthening days. The farmer heeds the warning sign. The woods resound with the stroke of the axe, and the prostrate trunks are rolled upon the sledge and hauled away "to mill;" the fields are strewn with compost, and the meadows sown with clover on the snow, the fences fixed, the hot-bed started on the sunny slope; the cackling hens have felt the prophecy, and steal away into snug little places among the haymows and the mangers, and lay the foundation of their future brood; the climbing bittersweet lets fall its scarlet seeds, and the little pussies on the willows grow day by day.

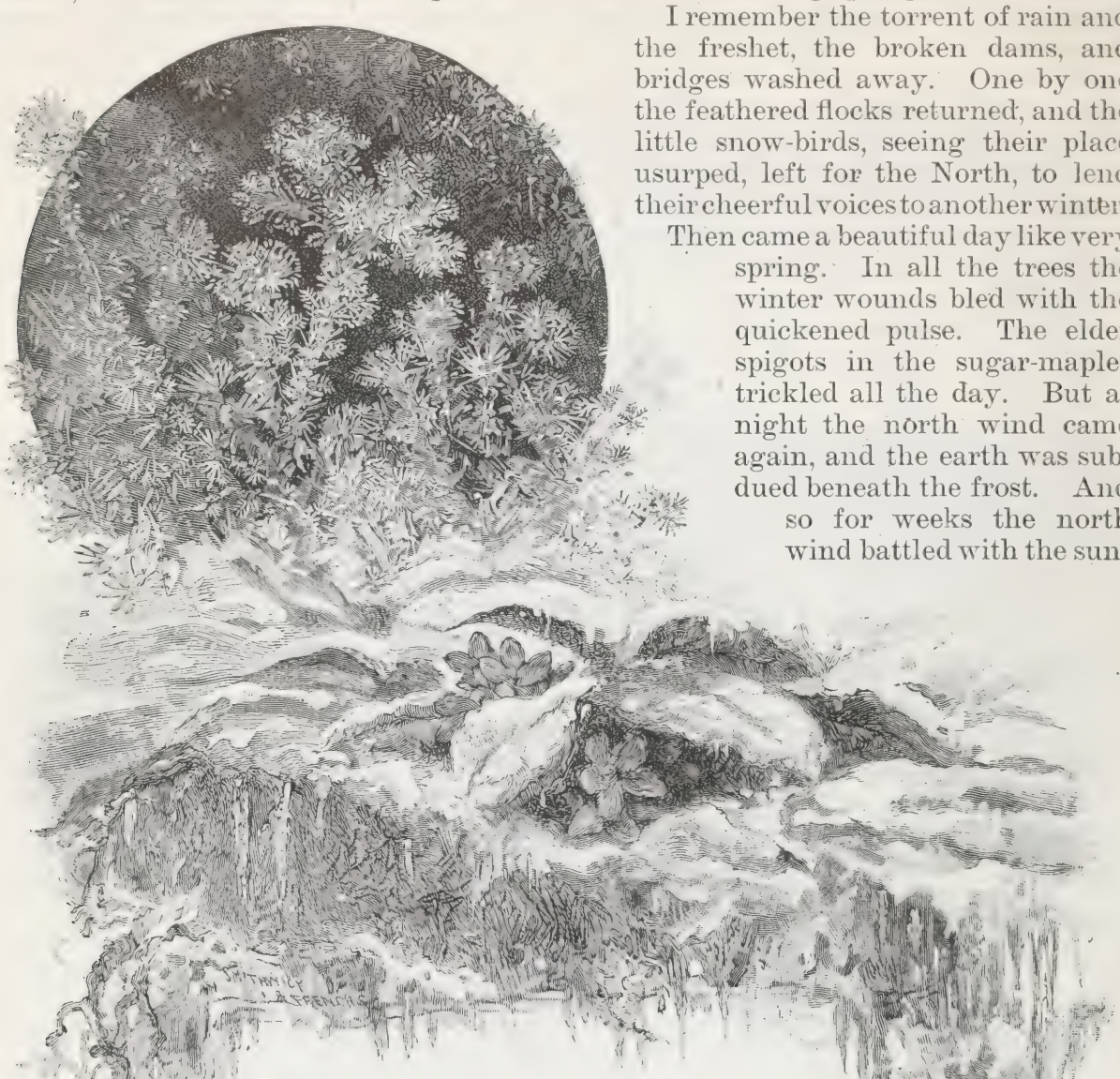


THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

How eagerly I always watched these welcome signs! for even though I loved the winter, I never sorrowed at its departure in the face of coming spring.

I remember the torrent of rain and the freshet, the broken dams, and bridges washed away. One by one the feathered flocks returned, and the little snow-birds, seeing their place usurped, left for the North, to lend their cheerful voices to another winter.

Then came a beautiful day like very spring. In all the trees the winter wounds bled with the quickened pulse. The elder spigots in the sugar-maples trickled all the day. But at night the north wind came again, and the earth was subdued beneath the frost. And so for weeks the north wind battled with the sun,



Till at last the sweet Arbutus
Nestling close on Nature's breast
Felt a throb · a warm pulsation
Rouse it from its dreamy rest·

Throwing wide its little portals
From its coverlet of snow
It peeped forth from the leafy shelter
Into a valley white below·

"Am I dreaming? · Shall the Winter
Stifle and freeze my early breath
Nay · hark! · I hear the Bluebird singing
'Spring has come' he answereth·

"Ah! Frost-flower in thy grotto yonder
Crystal sun-gem white and clear
Thy reign must cease when I awaken
Farewell! pale bloom · thy fate draws near·

Bleak Winter is thine
Love's Spring-time is mine·



FARMING IN THE FAR WEST—EVENING.

DAKOTA WHEAT FIELDS.

OF the four hundred million bushels of wheat produced in the United States, by far the largest portion is sown in the fall, and is called winter grain. The varieties are conditioned by soil and climate, the latitude of Milwaukee marking in general the northern boundary of winter wheat.

The area suited for the production of wheat sown in the spring hitherto has been of limited extent, but there is an undeveloped section of the country so wide and far-reaching that it may be regarded as the great summer wheat field of the future. Its capabilities are so vast, and the insurance of production so certain, that the millions of the Old World may ever think of it as a land that will supply them with bread.

A traveller making the tour of the St. Lawrence and its connecting chain of lakes, landing at Duluth, and journeying west over the Northern Pacific Railroad two hundred miles, beyond the forest region of the Upper Mississippi, will find himself on the eastern edge of this bread land of the future—the valley of the Red River, a stream flowing northward to Lake Winnipeg, and thence to Hudson Bay.

In August, 1869, the writer of this article rode over this former hunting ground of the Sioux, where through by-gone ages they chased the buffalo and fought the Chippewas. The valley of the Red River was a vast expanse. No hill, no gentle undulation, nothing but the fringes of trees along the streams, bounded the sight. It was a reach of prairie unbroken by the plough. Our own voices, or the song of meadow-lark, plover, and curlew, and other fowl, alone broke the solemn and oppressive stillness of the solitude. At Georgetown the Hudson Bay Company had reared a house, and two or three settlers had set up their cabins upon the banks of the river. We encountered a man whose birth-place was in Virginia, who had been a frontiersman in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin—a vidette of civilization.

"Have you any neighbors?" we asked.

"Oh yes; three families have just settled about twelve miles from here. They are getting pretty thick, and I shall have to move on, I reckon."

They have been getting thicker since,

and the locomotive is speeding its way across the valley, on to the Missouri, and beyond to the Yellowstone; it is flying down the valley to Winnipeg, and soon it will thunder along the Saskatchewan, far away in the distant Northland. Farm-houses dot the landscape; towns have sprung up; the traveller beholds piles of lumber, long lines of farm wagons, ploughs, seeders, harrows, reapers, threshers, and farm engines at every railroad station. Marvellous the change: in 1869 a furrowless plain; 1879, a harvest of eight million bushels of grain—ere long to be eighty million!



PLOUGHING.

The development of wheat culture in Northern Dakota is without a parallel. In March, 1875, Oliver Dalrymple, who had been a successful farmer near St. Paul, but whose earnings had been lost by unfortunate investments, rode over the lands west of the Red River, many thousand acres of which had been taken by Messrs. George W. Cass, of Pittsburgh, B. P. Cheney, of Boston, and the Messrs. Grandin Brothers, of Tidioute, Pennsylvania, holders of the bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The bonds had been taken at par, but they had depreciated to ten cents on the dollar, and to save themselves from utter loss, they exchanged them for the company's lands. The March winds were bleak, and the last year's grass lay in a tangled mat upon the frozen sward, as the lone horseman rode over the treeless expanse.

"These lands intrinsically are worth twenty-five dollars per acre, or I don't know anything about farming," was Mr. Dalrymple's remark to himself.

His examination resulted in a contract with the owners of the lands for their development, and two sections, or twelve hundred and eighty acres, were ploughed the following summer, from which the first harvest was gathered in 1876, aggregating about 32,000 bushels.

Public opinion began to change. Other men before this had opened farms along the Red River, but none had pushed out so far upon the open prairie. Settlers came—soldiers with their land-warrants, men from Minnesota, Wisconsin, Ohio, taking homesteads on the government lands. Men of capital purchased the depreciated bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and exchanged them for lands which cost them from fifty cents to one



HARROWING.

dollar per acre. In 1877 thousands of ploughs were turning the sod. Such the beginning.

Invention, system, capital, brains, are factors for success in most things in these days. The United States is supplying not only England, but Belgium, the Netherlands, and France, with bread at the present time, because the American inventor, comprehending the needs of the farmer, has supplied him with machinery to do the work of human hands.

The plough which the writer held in his early years for breaking the sod was made by the village carpenter and blacksmith. Its beam was hewn from a stalwart oak, twelve feet in length; its mould was the natural winding of a giant red oak, with a little additional curvature from the adze of the carpenter, with cast-off horseshoes and bits of an old saw nailed to the wood; its share was iron tipped with steel: an implement drawn by twelve oxen, with two drivers, a third man riding the beam to keep it in the ground, and a fourth following the furrow with a mattock to dig up the "boulks" and turn the turf which the plough failed to turn. With such an implement, managed by five men and twelve oxen, an acre and a half could be "broken" in a day, provided the ground was not too thickly planted with bowlders. Stories were current that in some localities amid the granite hills they were so abundant that the farmers punched holes in the sod with their iron hoes, dropped in a few kernels of corn, and turned their swine loose in the lot, whose insinuating snouts did all the ploughing possible.

In Dakota the farmer may mount his sulky-plough, ride till noon, if his acres extend so far, and reach home at night with a returning furrow. He need not hold the plough. His ten-year-old son or daughter might drive the team afield just as well. He does his "breaking" in June, which insures the required rotting of the turf. In the fall the decayed furrow is reversed, which is termed "back-setting," and then the harrow is applied to tear the turf to tatters. The more thoroughly this is done, the greater the yield in harvest. The cost of breaking, back-setting, and harrowing is about four dollars per acre. This prepares the ground for the seeding of the first crop. This preparatory work is all done in the summer and fall, and the ground left till spring.

Although the winters of Dakota are as cold as in Central New York, there is far less snow, and in the spring the Dakota husbandman has his seeding done by the time the farmer in the Empire State can drive his team afield. By the middle of March or the first week in April the ground has thawed sufficiently to permit the working of the seeders.

How invention has simplified husbandry! In our boyhood days we walked day after day in spring-time over the furrows, dragging a chain to mark a line for the sower, who, with basket strapped to his shoulders, marched with even paces, flinging the seed right and left, to fall in uneven patches upon the ground, some of it to be buried deep by the passing harrow, some to lie wholly uncovered. Instead of this, the Dakota farmer puts his seed in a long box mounted on wheels. If the seed is plump and fair and of first quality, he will graduate the machine to sow eighty pounds per acre; if the kernel is shrunken and less fair, he will need more—ninety or one hundred pounds. With unvarying precision the seed is dropped, each grain at a certain depth, evenly distributed, and not a kernel exposed, to be devoured by the birds hastening northward to their summer haunts. The farmer's boy or girl may do the seeding—fifteen acres in a day.

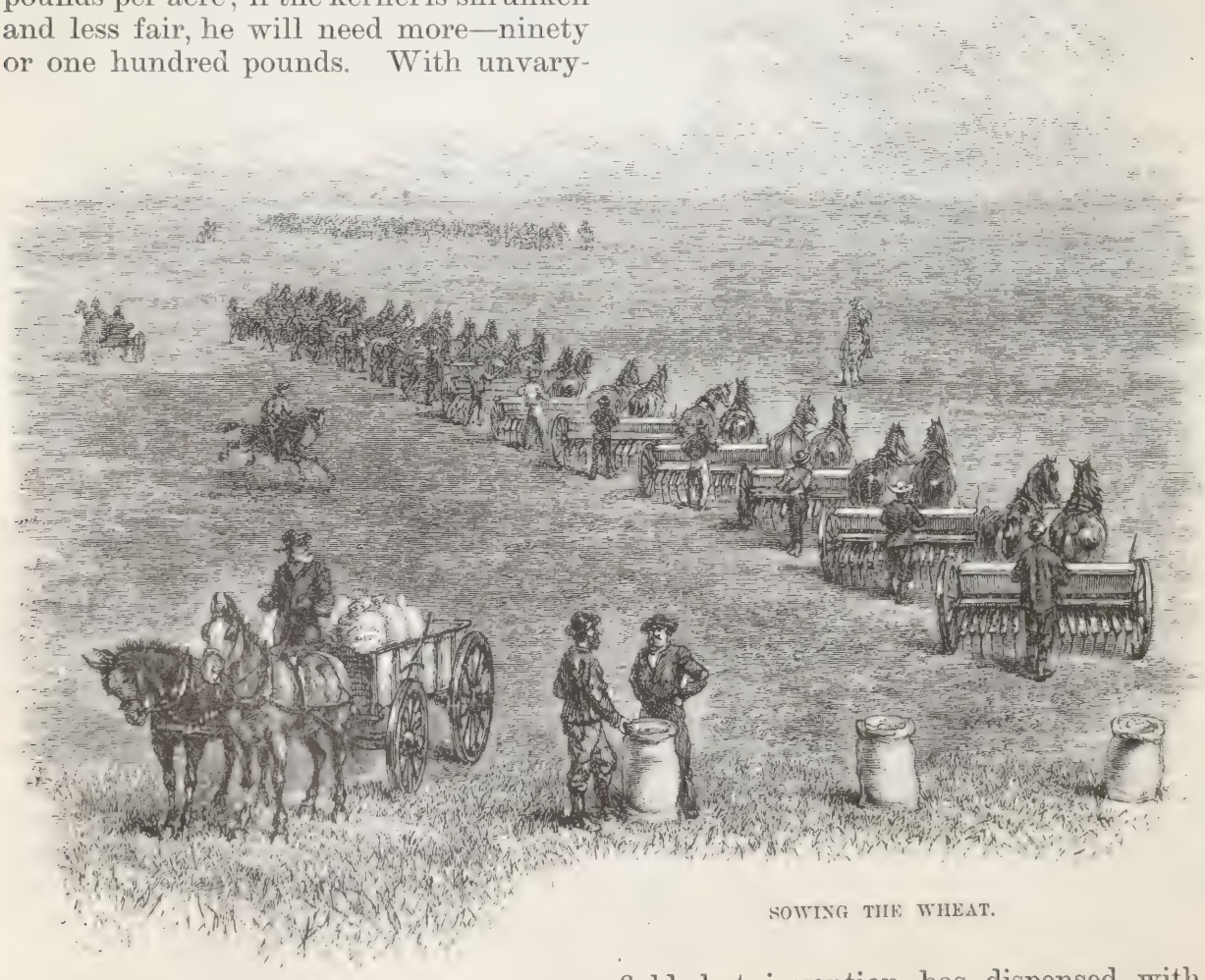
The seeding done, the owner of the fair acres may give his attention to other things till harvest. The harvest! Poets and painters have ever delighted in portraying the harvest scenes of Old England—the reapers bowing down to their work in the golden fields, maidens binding the sheaves.

> "E'en the domestic, laughing dairy-maid
> Hies to the field, the general toil to share."

Who has not seen pictures of the noon rest beneath the branches of an overspreading tree—the dinner basket, the jug of home-brewed ale?

> "The lovely maid
> In youth's own bloom and smiles arrayed;
> Her hat awry, divested of her gown."

It never was, nor will it ever be, an American scene. True, in the early years of the republic women worked in the harvest field, but invention has dispensed with their labor as followers of the sickle. Those men who have devised mechanism for reaping and binding of grain have made it even for Old England a picture of the past. Ruth never will glean in the



SOWING THE WHEAT.



REAPING.

fields of Boaz on American soil, or dip her bread in the vinegar at the noon lunch on the plains of Dakota. The sickle! Do we not remember it? Is there not a perpetual reminder on the little finger of our left hand, where the ragged edge of the gleaming hook flayed the flesh from the bone? And such aches in the back! We thank you, Messrs. Inventors, in behalf of every farmer in this republic, for abolishing back-aches in harvest.

In 1794 a son of Scotland invented "a most marvellous and wonderful machine for cutting grain," as the newspaper of the day described the grain cradle. "With which a man could do as much work in a day as seven men with the sickle," wrote the secretary of the Highland Agricultural Society. It was not every man, however, who could use the cradle. An expert—one who could lay his "gavels" straight and even—was a man to be looked up to in a community, who could earn his two dollars a day, against half that amount by ordinary laborers. He could save men from the back-ache. But the grain cradle is an implement of the past. In 1833 Obed Hussey took out his first patent for a reaping machine. Forty years passed before the inventor could perfect a machine that would reap and bind grain without the intervention of human hands. Since 1850 nearly 2,500,000 reaping and mowing machines have been manufactured in the United States. The annual production at the present time is about 160,000. In 1873 fifty tons of wire were used by the self-binding reapers; in 1878, *fourteen thousand tons!* so rapid the development. Probably in 1879 not less than 20,000 tons of wire were used.

Ride over these fertile acres of Dakota,



THRESHING.

and behold the working of this latest triumph of American genius. You are in a sea of wheat. On the farms managed by Oliver Dalrymple are 13,000 acres in one field. There are other farmers who cultivate from 160 to 6000 acres. The railroad train rolls through an ocean of grain. Pleasant the music of the rippling waves as the west wind sweeps over the expanse. We encounter a squadron of war chariots, not such as once swept over the Delta of the Nile in pursuit of an army of fugitive Israelites, not such as the warriors of Rome were wont to drive, with glittering knives projecting from the axles to mow a swath through the ranks of an enemy, to drench the ground with blood, to cut down the human race, as if men were noxious weeds, but chariots of peace, doing the work of human hands for the sustenance of men. There are twenty-five of them in this one brigade of the grand army of 115, under the marshalship of this Dakota farmer. A superintendent upon a superb horse, like a brigadier directing his forces, rides along the line, accompanied by his staff of two on horseback. They are fully armed and equipped, not with swords, but the implements of peace—wrenches, hammers, chisels. They are surgeons in waiting, with nuts and screws, or whatever may be needed.

This brigade of horse artillery sweeps by in echelon—in close order, reaper following reaper. There is a sound of wheels. The grain disappears an instant, then reappears; iron arms clasp it, hold it a moment in their embrace, wind it with wire, then toss it disdainfully at your feet. You hear in the rattling of the wheels the mechanism saying to itself, "See how easy I can do it!"

An army of "shockers" follow the reapers, setting up the bundles to ripen before threshing. The reaping must ordinarily all be done in fifteen days, else the grain becomes too ripe. The first fields harvested, therefore, are cut before the ripening is complete. Each reaper averages about fifteen acres per day, and is drawn by three horses or mules.

The reaping ended, threshing begins. Again memory goes back to early years, to the pounding out of the grain upon the threshing-floor with the flail—the slow, tedious work of the winter days. Poets no more will rehearse the music of the flail. The picture for February in the old *Farmer's Almanac* is obsolete. September is the month for threshing, the

thresher doing its 600 or 700 bushels per day, driven by a steam-engine of sixteen horse-power. Remorseless that sharp-toothed devourer, swallowing its food as fast as two men can cut the wire bands, requiring six teams to supply its demands! And what a cataract of grain pours from its spout, faster than two men can bag it!

The latest triumph of invention in this direction is a straw-burning engine, utilizing the stalks of the grain for fuel.

The cost of raising wheat per bushel is from thirty-five to forty cents; the average yield, from twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre. The nearness of these lands to Lake Superior, and the rates established by the railroad—fifteen cents per bushel from any point between Bismarck and Duluth—give the Dakota farmers a wide margin of profit.

Since the first furrow was turned in the Red River Valley, in 1870, there has been no failure of crops from drought, excessive rains, blight, mildew, rust, or other influence of climatology. The chinch-bug has not made its appearance; the grasshoppers alone have troubled the farmers, but they have disappeared, and the fields are smiling with bounty. With good tilth, the farmer may count upon a net return of from eight to ten dollars per acre per annum. The employment of capital has accomplished a beneficent end, by demonstrating that the region, instead of being incapable of settlement, is one of the fairest sections of the continent. Nor is it a wonder that the land-offices are besieged by emigrants making entries, or that the surveyors find the lands "squatted" upon before they can survey them; that hotels are crowded; that on every hand there is activity. During the months of May, June, and July, 1879, the sales of government land were nearly 700,000 acres, and the entries for the year will probably aggregate 1,500,000, taken in homestead, pre-emption, and tree claims. There are other millions of acres, as fair and fertile, yet to be occupied.

Over this domain, extending as far to the north as Athabasca Lake, large enough for ten or twelve States of the size of New York, nature has given a climate suited to the successful cultivation of summer wheat. Not that every acre of it has the requisite soil, for there are vast reaches which in coming years will furnish pasturage to flocks and herds, as they now do to the buffalo. It is a region from which the buffalo never departs. It is his summer and winter haunt. Where buffaloes can find pasturage, men can live and carry on successful husbandry.

Wonderful the mechanism of this world of ours, spinning in its orbit, whirling on its axis, keeping exact time in all its motions, in the flow of its tides and ocean current, the sweep of its winds! When the Creator set the planet whirling from west to east, there followed a secondary event—the flowing of the waters of the oceans at the equator in an opposite direction. The equatorial current of the Atlantic breaks upon the projecting headlands of Brazil, one portion whirling southward, another northward. The northern current becomes the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic, softening the rigors of climate in Great Britain and Northern Europe, and making those lands what they are. The Pacific westward current divides upon the island of Borneo, and its northern stream sweeps past Japan—a river in the sea, one thousand miles wide, flowing three miles per hour, with a temperature of 76°, ameliorating the climate of Alaska and all the far Northwest. The Rocky Mountains intercept the clouds born of that mighty stream, which pour out their moisture in copious rains, clothing British Columbia and Washington with forests. But over and beyond this range of mountains to the plains of the Saskatchewan flow the warm currents of air from the far-distant tropics, bringing the wild fowl, the blackbird, and the plover to the banks of the Peace River in the month of March.

A few years hence the locomotive will speed its way from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, within our own borders, and from Thunder Bay, on the north shore of the lake, westward four hundred miles to Winnipeg, and from thence northwest to the base of the Rocky Mountains. The latter road is being constructed by the Dominion government. Who can estimate the capabilities of this region when these are accomplished events? When we reflect that the Red River Valley alone, if under complete cultivation, has a capacity for the production of 400,000,000 bushels of grain, what may we not predicate of the capabilities of this summer wheat field, equal in area to the States of the Union east of the Mississippi?



VALENTINE.

I.

O'ER miles of snow and bitter cold,
  Enough to freeze all hearts but mine,
Through months of absence warmer grows
  The love of your poor Valentine.

My days are full of memories,
  And all the music of them thine;
But snows are cold, and absence drear,
  And lonely is your Valentine.

My friendship has no rights at all,
  Must yield to all blood ties of thine;
But surer than all ties of blood
  Are those that bind your Valentine.



II.

O flower-like stars that bloom at even,
  O star-faced flowers that blow at dawn,
Ye garnish for me no peaceful heaven,
  No earthly Eden where joy is born;
  Only my Valentine brings the morn.

Bring me his greeting in words of passion,
  Words of my teaching, and only mine,
Modelled in rhymes of amorous fashion,
  Flowing in harmonies line by line;
  Or, better, bring my Valentine.

AN IRISH WAKE.

IT was a stormy day in an Irish fishing village—hereafter to be described—and the sea was so wild that no fishing-boat could venture upon it, while the wind and rain burst against my windows in sudden gusts as if the storm were striking hateful blows at the feeble dwelling. As I stood at my window I noticed a strange commotion in the street below. Heedless of the tempest, the villagers gathered in little groups near a squalid cabin, and seemed filled with some topic of extraordinary interest. Curiosity, which is, after all, a woman's courage, made me dare the wind and rain to learn the cause of this unusual scene. At the doorway of the cabin two crones were moaning. I entered, and found stretched upon the floor the corpse of an old woman, by whose side a little child knelt, clasping the shrivelled hand, and crying, "Mahmore! mahmore!"* A man sat stolidly smoking his pipe by the fire, and his wife was busied in preparing the potatoes for breakfast. She told me her mother had died the previous night, and that there was "sorra a penny in the house to bury her;" the nearest carpenter was ten miles off, and he would not make the coffin without the money "in hand." On demanding the price of that melancholy receptacle, I was referred to the husband, who, between the whiffs of smoke—the little child, refusing to be comforted, still tugging at her grandmother, and crying, "Mahmore!"—counted so many feet of timber at twopence a foot, so much for nails, and so much for "the making," forming a sum total so small that even my meagre purse blushed at the feeble demand upon my generosity. The neighboring priest had attended her the night before, during her final moments, but he would not appear again on this sad scene, as, on giving absolution to the moribund, he asks whether the relatives intend to give a "remembrance mass": if so, he meets them at the grave-yard; otherwise no more is seen of him. From that sentiment of sacrifice, however, which our humanity finds a pleasure in making at the grave of those we love, every effort is generally made to secure the offices of the priest in all the circumstances of the melancholy event, so that a priest declared of his parishioners that he much preferred a death to a marriage among them.

A donkey-cart was dispatched for the coffin, the corpse was decently disposed, and I left the cabin, wherein the only mourner was the stricken child, confused and grieved with these people, who seem sometimes so sympathetic, and again so heartless. I am pained to say I do not think the Irish peasantry respect the aged. They do not heed their counsel; they seem to look upon them as supernumeraries in the family; and having allowed decrepit and often useless years to wear out the memory of past benefits, when death comes they say, with a sigh, "It was time for them." In another village many miles from this, and many months afterward, I knew of an old man who took to his bed with the avowed purpose of dying in it. He was so old and so feeble that his promise carried with it many guarantees, and I heard a black-haired girl declare to a companion that they would have a "fine night out of him." From a neighboring county a famous crier was immediately summoned, lest she should arrive too late, and on her arrival she found the old man feeding his pigs, and filling up his idle moments by fortifying the stone wall that inclosed his little domain.

"Didn't I find him like that," said the woman, pointing her finger at the poor man with scornful emphasis, "after coming from County Clare to cry at his wake? And he never so much as offered me a glass of spirits when I went to see him."

"Bide a bit," said her gossip; "it is not worth your while to go back; you'll have a chance at him before the week is out;" and with a venomous glance at the old man who did not die in accordance with their expectations, they trudged off.

When evening came the storm lulled, and left a gloomy chill in its stead. The coffin arrived so expeditiously that some said it must have been made beforehand. A few country people who had met it on its way followed it with loud wailings, in which they rehearsed the virtues of those whom they had lost, and their grief and desolation in having them no longer with them. Often a coffin is thus escorted from a neighboring village to the house of mourning. It is then placed out of sight, as the body is not laid in it until a few minutes before leaving its last earthly abode; turf was heaped upon the fire,

* Grandmother.

candles lighted, and a jug of whiskey, filling the room with its penetrating odor, gave evidence of preparation for the approaching wake.

The villagers loitered about the doorway gossiping until the arrival of a weird old woman, who knelt at the threshold, and said, "God bless all here! God rest the soul of the dead!" Then seating herself by the side of the body, she stretched out her lean and shrivelled hands, and burst forth into the most piercing lamentations, in which she recounted all the virtues of the defunct and of her family; other withered creatures, who had been smoking and dozing by the chimney, now aroused themselves, and joined in a doleful chorus. The intervals between the arrival of the guests—which were signals for new outbursts—were filled by whiskey-drinking, smoking, snuffing, and gossip. If any one who had lost a friend desired to do so, they could embrace this opportunity of "crying" him. As the night advanced, the scene became one of wild excitement; the old people grew confidential and communicative over their cups, and the younger members amused themselves with various games.



A SUBJECT FOR A WAKE.

Upon the breast of the corpse, which lay on the table in the centre of the room, was a plate heaped with tobacco, from which



THE WAKE.

each new-comer filled a pipe presented him on entering, and after murmuring a brief prayer, took his place either among the old people by the fire, or the younger ones in the farther extremity of the room. On the arrival of the neighbors, two old women, who were "given up" to be, as I was informed, the best criers in the parish, broke into unearthly howlings, and these dismal echoes died away amid the gossip of the elder and the laughs and jokes of the younger portion of the assemblage. From an obscure corner I watched unobserved the strange scene, and saw how, after each round of whiskey, the rigid lines that marked the faces of the old men and women broke into a myriad traits of subtle expression, and their gummy eyes glistened and sparkled with a new-found life, while the young people were soon in the midst of a kissing game. A circle was formed round a youth, who was called upon to choose the prettiest from the assembled maidens. On being summoned she advanced, kissed her admirer, who retired, and in her turn chose a young man from the group, and so the game proceeded until all had been kissed—I hoped to their satisfaction. Should any decline to meet the demands exacted by the laws of the game, they were beaten with a knotted apron, amid great hilarity and contention, into compliance. When this was finished, the old people, who had been drying tobacco by the fire, and powdering it into snuff by rolling it between their fingers, and partook of it in large quantities to keep themselves awake, again begun the death-song with wild vehemence. When they had somewhat relieved their feelings in this manner, the whiskey was once more handed round, and the young people resumed their games. The old men and women refilled their pipes with the tobacco which lay on the dead woman's breast, and warming their thin blood by the cheerful fire, listened to some cummer's tale. One of these stories, told by a little shrivelled old man, who pulled at a large pipe with so much energy that I was afraid it would be too much for him, and momentarily expected to see his whole being dissolved in the puffs of smoke he ejected, impressed me so forcibly that I will repeat it here. I wish I could reproduce his nervous, vivacious manner of telling it, the mischievous sparkle of his eye, and the humor that gleamed from his quaint, puckered face, as if a withered apple were to have dancing black beads of eyes set into it, and every wrinkle were to become alive with fun and jollity.

"There was a blind pensioner came back from the Indies, darkened by the sun and heat, who wanted to marry Maney, my eldest daughter. She was not what you would call good-looking, but as the blind felly couldn't see that, it was all the same to him, so they made it up between them to get married, and I thought it very proper, as the pensioner was a dacent, quiet felly, and had one and fourpence a day pension, to have it done stylish, so I went to Father Dooley, whom I knew very well, though he did not know me. The blind felly did not want to be married in his own parish, as the people would be joking and humbugging him, being blind, for taking a wife, as if everybody does not do the same—the Lord save us!—whether they have their eyes or not. To be sure, Maney was of a dacent, quiet age, and, as I said before, not what you might call a fine-looking girl, for she took after her mother's side—the Lord have mercy on her soul! Still, she suited the blind felly, and it was his own look-out, not mine. I said to Father Dooley, 'How much will your reverence charge me for marrying this daughter of mine?'

"'And don't you know very well,' said he, 'that it's a pound for marrying?' At that time it was a pound all over Ireland.

"'It's true for your reverence,' said I; 'but as Owney belongs to the next parish, and as my own mother's second cousin—may God be good to her!—was married by your reverence, I thought you might do it cheaper.' I had the pound in my pocket, and ten shillings besides for the whiskey, but I thought it a shame to be paying full price for a blind felly and a bit of a thing like Maney.

"'How do I know I'll marry your daughter at all?' he cried; 'devil a one of me knows you or your daughter, and unless you bring me good certificates from a respectable person I'll not marry her at any price.'

"'Have a care, your reverence,' I said, 'for, saving your presence, I might have as good a character as yourself. Would a certificate from Mr. Ryan suit you?'

"'It would, indeed,' he replied. And off I went to Mr. Ryan—a magistrate who had known myself and my father before

me. I came back with the certificate, and brought the blind felly and my daughter.

"'That will do very well,' said his reverence, after reading the note; 'and now how much are you going to give me for marrying them?'

"'Well, indeed, your reverence,' I said, 'I never have been in the habit of paying more than ten shillings, and I have been married twice myself, and every one of my daughters but this one has a dacent husband.'

"'I tell you it's a pound for marrying; and unless you put the money down before I begin, you may get out of this.'

"'Do you know what I can do, your reverence? I can get the Protestant clergyman to marry them for nothing.' That was the time that he was mad, and he swore by all the books in Ireland that I was insulting him and his religion like a haythen; but he refused my ten shillings, and I left him, and we trudged off to another priest, thirty miles distant, to my own parish. It was towards the end of the second day when we arrived, and we made straight for Father Lofty.

"'Welcome, Brian,' said his reverence. 'And who is that blind felly along with Maney?'

"'It's a pensioner, your reverence,' I says; 'he wants to get married to her, and as Father Dooley refused to do it for less than a pound, we come to you.'

"'Well, indeed, Brian,' said his reverence, 'I would not think of charging you more than ten shillings, although that's only one-half the regular price, and I wish you had fifty daughters more to marry at the same price.'

"'Long life to your reverence!' says I, and in five minutes they were married as fast as if I had paid ten pounds, and his blessing on every one of us thrown in."

At this juncture one of the young men on the other side of the room, clad in an old red petticoat, ragged shawl, and a ruffled cap, his face begrimed with soot, and a short pipe stuck in his mouth, personating an old woman in the agonies of a fatal sickness, attracted my attention. A tall youth in a white flannel jacket and trousers, whose face was the picture of health and jollity, endeavored to appear as wise—he was perhaps in verity—as a doctor. He felt the pulse, and shook his head, and prescribed "potheen," which, amid vociferous applause, was partaken of by the whole assemblage. He who counterfeited the old woman dropped his head, and was soon stretched on the floor, in simulation of death. Mourners grouped about him, and two of the leading spirits sat on either side as criers, the whole assemblage giving themselves up to the fun of this mad travesty.

"Never in my life can I cry well on this side of the corpse," said one of the madcaps, rising, and with his heavy hob-nailed shoes walked on as well as over the counterfeited corpse.

"Nor I either," cried the other, who walked over the body with even less tenderness than his companion.

If the object of this mock solicitude objected to the rough treatment, he was beaten into submission by the knotted apron before mentioned.

In the dry recital these scenes lose, perhaps, a great deal of their mirth; but when I witnessed them I could not resist the hilarity which they provoked, until the little grandchild, who had been sleeping, amid all this uproar, in her mother's lap, creeping to the table on which her grandam lay, tugged at the sheet, and crying, "Mahmore," recalled me to the awful presence of the dead.

This touching incident did not seem to affect the rest of the assemblage in the same manner, for the sobbing child was sent back to its corner, and the old women broke into another verse of their death-cry, while the young people prepared for another game.

I did not remain to see the conclusion of this strange scene, but on the following morning observed from my window the ceremonies preceding the funeral, which, as is the custom, did not take place until twilight. On the road in front of the cottage was a white-covered table, on which stood a crucifix, several jugs containing whiskey, some tin cups, and tumblers. The friends, on their arrival, placed a piece of money upon the table, which was to pay for masses for the soul of the dead, crossed themselves, and quaffed a glass of spirits; whereupon they retired, and forming themselves into little groups, discussed the merits of the deceased, the crops, the weather, or the prices ruling at the last fair. They were clad in their best attire, which was not less ragged, but cleaner, than their every-day apparel. The whiskey was freely supplied them, and from their frequent libations I was led to infer that such sus-

tenance as whiskey could give them was necessary on this melancholy occasion. When the gloom of evening began to close upon the scene—it was between three and four o'clock—an unusual movement showed that the corpse was about to be removed to its last resting-place. After a while I saw the coffin issue from the cabin, supported upon the shoulders of four stalwart men; and the wailings and prayers of the previous night recommenced as the melancholy cortége, followed by a straggling crowd of villagers, moved to the grave-yard. When the first shovelful of earth was thrown upon the coffin, the wailings ceased, and absolute silence ensued; and if any, forgetful of the proper observances of such occasions, had continued their lamentations, they would have been immediately checked. As the night deepened, the mourners returned to the hearth, nevermore to be visited by the companion they had left forever.



WAITING FOR THE FUNERAL.

VACATION ASPECTS OF COLORADO.

I MET the Manitou stage one pleasant morning on its way from the train to the Springs and the hotels, and had several minutes' view of a number of travel-worn linen dusters and expectant faces.

"To how many of those people," I asked of my very intelligent companion, "will their first impressions on alighting be of disappointment, pure and simple?"

"To at least nineteen-twentieths," was the reply of this gentleman; and he was undoubtedly quite right.

It is a misfortune to a region, great or small, to have been overpraised and too much "written up," and it is this which has happened to Colorado. In some cases people have undoubtedly, for one reason or another, said that about the country and its characteristics which they knew to be untrue or exaggerated; in others, some of those who are gifted with a keen and absorbing appreciation of its peculiar and subtle delights, and rare power in describing their own impressions thereof, have given vent to their feelings. The latter might say that they must not be held responsible for the deficiencies of their readers, but they have undoubtedly aided in making up that unhappy nineteen-twentieths. Of these disappointed people, again, it must clearly be said that many may, after all, find the country growing upon them; but the fact of the original disappointment is an unmistakable one.

In one of the following cases persons may be advised and encouraged to expend the time and money needful to make the journey to the Rocky Mountains, and remain long enough in the Centennial State to enable them to study it.

1. If they have present or prospective business interests.

2. If they are in ill health, and if (let the proviso be heeded) they have intelligently satisfied themselves that the probabilities are in favor of the climate proving beneficial to them.

3. If they are enthusiastic devotees of some of the sciences for the study of which there is here such a grand field.

4. If they are genuine lovers of mountains.

5. If, without being altogether such lovers, they have a sincere desire to study their own great country, and may expect to experience a growing degree at least of the fascination which the very atmosphere of the far West has for some people.

If, as is often the case, one can combine two or more of these conditions, the inducement to go will be proportionately increased.

On the other hand, if people will not intelligently inquire about a possible destination, if they will delude themselves into expecting to discover paradise, or the gardens of the Hesperides, or the fountain of Ponce de Leon, between the thirty-seventh and forty-first degrees of north latitude, and the twenty-fifth and thirty-second meridians of longitude west from Washington, they had best find out their mistake. If they want the pleasures of Newport and Saratoga, by all means let them go to those well-known and charming places, and not look for such things in a State where there are probably less than two inhabitants to the square mile. And finally, if they are grumbling, discontented, imperfectly developed travellers, let them, in the name of common-sense, stay at home.



MANITOU—PIKE'S PEAK.

Now the Colonel and the Commodore, who are already known to these pages, had mounted their ridiculous-looking burros, Montezuma and Esmeralda, and were traversing a certain cañon, when the Colonel delivered himself of the sentiments just laid down, and was going on to explain how much he himself



AN ILLUSTRATIVE POEM.

admired the country, and how it grew upon many people, even if they were not enthusiastic at first, when the Commodore, who was as yet unacclimated, and breathed with difficulty, and was generally out of sorts, said that he "couldn't see it." And then the Colonel quoted the Autocrat, and serenely replied, "I know that you can't, my dear Commodore; *but you prove it.*"

And so it was, for a few days saw this naval worthy restored to his accustomed spirits, and the one glass fitted to his eye with its wonted jauntiness, and his appetite as much a terror to landlords as ever. He began to show a keen appreciation of the picturesque, and it was only his antipathy to hard work which induced him to spitefully reply, when some one remarked that after his investigations among sheep owners he knew enough to carry on a sheep ranch, "I know enough *not to.*"

Of course we went to Manitou, for every one goes thither. It is called the "Saratoga of the West"—an appellation which pleases Manitou, and does not hurt Saratoga. There are some baths and some mineral springs there; and the qualities of the latter can be learned by the curious from the pamphlet written by Dr. S. E. Solly, of Colorado Springs. The responsibilities of the place seemed to be shared by a colored brother of varied accomplishments and great command of language, and a fine specimen of the great North American hotel clerk. Wishing to realize the reproduction of the gay life of Saratoga at the foot of Pike's Peak, we asked the former about the prospects of a "hop," and his reply reminded us of the man's statement that he had a match, and if he only had a pipe and tobacco, he could have a smoke, for he exclaimed, with great enthusiasm:

"Oh yes, boss—yah, yah—dat's easy enough. We'll have lots of fus'-rate hops. Jus' you get de music an' de ladies an' gen'lemen, an' I can call de dances bully—you bet!"

The latter, with a lofty superiority, stigmatized us as "tender-feet" (Coloradoan for new-comers), but we found that he was only saying, "You're another," for his own stay in the country had been brief in the extreme. Everybody, or nearly everybody, ascends Pike's Peak, but we did not do so, because the Commodore discovered that Montezuma's spirit was willing, but his flesh was weak.

Manitou is a "health resort," as are several other places in Colorado, and it may briefly be said, and with all seriousness, that the Centennial State, while it is no more of a cure-all than the patent nostrums of the period, can indeed afford blessed relief, and life itself, to many a forlorn and despairing sufferer. "Words," says the Chinese proverb, "may deceive, but the eye can not play the rogue," and

one may see men and women walking about, and using and enjoying life, who long ago, if they had staid in the East, would have, in Western parlance, "gone over the range," or joined the great majority.

"Why, they keep me here for an example of the effects of the climate," said a worthy and busy man at Colorado Springs. "I came here from Chicago on a mattress."

And so did many others, and so may many, many more, if they will only display ordinary common-sense, and heed a few plain words of advice, which will surely have the indorsement of those who know the country well.

They should, firstly, on no possible account (and this caution is disregarded every day), think of coming until they have sent to some respectable, responsible, and experienced physician, resident in Colorado, not their own crude ideas of their condition, but a diagnosis prepared by a doctor who knows them well. They should, secondly, make up their minds that the climate may *arrest* disease without curing it, and that a permanent residence may be indispensable.

They should, thirdly, be prepared for a careful life, largely out-door, and abandon, once for all, any ideas of the working of miracles in their cases, or of the propriety of disregarding the great laws of health in Colorado any more than in New York or Memphis



THE MISSIONARY OF MICRONESIA.

If we did not go up Pike's Peak, we did go to Cheyenne Cañon and over the Cheyenne Mountain "toll-road." There are cañons and cañons, and, especially as the country is explored and opened up, the difference between many of them is largely in the matter of accessibility; but Cheyenne holds, on all accounts, a high place. At the level spot where one leaves his horse or burro we found a poetical sign, and complying with the invitation thereon contained, entered a neat tent, and engaged the family who furnished the refreshments in familiar converse. They had left Massachusetts not very long ago, and the young girl who attended to the egg-boiling department seemed contented enough, and took kindly to cañon climbing; but paterfamilias, when asked if he liked Colorado better than his old home, replied, with vehemence, "Better? I rather guess not. I'd sooner live on red herrings there than stay here."

The Commodore seemed rather loath to leave this domestic scene, but when once off, he crossed and recrossed the cañon on narrow and precarious logs with the skill bred of his profession. Reaching the "seven falls," one can feel rewarded for the fatigues of the ascent, and see a striking vista of the plains, framed by the abrupt walls of the gorge. Then we ascended the remarkable toll-road constructed over the end of Cheyenne Mountain, and away up and back among the peaks. How far it goes we failed to discover, but we had on our trip an experience worth recording. Stopping at a very rough log-cabin, we asked a plainly dressed woman if she could give us something to eat. She cheerfully assented, and while preparing, with some pleasant apologies for its scantiness, a meal which we thought must have nearly exhausted her supplies, she talked to us; and it was with a curious realization of a strange and sharp contrast that we heard her quiet statement that she, with no companions but another woman, who had "gone berrying," and a little boy, was camping there for her health, and that she was a *missionary from Micronesia*, resting on her long vacation journey to Illinois! Her husband was still at his post, and she had come alone all the weary distance—across the Pacific, from San Francisco to Cheyenne, and down to Colorado—and we could see the patient, enduring look in her eyes, suggesting a concentration on the straight line of Duty, rather than day-dreams—away up in the Sierra Madre, 9000 feet above the sea—of the tropical verdure, and the sun-lit, dancing waves of the blue Pacific, and the coral reefs far off on the equator. When we offered to pay for our refreshments, she declined, with a kindly dignity, and asked us to do something for the next person whom we might find in need of help.

Facilis descensus—which means that the Commodore made better time down the road than up. But it was a terrible pull, and found him tired and hungry enough at the close, and it was with more than his usual cynicism that he turned to the Colonel at the hotel table and said:

"Saratoga of the West, do you call it? How is this for an *entrée*—'Mush and Milk'? And I wonder who superintends the French department. Look here."

But the Colonel, remembering the old Salem merchant and the name of his ship, softly asked, "If m-e-r-a-n-g don't spell *meringue*, what on airth do it spell?"

As we stood at the railway station in the morning, and our colored brother saw two or three tall men between him and the trunks on the one side, and the baggage-car on the other, we heard him cry out: "Don' look so large dere, gen'lemen. Look small—yah! yah!—look small, please."

On another pleasant afternoon our train rolled slowly up the valley of the Arkansas, and came to a halt at Cañon City. Half an hour later we sat on a platform-car away up in the Grand Cañon, or Royal Gorge. Two thousand feet above us rose the mighty rock barriers (they call them, for the benefit of tourists, and with a curious nicety of exaggeration, three thousand *and nineteen*, but we were too well acquainted with the engineer). The train was backed into just the position to give the Commodore the view which he desired, and while he was drawing, the rest of us made an attempt to attain to some adequate conception of the grandeur and majesty of those great red walls, seamed and furrowed from top to bottom. In certain places trees grew on the top, and down to the very edges of the chasm, and at intervals immense lateral gorges opened out. As we turned back, the moon appeared, and her pale light streamed down only far enough into this pathway of the mammoths to emphasize the deep shadows below. As we finally

emerged into the open valley we perceived that the authorities had chosen this very spot for the erection of a fine penitentiary —perhaps to enforce the contrast between the works of nature and those of men, or to qualify the tourist's pleasure by reminders of what comes (adopting the Western standard) to fiends in human shape who steal mules, and poor fellows who only send their fellow-men into the next world.

Through this great cañon comes, from its birth-place away up in the mountains, the Arkansas. Up to within a few months no human being had passed through it except on the ice in winter; the workmen were actually lowered down from above to drill the holes for blasting; and in one place a longitudinal bridge has been hung from strong iron beams stretched like ridge-timbers across the chasm; but Lead-



GRAND CAÑON OF THE ARKANSAS.

ville is near the valley of the upper river, and this is one of those longest roads around which are the shortest roads home. Probably before these pages are in type the Grand Cañon will be simply Section No. So-and-so of Division No. Such-a-one, and the Express Train No. 1 will have the right of way through over Local Freight No. 17, and passengers will be thinking more of their chances of "striking carbonates" than of "what God hath wrought" around and above them.

The observant vacation tourist will naturally interest himself in the growing industries of the new State, aside from those connected with the absorbing demands of gold and silver mining. He may not see much of the business of stock-raising, already described in these pages, but without leaving the main routes of travel he will observe collieries, fire-brick works (Golden, on Clear Creek, is quite a miniature Pittsburgh), grist-mills, saw-mills, paper mills, cheese factories, and other enterprises, and he will inquire about farming. Knowing what prices are paid in the mining camps for food for those thousands of busy and hungry men and their equally busy and hungry beasts, and hearing about the surety and adaptability of irrigation, he will very likely think the Colorado farmer a person to be envied. Listen, then, to the story of an "old-timer:"

"I was mining up Central City way one day, and there come along an old chap with onions to sell. You bet we was glad to get vegetables about then. They were as small and mean onions as you ever saw, but I was bound to have a dozen, and he charged me a dollar and a half. Well, sir, I didn't say nothing, but I just allowed that farming must be an everlasting sight better business than mining, and I'd better go into it myself. So I quit my claim and struck a likely kind of a ranch, and hired a Dutchman at $100 a month to take charge, and I skipped out east for seed. It took a long time then to go and come, and when I come back, first thing I saw was an old fellow ploughing in my field. Then, when I come to the house, I saw some one had jumped that. There was a widow woman from Georgia had moved in and was living there, and I sung out that that was all right, and I hoped she'd take her time and make herself quite at home, but that I had a sort of an idea that that was my house. Well, I got things all straightened out, and my vegetables began to come up. And one day Jim Ewell, a sort of market-man, come along and stopped to dinner, and had a cigar on the piazza, and I knew that he was counting the cabbages in one of my fields; and then says he, 'Joe, I must have them cabbages,' and he offered me $1800 for the lot, and I took him up, and he pulled out a bag of gold-dust; but I didn't want it in the house, and I told him to put it in the bank, and give me a check when he liked, and to send for those cabbages any time. And when he'd gone I sat smoking, and with the fumes of the tobacco came visions of wealth. Why, at that rate, there was $30,000 good in that crop, and I began to feel *tony*, *tony*, sir, I tell you. And as I kept on smoking, the sun was kind of obscured, and I looked up over Table Mountain, and saw a queer kind of a cloud; and while I was looking, out come the sun, and the air was full of millions of diamond points, just *skintillating*, *skintillating*, sir, I tell you. And what was it? *Grasshoppers' wings!* And they settled down, some inches deep, on my ranch, and the next day, out of my $30,000 worth, I had—one hatful of lettuce that was under glass. And when I went down to Denver some time afterward, the boys asked me to supper; and they'd put up a job on me, and got a jeweller to help them, and the chairman made a speech, and give me a coat of arms, and it wasn't nothing but a *grasshopper rampant*."

Rampant indeed was this terrible insect, and a most effective "evener up" of profits and losses. It is understood that he is not as much feared as formerly, and that the crops can be protected—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

A part of one's vacation can be profitably employed in observation of the social and domestic life of the State. Colorado homes are of many kinds, from the handsome brick or stone house of the Denver banker to the adobe-plastered, earth-roofed log-cabin, the hut of boughs, the tent, even the caves of the miner or the poor stockman. Of comfortable and often æsthetic residences there are more in proportion in Colorado Springs than in any other place, owing to the facts that many cultured people have come thither for their health, and that the colony organization has done much to improve and adorn the town.

The "little rift in the lute" in the fine character of the average "old-timer" is his indifference not merely to some of the *convenances* of life, but also to those sanitary precautions and regulations which are becoming indispensable in this age; and he is too apt to say that things "are good enough for him," and to put too much faith in the power of the dry air. That a fine old pioneer, for instance, whose horse had fallen and died in the road, should, because the carcass was inoffensive, lay out new wheel tracks at the side, rather than move it, must surprise most people. Nor is the cuisine all that can be desired, and this, too, from apparent carelessness rather than the want of ample facilities for good living; and in some places the water, alkaline or otherwise unpleasant, will not prove satisfactory. Churches abound, and worshippers too, and some faithful early leaders have sown good seed. Clergymen adapted to the country find their hands held up, and many interested and intelligent parishioners.

Cities abound to a greater extent than is agreeable to the fastidious visitor, and fewer of them, and more towns, or even villages, would seem to be needed, for a mayor and council prove cumbersome machinery for a collection of some two or three thousand people. Of colonies there are the well-known "Fountain" organization at Colorado Springs, now quite a cosmopolitan place; Greeley, an agricultural one, between Denver and Cheyenne, on the plains; Colfax, a collection of Germans in the Wet Mountain Valley; and a very prosperous little Welsh settlement at Gwillimville, on the Divide.

Of the people of Colorado in general no right-minded vacation spender can fail to form an exalted opinion. Among the "old-timers" may be found men who are, in the truest and fullest sense, nature's noblemen, and whose acquaintance is a pleasure and a profit. Strong, brave, cool, generous, and truly kind, those who know them well can not fail to pronounce them. The influx of later years has been, on the whole, of fine material, and the Centennial State has no cause to be otherwise than proud of her citizens. Hospitality is spontaneous and hearty, and one is sure of a kind welcome in house or hovel, and alike of a seat at the table of the Denver banker or mine owner, and a share of the prospector's last biscuit.

People come here from all quarters of the world—Asia (the laundries of Soe Long and Lee Bow and Sam Sing abound), Europe, the Eastern States, and what we used to call the West.

An old gentleman from the East, of a clerical aspect, took the stage from Denver south in ante-railroad days. The journey was not altogether a safe one, and he was not re-assured by the sight of a number of rifles deposited in the coach, and nervously asked for what they were.

"Perhaps you'll find out before you git to the Divide," was the cheering reply.

Among the passengers was a particularly (it seemed to him) fierce-looking man, girded with a belt full of revolvers and cartridges, and clearly a road agent or assassin. Some miles out, this person, taking out a large flask, asked, "Stranger, do you irrigate?"



"STRANGER, DO YOU IRRIGATE?"

"If you mean drink, sir, I do not."

"Do you object, stranger, to our irrigating?"

"No, sir." And they drank accordingly.

After a further distance had been traversed, the supposed brigand again asked, "Stranger, do you fumigate?"

"If you mean smoke, sir, I do not."

"Do you object, stranger, to our fumigating?"

"No, sir." And they proceeded to smoke.

At the dining-place, when our friend came to tender his money, the proprietor said, "Your bill's paid."

"Who paid it?"

"That man"—pointing to the supposed highwayman, who, on being asked if he had not made a mistake, replied, "Not at all. You see, when we saw that you didn't irrigate and didn't fumigate, we knew that you was a parson. And your bills are all right as long as you travel with this crowd. We've got a respect for the Church—you bet!" It was no highwayman, but a respectable resident of Denver.

This reminds us of another traveller who displayed such verdancy on the top of a Leadville stage not long ago that he gave some practical jokers too good an opportunity to be neglected.

"We must be gettin' pretty nigh where them road agents be—eh, Jim?" asked one of another, at a particularly safe stage of the journey.



CAMPING OUT.

"What, gentlemen, do you have road agents here?" asked the tender-foot.

"Yes, indeed; we're attacked 'most every day," was the cheerful reply. It was but a few minutes before the unfortunate man, having been first induced to conceal his watch in one of his boots, was jolting horribly about on the baggage-rack in the rear, covered by the large leather flap. Crouched here, he heard with terror the reports of the pistols discharged in the

air by the worthies on top, and cries of "Bully for you, Bill!—guess you plugged *that* fellow." (Crack!) "There's another of them down." (Crack! crack!) "Guess they won't attack no more coaches." When released some time later from his uncomfortable position, he proceeded to present a sum of money to a quiet man on the box, who was pointed out to him as having saved the lives of the party by his bravery and sharp-shooting. This money was, of course, afterward returned to him, with the hint that he had been badly "sold."

tion to the places to which allusion has been made, visit Estes Park, near Long's Peak (the property of the Earl of Dunraven), Boulder and Clear Creek cañons, Bellevue Mountain, Idaho Springs, the cañon of the Platte, the Ute Pass, and the crossing of the Sangre de Cristo range into the valley of the Rio Grande. Next, eschewing the flesh-pots of the hotels, and the "Delmonicos of the West," or "of the mountains," or what not (there are several of them), he may procure tent and general "outfit" (oh, expressive and most comprehensive word!), and proceed



EXPEDITION OF THE COMMODORE AND MONTEZUMA.

The holiday tourist can come hither by three routes: the northern, which gives him an experience of the great highway to California; the central, which brings him across Kansas direct to Denver; and the southern, *viâ* Pueblo. Local railroads afford him considerable facilities, and without fatigue or annoyance, and with ladies in his party, he can, in addi- to camp out, perhaps in one of the great parks, North, Middle, South, or San Luis; the smaller, Estes, Manitou, etc., etc.; or on Bear and other creeks, where the trout do mostly congregate, bearing in mind that the average camper of this decade will require fresh meat, mails, and telegrams twice a week, and choosing accordingly. Remembering the time and ex-

pense involved in transportation from the Atlantic sea-board, he buys his tent and stores at Denver or Colorado Springs, puts them on a wagon, and then, arrayed in the seediest of flannel shirts, the broadest of hats, and the tallest of boots, and with gun in hand, and large revolver and cartridges in belt, he casts off the trammels of civilization. He can live just as economically or just as expensively as he pleases—can buy fat salt pork and flour, and, as the Leadville sign suggests, "cook 'em himself," or he can hire a fine cook, order fresh meats, vegetables, and fruits, which will keep wonderfully well at these altitudes, and find his camp a "Saratoga of the West"—in expense if not in other respects. In the morning he may discover ice near his tent in August, and at noon be enjoying a refreshing bath in the stream. For the rest, horse, dog, gun, and rod, with a good supply of magazines and papers, help him pass the time. Some come simply for economy's sake, and secure, at all events, an out-door and rustic life, such as it is, for a small sum; others are ordered to live in just this way for the benefit of their health, and there is no doubt that in certain cases it proves a cure; others, again, think it novel and interesting and romantic, and if they are disappointed, do not say anything about it. The Colonel was skeptical, and made objections.

"Why, O rover of the mighty deep," said he to the Commodore, "seekest thou to abandon the delights of the El Paso Club, the post and telegraph offices, and the flesh-pots of this civilized town? Why hast thou thy head cropped like unto the gentlemen who serve the State in striped suits at Cañon City? And why incasest thou thy manly form in the flannel of the backwoods and the overall of the miner, instead of the gay tweed of latest Regent Street cut? Speak, I entreat thee!"

"Learn, then, O warrior," replied he, with dignity, "that my soul, long inured to communion with nature on the vast ocean expanse, seeks longingly a return to the primitive delights of the dweller far from the haunts of men. It will none of these effete luxuries and demoralizing dainties;" and the Commodore helped himself to a third portion of gooseberry pie.

"But," rejoined the Colonel, "hast thou not read in the journal of the period, unjustly called venal, what words of wisdom have fallen from the lips of the Froudes and Macaulays? Is it not written that when people desire to imitate the ancients, they forget that the ways of our ancestors were but the choice of Hobson, and that if they lived in caves and tents, it was but because co-operative building associations were the inheritance of their posterity, and the brown-stone, high-stoop dwelling was a dream?"

"The Froudes and Macaulays be blowed!" said the Commodore. "Shiver my timbers if I don't go camping—you bet!"

And he went—a comical figure, indeed—coercing the reluctant Montezuma on the dusty road; and he camped; and he returned, and said that he "had a boss time." Only from contemporaneous history were vivid accounts gathered of his first dinner, when he gazed pitifully through his one eyeglass at the ants crawling over his plate, and sprang up in distress when a large yellow-jacket stung him on his close-cropped head; and of his last night, when he awoke from fitful slumber to see a steer with his head through a hole in the tent, and a coyote snuffing under the flap, and to hear the howl of the dog ensconced at a safe distance.

With the approach of cold weather the camper sells his outfit as advantageously as he can, and inscribes his name on the nearest hotel register; and he who has chartered a wagon, and combined camp life with travelling, emerges from the Ute Pass or one of the cañons, and becomes like unto his fellow-men. But for one thing how shall they, and even the residents of Colorado, answer—the strewing of the whole country with the great North American *tin can?* From the Wyoming line to the Veta Pass, from the White River Agency far out on the plains, lie terrible deposits, daily increasing, and rivalling gold and silver, in extent if not in value, of the whilom receptacles of egg-plums (whatever they may be), tomatoes, and succotash.

"Do you not think," gently asked a clever friend of the writer, as they drove past one of these shining piles, "that when the New-Zealander is quarrying out the remnants of our civilization, he will come to the conclusion that the tin can contrasts unfavorably with the pottery of Etruria?"

If the Colonel would not camp out, he willingly acceded to the Commodore's wishes when the latter wanted to "be on the move," and go where he would not see

the perennial and conventional tourist, open-eyed and duster-clad; and it was when our Colorado sojourn was drawing to a close, and our wanderings and investigations had far progressed, that we took a trip combining more of rare attraction than it is easy to describe, but not to be recommended except to the experienced traveller, and to him only when in robust health. Given these conditions, let him speedily go and do as did we.

We had "seen Leadville" by day and by night, but never before at the hour just preceding daylight. From the hotel we went to a restaurant for coffee. It had apparently not been closed during the whole night. A sleepless proprietor presided, and a sleepy waiter served us; and as the former saw us counting thirty-three empty Champagne bottles on the table, he cheerfully remarked that "that warn't the half of 'em." Then we emerged, and saw a shadowy stage coming up the street, and a shadowy driver confirmed our claim to outside seats. Then there climbed up by our side a quiet man, courteous of manner and gentle of speech, and one might have thought him a mild Eastern capitalist; but he was something very different. Connected with the transmission of the United States mails are certain officials called "special agents." Matters may be going a little wrong in an office, and one of them appears just in the nick of time. When your registered letter has not come, you may have a call from another; and let a highwayman make a mistake, and choose for his operation a coach with "U. S. M." on it, and the whole power and purse of the government are against him; and when he is brought to bay in a gulch, and throws up his hands as he sees the rifle-barrels of the posse, it is some such mild-mannered gentleman as this who rides ahead and puts his hand on his shoulder. The writer has met three of them in company, playing a quiet game of ten-pins before starting on a quest, and noticed one in particular who wore gold spectacles, and looked like a German professor. This man alone took two mail robbers from the North to Texas, quietly informing them that while the intending rescuers could undoubtedly kill him, they might be entirely sure that the first motion would send both of *them* into eternity; and such was his fame that no man in all the crowd moved a finger.



THE SPECIAL AGENT'S WORK.



MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

Just about as the clock struck five, the stable-man who had brought the stage to the office door descended from the box, and "Purley," one of the oldest and most celebrated drivers in the country, drew on his gloves, turned up the collar of his long brown overcoat, and looked up, shaking his head.

"Don't know about so many on top, gentlemen. Bad road ahead, you know, and light load inside. I bring three people into Leadville for one that I take out. But never mind; I'll risk it. If we go over, we'll all go together."

"All ready!" And receiving the mail from a sleepy clerk, we rolled out of the rows of shanties, past the saw-mills and lime-kilns and charcoal ovens, and into and up the valley of the Arkansas—here as mean a little stream as ever ran through some Massachusetts meadow.

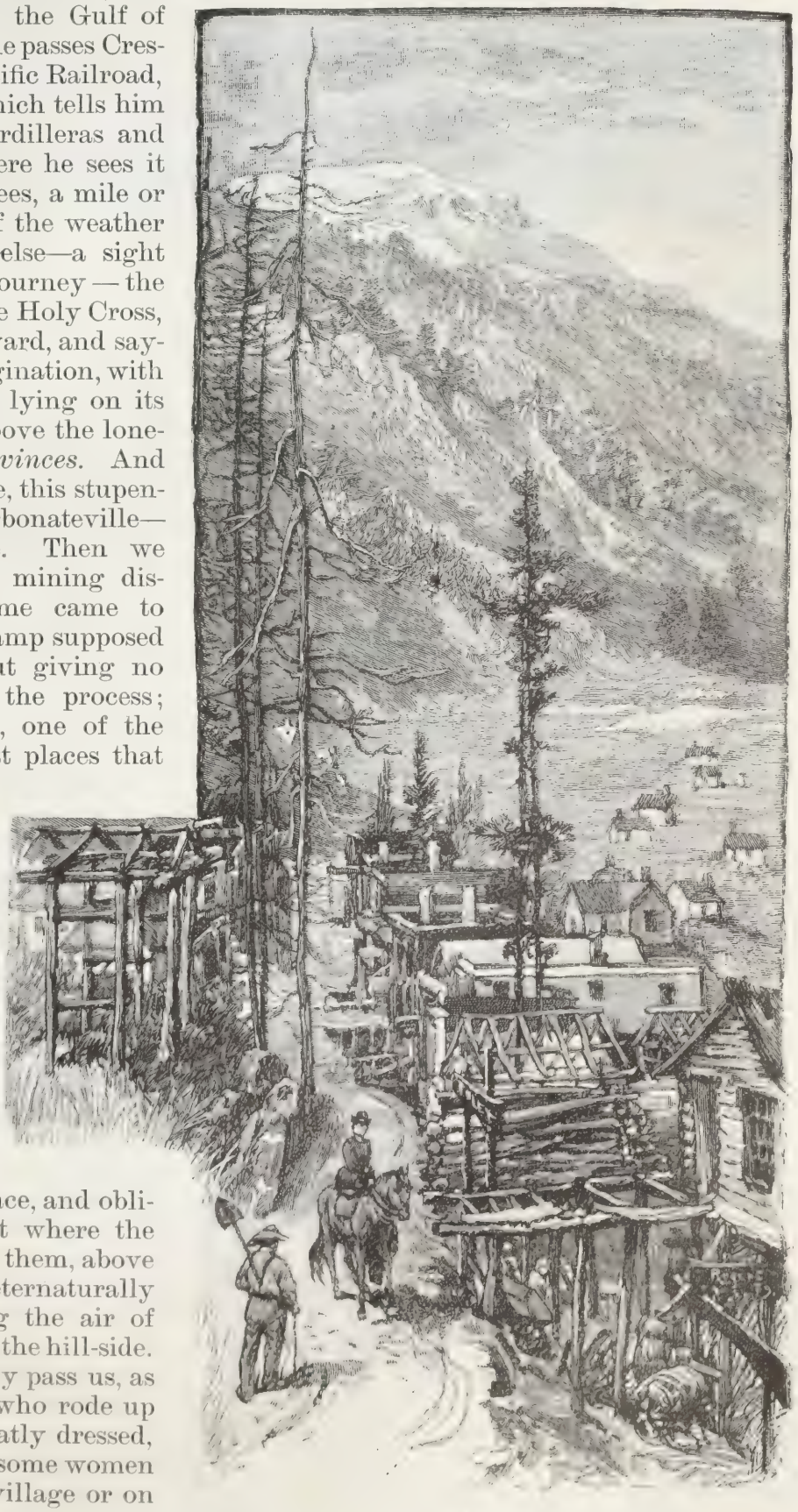
"I'll show you where it rises in a few minutes," Purley told us; and he did. This is what is usually called summer, and yet he was beating his arms to warm his hands, and we wore extra thick clothing, and were wrapped in great miners' blankets. The road is cut through the woods, and we dodged sharp branches with some difficulty. Eleven miles out came Chalk Ranch, and breakfast, and then we climbed up to the Tennessee Pass, the ascent being picturesque in the extreme. With the spring pointed out to us, we had done with not only the Arkansas, but all streams and rivers which affiliate with the Atlantic, and beyond us was the Pacific slope; for we were about to traverse the great continental Divide, the backbone of America. This road is confidently stated to be an improvement on the old one; but neither is very kind, if a broken and abandoned wagon told a true tale. Nevertheless, it leads to the top, and over it we went, the Commodore fancying that he snuffed the breeze from Japan and China. A dead broncho lay on one side—perhaps he had been attached to the broken wagon, and thought his occupation gone when it came to grief—

and some grim soul had put a whiskey bottle between his stiffened jaws. Now we came to Ten Mile Creek, into which, if you drop a nautilus shell, it will float away west, make the mysterious journey through the great cañon of the Colorado, pass Callville and Fort Yuma, and be finally swept into the Gulf of California. When one passes Creston, on the Union Pacific Railroad, it is his guide-book which tells him that he is on the Cordilleras and the great Divide. Here he sees it for himself; and he sees, a mile or two further on, and if the weather be clear, something else—a sight worth the whole journey — the famed Mountain of the Holy Cross, rising up at the westward, and saying to a fanciful imagination, with the great white cross lying on its sloping crest, away above the lonely range, *In hoc signo vinces.* And one looks at this noble, this stupendous sight from—Carbonateville—store and post-office. Then we passed the Ten Mile mining district, and in due time came to Kokomo—a mining camp supposed to be "booming," but giving no marked evidence of the process; surely is it, however, one of the queerest and quaintest places that was ever seen. One very narrow street is carved out of the side of a steep hill, and below it are numbers and numbers of skeleton houses—mere wooden frames—the very morbid anatomy of architecture. Along we came from a higher level, and Purley saw the wistful look in the Commodore's face, and obligingly pulled up just where the buildings began, all of them, above and below this one preternaturally narrow street, having the air of hanging perilously on the hill-side. Nothing could possibly pass us, as a woman discovered who rode up the slope in front, neatly dressed, hatted and gloved, as some women would be in a Sioux village or on the Jornada del Muerto.

"Can't you give me a chance to pass?" she asked.

"Well," said Purley, "this gentleman's taking a sketch of the town, and just you keep still, and he'll have you."

"Picture?" cried she. "Well, then,



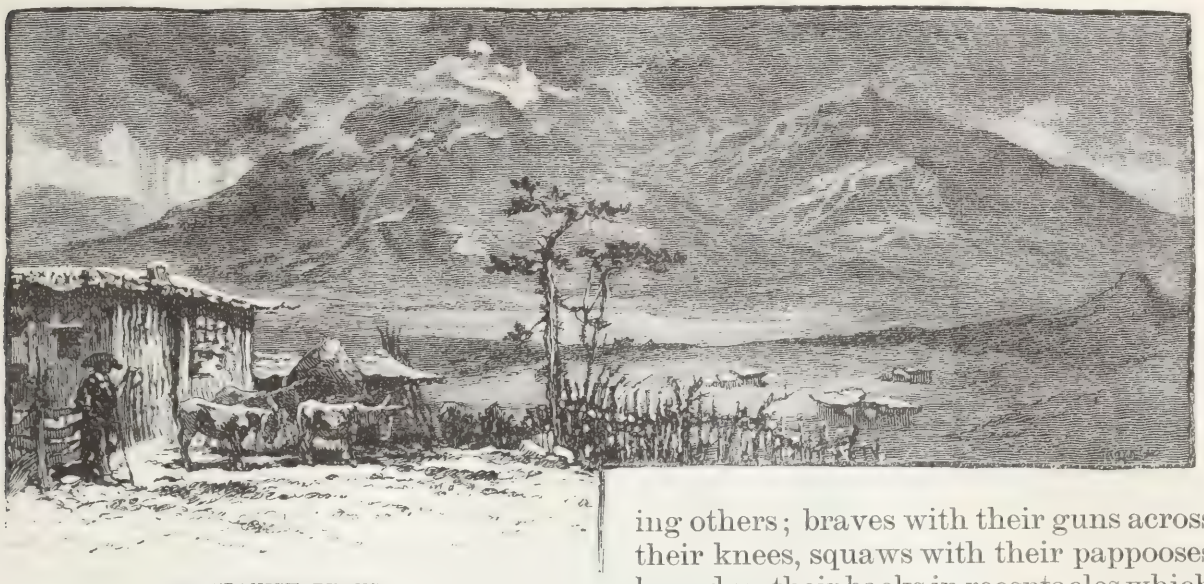
KOKOMO.

just put me in as a *cow-boy*, for I'm hunting stray cattle;" and, with a laugh, she guided her sure-footed broncho to one side, and over half a dozen stumps and rocks, as we touched our hats, and Purley set his foot hard on the brake and drove up to the little inn. The "loafers" hung around as if this were a sleepy agricultural town on a "lean streak" in New Hampshire, and we concluded that "booming" is a misnomer for Kokomo.

This road, only very recently constructed, is just wide enough to let the wheels pass between stumps and rocks, and no more, and the strain on the driver is tremendous. To travel it at night would be impossible, and it is lonely enough by day. Up and down steep hills it goes, through desolate Ten Mile Cañon, over stretches of terribly dusty levels, and anon across an attempt at a meadow, while mighty peaks are seen on all sides. Leaving the stage, we took a large wagon, and after passing the Ten Mile, the Snake, and the Blue, and stopping for dinner, two wagons instead of one. To the east lies Breckinridge; to the southeast, grim Mount Lincoln; to the northeast, Gray's Peak and the Argentine Pass; and here we were again at the foot of the continental Divide, and must climb it. Symptoms of fatigue were not wanting among the passengers, and there was much ground still to be traversed before they could hope for rest. The road runs up through a timber belt, and our progress was slow enough to make our driver's conversation very welcome. He told of old days when he rode the Pony Express, springing from horse to horse, and making his hundred miles per diem; and then of the overland stages, and of the time when the murderer escaped from Denver, and took the coach at an outside station, and he heard a hail, and saw the *vigilantes* in full gallop after him—stern Nemesis herself, in the shape of three quiet citizens armed to the teeth, who took their prisoner out, and then let the stage go on. There comes a time, he also told us, when an old driver "loses his grip," and can not keep up the pace, and must "take a back seat"; and all this time we were still climbing, and here at last we were on the summit of Loveland Pass, and saw two little posts with "Tunnel Line" on them, and another giving the elevation as 11,784 feet. For, strange to say, these Colorado railroad builders, who joke at grades and speak disrespectfully of elevations, propose carrying the Colorado Central through the ridge, and in some mysterious manner over the "high line" by which we came.

Now for the last time we descended; and here our nautilus shell would be whirled down that roaring South Clear Creek, the Platte, the Missouri, and the Mississippi, and float out between Captain Eads's jetties into the Gulf of Mexico. Soon we again took a stage; and then, when the sun was well below the horizon, and we seemed to have passed our whole lives in those seats, and never known what it was *not* to have our spines brought at intervals into violent collision with the sharp edges behind us, the valley narrowed and the great dump heaps appeared on the side of the hills, and we passed Brownsville and Silver Plume, and finally rattled down into the main street of Georgetown. We ached in every bone, and thought of supper as a hollow mockery, but we would not have missed that drive of sixty-five long miles for all the world. This was all the Great American Desert when some of the youngest of us studied geography. Pathfinder Fremont came to grief on one of the creeks along which we passed; the fires causing the smoke hanging over the mountains were set by Ute Indians; and yet not only had we crossed and recrossed the range, and enjoyed all this grand scenery, in fourteen hours, but the locomotive may soon do it in four and a half.

The changing leaves on the mountains reminded the Commodore, shortly after this last trip, of what he was to see of gorgeous yellow, brown, and gold on the familiar slopes of the Hudson Valley and in the New England woods; and the day came when our effects were packed, and he exacted one last test of the Colonel's devotion in a ride with him to the station on the backs of Montezuma and Esmeralda. It was accomplished with, on his friend's part, a large degree of exasperation; but the obnoxious burros had become, through the Commodore's mistaken devotion, pampered and overfed, and mischief looked out from their eyes as we dismounted. The train moved off, the engineer blew his whistle, the burros raised their voices and their heels simultaneously, the horses heard and speedily saw them, and we looked back from a curve in the track at a scene of havoc and devastation. A small donkey-boy, a colored porter, and an old woman lay prostrate in



SPANISH PEAKS.

the dust; the driver of the Northwestern Company's stage was, with strange and angry exclamations, endeavoring with rein and brake to hold his frightened horses; and the burros were well up the Manitou road, and making the best time of the season toward the Pacific Ocean.

With the departure of my naval friend at Pueblo, I dropped all semblance of official rank, and still lured on by the fascinations of the country, ascended the Veta Pass by night, favored by the wondrous sight of a freight train far above our heads, on the track where we were soon to follow it, and thrown into a lurid illumination by the sparks from the smoke-stack, and the frequent opening of the furnace door of the panting engine. I visited the valley of the Rio Grande, ate trout cooked to perfection, saw the stage of the Southern Overland Mail Company, with its splendid Eastern horses (at one point they put *twelve* on the coach) start for the Southwest, and then came again across the Sangre de Cristo, and around the Mule Shoe curve. Just before we approached it, and as the engineer was telling me with what extreme caution he was compelled to run ("If a stone should happen to drop on the track, look where we'd go," said he), I saw winding along the stage road, far, far below, what seemed to be pack-mules, and one bit of bright red color lighting up the line. Five minutes brought us to a band of Ute Indians bound over the range, and they were a sight not to be lightly viewed by any reader of the novels of J. Fenimore Cooper. All were on lean ponies, leading and driving others; braves with their guns across their knees, squaws with their pappooses bound on their backs in receptacles which exactly resembled bark quivers, and diminutive children. Drawn up on the hill-side, they gazed stolidly at the train, and the engineer said that "he'd a good mind to whistle, and see those ponies jump, if he didn't think the Indians might fire into us." When we came on the plain there were looming up, to gladden the heart of the mountain-lover, the beautiful Wahotoya. Fusiyama, in Japan, is beyond all question the finest single mountain known in the world; the Holy Cross is awe-inspiring, but for two lofty and splendid hills, side by side, and forming a spur thrown out into the level like these, I know of no match. I sing their praises at all times, and eagerly strain my eyes for them when there is a possibility that they may be seen on the distant horizon. We were a little doubtful about them once on a long drive, but a friend who had been scanning the misty distance, and who knew that, as far from New York as this, he might paraphrase *Pinafore* without fear of actual personal violence, softly said,

"For they *are* the Spanish Peaks:
For they might have been La Veta,
Or peaks of other *natur*,
Of which the guide-book speaks;
But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations
They remain the Spanish Peaks."

On this side is the newest and most vigorous American civilization; on the other, the remnants of effete Spanish rule, and the wonderful and tantalizing records of a prehistoric race. Past them lies my road, and with the "All aboard!" of the conductor in my ears, I shall step on the train and deliberately turn my back to the New and my face to the Old.



CHAPTER XXIII.

SECRET SCHEMES.

THE delight with which John of Skye heard that his friend Dr. Sutherland was coming back to the yacht, and that we were now setting out for Ballahulish or Corpach to meet him, found instant and practical expression on this fine, breezy, sun-lit morning.

"Hector," says he, "we will put the gaff top-sail on her."

What did he care though this squally breeze came blowing down the Sound in awkward gusts?

"It iss a fine wind, mem," says he to the Admiral, as we slowly leave the green waters and the pink rocks of Polterriv, and get into the open and breezy channel. "Oh, we will mek a good run the day. And I beg your pardon, mem, but it iss a great pleasure to me that Mr. Sutherland himself iss coming back to the yat."

"He understands your clever sailing, John: is that it?"

"He knows more about a yat as any chentleman I will ever see, mem. And we will try to get a good breeze for him this time, mem, and not to have the calm weather."

This is not likely to be a day of calm weather, at all events. Tide and wind together take us away swiftly from the little harbor behind the granite rocks. And is Iona over there all asleep? or are there some friends in the small village watching the *White Dove* bearing away to the south? We wave our handkerchiefs on chance. We take a last look at the gabled ruins over the sea, at the green corn fields, and the scattered houses, and the beaches of silver sand. Good-by! good-by! It is a last look for this summer at least; perhaps it is a last look forever. But Iona too—as well as Ulva—remains in the memory a vision of sunlight, and smooth seas, and summer days.

Harder and harder blows this fresh breeze from the north; and we are racing down the Sound with the driven waves. But for the rope round the tiller, Miss Avon, who is steering, would find it difficult to keep her feet; and her hair is blown all about her face. The salt-water comes swishing down the scuppers; the churned foam goes hissing and boiling away from the sides of the vessel; the broad Atlantic widens out. And that small gray thing at the horizon? Can that speck be a mass of masonry a hundred and fifty feet in height, wedged into the lonely rock?

"No, no," says our gentle Queen Titania, with an involuntary shudder, "not for worlds would I climb up that iron ladder, with the sea and the rocks right below me. I should never get half way up."

"They will put a rope round your waist, if you like," it is pointed out to her.

"When we go out, then," says this coward, "I will see how Mary gets on. If she does not die of fright, I may venture."

"Oh, but I don't think I shall be with you," remarks the young lady, quite simply.

At this there is a general stare.

"I don't know what you mean," says her hostess, with an ominous curtness.

"Why, you know," says the girl, cheerfully—and disengaging one hand to get her hair out of her eyes—"I can't afford to go idling much longer. I must get back to London."

"Don't talk nonsense," says the other woman, angrily. "You may try to stop other people's holidays, if you like, but I am going to look after yours. Holidays!

How are you to work, if you don't work now? Will you find many landscapes in Regent Street?"

"I have a great many sketches," says Mary Avon, "and I must try to make something out of them, where there is less distraction of amusement. And really, you know, you have so many friends —would you like me to become a fixture —like the mainmast—"

"I would like you to talk a little common-sense," is the sharp reply. "You are not going back to London till the *White Dove* is laid up for the winter—that is what I know."

"I am afraid I must ask you to let me off," she says, quite simply and seriously. "Suppose I go up to London next week? Then, if I get on pretty well, I may come back—"

"You may come back!" says the other, with a fine contempt. "Don't try to impose on me. I am an older woman than you. And I have enough provocations and worries from other quarters: I don't want you to begin and bother."

"Is your life so full of trouble?" says the girl, innocently. "What are these fearful provocations?"

"Never mind. You will find out in time. But when you get married, Mary, don't forget to buy a copy of Doddridge on Patience. That should be included in every bridal trousseau."

"Poor thing—is it so awfully ill used?" replies the steersman, with much compassion.

Here John of Skye comes forward.

"If ye please, mem, I will tek the tiller until we get round the Ross. The rocks are very bad here."

"All right, John," says the young lady; and then, with much cautious clinging to various objects, she goes below, saying that she means to do a little more to a certain slight water-color sketch of Polterriv. We know why she wants to put some further work on that hasty production. Yesterday the Laird expressed high approval of the sketch. She means him to take it with him to Denny-mains, when she leaves for London.

But this heavy sea: how is the artist getting on with her work amid such pitching and diving? Now that we are round the Ross, the *White Dove* has shifted her course; the wind is more on her beam: the main-sheet has been hauled in; and the noble ship goes ploughing along in splendid style; but how about water-color drawing?

Suddenly, as the yacht gives a heavy lurch to leeward, an awful sound is heard below. Queen T—— clambers down the companion, and holds on by the door of the saloon, the others following and looking over her shoulders. There a fearful scene appears. At the head of the table, in the regal recess usually occupied by the carver and chief president of our banquets, sits Mary Avon, in mute and blank despair. Everything has disappeared from before her. A tumbler rolls backward and forward on the floor, empty. A dishevelled bundle of paper, hanging on to the edge of a carpet stool, represents what was once an orderly sketch-book. Tubes, pencils, saucers, sponges—all have gone with the tablecloth. And the artist sits quite hopeless and silent, staring before her like a maniac in a cell.

"What ever have you been and done?" calls her hostess.

There is no answer: only that tragic despair.

"It was all bad steering," remarks the Youth. "I knew it would happen as soon as Miss Avon left the helm."

But the Laird, not confining his sympathy to words, presses by his hostess; and, holding hard by the bare table, staggers along to the scene of the wreck. The others timidly follow. One by one the various objects are rescued, and placed for safety on the couch on the leeward side of the saloon. Then the automaton in the presidential chair begins to move. She recovers her powers of speech. She says, awaking from her dream,

"Is my head on?"

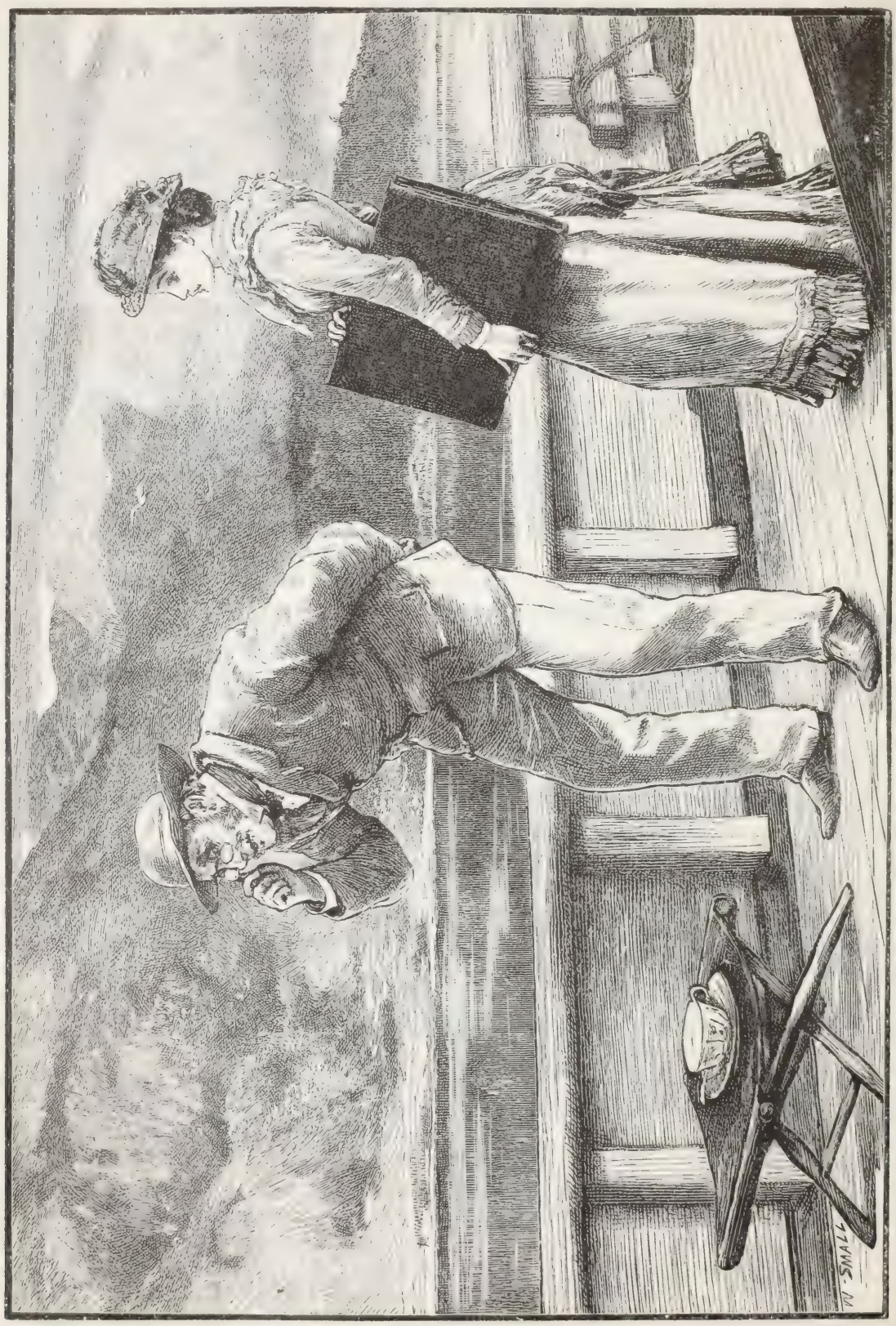
"And if it is, it is not of much use to you," says her hostess, angrily. "What ever made you have those things out in a sea like this? Come up on deck at once; and let Fred get luncheon ready."

The maniac only laughs.

"Luncheon!" she says. "Luncheon in the middle of earthquakes!"

But this sneer at the *White Dove*, because she has no swinging table, is ungenerous. Besides, is not our Friedrich d'or able to battle any pitching with his ingeniously bolstered couch, so that bottles, glasses, plates, and what not are as safe as they would be in a case in the

British Museum? A luncheon party on board the *White Dove*, when there is a heavy Atlantic swell running, is not an imposing ceremony. It would not look well as a colored lithograph in the illustrated papers. The figures crouching on the low stools to leeward; the narrow cushion bolstered up so that the most enterprising of dishes can not slide; the table-cover plaited so as to afford receptacles for knives and spoons; bottles and tumblers plunged into hollows, and propped; Master Fred, balancing himself behind these stooping figures, bottle in hand, and ready to replenish any cautiously proffered wine-glass. But it serves.



"MR. SMITH WAS SO KIND AS TO BRING ME A CUP OF TEA."—[SEE PAGE 565.]

And Dr. Sutherland has assured us that the heavier the sea, the more necessary is luncheon for the weaker vessels, who may be timid about the effect of so much rolling and pitching. When we get on deck again, who is afraid? It is all a question as to what signal may be visible to the white house of Carsaig, shining afar there in the sunlight, among the hanging woods, and under the soft purple of the hills. Behold!—behold!—the flag run up to the top of the white pole! Is it a message to us, or only a summons to the *Pioneer*? For now, through the whirl of wind and spray, we can make out the steamer that daily encircles Mull, bringing with it white loaves, and newspapers, and other luxuries of the mainland.

She comes nearer and nearer; the throbbing of the paddles is heard among the rush of the waves; the people crowd to the side of the boat to have a look at the passing yacht; and one well-known figure, standing on the hurricane deck, raises his gilt-braided cap, for we happen to have on board a gentle small creature who is a great friend of his.* And she waves her white handkerchief, of course; and you should see what a fluttering of similar tokens there is all along the steamer's decks, and on the paddle-boxes. Farewell!—farewell!—may you have a smooth landing at Staffa, and a pleasant sail down the Sound, in the quiet of the afternoon!

The day wears on, with puffs and squalls coming tearing over from the high cliffs of southern Mull; and still the gallant *White Dove* meets and breasts those rolling waves, and sends the spray flying from her bows. We have passed Loch Buy; Garveloch and the adjacent islands are drawing nearer; soon we shall have to bend our course northward, when we have got by Eilean-straid-ean. And whether it is that Mary Avon is secretly comforting herself with the notion that she will soon see her friends in London again, or whether it is that she is proud of being again promoted to the tiller, she has quite recovered her spirits. We hear our singing-bird once more, though it is difficult, amid the rush and swirl of the waters, to do more than catch chance phrases and refrains. And then she is being very merry with the Laird, who is humorously decrying England and the English, and proving to her that it is the Scotch migration to the south that is the very saving of her native country.

"The Lord Chief Justice of England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the President of the Royal Academy—the heads and leading men everywhere—all Scotch—all Scotch," says he.

"But the weak point about the Scotch, sir," says this philosopher in the Ulster, who is clinging on to the tiller-rope, "is their modesty. They are so distrustful of their own merits. And they are always running down their own country."

"Ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!" roars the Laird. "Verra good! verra good! I owe ye one for that. I owe ye one. Howard, have ye nothing to say in defense of your native country?"

"You are speaking of Scotland, sir?"

"Ay."

"That is not my native country, you know."

"It was your mother's, then."

Somehow, when by some accident—and it but rarely happened—the Laird mentioned Howard Smith's mother, a brief silence fell on him. It lasted but a second or two. Presently he was saying, with much cheerfulness:

"No, no, I am not one of those that would promote any rivalry between Scotland and England. We are one country now. If the Scotch preserve the best leeterary English—the most pithy and characteristic forms of the language—the English that is talked in the south is the most generally received throughout the world. I have even gone the length—I'm no ashamed to admit it—of hinting to Tom Galbraith that he should exheebit more in London: the influence of such work as his should not be confined to Edinburgh. And jealous as they may be in the south of the Scotch school, they could not refuse to recognize its excellence—eh? No, no; when Galbraith likes to exheebit in London, ye'll hear a stir, I'm thinking. The jealousy of English artists will have no effect on public opeenion. They may keep him out o' the Academy—there's many a good artist has never been within the walls—but the public is the judge. I am told that when his picture of Stonebyres Falls was ex-

* Sir, we would drink your health, but not even Friedrich d'or himself could hold a glass straight in this heavy sea.

heebited in Edinburgh, a dealer came all the way from London to look at it."

"Did he buy it?" asked Miss Avon, gently.

"Buy it!" the Laird said, with a contemptuous laugh. "There are some of us about Glasgow who know better than to let a picture like that get to London. I bought it maself. Ye'll see it when ye come to Denny-mains. Ye have heard of it, no doubt?"

"N—no, I think not," she timidly answers.

"No matter—no matter. Ye'll see it when ye come to Denny-mains."

He seemed to take it for granted that she was going to pay a visit to Denny-mains: had he not heard, then, of her intention of at once returning to London?

Once well round into the Frith of Lorn, the wind that had borne us down the Sound of Iona was now right ahead, and our progress was but slow. As the evening wore on, it was proposed that we should run into Loch Speliv for the night. There was no dissentient voice.

The sudden change from the plunging seas without to the quiet waters of this solitary little loch was strange enough. And then, as we slowly beat up against the northerly wind to the head of the loch—a beautiful, quiet, sheltered little cup of a harbor among the hills—we found before us, or rather over us, the splendors of a stormy sunset among the mountains above Glen More. It was a striking spectacle—the vast and silent gloom of the valleys below, which were of a cold and intense green in the shadow; then above, among the great shoulders and peaks of the hills, flashing gleams of golden light, and long swaths of purple cloud touched with scarlet along their edges, and mists of rain that came along with the wind, blotting out here and there those splendid colors. There was an absolute silence in this overshadowed bay, but for the cry of the startled wild fowl. There was no sign of any habitation, except perhaps a trace of pale blue smoke rising from behind a mass of trees. Away went the anchor with a short, sharp rattle; we were safe for the night.

We knew, however, what that trace of smoke indicated behind the dark trees. By-and-by, as soon as the gig had got to the land, there was a procession along the solitary shore—in the wan twilight—and up the rough path, and through the scattered patches of birch and fir. And were you startled, madam, by the apparition of people who were so inconsiderate as to knock at your door in the middle of dinner, and whose eyes, grown accustomed to the shadows of the valleys of Mull, must have looked bewildered enough on meeting the glare of the lamps? And what did you think of a particular pair of eyes—very soft and gentle in their dark lustre—appealing, timid, friendly eyes, that had nevertheless a quiet happiness and humor in them? It was at all events most kind of you to tell the young lady that her notion of throwing up her holiday and setting out for London was mere midsummer madness. How could you—or any one else—guess at the origin of so strange a wish?

CHAPTER XXIV.

BEFORE BREAKFAST.

WHO is this who slips through the saloon while as yet all on board are asleep—who noiselessly ascends the companion-way, and then finds herself alone on deck? And all the world around her is asleep too, though the gold and rose of the new day is shining along the eastern heavens. There is not a sound in this silent little loch: the shores and the woods are as still as the far peaks of the mountains, where the mists are touched here and there with a dusky fire.

She is not afraid to be alone in this silent world. There is a bright and contented look on her face. Carefully and quietly, so as not to disturb the people below, she gets a couple of deck stools, and puts down the large sketch-book from under her arm, and opens out a certain leather case. But do not think she is going to attack that blaze of color in the east, with the reflected glare on the water, and the bar of dark land between. She knows better. She has a wholesome fear of chromo-lithographs. She turns rather to those great mountain masses, with their mysteriously moving clouds, and their shoulders touched here and there with a sombre red, and their deep and silent glens a cold intense green in shadow. There is more workable material.

And after all there is no ambitious ef-

fort to trouble her. It is only a rough jotting of form and color for future use. It is a pleasant occupation for this still, cool, beautiful morning; and perhaps she is fairly well satisfied with it, for one listening intently might catch snatches of songs and airs—of a somewhat incoherent and inappropriate character. For what have the praises of Bonny Black Bess to do with sunrise in Loch Speliv? Or the saucy Arethusa either? But all the same the work goes quietly and dexterously on—no wild dashes and searchings for theatrical effect, but a patient mosaic of touches precisely reaching their end. She does not want to bewilder the world. She wants to have trustworthy records for her own use. And she seems content with the progress she is making.

"Here's a health to the girls that we loved long ago"—

this is the last air into which she has wandered, half humming and half whistling—

"Where the Shannon, and Liffey, and Blackwater flow"—

when she suddenly stops her work to listen. Can any one be up already? The noise is not repeated; and she proceeds with her work.

"Here's a health to old Ireland: may she ne'er be dismayed!
Then pale grew the cheeks of the Irish Brigade."

The clouds are assuming substance now: they are no mere flat washes, but accurately drawn objects that have their foreshortening like anything else. And if Miss Avon may be vaguely conscious that had our young doctor been on board she would not have been left so long alone, that had nothing to do with her work. The mornings on which he used to join her on deck, and chat to her while she painted, seemed far away now. He and she together would see Dunvegan no more.

But who is this who most cautiously comes up the companion, bearing in his hand a cup and saucer?

"Miss Avon," says he, with a bright laugh, "here is the first cup of tea I ever made; are you afraid to try it?"

"Oh, dear me!" said she, penitently; "did I make any noise in getting my things below?"

"Well," he says, "I thought I heard you; and I knew what you would be after; and I got up and lit the spirit-lamp."

"Oh, it is so very kind of you!" she says; for it is really a pretty little attention on the part of one who is not much given to shifting for himself on board.

Then he dives below again and fetches her up some biscuits.

"By Jove," he says, coming closer to the sketch, "that is very good. That is awfully good. Do you mean to say you have done all that this morning?"

"Oh yes," she says, modestly. "It is only a sketch."

"I think it uncommonly good," he says, staring at it as if he would pierce the paper.

Then there is a brief silence, during which Miss Avon boldly adventures upon this amateur's tea.

"I beg your pardon," he says, after a bit—"it is none of my business, you know—but you don't really mean that you are going back to London?"

"If I am allowed," she answers, with a smile.

"I am sure you will disappoint your friends most awfully," says he, in quite an earnest manner. "I know they had quite made up their minds you were to stay the whole time. It would be very unfair of you. And my uncle: he would break his heart if you were to go."

"They are all very kind to me," was her only answer.

"Look here," he says, with a most friendly anxiety. "If—if it is only about business—about pictures, I mean—I really beg your pardon for intermeddling—"

"Oh," said she, frankly, "there is no secret about it. In fact, I want everybody to know that I am anxious to sell my pictures. You see, as I have got to earn my own living, shouldn't I begin at once, and find out what it is like?"

"But look here," he said, eagerly, "if it is a question of selling pictures, you should trust to my uncle. He is among a lot of men in the west of Scotland, rich merchants and people of that sort, who haven't inherited collections of pictures, and whose hobby is to make a collection for themselves. And they have much too good sense to buy spurious old masters, or bad examples for the sake of the name: they prefer good modern art, and I can tell you they are prepared to pay for it, too. And they are not fools,

mind you; they know good pictures. You may think my uncle is very prejudiced; he has his favorite artists, and —and believes in Tom Galbraith, don't you know; but, I can assure you, you won't find many men who know more about a good landscape than he does; and you would say so if you saw his dining-room at Denny-mains."

"I quite believe that," said she, beginning to put up her materials: she had done her morning's work.

"Well," he says, "you trust to him; there are lots of those Glasgow men who would only be too glad to have the chance—"

"Oh, no, no," she cried, laughing. "I am not going to coerce people into buying my pictures for the sake of friendship. I think your uncle would buy every sketch I have on board the yacht; but I can not allow my friends to be victimized."

"Oh, victimized!" said he, scornfully. "They ought to be glad to have the chance. And do you mean to go on giving away your work for nothing? That sketch of the little creek we were in—opposite Iona, don't you know—that you gave my uncle, is charming. And they tell me you have given that picture of the rocks and sea-birds—where is the place—"

"Oh, do you mean the sketch in the saloon—of Canna?"

"Yes; why, it is one of the finest landscapes I ever saw. And they tell me you gave it to that doctor who was on board."

"Dr. Sutherland," says she, hastily—and there is a quick color in her face—"seemed to like it as—as a sort of reminiscence, you know."

"But he should not have accepted a valuable picture," said the Youth, with decision. "No doubt you offered it to him when you saw he admired it. But now—when he must understand that—well, in fact, that circumstances are altered—he will have the good sense to give it you back again."

"Oh, I hope not," she says, with her embarrassment not diminishing. "I—I should not like that. I—I should be vexed."

"A person of good tact and good taste," says this venturesome young man, "would make a joke of it—would insist that you never meant it—and would prefer to buy the picture."

She answers, somewhat shortly:

"I think not. I think Dr. Sutherland has as good taste as any one. He would know that that would vex me very much."

"Oh, well," says he, with a sort of carelessness, "every one to his liking. If he cares to accept so valuable a present, good and well."

"You don't suppose he asked me for it?" she says, rather warmly. "I gave it him. He would have been rude to have refused it. I was very much pleased that he cared for the picture."

"Oh, he is a judge of art also? I am told he knows everything."

"He was kind enough to say he liked the sketch; that was enough for me."

"He is very lucky; that is all I have to say."

"I dare say he has forgotten all about such a trifle. He has more important things to think about."

"Well," said he, with a good-natured laugh, "I should not consider such a picture a trifle if any one presented it to me. But it is always the people who get everything they want who value things least."

"Do you think Dr. Sutherland such a fortunate person?" says she. "Well, he is fortunate in having great abilities; and he is fortunate in having chosen a profession that has already secured him great honor, and that promises a splendid future to him. But that is the result of hard work; and he has to work hard now. I don't think most men would like to change places with him just at present."

"He has one good friend and champion, at all events," he says, with a pleasant smile.

"Oh," says she, hastily and anxiously, "I am saying what I hear. My acquaintance with Dr. Sutherland is—is quite recent, I may say, though I have met him in London. I only got to know something about him when he was in Edinburgh, and I happened to be there too."

"He is coming back to the yacht," observes Mr. Smith.

"He will be foolish to think of it," she answers, simply.

At this stage the yacht begins to wake up. The head of Hector of Moidart, much dishevelled, appears at the forecastle, and that wiry mariner is rubbing his eyes; but no sooner does he perceive that

one of the ladies is on deck than he suddenly ducks down again—to get his face washed, and his paper collar. Then there is a voice heard in the saloon, calling,

"Who has left my spirit-lamp burning?"

"Oh, good gracious!" says the Youth, and tumbles down the companion incontinently.

Then the Laird appears, bringing up with him a huge red volume entitled *Municipal London;* but no sooner does he find that Miss Avon is on deck than he puts aside that mighty compendium, and will have her walk up and down with him before breakfast.

"What!" he says, eying the cup and saucer, "have ye had your breakfast already?"

"Mr. Smith was so kind as to bring me a cup of tea."

"What!" he says again—and he is obviously greatly delighted. "Of his own making? I did not think he had as much gumption."

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said she. She had been startled by the whistling of a curlew close by, and had not heard him distinctly.

"I said he was a smart lad," said the Laird, unblushingly. "Oh, ay, a good lad; ye will not find many better lads than Howard. Will I tell ye a secret?"

"Well, sir—if you like," said she.

There was a mysterious but humorous look about the Laird, and he spoke in a whisper.

"It is not good sometimes for young folk to know what is in store for them. But I mean to give him Denny-mains. Whish! Not a word. I'll surprise him some day."

"He ought to be very grateful to you, sir," was the answer.

"That he is—that he is," said the Laird; "he's an obedient lad. And I should not wonder if he had Denny-mains long before he expects it; though I must have my crust of bread, ye know. It would be a fine occupation for him, looking after the estate; and what is the use of his living in London, and swallowing smoke and fog? I can assure ye that the air at Denny-mains, though it's no far from Glasgow, is as pure as it is in this very Loch Speliv."

"Oh, indeed, sir."

They had another couple of turns in silence.

"Ye're verra fond of sailing?" says the Laird.

"I am now," she says. "But I was very much afraid before I came; I have suffered so terribly in crossing the Channel. Somehow one never thinks of being ill here—with nice clean cabins, and no engines throbbing—"

"I meant that ye like well enough to go sailing about these places?"

"Oh yes," says she. "When shall I ever have such a beautiful holiday again?"

The Laird laughed a little to himself. Then he said, with a business-like air:

"I have been thinking that, when my nephew came to Denny-mains, I would buy a yacht for him, that he could keep down the Clyde somewhere—at Gourock, or Kilmun, or Dunoon, maybe. It is a splendid ground for yachting—a splendid! Ye have never been through the Kyles of Bute?"

"Oh yes, sir; I have been through them in the steamer."

"Ay, but a yacht; wouldn't that be better? And I am no sure I would not advise him to have a steam-yacht—ye are so much more independent of wind and tide; and I'm thinking ye could get a verra good little steam-yacht for £3000."

"Oh, indeed."

"A great deal depends on the steward," he continues, seriously. "A good steward that does not touch drink, is jist worth anything. If I could get a first-class man, I would not mind giving him two pounds a week, with his clothes and his keep, while the yacht was being used; and I would not let him away in the winter—no, no. Ye could employ him at Denny-mains as a butler-creature, or something like that."

She did not notice the peculiarity of the little pronoun: if she had, how could she have imagined that the Laird was really addressing himself to her?

"I have none but weemen-servants indoors at Denny-mains," he continued, "but when Howard comes I would prefer him to keep the house like other people, and I will not stint him as to means. Have I told ye what Welliam Dunbaur says—

"'Be merry, man, and tak' not sair in mind—'"

"Oh yes, I remember."

"There's fine common-sense in that. And do not you believe the people who tell ye that the Scotch are a dour people, steeped in Calvinism, and niggardly, and grasping at the last farthing—"

"I have found them exceedingly kind to me, and warm-hearted and generous—" says she; but he interrupted her suddenly:

"I'll tell ye what I'll do," said he, with decision. "When I buy that yacht, I'll get Tom Galbraith to paint every panel in the saloon—no matter what it costs."

"Your nephew will be very proud of it," she said.

"And I would expect to take a trip in her myself occasionally," he added, in a facetious manner. "I would expect to be invited—"

"Surely, sir, you can not expect your nephew to be so ungrateful—"

"Oh," he said, "I only expect reasonable things. Young people are young people; they can not like to be always hampered by grumbling old fogies. No, no; if I present any one wi' a yacht, I do not look on myself as a piece of its furniture."

The Laird seemed greatly delighted. His step on the deck was firmer. In the pauses of the conversation she heard something about

"tántará! Sing tántará!"

"Will ye take your maid with ye?" he asked of her, abruptly.

The girl looked up with a bewildered air—perhaps with a trifle of alarm in her eyes.

"I, sir?"

"Ha! ha!" said he, laughing, "I forgot. Ye have not been invited yet. No more have I. But—if the yacht were ready—and—and if ye were going—ye would take your maid, no doubt, for comfort's sake?"

The girl looked re-assured. She said, cheerfully:

"Well, sir, I don't suppose I shall ever go yachting again, after I leave the *White Dove*. And if I were, I don't suppose I should be able to afford to have a maid with me, unless the dealers in London should suddenly begin to pay me a good deal more than they have done hitherto."

At this point she was summoned below by her hostess calling. The Laird was left alone on deck. He continued to pace up and down, muttering to himself, with a proud look on his face.

"A landscape in every panel, as I'm a living man!... Tom 'll do it well, when I tell him who it's for... The leddies' cabin blue and silver—cool in the summer—the sky-light pented—she'll no be saying that the Scotch are wanting in taste when she sees that cabin!

'Sing tántará! sing tántará!
....The Highland army rues
That e'er they came to Cromdale!'

And her maid—if she will not be able to afford a maid, who will?—French, if she likes! Blue and silver—blue and silver—that's it!"

And then the Laird, still humming his lugubrious battle-song, comes down into the saloon.

"Good-morning, ma'am, good-morning! Breakfast ready? I'm just ravenous. That wild lassie has walked me up and down until I am like to faint. A beautiful morning again—splendid!—splendid! And do ye know where ye will be this day next year?"

"I am sure I don't," says his hostess, busy with the breakfast things.

"I will tell ye. Anchored in the Holy Loch, off Kilmun, in a screw-yacht. Mark my words now: *this very day next year!*"

CHAPTER XXV.

A PROTECTOR.

"Oh, ay," says John of Skye, quite proudly, as we go on deck after breakfast, "there will be no more o' the dead calms. We will give Mr. Sutherland a good breeze or two when he comes back to the yat."

It is all Mr. Sutherland and Mr. Sutherland now!—everything is to be done because Mr. Sutherland is coming. Each belaying-pin is polished so that one might see to shave in it; Hector of Moidart has spent about two hours in scraping and rubbing the brass and copper of the galley stove-pipe; and Captain John, with many grins and apologies, has got Miss Avon to sew up a rent that has begun to appear in the red ensign. All that he wants now is to have the yacht beached for a couple of days, to have the long slender sea-grass scraped from her hull: then Mr. Sutherland will see how the *White Dove* will sail!

"I should imagine," says the Youth, in an under-tone, to his hostess, as we are working out the narrow entrance to Loch Speliv, "that your doctor-friend must have given those men a liberal pourboire when he left."

"Oh, I am sure not," said she, quickly, as if that was a serious imputation. "That is very unlikely."

"They seem very anxious to have ev-

erything put right against his coming," he says. "At all events, your captain seems to think that every good breeze he gets is merely thrown away on us."

"Dr. Sutherland and he," she says, laughing, "were very good friends. And then Angus had very bad luck when he was on board: the glass wouldn't fall. But I have promised to bottle up the equinoctials for him—he will have plenty of winds before we have done with him. You must stay too, you know, Mr. Smith, and see how the *White Dove* rides out a gale."

He regarded her with some suspicion. He was beginning to know that this lady's speech, despite the great gentleness and innocence of her eyes, sometimes concealed curious meanings. And was she now merely giving him a kind and generous invitation to go yachting with us for another month; or was she, with a cruel sarcasm, referring to the probability of his having to remain a prisoner for that time, in order to please his uncle?

However, the conversation had to be dropped, for at this moment the Laird and his *protégée* made their appearance; and of course a deck chair had to be brought for her, and a footstool, and a sun-shade, and a book. But what were these attentions, on the part of her elderly slave, compared with the fact that a young man, presumably enjoying a sound and healthy sleep, should have unselfishly got up at an unholy hour of the morning, and should have risked blowing up the yacht with spirits of wine in order to get her a cup of tea?

It was a fine sailing day. Running before a light top-sail breeze from the southeast, the *White Dove* was making for the Lynn of Morven, and bringing us more and more within view of the splendid circle of mountains, from Ben-Cruachan in the east to Ben-Nevis in the north, from Ben-Nevis down to the successive waves of the Morven hills. And we knew why, among all the sun-lit yellows and greens—faint as they were in the distance—there were here and there on slope and shoulder stains of a beautiful rose-purple that were a new feature in the landscape. The heather was coming into bloom—the knee-deep, honey-scented heather, the haunt of the snipe, and the muir-cock, and the mountain hare. And if there was to be for us this year no toiling over the high slopes and crags—looking down from time to time on a spacious world of sun-lit sea and island—we were not averse from receiving friendly and substantial messages from those altitudes. In a day or two now the first crack of the breech-loader would startle the silence of the morning air. And Master Fred's larder was sorely in want of variety.

Northward, and still northward, the light breeze tempering the scorching sunlight that glares on the sails and the deck. Each long ripple of the running blue sea flashes in diamonds; and when we look to the south, those silver lines converge and converge, until at the horizon they become a solid blaze of light unendurable to the eye. But it is to the north we turn—to the land of Appin, and Kingairloch, and Lochaber: blow, light wind, and carry us onward, gentle tide; we have an appointment to keep within shadow of the mountains that guard Glencoe.

The Laird has discovered that these two were up early this morning: he becomes facetious.

"Not sleepy yet, Miss Mary?" he says.

"Oh no, not at all," she says, looking up from her book.

"It's the early bird that catches the first sketch. Fine and healthy is that early rising, Howard. I'm thinking ye did not sleep sound last night: what for were ye up before anybody was stirring?"

But the Laird does not give him time to answer. Something has tickled the fancy of this profound humorist.

"*Kee! kee!*" he laughs, and he rubs his hands. "I mind a good one I heard from Tom Galbraith when he and I were at the Bridge of Allan; room to room, ye know; and Tom did snore that night. 'What,' said I to him in the morning, 'had ye nightmare, or *delirium tremens*, that ye made such a noise in the night?' 'Did I snore?' said he—I'm thinking somebody else must have complained before. 'Snore!' said I; 'twenty grampuses was nothing to it.' And Tom—he burst out a-laughing. 'I'm very glad,' says he. 'If I snored, I must have had a sound sleep!' A *sound* sleep—d'ye see? Very sharp—very smart—eh?"—and the Laird laughed and chuckled over that portentous joke.

"Oh, uncle! uncle! uncle!" his nephew cried. "You used never to do such things. You must quit the society of those artists, if they have such a corrupting influence on you."

"I tell ye," he says, with a sudden seriousness, "I would just like to show Tom Galbraith that picture o' Canna that's below. No; I would not ask him to alter a thing. Very good—very good it is. And —and—I think—I will admit it—for a plain man likes the truth to be told—there is just a bit jealousy among them against any English person that tries to paint Scotch scenery. No, no, Miss Mary—don't you be afraid. Ye can hold your own. If I had that picture, now—if it belonged to me—and if Tom was stopping wi' me at Denny-mains, I would not allow him to alter it—not if he offered to spend a week's work on it."

After that—what? The Laird could say no more.

Alas! alas! our wish to take a new route northward was all very well; but we had got under the lee of Lismore, and slowly and slowly the wind died away, until even the sea was as smooth as the surface of a mirror. It was but little compensation that we could lean over the side of the yacht and watch the thousands of "sea-blubbers" far down in the water, in all their hues of blue and purple and pale pink. The heat of the sun was blistering, scorching with a sharp pain any nose or cheek that was inadvertently turned toward it. As for the Laird, he could not stand this oven-like business any longer; he declared the saloon was ever so much cooler than the deck; and went down below, and lay at length on one of the long blue cushions.

"Why, John," says Queen T——, "you are bringing on those dead calms again. What will Dr. Sutherland say to you?"

But John of Skye has his eye on the distant shore.

"Oh no, mem," he says, with a crafty smile, "there will not be a dead calm very long."

And there, in at the shore, we see a dark line on the water; and it spreads and spreads; the air becomes gratefully cool to the face before the breeze perceptibly fills the sails; then there is a cheerful swinging over of the boom and a fluttering of the as yet unreleased head-sails. A welcome breeze, surely, from the far hills of Kingairloch. We thank you, you beautiful Kingairloch, with your deep glens and your rose-purple shoulders of hills: long may you continue to send fresh westerly winds to the parched and passing voyager!

We catch a distant glimpse of the white houses of Port Appin; we bid adieu to the musically named Eilean-na-Shuna; far ahead of us is the small white light-house at the mouth of the narrows of Corran. But there is to be no run up to Fort William for us to-night; the tide will turn soon; we can not get through the Corran narrows. And so there is a talk of Ballahulish; and Captain John is trying hard to get Miss Avon to pronounce this Bal-a-chaolish. It is not fair of Sandy from Islay—who thinks he is hidden by the foresail—to grin to himself at these innocent efforts.

Grander and grander grow those ramparts of mountains ahead of us—with their wine-colored stains of heather on the soft and velvety yellow-green. The wind from the Kingairloch shores still carries us on; and Inversanda swells the breeze; soon we shall be running into that wide channel that leads up to the beautiful Loch Leven. The Laird re-appears on deck. He is quite enchanted with the scene around him. He says if an artist had placed that black cloud behind the great bulk of Ben-Nevis, it could not have been more artistically arranged. He declares that this entrance to Loch Leven is one of the most beautiful places he has ever seen. He calls attention to the soft green foliage of the steep hills, and to that mighty peak of granite, right in the middle of the landscape, that we discover to be called the Pap of Glencoe. And here, in the mellow light of the afternoon, is the steamer coming down from the north: is it to be a race between us for the Bal-a-chaolish quay?

It is an unfair race. We have to yield to brute strength and steam-kettles.

"Four to one Argyll came on,"

as the dirge of Eric says. But we bear no malice. We salute our enemy as he goes roaring and throbbing by; and there is many a return signal waved to us from the paddle-boxes.

"Mr. Sutherland iss no there, mem, I think," says Captain John, who has been scanning those groups of people with his keen eyes.

"I should think not: he said he was coming to-morrow," is the answer.

"Will he be coming down by the *Chevalier* in the morning, or by the *Mountaineer* at night?" is the further question.

"I don't know."

"We will be ashore for him in the morning, whatever," says John of Skye, cheerfully; and you would have thought it was his guest, and not ours, who was coming on board.

The roaring out of the anchor chain was almost immediately followed by Master Fred's bell. Mary Avon was silent and *distraite* at dinner; but nothing more was said of her return to London. It was understood that when Angus Sutherland came on board we should go back to Castle Osprey, and have a couple of days on shore, to let the *White Dove* get rid of her parasitic sea-weed.

Then, after dinner, a fishing excursion; but this was in a new loch, and we were not very successful. Or was it that most of us were watching, from this cup of water surrounded by the circle of great mountains, the strange movings of the clouds in the gloomy and stormy twilight, long after the sun had sunk?

"It is not a very sheltered place," remarked the Laird, "if a squall were to come down from the hills."

But by-and-by something appeared that lent an air of stillness and peace to this sombre scene around us. Over one of those eastern mountains a faint, smoky, suffused yellow light began to show; then the outline of the mountain—serrated with trees—grew dark; then the edge of the moon appeared over the black line of trees; and by-and-by the world was filled with this new, pale light, though the shadows on the hills were deeper than ever. We did not hurry on our way back to the yacht. It was a magical night—the black overhanging hills, the white clouds crossing the blue vaults of the heavens, the wan light on the sea. What need for John of Skye to put up that golden lamp at the bow? But it guided us on our way back—under the dusky shadows of the hills.

Then below, in the orange-lit cabin, with cards and dominoes and chess about, a curious thing overhead happens to catch the eye of one of the gamblers. Through the sky-light, with this yellow glare, we ought not to see anything; but there, shining in the night, is a long bar of pale phosphorescent green light. What can this be? Why green? And it is Mary Avon who first suggests what this strangely luminous thing must be—the boom, wet with the dew, shining in the moonlight.

"Come," says the Laird to her, "put a shawl round ye, and we will go up for another look round."

And so, after a bit, they went on deck, these two, leaving the others to their bézique. And the Laird was as careful about the wrapping up of this girl as if she had been a child of five years of age; and when they went out on to the white deck, he would give her his arm that she should not trip over any stray rope; and they were such intimate friends now that he did not feel called upon to talk to her.

But by-and-by the heart of the Laird was lifted up within him because of the wonderful beauty and silence of this moonlight night.

"It is a great peety," said he, "that you in the south are not brought up as children to be familiar with the Scotch version of the Psalms of David. It is a fountain-head of poetry that ye can draw from all your life long; and is there any poetry in the world can beat it? And many a time I think that David had a great love for mountains, and that he must have looked at the hills around Jerusalem, and seen them on many a night like this. Ye can not tell, lassie, what stirs in the heart of a Scotchman or Scotchwoman when they repeat the 121st Psalm:

'I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid;
My safety cometh from the Lord
Who heaven and earth hath made.
Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps:
Behold, He that keeps Israel
He slumbers not nor sleeps.'

Ask your friend Dr. Sutherland—ask him whether he has found anything among his philosophy, and science, and the new-fangled leeterature of the day, that comes so near to his heart as a verse of the old Psalms that he learnt as a boy. I have heard of Scotch soldiers in distant countries just bursting out crying when they heard by chance a bit repeated o' the Psalms of David. And the strength and reliance of them: what grander source of consolation can ye have? 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even forever.' What are the trials of the hour to them that believe and know and hope? They have a sure faith; the captivity is not forever. Do ye remember the beginning of the 126th

Psalm—it reminds me most of all of the Scotch phrase,

'Laughin' maist like to greet'

—'When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad. Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.'"

The Laird was silent for a minute or two; there was nothing but the pacing up and down the moon-lit deck.

"And you have your troubles too, my lass," said he at length. "Oh, I know, though ye put so brave a face on it. But you need not be afraid—you need not be afraid. Keep up your heart. I am an old man now; I may have but few years to reckon on; but while I live ye will not want a friend.... Ye will not want a friend.... If I forget, or refuse what I promise ye this night, may God do so and more unto me!"

But the good-hearted Laird will not have her go to sleep with this solemnity weighing on her mind.

"Come, come," he says, cheerfully, "we will go below now; and you will sing me a song—the Queen's Maries, if ye like—though I doubt but that they were a lot o' wild hizzies."

MISS BEULAH'S BONNET.

"I DON'T want to be too fine, ye know, Mary Jane; somethin' tasty and kind of suitable. It's an old bunnit; but my! them Leghorns 'll last a generation if you favor 'em: that was mother's weddin' bunnit."

"You don't say so! Well, it has kept remarkable well; but a good Leghorn will last, that's a fact, though they get real brittle after a spell; and you'll have to be awful careful of this, Miss Beulah; it's brittle now, I see."

"Yes, I expect it is, but it 'll carry me through this summer, I guess. But I want you to make it real tasty, Mary Jane, for my niece Miss Smith, she that was 'Liza Barber, is coming to stay awhile to our house this summer, and she lives in the city, you know."

"'Liza Barber! do tell! Why, I haven't seen her sence she was knee-high to a hoptoad, as you may say. He ain't livin', is he?"

"No; he died two years ago, leavin' her with three children. Sarah is a grown girl; and then there's Jack, he's eight, and Janey, she's three. There was four died between Jack and Sarah. I guess she's full eighteen."

"Mercy to me! time flies, don't it? But about the bunnit: what should you say to this lavender ribbin?"

"Ain't I kind of dark for lavender? I had an idee to have brown, or mabbe dark green."

"Land! for spring? Why, that ain't the right thing. This lavender is real han'some, and I'll set it off with a little black lace, and put a bow on't in the front; it 'll be real dressy and seemly for you."

"Well, you can try it, Mary Jane; but I give you fair warnin', if I think it's too dressy, you'll have to take it all off."

"I'm willin'," laughed Miss Mary Jane Beers, a good old soul, and a contemporary of her customer, Miss Beulah Larkin, who was an old maid living in Dorset on a small amount of money carefully invested, and owning the great red house which her grandfather had built for a large family on one corner of his farm. Farm and family were both gone now, save and except Miss Beulah and her niece; but the old lady and a little maid she had taken to bring up dwelt in one end of the wide house, and contrived to draw more than half their subsistence from the garden and orchard attached to it. Here they spun out an innocent existence, whose chief dissipations were evening meetings, sewing societies, funerals, and the regular Sunday services, to which all the village faithfully repaired, and any absence from which was commented on, investigated, and reprobated, if without good excuse, in the most unsparing manner. Miss Beulah Larkin was tall, gaunt, hard-featured, and good. Everybody respected her, some feared, and a few loved her; but she was not that sort of soul which thirsts to be loved; her whole desire and design was to do her duty and be respectable. Into this latter clause came the matter of a bonnet, over which she had held such anxious discourse. If she had any feminine vanity—and she was a woman—it took this virtuous aspect of a desire to be "respectit like the lave," for decency of dress as well

as demeanor. This spring she had received a letter from her niece, the widowed Mrs. Smith, asking if she could come to visit her; and sending back a pleased assent, Miss Beulah and her little handmaid, Nanny Starks, bestirred themselves to sweep and garnish the house, already fresh and spotless from its recent annual cleaning. Windows were opened, beds put out to sun, blankets aired, spreads unfolded, sheets taken from the old chests, and long-disused dimity curtains washed, ironed, and tacked up against the small-paned sashes, and tied back with scraps of flowered ribbon, exhumed from hidden shelves, that might well have trimmed that Leghorn bonnet in its first youth.

Mrs. Eliza Smith was a poor woman, but a woman of resource. Her visit was not purely of affection, or of family respect. Her daughter Sarah—a pretty, slight, graceful girl, with gold-brown hair, dark straight brows above a pair of limpid gray eyes, red lips, and a clear pale skin—had been intended by her mother to blossom into beauty in due season, and "marry well," as the phrase goes; but Sarah and a certain Fred Wilson, telegraph operator in Dartford, had set all the thrifty mother's plans at defiance, and fallen head over heels in love, regardless of Mrs. Smith or anybody else. Sarah's brows were not black and straight, or her chin firm and cleft with a dimple, for nothing: she meant to marry Fred Wilson as soon as was convenient; and Mrs. Smith, having unusual common-sense, as well as previous experience of Sarah's capacity of resistance, ceased to oppose that young lady's resolute intention. Master Wilson had already gone West, to a more lucrative situation than Dartford afforded, and Sarah was only waiting to get ready as to her outfit, and amass enough money for the cost of travelling, to follow him, since he was unable to return for her, both from lack of money and time. In this condition of things it occurred to Mrs. Smith that it would save a good deal of money if she could spend the summer with Aunt Beulah, and so be spared the expense of board and lodging for her family. Accordingly, she looked about for a tenant for her little house; and finding one ready to come in sooner than she had anticipated, she answered Aunt Beulah's friendly letter of invitation with an immediate acceptance, and followed her own epistle at once, arriving just as the last towel had been hung on the various washstands, and while yet the great batch of sweet home-made bread was hot from the oven; and, alas for Miss Beulah! before that Leghorn bonnet had come home from Miss Beers's front parlor, in which she carried on her flourishing millinery business.

Miss Larkin was unfeignedly glad to see Eliza again, though her eyes grew a little dim, perceiving how time had transformed the fresh, gay girl she remembered into this sad and sallow woman; but she said nothing of these changes, and giving the rest an equal welcome, established them in the clean, large, cool chambers that were such a contrast to the hot rooms, small and dingy, of their city home.

Jack was a veritable little pickle; tall of his age, and light of foot and hand; nature had framed him in body and mind for mischief; while Sarah was a pleasant, handy young girl, as long as nothing opposed her, and Janey a round and rosy poppet, who adored Jack, and rebelled against her mother and Sarah hourly. Jack was a born nuisance; Miss Beulah could hardly endure him, he did so controvert all the orders and manners of her neat house. He hunted the hens to the brink of distraction, and broke up their nests till eggs were scarce to find—a state of things never before known in that old barn, where the hens had dwelt and done their duty, till that duty had consigned them to the stew-pan, for years and years. He made the cat's life a burden to her in a hundred ways, and poor Nanny Starks had never any rest or peace till her tormentor was safe in bed.

Mrs. Smith began to fear her visit would be prematurely shortened on Jack's account, and Sarah, who had wisely confided her love affair to Aunt Beulah, and stirred that hardened heart to its core by her pathetic tale of poverty and separation, began to dread the failure of her hopes also, for her aunt had more than hinted that she would give something toward that travelling money which was now the girl's great object in life, since by diligent sewing she had almost finished her bridal outfit. As for Janey, she was already, in spite of her naughtiness, mistress of Aunt Beulah's very soul: round, fat, rosy, bewitching, as a child, and only a child, can be, the poor spinster's repressed affection, her denied maternity, her love of beauty—a secret to herself—and her protecting instinct, all

blossomed for this baby, who stormed or smiled at her according to the caprice of the hour, but was equally lovely in the old lady's eyes whether she smiled or stormed. If Janey said, "Tum!" in her imperative way, Miss Beulah came, whether her hands were in the wash-tub or the bread-tray. Janey ran riot over her most cherished customs, and while she did not hesitate to scold or even slap Jack harshly for his derelictions, she had an excuse always ready for Janey's worst sins, and a kiss instead of a blow for her wildest exploits of mischief. Jack hated the old aunty as much as he feared her tongue and hand, and this only made matters worse, for he felt a certain right to torment her that would not have been considered a right had he felt instead any shame for abusing her kindness; but a soft answer from her never turned away his wrath, or this tale of woe about her bonnet had never been told.

There had been long delay concerning that article; the bleacher had been slow, and the presser impracticable; it had been sent back once to be reshaped, and then the lavender ribbon had proved of scant measure, and had to be matched; but at last, one hot day in May, Nanny brought the queer old bandbox home from Miss Beers's, and Aunt Beulah held up her head-gear to be commented on. It was really a very good-looking bonnet; the firm satin ribbon was a pleasant tint, and contrasted well with the pale color of the Leghorn, and a judicious use of black lace gave it an air of sobriety and elegance combined, which pleased Miss Beulah's eye, and even moved Mrs. Smith to express approbation.

"Well, I'm free to own it suits me," said the old lady, eying the glass with her head a little on one side, as a bird eyes a worm. "It's neat, and it's becomin', as fur as a bunnit can be said to be becomin' to an old woman—though I ain't really to call old: Mary Jane Beers is older than me, and she ain't but seventy-three—jest as spry as a lark, too. Yes; I like the bunnit; but it doos—sort of—seem—as though that there bow wa'n't really in the middle of it. What do you think, 'Lizy?"

"I don't see but what it's straight, Aunt Beulah."

"'Tain't," said the spinster, firmly. "Sary, you look at it."

Sarah's eye was truer than her mother's. "'Tis a mite too far to the left, Aunt Beulah; but I guess I can fix it."

"You let her take it," said Mrs. Smith. "She's a real good hand at millinery; she made her own hat, and Janey's too. I should hate to have her put her hand to that bunnit if she wa'n't, for it's real pretty—'specially for a place like Dorset to get up."

"Lay it off on the table, Aunt Beulah. I'm going up stairs to make my bed, and I'll fetch my work-basket down, and fix that bow straight in a jiffy."

"Well, I must go up too," said Mrs. Smith, and followed Sarah out of the room; but Miss Beulah, though duty called her too, in the imperative shape of a batch of bread waiting to be moulded up, lingered a little longer, poising the bonnet on her hand, holding it off to get a distant view, turning it from side to side, and, in short, behaving exactly as younger and prettier women do over a new hat, even when it is a miracle of art from Paris, instead of a revamped Leghorn from a country shop.

She laid it down, with a long breath of content, for taste and economy had done their best for her; and then she too left the room, never perceiving that Jack and Janey had been all the time deeply engaged under the great old-fashioned breakfast table, silently ripping up a new doll to see what was inside it—silently, because they had an inward consciousness that it was mischief they were about, and Jack, at least, did not want to be interrupted till he was through. But he had not been too busy to hear and understand that Aunt Beulah was pleased, and still smarting from the switch with which she had whipped his shoulders that very morning for putting the cat into the cistern, he saw an opportunity for revenge before his eyes: he would hide this precious bonnet so Aunt Beulah could never find it again. How to do this and not be found out was a problem to be considered; but mischief is quick-witted. There stood in the window a large rocking-chair, well stuffed under its chintz cover, and holding a plump soft feather cushion so big it fairly overflowed the seat. Under this cushion he was sure nobody would think of looking; and to save himself from consequences, he resolved to make Janey a cat's-paw; so he led her up to the table, made her lift the precious hat and deposit it under the cushion, which he raised for

the purpose; then carefully dropping the frill, he tugged Janey, unwilling, but scared and silent, out into the yard, and impressing on her infant mind with wild threats of bears and guns that she must never tell where the bonnet was, he contrived to interest her in a new play so intensely that the bonnet went utterly into oblivion, as far as she was concerned; and when they were called in to dinner, and she had taken her daily nap, Janey had become as innocent of mischief in her own memory as the dolly who lay all disemboweled and forlorn under the table.

When Sarah came down and did not find the bonnet, she concluded Aunt Beulah had put it away in her own room, for fear a sacrilegious fly or heedless speck of dust might do it harm; so she took up a bit of lace she was knitting, and went out into the porch, glad to get into a cool place, the day was so warm.

And when the bread was moulded up, Aunt Beulah came back, and not seeing her bonnet, supposed Sarah had taken it up stairs to change the bow. She was not an impatient woman, and the matter was not pressing, so she said nothing about the bonnet at dinner, but hurried over that meal in order to finish her baking. Mrs. Smith had not come down again, for a morning headache had so increased upon her she had lain down, so that no one disturbed the rocking-chair in which that bonnet lay hid till Mrs. Blake, the minister's wife, came in to make a call about four o'clock. She was a stout woman, and the walk had tired her. Aunt Beulah's hospitable instincts were roused by that red, weary face.

"You're dreadful warm, ain't you, Miss Blake?" said she. "It's an amazin' warm day for this time of year, and it's consider'ble more'n a hen-hop from your house up here. Lay your bunnit off, do, and set down in the rocker. I'll tell Nanny to fetch some shrub and water: our ras'berry shrub is good, if I do say it, and it's kep' over as good as new."

So Mrs. Blake removed her bonnet, and sank down on that inviting cushion with all her weight, glad enough to rest, and ignorant of the momentous consequences. Her call was somewhat protracted. Had there been any pins in that flattened Leghorn beneath her, she might have shortened her stay; but Miss Mary Jane Beers was conscientiously opposed to pins, and every lavender bow was sewed on with silk to match, and scrupulous care. After the whole village news had been discussed, the state of religion lamented, and the short-comings of certain sisters who failed in attending prayer-meetings talked over—with the charitable admission, to be sure, that one had a young baby, and another a sprained ankle—Mrs. Blake rose to go, tied on her bonnet, and said good-by all round, quite as ignorant as her hosts of the remediless ruin she had done.

It was tea-time now, and as they sat about the table, Sarah said, "I guess I'll fix your bonnet after tea, aunty; 'twon't take but a minute, and I'd rather do it while I recollect just where that bow goes."

"Why, I thought you had fixed it!" returned Miss Beulah.

"Well, I came right back to, but it wa'n't here. I thought you'd took it into your bedroom."

"I hain't touched it sence it lay right here on the table."

"I'll run up and ask ma; maybe she laid it by."

But Mrs. Smith had not been down stairs since she left Aunt Beulah with the bonnet in her hands; and now the old lady turned on Jack: "Have you ben and carried off my bunnit, you little besom?"

"I hain't touched your old bonnet," retorted Jack, with grand scorn.

"I don't believe he has," said Sarah; "for when I come down stairs and found it wa'n't here, I went out and set on the bench to the front door, and I heard him and Janey away off the other side of the yard playin', and you know they wa'n't in here when the bonnet come."

"Well, of course Janey hasn't seen it, if Jack hasn't; and if she had, the blessed child wouldn't have touched old aunty's bunnit for a dollar—would she, precious lamb?" and Aunt Beulah stroked the bright curls of her darling, who looked up into her face and laughed, while Jack grinned broadly between his bites of bread and butter, master of the situation, and full of sweet revenge. "And Nanny hain't seen it, I know," went on Aunt Beulah, "for she was along of me the whole enduring time; she set right to a-parin' them Roxbury russets the minnit she fetched home the bunnit, and I kep' her on the tight jump ever sence, because it's bakin'-day, and there was a sight to do. But I'll ask her; 'tain't lost breath to ask, my mother used to say, and mabbe it's a gain."

The old lady strode out into the kitchen with knit brows, but came back without any increased knowledge. "She hain't ben in here once sence she set down the bandbox; and come to think on't, I know she hain't, for I cleared the table myself to-day, and, besides, the bunnit wa'n't here at dinner-time. Now let's hunt for it. Things don't gener'lly vanish away without hands; but if we can't find no hands, why, it's as good as the next thing to look for the bunnit."

So they went to work and searched the house, as they thought, most thoroughly: no nook or corner but was investigated if it was large enough to hold that bonnet, but nobody once thought of looking under the chair cushion. If it had been as plump and fluffy as when Jack first had Janey put the lost structure under it, there might have been a suspicion of its hiding-place, but Mrs. Blake's two hundred pounds of solid flesh had reduced bonnet and cushion alike to unusual flatness; or if it had been any other day but Saturday, the chair might have been dusted and shaken up, and revealed its mystery; but early that very morning the house below-stairs had been swept, and the furniture dusted, the cushions shaken out, the brasses polished, and all the weekly order and purity restored everywhere. The bonnet was evidently lost, and Jack, who had followed the domestic detectives up stairs and down, retired behind the wood-pile and executed a joyful dance to relieve his suppressed feelings, snapping his fingers, and slapping his knees, and shouting scraps of all the expletives he knew, in the joy of his heart. How tragic would this mirth have seemed to a spectator, aware of its cause, contrasted with the portentous gloom on Aunt Beulah's forehead, and the abstracted glare of her eye! For several days this deluded spinster mused and mazed over her bonnet, going to church on Sunday in her shabby old velvet hat, which had scarcely been respectable before, but now, in the glare of a hot May sun, not only showed all its rubbed and worn places, its shiny streaks and traces of eaves-drops in the depressed and tangled nap, but also made her head so hot that she fairly went to bed at last with sick headache, unable to attend evening service—a most unheard-of thing for her.

Before the week was half done, she had settled into a profound belief that some tramp had passed while they were all out of the room, and, charmed by that lavender satin ribbon and black lace, stolen the bonnet and carried it off to sell; and many a time did Miss Beulah sit rocking to and fro on top of her precious Leghorn, wondering and bemoaning at its loss. But murder will out—sometimes, and would certainly have come out in the weekly cleaning the next Saturday, if on the Friday morning Miss Beulah had not set down a pitcher of milk, just brought in by a neighbor, on the end of the table nearest to that rocking-chair—set it down only for a moment, to get the neighbor a recipe for sugar gingerbread peculiar to the Larkin family. Janey happened to be thirsty, and reached after the pitcher, but was just tall enough to grasp the handle so low down that when she pulled at it, steadying herself against the chair, it tipped sideways, and poured a copious stream of fresh milk on the cushion. The chintz was old, and had lost its glaze, and the feathers were light, so the rich fluid soaked in at once, and before the two women, recalled from the cupboard by Janey's scream, could reach the pitcher, there was only a very soppy and wet cushion in the chair.

"For mercy's sakes!" said the neighbor; but Miss Beulah with great presence of mind snatched up the dripping mass and flung it out of the open window, lest her carpet should suffer. She reverted to the chair in a second, and stood transfixed.

"What under the everlastin' canopy?" broke from her dismayed lips, for there, flattened out almost beyond recognition, and broken wherever it was bent, its lavender ribbons soaked with milk, the cheap lace limp and draggled, lay the remains of the Leghorn bonnet.

"Of all things!" exclaimed the neighbor, but there was an echo of irrepressible amusement in her tones. Aunt Beulah glared at her, and lifted the damp bonnet as tenderly as if it had been Janey's curls, regarding it with an expression pen or pencil fails to depict—a mixture of grief, pity, indignation, and amazement, that, together with the curious look of the bonnet, was too much for the neighbor, and—to use her own after-expression in describing the scene—she "snickered right out."

"Laugh, do," said Aunt Beulah, witheringly—"do laugh! I guess if your best bunnit had ben set on and drownded, you'd laugh the other side o' your mouth, Miss Jackson. This is too much!"

"Well, I be sorry," said the placable female; "but it doos look so dredful ridiculous like, I couldn't noways help myself. But how on earth did it git there, I admire to know?"

"I dono myself as I know; but I hain't a doubt in my own mind it was that besom of a Jack. He is *the* fullest of 'riginal sin and actual transgression of any boy I ever see. He did say, now I call to mind, that he hadn't never touched it, but I mistrust he did; he beats all for mischief that ever I see. I'm free to say I never did like boys; I suppose Divine Providence ordained 'em to some good end, but it takes a sight o' grace to believe it; and of all the boys that ever was sent into this world for any purpose, I do believe he is the hatefulest. I'd jest got my bunnit to my mind, calc'latin' to wear it all summer, and I am a mite pernickity, I'll allow that, about my bunnits. Well, 'tain't no use to cry over spilt milk."

"I'll fetch ye some more to-morrow," said the literal neighbor.

"You're real good, Miss Jackson, but I'm more exercised a lot about my bunnit than I be about the milk. Sary, look a-here!"

Sarah, just coming in at the door, did look, and, like Mrs. Jackson, felt a strong desire to smile, but with native tact controlled it.

"Why, where on earth did you find it, Aunt Beulah?"

"Right under the rocker cushion. It must have ben there when Miss Blake come in that day and set down there, for I remember thinkin' Nanny must ha' shook that cushion up more'n usual, it looked so comfortable and high."

"I don't wonder it's flat, if Miss Blake set on't," giggled Mrs. Jackson, at which Aunt Beulah's face darkened so perceptibly that the good neighbor took her leave. Comedy to her was tragedy to the unhappy owner of the bonnet, and she had the sense to know she was alien to the spirit of the hour, and go home.

"But how did it get there?" asked Sarah.

"You tell," replied Miss Beulah, "for I can't. I do mistrust Jack."

"Jack said he hadn't touched it, though, and it couldn't get there without hands."

"Well, mabbe Jack don't always say the thing that is; 'foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child,' Scriptur says, and I guess he hain't had enough of the rod o' correction to drive it out of him yet. He's the behavin'est youngster *I* ever see, and I'm quite along in years, if I be spry."

"I'll call him, aunty, and see what he'll say this time."

"'Twon't be no use; if he's lied once, he'll lie twice; Scriptur says the devil was a liar from the beginnin', and I expect that means that lyin' is ingrain. I never knowed it to be fairly knocked out of anybody yet, even when amazin' grace wrastled with it. There's Deacon Shubael Morse: why, he's as good as gold, but them Morses is a proverb, you may say, and always hes ben, time out o' mind, born liars, so to speak. I've heerd Grandsir Larkin say that as fur back as he could call to mind folks would say,

'Steal a horse,
An' b'lieve a Morse;'

but the deacon he's a hero at prayer, and gives heaps to the s'cieties, but he ain't reely to be relied on; he's sharper'n a needle to bargain with, and if his word ain't writ down in black and white, why, 'tain't nowhere. He don't read no novils, nor play no cards—he'd jest as lives swear outright as do one or t'other; but I do say for't I'd ruther myself see him real honest than any o' them things. I don't believe in no sort o' professin' that falls short in practicin', but I can't somehow feel so real spry to blame the deacon as though he wa'n't a Morse. But you call Jack, anyhow."

So Jack was called.

He came in, with Janey, flushed, lovely, and dirty, trotting behind him, and was confronted with the bonnet.

"Jack, did you hide it?"

"I hain't touched your old bonnet. I said so before."

An idea struck Sarah.

"Janey," she said, sharply, "did you put aunty's bonnet under the cushion?"

"Janey don't 'member," said the child, smiling as innocently as the conventional cherub of art.

"Well, you must remember!" said Sarah, picking her up from the floor, and setting her down with emphasis on the table.

Janey began to cry.

"Naughty Salah hurt Janey!" and the piteous tears coursed down her rosy dust-smeared cheeks from those big blue eyes that looked like dew-drowned forget-me-nots.

Aunt Beulah could not stand this. "You let that baby alone, Sarah! She don't know enough to be naughty, bless her dear little soul! There, there, don't you cry a mite more, Janey. Aunty 'll give you ginger-cookey this very minute!"

And Janey was comforted with kisses and smiles and gingerbread, her face washed, and her curls softly turned on tender fingers, while Jack, longing for gingerbread with the preternatural appetite of a growing boy, was sent off in disgrace.

"I make no doubt you done it, you little rascal, and lied it out, too. But I don't b'lieve you no more for your lyin'; so don't look for no extries from me. Fellers like you don't get gingerbread nor turnovers, now I tell you!"

How Jack hated her! how glad he was he had spoiled her bonnet! Shall I draw a moral here to adorn my tale? No, dear reader; this is not a treatise on education. Miss Beulah was a good woman, and if she made mistakes like the rest of us, she took the consequences as the rest of us do; and the consequences of this spoiled bonnet were not yet ended.

She felt as if she must have a new one for Sunday. She really did not know how to afford it, for she had promised to help Sarah, and in her eyes a promise was as sacred as an oath; and as for giving up her subscriptions to home missions, that would be a willful sin. But without a bonnet she could not go to meeting, and that was a sin too. So she put on her sun-bonnet, and taking the wreck of the Leghorn, carefully concealed in a paper, she set out after tea that same evening for a conference with Miss Beers, stopping at the post-office as she went along. She found one letter awaiting her, and knew by the superscription that it was from a second cousin of hers in Dartford, who had charge of such money of hers as was not in the savings-bank, or Dartford and Oldbay Railroad stock—a road paying steady dividends. But besides the three or four thousands in these safe investments that Miss Beulah owned, she had two shares in a manufacturing company, and one in Dartford Bridge stock, from which her cousin duly remitted the annual dividends; so, knowing what was in the letter—for the tool company's payment was just due—she did not open it till she sat down in Miss Beers's shop, and first opened the Leghorn to view.

"Of all things!" said Miss Beers, lifting up hands and eyes during Miss Beulah's explanations. "And you can't do nothing with it—never. Why, it's flatter'n a pancake. Well, you couldn't expect nothing else, with Miss Blake on top on't; she'd squash a baby out as thin as a tin plate if she happened to set on't, which I do hope she won't. See! the Leghorn's all broke up. I told you 'twas dreadful brittle; and the ribbin is spoiled entire. You can't never clean lavender; nor yet satin, it frays so; and the lace is all gum; anyway, that's gone. Might as well chuck the hull into the fire."

"So do, Mary Jane, so do. I never want to set eyes on't again. I haven't no patience with that boy now, and the bunnit riles me to look at. I do want to do right by the boy, but it goes against the grain dreadful. I mistrust I shall have to watch and pray real hard before I can anyway have patience with him. I tell you he's a cross to 'Liza as well as to me. But don't let's talk about him. What have you got that 'll do for a bunnit for me?"

Then the merits of the various bonnets in Miss Beers's small stock were canvassed. A nice black chip suited Aunt Beulah well, and a gray corded ribbon, with a cluster of dark pansies, seemed just the thing for trimming; in fact, she liked it, and with good reason, better than the Leghorn; but it was expensive; all the materials, though simple, were good and rich: try as she would, Miss Beers could not get it up for less than six dollars, and that only allowed twenty-five cents for her own work. The alternative was a heavy coarse straw, which she proposed to deck with a yellow-edged black ribbon, and put some gold-eyed black daisies inside. But Miss Beulah did want the chip.

"Let's see," said she. "Mabbe this year's dividend is seven per cent.; 'tis once in a while. I'll see what Cousin Joseph says. If 'tain't more than usual, I must take the straw."

But Cousin Joseph had to tell her that, owing to damage by flood and fire, as well as a general disturbance of business all over the country, the C. A. Company paid *no* dividend this year.

"Then I sha'n't have no bunnit," said Miss Larkin, firmly.

"Why, you've got to have some kind of a bunnit," said the amazed Miss Beers.

"I hain't got to if I can't."

"But why can't ye, Beulah? All your money and all your dividends ain't in that comp'ny."

"Well, there's other uses for money this year besides bunnits."

"You can't go to meetin'."

"I can stay to home."

"Why, Beulah Larkin, I'll trust you, and welcome."

"But I won't be trusted. I never was, and I never will be. What if I should up and die?"

"I'd sue the estate," practically remarked Miss Beers.

"No: 'out of debt, out of danger,' mother always said, and I believe in't. I shall hate to stay to home Sundays, but I can go to prayer-meetin' in my slat bunnit well enough."

"Why, the church 'll deal with ye, Beulah, if ye neglect stated means of grace."

"Let 'em deal," was the undaunted answer. Miss Beulah had faced the situation, arranged it logically, and accepted it. She had promised Sarah fifteen dollars in June; she had lost a dividend of twelve dollars on which she had reckoned with certainty; five dollars was due to home missions; and with her increased family, there would be no margin for daily expenses. There were twenty dollars in the savings-bank over and above the five hundred she had laid up for a rainy day, and left in her will, made and signed but last week, to little Janey. On this she would not trench, come what might, except in case of absolute distress, and the twenty dollars were sacred to Sarah and home missions. But this was her private affair; she would not make the poverty of her niece known abroad, or the nature of her will. If the church chose to deal with her, it might, but her lips should never open to explain. A commonplace martyrdom enough, and less than saintly, because so much of human pride and self-will mingled in its suffering, yet honesty and uprightness are so scarce in these days as to make even such a sturdy witness for them respectable, and many a woman who counts herself a model of sanctity might shrink from a like daily ordeal. But Aunt Beulah set her face as a flint, and pursued her way in silence. June came and went, and with it went Sarah to her expectant bridegroom in Chicago, from whence a paper with due notice of her marriage presently returned.

Aunt Beulah strove hard to make both ends meet in her housekeeping, and being a close manager, succeeded. There was no margin—not even twenty-five spare cents to take Janey to the circus, though she cut Aunt Beulah's heart with entreaties to be taken to see "lions an' el-'phants," and said, "P'ease take Janey," in a way to melt a stone. For to get food enough to satisfy Jack was in itself a problem. Often and often the vexed spinster declared to Nanny, her sympathizing handmaid:

"'Tain't no use a-tryin' to fill him. He's holler down to his boots, I know. He eat six b'iled eggs for breakfast, and heaps of johnny-cake, besides a pint o' milk, and was as sharp-set for dinner as though he'd ben a-mowin' all the forenoon. 'Lizy says he's growin'; if he grows anyways accordin' to what he eats, he'll be as big as Goliath of Gath, as sure as you're born. I don't begrudge the boy reasonable vittles, but I can't buy butcher's-meat enough to satisfy him noway. And as to garden sass, he won't eat none. That would be real fillin' if he would. Thanks be to praise! he likes Indian: pudding and johnny-cake do help a sight."

But while Aunt Beulah toiled and moiled, and filled her wide measure of charity toward these widowed and fatherless with generous hand, the church, mightily scandalized at her absence from its services, was preparing to throw a shell into her premises. It was all very well to say to Miss Beers that she was not afraid of such a visitation, but a trouble at hand is of quite another aspect than a trouble afar off; her heart quailed and fluttered when, one July afternoon, Nanny ushered into the dark cool parlor Deacon Morse and Deacon Flint, come to ask her why she had not attended church since the middle of last May, when she was in usual health and exercise of her faculties. Miss Beulah, however, was equal to the occasion. She faced the deacons sternly, but calmly.

"It is so," she said, when they had finished their accusation. "I hain't ben to meetin', for good cause. You can't say I've did anything that's give occasion to the enemy more'n this. I've attended reg'lar to prayer-meetin's and sewin' circle; I've give as usual to home missions; you can't say I've made any scandal, or done nothin' out o' rule, save an' except stayin' at home Sabbath days; and my family has attended punctooally."

But this did not satisfy the deacons; they pressed for a reason.

"If you would free your mind, Sister Larkin, it would be for the good of the church," said Deacon Morse.

"Mabbe 'twouldn't be altogether to your likin', deacon, if I did free my mind. Seems as though stayin' at home from meetin' wa'n't no worse 'n sandin' sugar an' waterin' rum, and I never heerd you was dealt with for them things."

Deacon Morse was dumb, but Deacon Flint took up the discourse.

"Well, Sister Larkin, we didn't know but what you was troubled in your mind."

"I ain't!" snapped Miss Beulah.

"Or perhaps was gettin' a mite doubtful about doctrines or suthin."

"No, I ain't. I go by the 'Sembly's Catechism, and believe in every word on't, questions and all."

"Well, you seem to be a leetle contumacious, Sister Larkin, so to speak; if you had a good reason, why, of course you'd be willin' to tell it."

This little syllogism caught Miss Beulah.

"Well, if you must know, I hain't got no bunnit."

The deacons stared mutually, and Deacon Morse, forgetful of his defeat, and curious, as men naturally are, asked, abruptly, "Why not?"

"'Cause Miss Blake sot on it."

The two men looked at each other in blank amazement, and shook their heads. Here was a pitfall. Was it proper, dignified, possible, to investigate this truly feminine tangle? They were dying to enter into particulars, but ashamed to do so: nothing was left but retreat. Miss Beulah perceived the emergency, and chuckled grimly. This was the last straw. The deacons rose as one man, and said, "Good-day," with an accent of reprobation, going their ways in deep doubt as to what they should report to the church, which certainly would not receive with proper gravity the announcement that Miss Beulah Larkin could not come to church because the minister's wife had sat on her Sunday bonnet. The strife of tongues, however, did not spare Aunt Beulah, if the deacons did, and for a long time Miss Beers, who had the key to the situation, did not hear any of the gossip, partly because she had been ill of low fever, and then gone to her sister's in Dartford for change of air, and partly that during July and August the sewing circle was temporarily suspended. But it renewed its sessions in September, and Miss Beers was an active member, sure to be at the first meeting. It was then and there she heard the scorn and jeers and unfounded stories come on like a tidal wave to overwhelm her friend's character. She listened a few minutes in silence, growing more and more indignant. Then—for she was a little woman, as far as stature went—she mounted into a chair, and demanded the floor in her own fashion.

"Look-a-here!" said she, her shrill voice soaring above the busy clapper of tongues below. "It's a burnin' shame to say a hard word about Beulah Larkin. She's as good a woman as breathes the breath of life, and I know the hull why and wherefore she hain't ben to meetin'. She hain't had no bunnit. I made her as tasty a bunnit as ever you see last spring, and that jackanapes of a boy he chucked it under the rocker cushion jest to plague her, and Miss Blake she come in and sot right down on it, not knowin', of course, that 'twas there, and as if that wa'n't enough to spile it" (an involuntary titter seemed to express the sense of the audience that it was), "that other sprig she took and upsot a pitcher of milk onto the cushion, and you'd better believe that bunnit was a sight!"

"Why didn't she get another?" severely asked Deacon Morse's wife.

"Why? Why, becos she's a'most a saint. Her dividends some on 'em didn't come in, and she'd promised that biggest girl fifteen dollars to help her get out to her feller at Chicago, for Sary told me on't herself; and then she gives five dollars to hum missions every year, and she done it this year jest the same, and she's took that widder and them orphans home all summer, and nigh about worked her head off for 'em, and never charged a cent o' board; and therefor and thereby she hain't had no money to buy no bunnit, and goes to prayer-meetin' in her calico slat."

A rustle of wonder and respect went through the room as the women moved uneasily in their chairs, exchanged glances, and said, "My!" which inspired Miss Beers to go on.

"And here everybody's ben a-talkin' bad about her, while she's ben a real home-made kind of a saint. I know she don't look it, but she doos it, and that's a sight better. I don't b'lieve there's one woman

in forty could ha' had the grit and the perseverance to do what she done, and hold her tongue about it too. I know I couldn't for one."

"She shouldn't ha' let her good be evil spoken of," said Mrs. Morse, with an air of authority.

"I dono as anybody had oughter have spoken evil of her good," was Miss Beers's dry answer, and Mrs. Morse said no more.

But such a warm and generous vindication touched many a feminine heart, which could appreciate Miss Beulah's self-sacrifice better than the deacons could. There was an immediate clustering and chattering among the good women, who, if they did love a bit of gossip, were none the less kindly and well-meaning, and presently a spokeswoman approached Miss Beers with the proposition that if she would make Miss Beulah a handsome bonnet, a dozen or more had volunteered to buy the materials.

"Well," said Miss Mary Jane, wiping her spectacles, "this is real kind; and I make no doubt but what Beulah'd think the same, though she's a master-hand to be independent, and some folks say proud —mabbe she is; but I know she couldn't but take it kind of friends and neighbors to feel for her. However, there ain't no need on't. It seems that Sary's husband ain't very forehanded, and she's got a dreadful taste for the millinery business; so she's gone to work in one of the fust shops there, and is gettin' great wages, for her; and only yesterday there come a box by *express* for Miss Beulah with the tastiest bunnit in it I ever see in my life—good black velvet, with black satin kinder puffed into the brim, and a dark green wing to one side of the band, and a big bow in under a jet buckle behind. I tell *you* it was everlastin' pretty. Sary she sent a note to say she hoped Aunt Beulah'd give her the pleasure to accept it, for she'd knowed all along how that she was the cause of her goin' without a bunnit all summer (I expect her ma had writ to her), and she felt real bad about it. You'd better b'lieve Beulah was pleased."

And Miss Beulah was pleased again when the women from the village began to call on her even more frequently than before, and express cordial and friendly interest in a way that surprised her, all unaware as she was of Miss Beers's enthusiastic vindication of her character before the sewing circle. Yet, poor, dear, silly old woman—only a woman, after all—nothing so thrilled and touched her late-awakened heart as little Janey's soft caresses and dimpled patting hands on that sallow old face, when she climbed into her lap the next Sunday, and surveying Miss Beulah's new bonnet, exclaimed, with her silvery baby voice, "Pitty, pitty bonnet!"

Jack did not say anything about it, nor did the congregation, though on more than one female face beamed a furtive congratulatory smile, and Deacon Flint looked at Deacon Morse across the aisle.

If there is any moral to this story—as no doubt there should be—it lies in the fact that Mrs. Blake never again sat down in a chair without first lifting the cushion.

TRANSPORTATION BY RAILWAY AND SHIP-CANALS.

HALF a century since, the chief outlets of our West were the Ohio and Mississippi, the Missouri and Arkansas rivers. Cereals and other productions often perished, on their way to the great marts of the East, under sultry climates. Then came the Erie Canal, then canals around the falls of the Niagara and St. Lawrence, then the enlargement of the Erie, and at length the railway; and soon we are to have ship-canals around the falls of the St. Lawrence of size sufficient for steâmers six times as large as the boats of the Erie Canal, and competent to cross the ocean. Under the influence of her canal, New York outstripped the rival cities of the Atlantic; but for five months of the year ice closed navigation, and railways came in to meet the exigency, and now the question is, which shall have the supremacy—the railway, open summer and winter, daily improving its powers, or the ship-canal, converting the sea-ports of our lakes into sea-ports of the ocean? Shall it be the railway, which perforates the mountains, replaces iron with steel, which "mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo," or the gigantic canal, which opens a continuous highway through rivers and lakes, and across continents and oceans? The progress of the railway in this country has been gradual but constant. It soon diverted the passengers, then the mails and express freight, then became a substitute for the canal when ice and snow prevailed in winter. As steel took the place of iron, and mechanism improved, the railway has competed successfully for freight both

with canal and river, and reduced the toll of the canal to rates barely sufficing for its maintenance.

A few years since, the audacious men who ventured to hope that a ton of freight might be carried on long routes for two cents a ton per mile were pointed out as radicals and enthusiasts, but such has been the progress of art that these radicals, or philosophers, as the case may be, are left far in the rear. Steel clashes with steel, and from day to day the journals have announced that the cereals of the West are transported by rail from Chicago and St. Louis to Boston for less than one-third of a cent per ton a mile, or for one-sixth of a cent per ton a mile, and scientific men assure us that this covers the cost when the traffic of the line exceeds (as it often does) a million of tons per annum; for this year more than eight millions of tons of cereals are moving eastward from the ports of our lakes alone. "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

A few weeks since, Mr. Fink, a gentleman of great experience, testified before the State Committee of New York that, after a certain amount had been sent over a long line of good railway, in a country where fuel is accessible, the additional through freight may be carried at a cost of less than four mills per ton a mile. To accomplish this, however, the traffic must be sufficient to furnish an average of about two hundred tons per train, equivalent in most parts of New England to three hundred and thirty tons east and one-fifth of the amount back, in trains of thirty cars.

The railways of America commenced their career in great weakness and trepidation. On the Boston and Worcester Railway, a part of the Boston and Albany line, which now carries several millions of tons yearly, for many months the freight daily transported averaged twelve tons down and twenty-four tons back, and the only freight-house of the line at Boston could hold but two freight-cars. Indeed, it was once proposed at a meeting of its directors to let the entire freight business of the road at fifteen thousand dollars per year. Its business was indeed insignificant.

But, as we have advanced, commerce has expanded; the rail, useful both in summer and winter, became most attractive. Freight has moved with more regularity, and in larger masses. Railway tracks and mechanism have been constantly progressive. The iron has touched the land with electric force. In the words of our Railway Commission, in their last report, "it has enabled the farmers of this country to undersell all others, and in so doing reversed the course of exchanges and restored the specie basis." The reductions of railways have changed the balance of trade. The low cost of our through traffic is no standard for the cost of the local business. It is due to the size and regularity of the trains. Instead of being marshalled for ten miles, and then laden or unladen, they are made up for points possibly a thousand miles away, and are run undisturbed the entire distance. The cost is by no means proportionate to distance; while in long runs the cost may be but three mills, for short runs it may be twenty times that amount, and the cost can not be determined by percentages. As well might you compare the charges and profits per ton of the wholesale merchant with those of the apothecary, who divides the ton into ounces. The one with five per cent. profits may accumulate faster than the other selling at more than cent. per cent.

The railway, in competition with the Erie Canal, has achieved a triumph. The latter has been obliged to relinquish most of its tolls, and to carry free many leading articles. In place of a revenue of five millions, it now, after widening and deepening, realizes little more than a single million—barely sufficient, if it does suffice, to keep its banks and boats in repair. It has, however, subserved one purpose of the State. By its rivalry with the railway it has kept down the latter's charges more than half the year. Tolls have been kept down not only by this competition, but also by the rivalry of railways with each other, and in their rivalry there have been some amusing features. A continuous line through Canada, which adds ten or fifteen per cent. to the distance from Boston to the West, has insisted that it should be allowed to charge less for the distance than the shorter lines to counterbalance its length, while the Baltimore and Ohio makes a like claim for its saving in distance. To such competition and differing views, and the intense rivalry of our sea-ports, we must ascribe the low rates for fourth-class freight, which at times fall below the cost of transportation.

We must, however, remember that while the charges for fourth-class freight are sometimes reduced below three mills per ton a mile, the other classes of freight range from five to fifteen mills per mile, and usually bring the average return to six or eight mills per ton a mile on through freight, which may remunerate a well-conducted railway.

The Commissioners of Massachusetts Railways, however, suggest, in the report cited, that "in consequence of intense rivalry the business [on our railways] is done in a way which hardly admits of improvement." Is this a safe assumption? Have we not for nearly fifty years been improving? And if to-day our great railways can carry the excess over a million of tons for three or four mills per ton a mile, are we to admit further progress impossible?

For some years past we have bought our steel rails at prices gradually falling to forty-five dollars per ton. They have, however, cost us on the average more than sixty dollars per ton. We have produced iron rails at thirty-five dollars per ton. To-day steel rails are made in England for less than the cost of iron rails—indeed, for twenty-five dollars per ton—although made from ore imported from Spain and Africa. We have abundance of ore from which the steel rail can be made with one-half the labor and fuel used to produce iron. We have made our rails nearly as cheap as those of England, and our converters are superior to hers. May we not reasonably expect to bring down the price of the steel rail to one-half the rate we have paid, and thus save in the future more than half the cost of our tracks and repairs? Are not our steel-works coining money?

Again, may we not profit materially by substituting steel for iron, and by the adoption of uniform bearings, as proposed by our engineers? A good steel rail will outlast fifteen of iron. How is it with our freight-cars? To-day they carry, on an average, but ten or eleven tons; but has it not been demonstrated by successful roads that with slight changes in construction and slight addition to weight they may be made to average fifteen, and the dead-weight be thus reduced? May we not expect from such steps as these further reduction and a further gain from the use of the Bessemer steel for wheels and boilers? Whatever may be the cost to-day, is it not safe to predict that the cost of transportation may be diminished at least a fourth in the future—a diminution which will be felt still more in the wheat-producing countries of Europe by increased importations of American grain? If to-day American wheat has reduced one-third the rent of English farms, may not a further fall be expected?

To-day the steam-ship which leaves the pier at Boston with live stock and breadstuffs has arrived here in ballast, and has added her inward to her outward freight, thus keeping down the pro rata share of the railway. Now that we have mastered our war debt, may we not admit at least some of the raw materials of Europe as imports, and thus ameliorate the condition of our railways?

Let us refer again to the report of our Commissioners. It alleges that our through freight "touches remotely the vast manufacturing interest of this State, and not to help therein. Low rates on through, imply high on local business." But is this warranted by facts? Do not the low rates on through freights bring to us vast supplies of cereals, provisions, and dairy products to sustain our operatives and cheapen their manufactures? and do not return cars take manufactures to the consumer, and thus stimulate consumption? And if the railway realizes a portion of its profits from through freight, will not what it draws from this source, which it can not command at higher rates, enable it to carry local freight more cheaply? "Low rates do [not] imply high rates on local business," but the reverse, for most of our trunk roads have of late years reduced the rates they were charging before they acquired any through traffic.

In some of our sea-ports we meet with "laudatores temporis acti," who recur to the days when our piers were lined with brigs, barks, and schooners, owned by our merchants, which paid wharfage, purchased stores and outfits, and contrast them with those leviathans owned in Europe, which carry masses of freight from the West to Europe, passing our sea-board cities in transitu.

Do they reflect that one of these steamships—the *Hooper*, for instance—takes for her cargo sufficient to load fifty such vessels; that it fills its lower hold with hams and lard from our packing-houses, then covers them with grain, and fills up between-decks with cotton, and then takes

deck-loads of sheep and cattle; that nearly all of these steam-ships take their supplies of provisions and breadstuffs from this side of the ocean?

The Massachusetts Commission, in the report we have cited, concede that we can not give up the through business, for it would be done by others, and would carry with it all other business activity. This is not a logical deduction from the premises of the Commission, but is undoubtedly correct. That business must be useful to the local traffic which can not be detached from it without its loss. In the past, New York has kept pace in its growth with the growth of its through business by the Erie Canal. It still clings to that canal, and is willing to sink the interest on its cost for the preservation of its business. It has lavished on that canal three times the amount advanced by Massachusetts for its tunnel; and if New York can afford to abandon all revenue, and reduce the tolls on its canal to a point barely sufficient for its maintenance, *a fortiori* Massachusetts can afford to do the same with the tunnel, which has cost less than one-third the outlay on the Erie Canal. In the intense rivalry which now animates our seaboard cities and the lines that connect them with the West, it is the policy of each to study and countenance improvement, whatever shape it may assume, whether it be in opening new branches of commerce, in the substitution of steel for iron, in the models, mechanism, or materials, or in the selection of powerful engines, and loading trains to their full capacity in both directions. We should waste no funds in constructing lines planned by idle contractors or engineers. Let good sense, sagacity, and frugality rule the hour, and guide the action of our railways.

At this moment there is a tendency to extend our railways, and combine fragmentary parts into long and important lines, and these are countenanced by our great exporting cities. Doubtless they are on the right track. To the north the Dominion of Canada is making a great line from the Straits of Canso to the mines of Pictou, and thence along the Bay of Chaleurs and River St. Lawrence to Quebec and Ottawa, thence through the trackless wilderness to the borders of Alaska.

The railways of Canada are rather strategic than commercial, designed by Great Britain to hold her provinces in subjection. They pass for nearly three thousand miles for most part through a wilderness, and can realize but little revenue for a long series of years. They will double the present debt of Canada, which now, under its costly government, exceeds one hundred and seventy millions. Besides this, she now pays a portion of our interest on national debt. Her debt *per capita* already exceeds our own, is becoming oppressive, and must eventually be assumed by England, for whose benefit it has been contracted. It will be many years before the chief railways of Canada compete successfully with our own. Her Great Western and Grand Trunk depend, to a great extent, upon the trade they can divert from our lines to the West by a circuitous competition, which has doubtless, to some extent, contributed to the reduction of rates.

There is another great enterprise, more commercial in its character, on which Canada is now engaged, expressly designed to compete not only with the Erie Canal and her own lines of railway, but also directly or indirectly with all our trunk lines from the sea-board to the West. This undertaking is fast advancing to completion. It is the enlargement of the Welland Canal and the canals of the St. Lawrence to admit steamships of twelve hundred tons.

Canada is desirous to supersede New York, and it must be conceded that her temptation is a strong one, as our lake ports annually receive ten million tons of cereals, in addition to vast amounts of live stock and provisions. New York and Boston now hold Montreal in check by the Erie Canal and Central Railway. In a few weeks Boston will gain some points by the tunnel, and its new route to the coal mines, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. Upon the completion of the canals on the Niagara and St. Lawrence, New York will be obliged to make strenuous efforts to hold its own. Should it fail, it will doubtless be its policy to open a ship-canal from the St. Lawrence into Lake Champlain, and possibly thence to the head of navigation on the Hudson, in the benefits of which Boston will participate, and to which it may lend its aid.

If, however, the railways on the shores of the lakes, St. Lawrence, and the Hudson compete successfully with the lakes

and rivers, and continue to improve, their future is bright before them; while the lake steamers of light draught carry their grain across the sea, the railway, resorting to more capacious steamers, some of which transport six thousand tons, may lay down their cargoes at less cost in the sea-ports of Europe.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

We have glanced at the great line of Canada slowly progressing through the Hudson Bay territory. Let us now glance at three other lines making rapid progress, and destined within two years to reach the waters of the Pacific, which have already been touched by our Central Pacific Railway.

First, there is our Northern Pacific, which extends from Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, to the Upper Missouri, and is destined to cross the Yellowstone within a twelvemonth. Having converted its bonds into stock, and found a quick market for its land, toward which the tide of emigration is setting, it is rapidly approaching Montana, both from the east and from the west, and will there make a connection with the combined river, canal, and railway improvements of Oregon, soon to give place to a continuous railway. Large bodies of settlers attend its march, eager to plant themselves in the rich wheat fields of Dakota, or pleasant pastures or prolific mines of Montana, or looking still further west to the green meadows or wheat fields of Oregon. We may look to Oregon for new lines of steamers to China and Japan.

Then we have a long line of railway from Ogden to the Park of the Yellowstone, aiming at the confluence of the Willamette with the Columbia, making a third line to the Pacific. This will give the Union Pacific a new route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, independent of the Central line.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The public has long kept its eyes on the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific railways through all their vicissitudes of fortune, but while its attention has been concentrated on them and a Texan line across the Llano Estacado, which seems to be repelled by the treeless plains and wastes before it, another enterprise, the Atchinson, Topeka, and Santa Fe line, begun in great weakness, but conducted with much sagacity, has quietly followed the caravan route from Kansas to Mexico, traversed the fertile plains, interchanging the cereals of Kansas for the ores of Colorado, has pierced the Raton Mountains, and in one year more will reach the border of Mexico. In another season, under charters already conceded, it will enter Mexico, and reach Guaymas, the chief sea-port of Northern Mexico; extending a branch into Arizona, it will unite with the Southern and Central Pacific Railroad. It will also reach an American port at San Diego, and another at San Francisco, thus making two new routes to the Pacific.

A slight extension will carry this line to El Paso, on the northern frontier of Mexico, more than half way from St. Louis to the city of Mexico. Having reached the table-land, it will command the commerce of the States of Sonora and Chihuahua, and probably of the northern half of Mexico.

The only connection that city now has by railway with the sea is the Mexican railway which connects Vera Cruz with the capital. This has fallen into the hands of the Jews. It has cost more than ten millions of dollars for three hundred miles of railway, although it has received large subsidies from the government. It is deeply in debt, maintains a high rate of charges, and draws out a sickly existence.

As the States of Chihuahua and Sonora are distant from the capital, are not populous, but contain much valuable land with rich silver mines, it would be politic for our government to purchase them, with the understanding that a large percentage of the money be applied, through the medium of bonds, to extend the line to the city of Mexico. An appropriation of fifteen millions, to be invested in bonds, would carry the line from El Paso to the capital across the table-land of Mexico, and the bonds might be used to repay the debt of Mexico.

We may well anticipate such a result, and the ultimate extension of the Santa Fe line from Kansas City to the city of Mexico, thus connecting it with the chief sea-board and inland cities.

While this great work is progressing, New Orleans is recovering from the effects of the war, and is now accessible to the largest steamboats, for a channel has been provided at the mouth of the Mississippi with twenty-five feet of water, and

the Illinois Central Railroad Company, one of our strongest railroads, has purchased a controlling interest in the direct line from Cairo to New Orleans, and has nearly finished its conversion into a steel-clad railway, so level and so direct that within a year a passenger may traverse the distance from Cairo to New Orleans in fourteen hours, or in twenty-four hours from the Gulf to Lake Michigan, and in one day reach by such railways waters flowing into Hudson Bay, and the cotton and sugar may take a northern route to Atlantic cities.

Meanwhile Cincinnati, to extend her valuable commerce, has issued bonds for twenty millions of dollars, and nearly completed her great Southern Railway across Kentucky and Tennessee to Chattanooga, opening a vast pastoral region almost inaccessible during the war, and connecting her with the rising city of Atlanta, and the cotton ports of South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, thus benefiting her own commerce, and promoting the great interests of the Union.

Among the earliest railways of the West was the Illinois Central. Congress had granted to the State of Illinois a large amount of fertile land in the centre of the State, but accessible by no river, and consequently of little value. Mr. Rantoul and other enterprising men of Massachusetts offered to build a railway through it for the alternate sections, and to pay the State a yearly percentage on its receipts. The land was granted, the road was built, emigrants were attracted, the land rose to five prices, and has become the great corn field of the West. The rise enriched the railway, the settlers, and both State and nation. This great line has been wisely administered; for some time past it has earned eight and divided six per cent., has thrown out an arm to Sioux City, on the Upper Missouri, and obtained good connection with Manitoba; recently it has purchased a controlling interest in the great Southern line of 530 miles from Cairo to New Orleans, and is rebuilding its bridges and replacing its rails with steel. In a few months more it will bring the mouth of the Ohio within fourteen hours of New Orleans, and ere long St. Louis, Chicago, and St. Paul within one or two days of the Gulf of Mexico. Already it has become a route for the sugar, cotton, and tobacco of the South on its way to Northern marts, and one of the chief feeders of the Illinois Central, forming a route of national importance.

But there is another great enterprise now on the *tapis*, still more gigantic, which will soon become a direct or indirect rival to our continental lines, viz., a ship-canal from ocean to ocean, either across the Isthmus or through Central America, the latter of which is preferable to the former, as it makes the route from our Atlantic coast to California and Oregon several hundred miles shorter than that by the Isthmus. It was once, before the era of railways, when in a state of nature, the leading route from New York to San Francisco.

At the recent Congress in Paris, Mr. Lesseps by his intrepidity and address carried a vote in favor of a canal across the Isthmus near the Chagres River, where a rampart of mountains impedes the way, and where more than ten miles of tunnel must be made, eighty feet wide and 130 feet high, or open cuts through the mountains of 360 feet in depth. Modern science may possibly achieve this in ten or fifteen years, but the estimates for the work and its accumulating interest will probably exceed $200,000,000, while the route by Central America presents a lake and river already navigable by steamers. Here a ship-canal may be made for our largest steamships at a cost greatly below the cost across the Isthmus, and in one-half the time—a canal which will be remunerative at half the toll of three dollars per ton demanded by Mr. Lesseps. This gentleman has now a European reputation from the Suez Canal through Arabian sands, near the route where Herodotus found a canal 2000 years ago, and has done this by bending to his will the Khedive of Egypt and the autocrat of France, but has dealt with no mountain barrier or gigantic tunnel unprecedented in modern engineering. He would enter a new field, and rival Hannibal, who "disjecit saxa et montes rupit aceto," but must be careful not to alienate the friends of the enterprise by the untimely use of his acids. This enterprise is most important to our own country, as it will unite its fronts on two oceans, and produce a wholesome rivalry with its land route. It is all-important that no mistake be made, that the route be chosen which can be most rapidly perfected, which shall shorten distances, and permit the most reasonable tolls.

CANAL ACROSS CENTRAL AMERICA TO THE PACIFIC.

The success of the Suez Canal insures the construction of another ship-canal most important to the United States—one which will form a new route for its coastwise commerce, which now passes around Cape Horn to the Pacific. It will reduce a voyage of 18,000 miles to less than one-third of that distance, and diminish the time required on the way to one-fifth of the time now taken, replacing the vessel under sail with the steam-ship of steel. The Pacific railways are adapted to the transportation of mails, travellers, and express freight. They are important also for local traffic; but in no respect suited to our chief coasting trade—the conveyance of grain, provisions, timber, coal, fish, and metals between the Atlantic and Pacific. When a ship-canal is finished, it will cheapen all our routes to the Pacific, and it is safe to predict that it will reduce the rates of freight between the Atlantic and Pacific below six dollars per ton *viâ* the canal, and we may easily foresee what will be the future course of commerce. The routes across the Isthmus and Central America have been explored and surveyed by both England and the United States, and the estimates for one of them are below the cost of the Suez Canal, while the prospects for business are far more encouraging. The Suez Canal commands the trade between India and Europe, but can not control the commerce of China and Japan with the United States, or more than half of that between the same countries and Europe, while a ship-canal between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific will eventually command twice the tonnage that now passes through the Suez Canal.

It will be a candidate for the vast export of wheat and other grain from our Pacific coast to Europe. The annual production of wheat on our Pacific coast exceeds a million of tons, and will soon require a million of tons of shipping to convey it to Europe. The ships would pass twice through the canal, and give it two millions of tonnage. The vast coasting trade of the United States between the Atlantic front and California, Oregon and Alaska would pass through this canal both going and returning, and the varied products of the Pacific coast, in shape of timber, fish, copper ore, and return cargoes, would, together, add another million to its tonnage. The commerce of the United States alone through this canal will supply a tonnage equal to that which pays six millions of dollars each year to the Suez Canal. It will be a candidate for ships on their voyages from Europe for tea to China and Japan, and on their return, and will take nearly the whole tonnage passing between the Atlantic States, China, Japan, and the Philippine Islands, and between Europe and the Russian Possessions, and best accommodate the ships engaged in the whale-fisheries of the Pacific. Tea, to the extent of two hundred millions of pounds, and occupying one hundred thousand tons of shipping, forms one item of this commerce, which will annually send through the canal nearly a quarter of a million tons of shipping. Then we have the trade between Australia and Europe, one item of which, wool, amounts yearly to three hundred millions of pounds. We may safely calculate that the Australian ships, out and back, will patronize this canal to the extent of three hundred thousand tons.

Peru, with its guano amounting to three or four hundred thousand tons sent annually to Europe, Chili, with its copper and nitrates and return cargoes, with Guatemala, Mexico, and Central America, must furnish at least another million of tons. Then we have the growth of this commerce while the work progresses, together with that due to new facilities, so that the aggregate must reach between five and six millions of tons—nearly twice the tonnage which passes yearly through the Suez Canal. This estimate is not a high one. Ten years since, before the grain trade of California had attained to any importance, the tonnage that would seek the canal was set at 3,300,000 tons by Admiral Davis, of our navy, and the annual saving in the cost of freight, interest, and insurance on the property to be transported by this canal was set by him at ninety-nine millions of dollars.

The estimate seems to be a high one, for it exceeds the computed cost of the canal itself; but the saving must be immense, as this trade is fast increasing, and the cost of transportation may be lessened two-thirds by a ship-canal. California has become the chief granary of Great Britain, which now requires annually from other nations two hundred millions of bushels of grain; she prefers the wheat

of California to grind with her own moist wheat, and there is no country but California where one man can successfully cultivate five hundred acres of wheat unaided by either man or fertilizer.

With this canal completed, the grain of San Francisco, which is now more than four months on its way to Boston or Liverpool, could be landed there in less than three weeks. The vessel transporting it, instead of making one trip yearly, would accomplish many trips, by the aid of steam, now prohibited by the length of the voyage.

To the United States the canal will be most useful in developing the products of the Pacific coast, and exchanging them for our manufactures. To the British Isles it is even more important, as they draw one-fifth of the wheat they consume from California and Oregon, and by means of this canal may save annually a million sterling in the freight.

To France it is important for the diffusion of her manufactures over the isles and coasts of the Pacific, while the whole continent of Europe and most of South America are deeply interested in this enterprise.

IS A SHIP-CANAL FEASIBLE?

Both England and the United States have made diligent inquiry for a short-cut across the Isthmus free from lockage and tunnels.

The Isthmus has been carefully surveyed, but no route for a canal has been discovered which would not require deep rock-cutting and a vast expenditure. The only route to the Pacific free from such embarrassments is one across Central America, by the San Juan River and the Lake of Nicaragua, from the port of San Juan to the port of Brito, on the Pacific—a distance of 190 miles. On this route 140 miles will be open river and lake navigation, and fifty miles ship-canal. The San Juan route was carefully examined in 1851 by Child, an American engineer, whose report was indorsed by Colonel Abert, an eminent officer of the Engineer Corps of the United States.

This report gave the following results, viz.: that the summit level is found in a large navigable lake, whose surface is but 110 feet above the level of the sea on either side; that this lake is twice the size of Lake Champlain, being 110 miles in length and thirty-five miles in width, and lies in a country where the rain-fall is three times as great as the rain-fall of New York, being ninety-eight inches annually. The San Juan River flows from this lake into the Caribbean Sea—a distance of 119 miles; its average width is 600 feet, and it receives from the lake in dry seasons a supply of water equal to 800,000 cubic feet per minute, which is four times the amount required for a canal in each direction from the sea. Its descent to the sea averages but ten inches to the mile, which is less than that of the Ohio, and as there are but four rapids in it, the Castillo, Del Toro, Balus, and Machuca, which are easily overcome, it is at all times navigable for vessels drawing three feet of water, and in freshets for steamers of a much larger size. The engineer has estimated for thirteen locks upon the river and eastern canal, but there is reason to believe that a portion of them may be dispensed with, so gentle and equable is the flow of the river. We learn further from Child's report that the river, for ninety miles from the sea, may be made navigable for large ships at a moderate cost, and for twenty-nine miles more to the lake a ship-canal may be easily constructed on its bank.

The indentations of the coast are such at each terminus that good harbors may be made; the height of land between the lake and the Pacific is but nineteen feet above the lake, and the route adapted for a ship-canal. Indeed, we are led by the report to the conclusion that the rock encountered on both routes will be less than that requisite for the masonry of the canal and its harbors. The climate, although the lake is within fifteen degrees of the equator, is healthful—a point of no little importance to those who build as well as to those who shall use the canal. The report finally apprises us that a ship-canal of size sufficient to accommodate steam-ships drawing seventeen feet of water of the largest class in use in 1851 might be constructed for less than thirty-three millions of dollars. But there is ample water for a larger canal. The Suez Canal, which is of greater length than that proposed, is two hundred feet in width and twenty-five feet in depth, and we must adopt its dimensions if we expect its success. We may double the cost, and to cover contingencies and interest during construction shall find it advisable to carry the estimates up to eighty millions of dollars, which is not far from the cost of the Suez Canal.

A toll of a dollar and a half per ton on the tonnage furnished by the United States and Peru alone for their exports and imports will probably meet all charges and repairs, and also six per cent. interest on the cost of eighty millions.

The canal proposed has one decided advantage over the canal at the Isthmus. Compared with this, it will shorten nearly 700 miles our route to California, and will thus cheapen transportation. The value of such a canal can not well be overrated. Two centuries since, Patterson, who founded the Bank of England and the colony of Darien, writes thus as to a canal to unite the two oceans: "It will be the gate of the universe, and enable its proprietors to give laws to both oceans."

THE SIFTING OF PETER.

A FOLK-SONG.

"Behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."—St. Luke, xxii. 31.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armor so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger,
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

KARIN.*

A ROMANCE OF SWEDISH LIFE.

"Och liten Karin tjente
I unga kungens gård;
Hon lyste som en stjerna
Bland alla tärnor små."
—*Old Swedish Legend.*

TRANSLATION.

And little Karin served
In the young king's home;
She shone like a star
Among all the little maidens.

IN the drawing-room at Svaneholm—an elegant country-seat about five miles from Stockholm—three persons were met in a state of great excitement. They were the Baron Johann Berg von Linde, lord of Svaneholm, a man sixty years of age; his wife, the Baroness Amelie Berg von Linde, a handsome lady about fifty years old, with a strong but perfectly feminine face; and their son Sigfrid, whose strength, stature, and bearing gave him, though so young—being only twenty-five, and looking even younger—a majestic presence. He was kammarherre (chamberlain) to the king, and his personal friend and favorite; and though the object of some petty envies and enmities, was the acknowledged Chevalier Bayard of the Swedish court.

The baroness sat near the window, and seemed to be looking out over the Svaneholm gardens, but was, in fact, closely attentive to all that was going on around her. Sigfrid stood near her, with hands folded behind him, looking at the carpet at his feet in silence. As for the baron, who was moving violently about, and pushing at the furniture, he could not speak fast enough, and paid no heed whatever to rules of punctuation.

"You are a fool!—a fool! What objection is there to the Countess Luitka—and why haven't you fetched it up before—you've known this long time that it was all arranged—I say you shall marry her—you shall—I won't listen to you—she's the handsomest woman in Sweden—every fellow in the kingdom would give his head to be in your place—estates, princely estates—virtue, beauty, and birth—birth better than your own—*what* more do you want!" almost screamed the baron, stopping for lack of breath.

"I don't want so much," said Sigfrid, gently, restraining expression of his distaste for the manner in which his father's wishes were urged, "and still I want more. I am sorry I can't please you. I admire the Countess von Rehnstjerna as much as you can do; I sincerely esteem her: but I must love the woman whom I—"

"Kâr i en bondtös!—hams-trams!"* roared the baron, and fairly skipping in his rage, rushed up in front of his son, who stood head and shoulders above him. "Don't you think I know all about it? Don't you think I've heard of your little painter? Why, the very children in the streets put your names together, and laugh at the notion of a Berg von Linde dangling around old Elna's cottage, and lugging books and pictures, and the Lord knows what, to her grandchild!—a base-born, ignorant—"

"Did you ever see Fröken Karin Rönnquist?" said Sigfrid, in a sort of voice that always restrained the fiery old baron.

"No: and I wouldn't look at her if I did."

"Mother, thou hast seen her?"

"Yes," said the baroness, turning toward her husband. "I believe she is a good and modest girl; she is certainly very beautiful."

"BEAUTY! MODESTY!" sneered the baron, who had just extolled these graces in the Countess Luitka. "I—I understood, Amelie," turning suddenly, but with visible respect, to his wife, "that you wanted this marriage as much as I."

"Yes, Johann, if Sigfrid could agree with us; but our son is even a little dearer to me than the good Countess Luitka."

Baron Johann looked from one to the other, and twisted his hands.

The baroness, who knew nothing of how matters stood between her son and Fröken Karin Rönnquist, except as this stormy interview was disclosing it, understood him so well as to need little explanation. That he had not told her, instead of leaving events to speak, neither surprised nor pained her. Sigfrid had never been able, except under strong sense

* Katharina, or Katrina, is a name that came into the Scandinavian countries with Roman Catholicism. It must of a necessity have first appeared in the clerical court circles, and gradually found its way to the lower classes, where it changed form, as Karin, Katrin, Katti. Karin has become the universally accepted abbreviation, and appears in poetry, romance, and drama, in the hut and the palace alike; but it maintains its pastoral-poet-people character, and ranks among the loveliest and purest names of this kind in the Swedish tongue.

* Love a peasant wench!—stuff and nonsense!

of duty, to talk of his own emotions or desires. When circumstances revealed them, he had always trusted firmly in his mother's understanding him, and she was prouder of this high confidence than she would have been of a more explicit but less spontaneous trust.

When she had spoken, she looked at Sigfrid, and was warmed at heart by the look she received in return. The baron grew more and more purple, striving to control himself, and to think of something to say which would influence his son.

"Don't you know," said he at last, "that your attention to this girl will simply spoil her prospects, and prevent her getting a husband in her own rank in life? Or"—losing his slight command of himself—"don't your cursed fastidious scruples with the Countess Luitka apply in the case of Karin—*Fröken* Karin? Zounds! can't you at least carry on your flirtation less conspicuously? If the coun—"

"Is this actually the way you understand things?" said Sigfrid, quietly, but with vibrating nostrils and fire-darting eyes.

"It's the way everybody understands it," said the baron, blustering the more because he was inwardly awed by his son's burning calm. "It's the standing joke wherever glasses clink together," which was more than the baron knew or really believed, but fancying that he had gained an advantage, he pressed it eagerly.

Sigfrid bent his head a moment in silence, then looked up at his father quickly, and said: "I acknowledge some justice in your reproof. Satisfied in knowing my own intentions, I have not sufficiently reflected on many things." He leaned and kissed his mother tenderly on both cheeks, and left the room abruptly, before the baron had time to puzzle out what this might mean.

As Sigfrid went down into the town he looked up again and again at the small villa on the hill across the valley, about two miles from Svaneholm. This villa, with the land belonging, known by the name of Fogelnäste (the Bird's Nest), had been given to Sigfrid by his mother more than a year before. Sigfrid, who at times loved solitude, had, with his mother's help, neatly fitted up several of the rooms in it, and sometimes he had remained there alone among his books for days, his meals being served from his own kitchen by a Svaneholm servant sent by the baroness.

Sigfrid's deep blue eye darkened with some strong feeling as it rested on the villa, and hastening his steps, he turned a corner of the main street, and entered, as one sure of welcome, the low-roofed prestgoärd (priest-house, or parsonage).

In a little while he came out again, and with him the priest, Anders Pommers—a man who had courage to do any good act for a friend, and Anders Pommers knew Sigfrid well and loved him.

Old Elna's cottage stood at the foot of the hill belonging to Sigfrid's little estate, and the windows of Fogelnäste seemed to look down into the chimney of the cottage. The sun was yet two hours high, and could still take a slanting peep into this chimney, when Karin, sitting at her needle, with her grandmother, in the sunny best room below, heard steps, and saw the two men coming down the path to the door. "Grandmother!" she exclaimed, and stood up, bending her head with much grace to the priest, and giving her hand to Sigfrid.

Elna, though only a peasant, was a woman of well-balanced mind, quick wit, and excellent good sense, for Dame Nature does sometimes capriciously recollect the poor and lowly in the distribution of her immortal treasures.

Elna knew the Baroness Amelie, who, unlike her husband, went a great deal among the common people, especially the poorer classes, and would take a peasant's teething baby on her knee in as gentle and true motherly a manner as if it had been a babe of the royal line. Elna had nursed the baroness through more than one illness, had been at her bedside when Sigfrid was born, had been present in more than one domestic difficulty, and had been tacitly trusted in deeper things; therefore between Elna and the baroness, in spite of social distinctions—about which Elna was far more punctilious than the baroness—there was an excellent understanding, and a tie as strong as that of blood.

When Sigfrid led old Elna apart, and told her why he had come, she took a full minute for silent thought, and then only said, "Will thy mother approve?"

"She is as sensible—as thou art," said Sigfrid, "and my happiness is to her as is Karin's to thee."

Karin had remained standing. Her dress of a dark brown, whose depth set off the fairness of her skin, was simply made, showing the noble mould of her arms and shoulders, and the supple curves of her form. Her hair, a pale but rich shade of gold, waved softly on her forehead, and though coiled once at the back of her neck, still fell in masses below her waist. The outlines of her head, left thus undisguised, were such as to inspire reverence in the beholder.

Karin had lived a calm, sheltered, interior life. She was born an artist. Delicately yet sanely sensitive to nature's moods and ministrations, Color and Form had been to her as companions that continually brought her messages from the ineffable ideal world of which the artist soul is conscious.

A crimson rose petal lying in Karin's hand not only charmed her eye with its inimitable shape and hue, but conveyed to the palm whereon it lay a secret, joyous sense of its perfection: the soft melancholy of cloud-shadows, the light and warmth of yellow sunbeams, the tinkling of rain-drops, the distillation of the dew, the waft of April winds, the trill and flutter of spring-time birds, the ray of the evening star, the intricate life-movement concealed in Mother Earth's mysterious breast, the transmuting love of God—all these did Karin see and hear and feel in the frail perfection of the rose leaf. Her life had no need of outward event to be sweet, full in the present, and full in promise. She had that fine self-reverence, conscious only when invaded, which made her indifferent to extrinsic claim or advantage. Social grades, etiquette, aristocracy, and the court were facts of which she had a certain intellectual comprehension, but their meanings had never touched the quick of her life. She never thought of the personal characteristics or actions of others with reference either to their being eccentric and unusual or in the common course of things. Contact with society, and a wider experience of the world, would necessarily modify much in Karin. She knew that she was a peasant girl, and that Sigfrid Berg von Linde was nobly born and the king's favorite. Neither of these facts had ever been impressive to her; but that they loved each other was a reality filling her consciousness to the overshadowing of all lighter and outer facts.

When Sigfrid crossed the room, and taking Karin's hand, with a few words of explanation, asked her if she would be his wife, "Now?" said Karin. And perceiving that now was meant, without another word permitted Sigfrid to draw her to his side, while Anders Pommers rose and stood in front of them.

Nothing was said of her dress, nothing was said of any trivial thing. Old Elna could not in her heart forbear wishing white satin robes and full wedding glory for her darling, but this tender vanity did not appear in the gravity of her withered folded hands and downcast eyes.

During the reading of the marriage service a soft color began creeping up and around Karin's throat, and spread into her cheeks. Sigfrid saw it, and his heart beat heavily with happiness. Having married and blessed them, Anders Pommers went straight away to Svaneholm, and told the baroness in a word how it was, as Sigfrid had asked him to do on their way to Elna's cottage. The baroness, who was a good wife as well as a good mother, would not commit any open act of opposition to her husband; but there was a great deal she could do inside of that limit, and before Anders Pommers's information was three hours old her little britzska had made two or three journeys to Fogelnäste.

Sitting together in old Elna's cottage, where the priest had left them, Sigfrid and Karin took little note of time.

They saw, without observing, old Elna going up the hill to Fogelnäste, and sunset, twilight, and moonrise had little heed from them; and it was at least ten o'clock when Sigfrid started at the sound of wheels at the cottage gate; and when the next moment Brunhilda, his mother's own maid, appeared in the doorway with a beautiful ermine wrap and hood over her arm, Sigfrid, with a full heart, knew exactly what his mother had been doing.

"My lady the baroness bade me to say she sent her great love to Herr Sigfrid and Baroness Karin Berg von Linde," said Brunhilda, already spreading the wrap over Karin's shoulders. "And, if you please, I am to be your lady's maid until she can please herself better; and, if you please, my lady the baroness is sorry she is unable to be there to receive you, but I was to tell you Fogelnäste is ready."

"Come, Karin, let us go home," said Sigfrid, in a somewhat unsteady voice.

As the winding road came out of the tree shadows into the open moonlight, and the britzska drew nearer to the little villa, they saw the windows all alight, and old Elna looking dark in the cheery redness of the open doorway, where she stood to receive them. There was a little supper laid, and a fold of silvery paper peeping from a fragrant bridal-white bouquet in the centre of the table. Karin drew it out, and they read it together:

"Amelie Berg von Linde, in greeting of love and blessing to her beloved children, Sigfrid and Karin."

The next few weeks passed very quietly at Fogelnäste. The spring, with tender mist of just beginning buds and leaves, and flute-like chattering of birds, and trilling melody of brooks, made warmer approaches every day. Elna spent the greater part of her time in the villa, though retaining her cottage home. Brunhilda was as much in love with her new as with her old mistress, and between Fogelnäste and Svaneholm bore a somewhat divided heart.

She could not enough praise Karin to the Baroness Amelie, who never tired of hearing about the life at Fogelnäste whenever Brunhilda chanced to be at Svaneholm.

"You never would think she was not a lady born," Brunhilda would say, in honest perplexity over this fact. "She is so proud and yet so kind, and never put out by anything that happens—no more than you are, my lady. And oh! she is so handsome; the Countess Luitka can not come near her for beauty." The Countess Luitka had been hitherto Brunhilda's unapproached ideal. "And when the great folk call on her she receives them so quietly, and does not seem to think about it at all, only to give them pleasure. And they look at one another so surprised, as if they had never seen anything to equal her; and then Herr Sigfrid smiles, and comes and stands behind her chair, looking so proud and happy. I never saw anybody so much in love, my lady. And when there aren't any guests at all, it is the best of all, my lady, for they are at their books like two children at school. They read history together, and he teaches her in French and German; and once I heard him say, in such a proud, fluttered voice, that she was ten times quicker to learn than ever he was himself. And indeed she does surprise him often; and he talks with her about the court and the king, and about Svaneholm, and a great deal about you, my lady. Herr Sigfrid has fitted up a beautiful room for her studio; and it's the curiousest thing: you'd never get tired watching the pictures come out under her soft white hands, that never seem to be taking any pains, but just move about so quick and easy and graceful—it's like witchcraft. And one day he was in great delight, and told her she was a born artist, and that she would make the name of Berg von Linde greater than he could, and that then his father could not hold out, and how happy you would be, he said, and he caught her in his arms, and when he would have let her go again, her hair was tangled in the clasp of his coat, and he wouldn't loosen it for fear of hurting her; and then she turned, all red and laughing, and led him all around the room by her bright hair; and he said, 'Brunhilda, come and rescue your mistress.' I never saw so pretty a sight."

The marriage of Sigfrid Berg von Linde, of noble family, and kammarherre to the king, to a young girl who, though reputed to be a beauty, was a peasant and portionless, spread like wild-fire through the town of Svaneholm and in the court circles of Stockholm, of which Sigfrid was so brilliant a member; therefore it did not take a large bird to tell the news, together with that of the open rupture between the elder Baron Berg von Linde and his son, to the king. The king, without speaking directly on the matter to Sigfrid, told him, with a kind and significant smile, that he need not attend upon him so closely for the next few weeks. Sigfrid, who understood instantly, and felt some delicate rebuke for his reserve, blushed like a girl, and then said, frankly, "I should be glad, sire, of your greetings for my wife."

"And I am glad you allow me to ask you to bear them to her," said the king, with grave sweetness.

A day or two later a dress pattern of superb white velvet, with an embroidered border of blush-rose buds, arrived at Fogelnäste. Except the address to Karin, there was neither word nor line accompanying it, but Sigfrid knew that it was the king's doing. The bearer of this gift, on his return to Stockholm, was closely ques-

tioned by its donor concerning the appearance of the young mistress of Fogelnäste.

Soon after this the Countess Luitka von Rehnstjerna called on Karin. She was in her studio with her husband, and received her visitor there. The countess, who was a noble woman as well as a famous court beauty, remained over an hour, and went away charmed.

"Well?" said the king, when he met the Countess Luitka in the evening at a grand public fête.

"Sire," exclaimed the countess, in an eager under-tone, "she is beautiful as a dream."

"Yes, so my courier said. He came back beauty-mad. Well?"

"She is an artist—a genius. There are not two pictures here"—glancing around the elegant walls—"that have the power, the originality, of those hanging on the walls at Fogelnäste."

"You are sure she paints them herself?"

"Sire, I saw her at the easel."

"Well?"

"She is good as she is fair, and she adores her husband."

"Ah! Well?"

"She has a fine clear brain, active in many directions, though with one deficiency—a marked one. There is one subject of which she evidently never thinks at all."

"And that?"

"Is herself, sire."

The king looked thoughtful.

One day, when Sigfrid was to be at court for a few hours, he left Karin with her maid in one of the most retired and charming glades of the Djurgarden. It was a habit of Karin's to never be without paper and pencil, and, seated on a low bench under a tree, she was soon absorbed in a little sketch of one of the views before her. Brunhilda wandered among the paths, though careful to remain within sight and call. As she came upon one of the drives, a carriage, turning a sharp curve, rolled by so close that the wheels almost brushed her garments. She started back quite as much, however, at the face of one of its occupants—the face of the Baron Johann Berg von Linde, purpler than usual with a sort of fury and surprise. The carriage rolled on. Brunhilda glanced at her young mistress, whose golden hair seemed to shine forth mysteriously bright from under the tree shadows; but Karin had observed nothing. While Brunhilda stood pushing her parasol into the soft turf in a sort of vague excitement, she heard quick steps, and saw the Baron Johann walking toward her from the direction the carriage had just taken. Her first impulse, though she could not have given herself a reason for it, was to run to her mistress; but she was in a manner spell-bound by the approach of the baron. He was out of breath, and paused an instant in front of Brunhilda, and seemed about to question her; but after looking across the narrow sunny glade at Karin, he said, sternly, "Stay here"; and habit and astonishment held Brunhilda.

Hearing unfamiliar and harsh footsteps, Karin, suddenly raising her head, saw a stout old man, with thick white hair and a very red face, standing in front of her. Karin, with the artist's quick eye for detail, observed, without then thinking about it, that while his left hand was gloved, his right was bare, and that a large ring on its third finger had slipped so that the stone was turned inward, and only an edge of it visible. His lips were working, but without articulated sound, as if he could not choose what word to speak first. There was little resemblance between Sigfrid and his father, and yet there was a likeness by which Karin saw, or rather felt, the baron's identity. She saw that he was violently excited, and though she was not intimidated, she was chilled with the instinctive conviction that something would now happen which she should wish to forget without being able to do so. But to go away was not to be thought of. Karin sat perfectly still. In common with all who looked on her, the baron could not avoid seeing that she was beautiful. Had her beauty been by one shade less noble, had there been one coarse tint or heavy line to justify him, he might have been in some degree disarmed. But the grace and beauty he saw in his son's wife were that son's complete victory over him. The Baron Johann was an egotist, believing in birth in the egotist's mean and narrow sense. He would have turned Cinderella herself out of his house and broken her glass slipper in her face, and all the more because she was as fair as a princess should ever—and as a peasant should never—be! He saw the sketch on Karin's knee; he thought of the Countess Luitka and her estates; he trembled.

"Who are you?" said he, gruffly, with an indescribable insolence.

Karin, who had been flushed with an artist's enthusiasm, grew pale with a wife's delicate defensive pride.

"Herr Baron, I am the wife of your son Sig—" She did not finish the name. The choleric baron, unable to contain himself, slapped her across the cheek and mouth with his ungloved right hand; not a severe but a crisp and passionate blow, and one of the stone angles of the ring he wore made a tiny cut in her cheek. She raised her eyes for an instant to his, then put her handkerchief to her cheek in silence, and the baron strode away, ignorant that she had received this cut, fuming and muttering, and, rather to his surprise, unable to feel so clearly as he wished that he had merely slapped a saucy peasant girl's cheek. In spite of prejudice and passion, that look in Karin's beautiful astonished eyes gave him too strongly the sense of having struck a lady in the face.

Brunhilda flew to her mistress, and would have cried out when Karin took down her handkerchief stained with blood, but Karin said, quietly, "Hush! it is a mere scratch."

"But, oh! my lady—"

"Lend me your handkerchief, Brunhilda."

"Ah! what will Herr Sigfrid say?"

After a minute or two of silence, Karin said, now for the first time looking fully at her maid, "Brunhilda, you will never speak of this to any one; you will obey, and you will not forget."

Brunhilda promised, but could not forbear expressing the warmest disrespect for the baron.

Karin leaned back, shading her face with her hand, her color alternating so swiftly and vividly that Brunhilda was alarmed, but she did not venture to break the silence which the manner of her mistress imposed.

Karin sat in this way for some time; she was in reality struggling with feelings which she wished to wholly subdue before meeting the eyes of her husband. She was naturally slow to anger, but her temper was hot and strong when roused, and the rude blow on her cheek from the hand of her husband's father had been a surprise of the most violent and painful nature—an incomprehensible thing. When at last she removed her hand from over her eyes, though she looked somewhat paler than usual, her own gentle repose of manner had fully returned.

Sigfrid soon came for her.

"But what is this, min alskling?" said he, tenderly, noticing at once the little red spot in her cheek.

"It is only a little cut. Has all gone pleasantly with you, Sigfrid?"

As they neared Fogelnäste, Sigfrid paused in some account of his interview with the king, and said, abruptly, "Why are you so pale, my love, and why such long and curious looks at me to-night?"

"Pale? Well, now I am not," said Karin, smiling, as she felt the blood sweep into her face. "I have been looking to see if you resemble your father, and I think you don't, after all."

"My father! Have you seen him? When?"

"He rode by this afternoon on the drive, just above where I sat sketching. He is not handsome at all, Sigfrid."

"Karin!"

It was the starling that spoke. Its cage hung in the window—the jalousie was drawn to the very top—in the midst of vines almost as bright with their trailing yellow blossoms as the bar of sunlight that peered through them freely into Karin's pretty studio. The walls were pink and the ceiling blue, both tints so soft as to lend an air-like distance to the surfaces. A large dark mottled mat nearly covered the floor; an easel supporting an unfinished picture stood near the window. Before it sat Karin. The picture—a dainty glimpse of the Djurgarden—was rapidly approaching completion under her hand. As she worked she sometimes compressed her lips and gave a low flute-like call. It was when she had done this that the starling turned his head, and coquettishly trilled, "Karin," or at least what sounded enough like it to satisfy his young mistress. She leaned and smoothed his metal-black wing with the handle of her brush. Half an hour later she laid down palette and brushes.

"It is finished. Come, grandmother, and see if it is pretty. And you, Brunhilda, tell me if it is like."

Old Elna came in, a ball of scarlet yarn falling from her lap and rolling on before her. As they leaned toward the canvas, Karin pushed back her chair and rose. The door stood open behind her, and hearing steps, she said, over her shoulder, and

putting back one hand with a tender and charming gesture of welcome, "Sigfrid, I am so glad you are come."

Old Elna looked up, and meeting Sigfrid's eye with a somewhat extraordinary expression in her own, dropped a courtesy, beckoned to Brunhilda, and slipped away at the moment that Karin saw that there was a gentleman with her husband. Having looked with a full, profoundly affectionate glance at Sigfrid, she turned her eyes on the stranger. Many of her husband's friends had been brought to Fogelnäste in this informal manner. This stranger was a tall man, of slender, well-knit frame, some years older than Sigfrid, though still young. He wore a plain bottle-green hunting suit, and held his slouch hat in a muscular but refined and shapely hand. He was dark, with strong features and most piercing eyes, softened by an extremely noble and gentle expression. He seemed both gratified and amused by the open earnestness of Karin's inspection, and bore it in easy silence.

"Karin," said Sigfrid, taking her hand, "I want to introduce you to one of my friends, who is most anxious to become one of yours—M. Bernadotte." Karin bowed. "He is a great lover of art, an amateur, as he modestly expresses it. I have been speaking to him about you, and he wishes to see your pictures, and he wants to sit for his portrait to you, my love, if you are willing."

Karin again looked at M. Bernadotte, so searchingly that he seemed on the point of being embarrassed; then she said, with a sudden illuminating smile, "I shall like to do it, sir. You will be a good subject, and I am grateful for a good subject. But I hope, sir, you can be patient, I have so little experience as yet in faces—in living faces, I mean. I have made but two studies of living models—my grandmother's and Sigfrid's. Would you like to look at them?"

She turned and led the way into the drawing-room, where most of her paintings hung. As she passed on before them, still speaking, Sigfrid and M. Bernadotte exchanged glances, and the latter, laying his hand an instant on Sigfrid's arm, said, hastily, in a very low voice, "Ce n'est plus un mystère que vous tenez peu à ajouter le plus noble quartier de la Suède à votre écusson."

"This," said Karin, "is of my grandmother—you may have noticed her when you came in; the likeness is good; and this is of Sigfrid. I should like your opinion. Did not my husband say you were an artist, monsieur—" turning to him quickly, not to be hindered concerning a name.

"Bernadotte, simply Bernadotte, if you will."

"Do you mean that you wish to be called Bernadotte only, without prefix?" said she.

He bowed, smiling.

"Does Sigfrid call you so?"

M. Bernadotte looked quickly at Sigfrid with laughing eyes.

"Yes, Karin, I call him so; he likes it."

"Very well," said Karin, repeating the name once or twice to herself. "It is smooth; it will not be hard to say."

M. Bernadotte looked at her paintings with care, and expressed both his admiration and his astonishment when he learned that she had literally been without teaching in her art, having only sometimes visited the studios in Stockholm, closely watched the best artists in them while they were at work, and sometimes questioned them as to the method of producing certain effects. M. Bernadotte then spoke at some length of art, and with so much discrimination and simplicity, as well as feeling, that Karin blushed with the most generous pleasure, conversed with animation and eloquence, and seeing that Sigfrid, though he said little, was enjoying the conversation with them, her fine mood expanded, and the flower-like glow of intense happiness overspread her features.

Returning to the studio, M. Bernadotte at once recognized and admired the scene from the Djurgarden; but Karin put it away, selected a fresh canvas, and looked so entreatingly that M. Bernadotte sat down to be sketched, checking some demur which Sigfrid began to make.

"The baroness," said he, "has the statesman-like quality of perceiving there is no time like the present."

"How do you like him?" asked Sigfrid, after their guest was gone.

Karin drew near, and laid one rounded arm upon his shoulder. "I can see, Sigfrid, that there has been no one here whom you like half so well yourself. Why have you not brought him before?"

"I have wished to, but he is a very busy man, Karin, much more closely confined

than I at the busiest times, and you have not thought me idle. You may remember that I have spoken of him to you but little, for I wanted you first to see him and form your own opinion; and I see it is a good one."

"Yes, I like him; he seems so just, so good. He knows so much, and can tell it so admirably well. When I looked at him, Sigfrid, I felt that I could become attached to him. What a piercing yet kind eye! And did you observe his hands? They must come into the portrait somewhere, they are so firm and beautiful. I should believe him good by his hands. And his manners—is he a soldier or courtier? There seems to be something of both."

"What a clear-sighted, discriminating little wife!" said Sigfrid, smiling, with quiet, deep delight in his eyes. "What dost thou know, min egen alskling,* of soldiers and courtiers? And yet thou art right; he is a soldier, a brave one, and he has held office at court from an early age."

"Thou hast given me a new pleasure to-day, my Sigfrid," said Karin, after a thoughtful pause. "I wonder when he will come again?"

But she did not mention a plan already forming in her mind connected with M. Bernadotte. Neither did Sigfrid mention to her that he had given private instructions to old Elna and Brunhilda to protect the young baroness from all interruption on the occasions when M. Bernadotte should be sitting for his picture, and on no account whatever to announce or admit any visitors at such times. Owing to his exacting life, M. Bernadotte came irregularly. His portrait, with which Karin was extremely painstaking, progressed well, and the acquaintance between the artist and sitter gained a gentle familiarity with the deeper feelings of friendship. Sigfrid had been present at the first four sittings, but at the fifth, Sigfrid being detained at court, M. Bernadotte found Karin alone. Her greeting was preoccupied, and he sat quietly as she directed, offering no remark. Suddenly Karin leaned back and laid aside her brush, pronouncing his name with an abrupt earnestness that made him start.

"Bernadotte," said she, "I want help. I wish to confide in you. You will not be disappointed if I stop painting? Sigfrid is away, and there may not be another opportunity, and I have been wishing for it."

She paused, in considerable agitation, and M. Bernadotte thought he had never seen anything so remarkable as her appearance at this moment, her large, heavily fringed, soulful eyes regarding him with the most open entreaty, the delicate lambent flush, the exquisite self-unconsciousness of her whole expression. He made no large movement, for fear of disturbing her; he simply turned his full face to her.

"How can I help you?" said he. "Is it about Sigfrid?"

"Yes, yes; but I don't want Sigfrid to know till afterward. I have been thinking about it ever since you first came here, and Sigfrid told me you were at court; it came into my mind then, all at once, that you could bring it about. I want to see the king."

"You mean there is something you wish to ask of the king personally?"

"Yes."

"Wouldn't it be easier, simpler, to write what you have to say?"

"No, no; it is something that I can't—that I would not write. I want to see the king. Surely you can manage it. When you tell him I am Sigfrid's wife, he will listen to you, for he has a great regard for Sigfrid"—this with a proud turn of her neck. "Sigfrid has told me that the king is not so difficult—that he is one of the gentlest of men to his friends."

"Yes, that is true," said M. Bernadotte, hesitatingly; "but I have been at court longer than your husband, and have seen even more of the king. He is not easy to approach, not pleasant to be with, if he is not in the right mood, if any one has offended him."

"But I have not offended him!" exclaimed Karin. "I don't like to hear you speak so, Bernadotte; you seem almost to wish to discourage me, but you can not do it. Has not the king been good to you as well as to Sigfrid? and yet you never praise him warmly as Sigfrid does." She paused, a little indignantly, but her wish was too strong not to be urged. "I am determined to see him, and without Sigfrid's knowledge, so I know you will help me, Bernadotte. I hope he may be in the right mood, but any fear of that shall not deter me."

"What is it you want so much to ask

* My own darling.

of the king?" said M. Bernadotte at last, half smiling at her resolute expressions. "Of course I will gladly help you, and if you are willing to tell me, I can venture a guess, at least, as to the probabilities of your success."

"I want to have him say or do something to make Baron Johann, Sigfrid's father, be reconciled to him. Oh, Bernadotte"—clasping and throwing forward her hands—"you don't know how much I desire it! I don't care about it much for the baron's sake," with a peculiarly haughty lift of her head, and a slight paleness, "but for the sake of the baroness, his good, beautiful mother, and for Sigfrid. They are so dear to each other—so dear to me! Oh, Bernadotte, if this thing could be done—if I could persuade the king!"

"Is this why you don't wish to be yet presented at court?" said M. Bernadotte, irrelevantly, though he had not been able to hear her without emotion. "Sigfrid has told me that the king has spoken of your presentation, but that you have refused, for a reason that you will not explain."

"Yes, you have guessed it," said Karin. "I wish not to be brought forward while this trouble exists. You can understand. But that is not what I care for most; it is because Sigfrid feels it so much for my sake, and for his mother, who loves him so much. Ah, *she* must suffer! If I were Sigfrid's mother, I couldn't bear it. Bernadotte, don't you think I am right—don't you?" She rose and went toward him, and he, rising also, took one of her hands.

"Yes, I do think you are right, and I can and will arrange it for you to see the king. But don't you think you would stand a better chance with his Majesty if you had obliged him, and shown some deference in the first place?"

"He can not be so vain, so petty—" she began, but stopped short as Sigfrid came in.

"Who is it that 'can not be so vain, so petty?'" said he, smiling at Karin's earnestness.

"I have been, as usual, too lukewarm about the king," said M. Bernadotte, "and his loyal subject"—kissing Karin's hand—"has been properly rebuking me."

At which speech Sigfrid laughed so heartily that Karin came very near being provoked for the first time in her life with the beloved lord of Fogelnäste.

The days passed away. M. Bernadotte's picture was finished, and was a fine and faithful portrait too. The original had not lately been to Fogelnäste, and Karin was beginning to wonder and grow impatient for the promised audience with the king. One day the picture was sent for, and Karin received a note warmly thanking her, and naming the date for her long-desired interview with the king, and M. Bernadotte wrote that he would himself meet and introduce her to the royal presence. During the few days that intervened, Karin was so light of heart that she sang almost continually, and only trilled a merrier roulade when Sigfrid asked her how many nightingales a day it took to keep her throat in such sweet tune.

On the morning of the appointed day, as soon as Sigfrid was gone, Karin ordered her britzska, and calling Brunhilda, made a simple but elegant toilet. She chose a dress of a dark blue shade, with trimmings of white lace, and wore for ornament only her wedding ring. Then, with Brunhilda at her side, she directed the groom to the king's palace at Stockholm. As her britzska drew up before the palace, several passers turned to look at Karin, and, together with others who were nearer, formed a considerable group by the time she had alighted.

M. Bernadotte came forward, and she took his hand, without observing the crowd, or noticing that he too had taken some pains with his dress for the occasion, and was glistening with orders and symbols of office, so intent was she upon her interview with the king.

"How kind thou art," said she, as they ascended the steps, "to be so punctual, and leave me no moments for perplexity!"

M. Bernadotte pressed her hand and merely said, a little more formally than usual, that he was glad to serve her. Karin, observing the slight change, laughed softly, and archly exclaimed:

"Bernadotte, my friend, the air of the court affects thee. Thou art actually putting on airs!"

At this moment Bernadotte led the way into an anteroom which was empty.

"Dost thou wish to make any little adjustment, perhaps?" said he.

Karin's veil was partly lifted; she removed it entirely. "No, I think not," said she. "Do I not look all right?" There was a large mirror behind her, which she had not happened to observe, and she was calmly requiring its service of M. Bernadotte's eyes. M. Bernadotte looked at her and smiled.

"Oh, Bernadotte," she exclaimed, with changing color, "can't I see him at once? I am so anxious I know not how to wait, and thou art dressed so grandly, and art looking so solemn. It is almost frightful"—with a faint smile. "The king—well, he is only a man, a good man, Bernadotte"—lifting her head. "I will think only of that, and what I am come to ask."

M. Bernadotte gave her his arm, and led her, by a door opposite to that by which they had just entered, into an elegant drawing-room, whose coloring and style were pleasing to Karin. At one side of the apartment a lady was seated on a raised chair or dais—a lady of noble, sweet presence. She was dressed in black, with relief of rich laces. Karin was leaning on M. Bernadotte's left arm, and as they entered some one took her left hand. She looked up, and saw Sigfrid at her side. The seated lady said something in a soft, rich voice, which Karin heard without understanding, for she saw her portrait of M. Bernadotte, magnificently framed, hanging just over the lady's chair, and in the same moment perceived that a lady and gentleman stood near the dais. This lady looked earnestly at Karin; the gentleman, stout and florid, was looking down, and in a confused manner rubbed his left over his right hand, on which fitted loosely a ring set with a large dark stone.

"My dear baroness," said the seated lady, looking very kindly at Karin, "I thank thee for thy fine and faithful portrait of my husband."

Karin drew away her hands from Sigfrid and M. Bernadotte, glanced, startled, around, then full at M. Bernadotte, with her wide, beautiful eyes.

"Thou—thou art the king!" said she. She stood still, it seemed a full minute, in a superb pose of suspense and bewilderment, as colorless and breathless as Galatea in her moment of awakening to Pygmalion's cry.

No one spoke; her spell imposed itself on all; but Sigfrid's heart bounded with relief as her color came slowly back.

"Sigfrid!" she exclaimed at last.

"Do not blame *him*," said M. Bernadotte, quickly; "he only obeyed the king, who asks your pardon, Karin, for a perhaps too extreme surprise."

It was the tone and manner so familiar to her, and, together with the half-grave, half-mirthful, wholly kind light in the brilliant eyes of her royal friend, brought back her self-possession fully. She smiled, and with an inexpressible grace of pride, modesty, and feeling, turned, knelt, and kissed the queen's hand. As she rose, the king, turning to the gentleman and lady who stood waiting near the queen's chair, said first to Karin, in a low voice, "The king happens to be in a tolerable mood today, and no one having specially offended him, he will not be 'so vain, so petty.'" Then, aloud, "Let me introduce you to the Baron Johann and the Baroness Amelie Berg von Linde, your new parents, who have kindly come hither to meet you."

Sigfrid's mother smiled tenderly on Karin, and flashed a fond glance on Sigfrid. The king laid Karin's hand in the old baron's.

"Karin is peasant born," said he, "but there is royalty and royalty, and your beautiful daughter, Herr Baron, is crown princess in the most royal line of artists."

Of course Karin painted the queen's portrait too, and of course she was presented at court, wearing the snow-white velvet robe with its border of blush-roses, and the king presented her with a handsome sum, expressly for a year's sojourn among the very best masters at Rome. Of course she was the fashion, and the atmosphere she breathed was fragrant with the praises of her beauty and her genius; but Karin remained good and true, retaining that self-unconscious simplicity which was her chiefest charm. Sometimes the king came to see her incognito, and on such occasions she always addressed him simply as Bernadotte, and never reminded him either of that "divinity that doth hedge a king," or of that uneasiness besetting the head that wears a crown.

One day, when her child was about six months old, the king called, as formerly, in his plain dark hunting suit. Karin had her little son in her lap, and all her beautiful golden hair was flowing over and around the child, who was tangling it with his white, dimpled fingers.

The king smiled.

"What do you call him?" said he. "Sigfrid?"

"No," said Karin, putting out her hand with a cordial gesture, and looking up at him without a thought of her shining dishevelment; "I have named him after his father's truest friend and mine—Oscar Bernadotte."

THE SNOW-MESSENGERS.

[Dedicated to John Greenleaf Whittier and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with Pen Portraits of both.]

The pine-trees lift their dark bewildered eyes—
Or so I deem—up to the clouded skies;
No breeze, no faintest breeze, is heard to blow:
In wizard silence falls the windless snow.

It falls in breezeless quiet, strangely still;
'Scapes the dulled pane, but loads the sheltering sill.
With curious hand the fleecy flakes I mould,
And draw them inward, rounded, from the cold.

The glittering ball that chills my finger-tips
I hold a moment's space to loving lips;
For from the northward these pure snow-flakes came,
And to *my* touch their coldness thrills like flame.

Outbreathed from luminous memories nursed apart,
Deep in the veiled *adytum* of the heart,
The type of Norland dearth such snows may be:
They bring the soul of summer's warmth to me.

Beholding them, in magical light expands
The changeful charm that crowns the Northern lands,
And a fair Past I deemed a glory fled
Comes back, with happy sunshine round its head.

For Ariel Fancy takes her airiest flights
To pass once more o'er Hampshire's mountain heights,
To view the flower-bright pastures bloom in grace
By many a lowering hill-side's swarthy base;

The fruitful farms, the enchanted vales, to view,
And the coy mountain lakes' transcendent blue,
Or flash of sea-waves up the thunderous dune,
With wan sails whitening in the midnight moon;

The cataract's front of storm, malignly rife
With deathless instincts of demoniac strife,
Or, in shy contrast, down a shaded dell,
The rivulet tinkling like an Alpine bell;

And many a cool, calm stretch of cultured lawn,
Touched by the freshness of the crystal dawn,
Sloped to the sea, whose laughing waters meet
About the unrobed virgin's rosy feet.

But, tireless Fancy, stay the wing that roams,
And fold it last near Northern hearts and homes.

These tropic veins still own their kindred heat,
And thoughts of thee, my cherished South, are sweet—
Mournfully sweet—and wed to memories vast,
High-hovering still o'er thy majestic past.

But a new epoch greets us; with it blends
The voice of ancient foes now changed to friends.
Ah! who would friendship's outstretched hand despise,
Or mock the kindling light in generous eyes?

So, 'neath the Quaker-poet's tranquil roof,
From all dull discords of the world aloof,
I sit once more, and measured converse hold
With him whose nobler thoughts are rhythmic gold;

See his deep brows half puckered in a knot
O'er some hard problem of our mortal lot,
Or a dream soft as May winds of the South
Waft a girl's sweetness round his firm-set mouth.

Or should he deem Wrong threats the public weal,
Lo! the whole man seems girt with flashing steel;
His glance a sword-thrust, and his words of ire
Like thunder-tones from some old prophet's lyre.

Or by the hearth-stone, when the day is done,
Mark, swiftly launched, a sudden shaft of fun;
The short quick laugh, the smartly smitten knees,
And all sure tokens of a mood at ease.

Discerning which, by some mysterious law,
Near to his seat two household favorites draw,
Till on her master's shoulder, sly and sleek,
Grimalkin, mounting, rubs his furrowed cheek;

While terrier Dick, denied all words to rail,
Snarls, as he shakes a short, protesting tail,
But with shrewd *eyes* says, plain as plain can be,
"*Drop that sly cat. I'm worthier far than she.*"

And he who loves all lowliest lives to please
Conciliates soon his dumb Diogenes,
Who in return his garment nips with care,
And drags the poet out—to take the air.

God's innocent pensioners in the woodlands dim,
The fields, the pastures, know and trust in him;
And in *their* love his lonely heart is blessed—
Our pure, hale-minded Cowper of the West!

* * * * * *

The scene is changed; and now I stand again
By one, the cordial prince of kindly men,
Courtly yet natural, comrade meet for kings,
But fond of homeliest thoughts and homeliest things.

A poet too, in whose warm brain and breast
What birds of song have filled a golden nest,
Till in song's summer prime their wings unfurled,
Have made Arcadian half the listening world;

Around whose eve some radiant grace of morn
Smiles like the dew-light on a mountain thorn.
Blithely he bears Time's envious load to-day:
Ah! the green Heart o'ertops the Head of gray.

Alert as youth, with vivid, various talk
He wiles the way through grove and garden walk,
Fair flowers untrained, trees fraught with wedded doves,
Past the cool copse and willowy glade he loves.

Here gleams innocuous of a mirthful mood
Pulse like mild fire-flies down a dusky wood,
Or keener speech (his leonine head unbowed)
Speeds lightning-clear from Thought's o'ershadowing cloud.

O deep blue eyes! O voice as woman's low!
O firm white hand, with kindliest warmth aglow!
O manly form, and frank, sweet, courteous mien,
Reflex of museful days and nights serene!—

Still are ye near me, vivid, actual still,
Here in my lonely fastness on the hill;
Nor can ye wane till cold my life-blood flows,
And fancy fades in feeling's last repose.

What! snowing yet? The landscape waxes pale;
Round the mute heaven there hangs a quivering veil,
Through whose frail woof like silent shuttles go
The glancing glamours of the glittering snow.

Yes, falling still, while fond remembrance stirs
In these wan-faced, unwonted Messengers.
Dumb storm! outpour your arctic heart's desire;
Your flakes to me seem flushed with fairy fire!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FAREWELL, WIFE AND CHILDREN DEAR.

NOW Robin Lyth held himself in good esteem; as every honest man is bound to do, or surely the rogues will devour him. Modesty kept him silent as to his merits very often; but the exercise of self-examination made them manifest to himself. As the Yorkshireman said to his minister, when pressed to make daily introspection, "I dare na do it, sir; it sets me up so, and leaveth no chance for my neighbors;" so the great free-trader, in charity for others, forbore to examine himself too much. But without doing that, he was conscious of being as good as Master Anerley; and intended, with equal mind and manner, to state his claim to the daughter's hand.

It was not, therefore, as the farmer thought, any deep sense of illegality which kept him from coming forward now, as a gallant sailor always does; but rather the pressure of sterner business, and the hard necessity of running goods, according to honorable contract. After his narrow escape from outrage upon personal privilege—for the *habeas corpus* of the Constitution should at least protect a man while making love—it was clear that the field of his duties as a citizen was padlocked against him, until next time. Accordingly he sought the wider bosom of the ever-liberal sea; and leaving the noble Carroway to mourn—or in stricter truth, alas! to swear—away he sailed, at the quartering of the moon, for the land of the genial Dutchman.

Now this was the time when the forces of the realm were mightily gathered together against him. Hitherto there had been much fine feeling on the part of his Majesty's revenue, and a delicate sense of etiquette. All the commanders of the cutters on the coast, of whom and of which there now were three, had met at Carroway's festive board; and, looking at his family, had one and all agreed to let him have the first chance of the good prize-money. It was All-saints' Day of the year gone by when they met and thus enjoyed themselves; and they bade their host appoint his time; and he said he should not want three months. At this they laughed, and gave him twelve; and now the twelve had slipped away.

"I would much rather never have him caught at all," said Carroway, to his wife, when his year of precaption had expired, "than for any of those fellows to nab him; especially that prig last sent down."

"So would I, dear; so would I, of course," replied Mrs. Carroway, who had been all gratitude for their noble self-denial when they made the promise; "what airs they would give themselves! And what could they do with the money? Drink it out! I am sure that the condition of our best tumblers, after they come, is something. People who don't know anything about it always fancy that glass will clean. Glass won't clean, after such men as those; and as for the table—don't talk of it."

"Two out of the three are gone"—the lieutenant's conscience was not void of offense concerning tables—"gone upon promotion. Everybody gets promotion, if he only does his very best never to deserve it. They ought to have caught Lyth long and long ago. What are such dummies fit for?"

"But, Charles, you know that they would have acted meanly and dishonestly if they had done so. They promised not to catch him; and they carried out their promise."

"Matilda, such questions are beyond you altogether. You can not be expected to understand the service. One of those trumpery, half-decked craft—or they used to be half-deckers in my time—has had three of those fresh-meat Jemmies over her in a single twelvemonth. But of course they were all bound by the bargain they had made. As for that, small thanks to them. How could they catch him, when I couldn't? They chop and they change so, I forget their names; my head is not so good as it was, with getting so much moonlight."

"Nonsense, Charles; you know them like your fingers. But I know what you want; you want Geraldine, you are so proud to hear her tell it."

"Tilly, you are worse. You love to hear her say it. Well, call her in, and let her do it. She is making an oyster-shell cradle over there, with two of the blessed babies."

"Charles, how very profane you are! All babes are blest by the Lord, in an independent parable, whether they can

walk, or crawl, or put up their feet and take nourishment. Jerry, you come in this very moment. What are you doing with your two brothers there, and a dead skate—bless the children! Now say the cutters and their captains."

Geraldine, who was a pretty little girl, as well as a good and clever one, swept her wind-tossed hair aside, and began to repeat her lesson; for which she sometimes got a penny when her father had made a good dinner.

"His Majesty's cutter *Swordfish*, Commander Nettlebones, senior officer of the eastern division after my papa, although a very young man still, carries a swivel-gun and two bow-chasers. His Majesty's cutter *Kestrel*, commanded by Lieutenant Bowler, is armed with three long-John's, or strap-guns, capable of carrying a pound of shrapnel. His Majesty's cutter *Albatross*, Lieutenant Corkoran Donovan, carries no artillery yet—"

"Not artillery—guns, child; your mother calls them 'artillery.'"

"Carries no guns yet, because she was captured from the foreign enemy; and as yet she has not been reported stanch, since the British fire made a hole in her. It is, however, expected that those asses at the dock-yard—"

"Geraldine, how often must I tell you that you are not to use that word? It is your father's expression."

"It is, however, expected that those donkeys at the dock-yard will recommend her to be fitted with two brass howisyers."

"Howitzers, my darling. Spell that word, and you shall have your penny. Now you may run out and play again. Give your old father a pretty kiss for it. I often wish," continued the lieutenant, as his daughter flew back to the dead skate and the babies, "that I had only got that child's clear head. Sometimes the worry is too much for me. And now if Nettlebones catches Robin Lyth, to a certainty I shall be superseded, and all of us go to the workhouse. Oh, Tilly, why won't your old aunt die? We might be so happy afterward."

"Charles, it is not only sinful, but wicked, to show any wish to hurry her. The Lord knows best what is good for us; and our prayers upon such matters should be silent."

"Well, mine would be silent and loud too, according to the best chance of being heard. Not that I would harm the poor old soul; I wish her every heavenly blessing; and her time is come for all of them. But I never like to think of that, because one's own time might come first. I have felt very much out of spirits to-day, as my poor father did the day before he got his billet. You know, Matilda, he was under old Boscawen, and was killed by the very first shot fired; it must be five-and-forty years ago. How my mother did cry, to be sure! But I was too young to understand it. Ah, she had a bad time with us all! Matilda, what would you do without me?"

"Why, Charles, you are not a bit like yourself. Don't go to-night; stay at home for once. And the weather is very uncertain, too. They never will attempt their job to-night. Countermand the boats, dear; I will send word to stop them. You shall not even go out of the house yourself."

"As if it were possible! I am not an old woman, nor even an old man yet, I hope. In half an hour I must be off. There will be good time for a pipe. One more pipe in the old home, Tilly. After all I am well contented with it, although now and then I grumble; and I don't like so much cleaning."

"The cleaning must be done; I could never leave off that. Your room is going to be turned out to-morrow, and before you go you must put away your papers, unless you wish me to do it. You really never seem to understand when things are really important. Do you wish me to have a great fever in the house? It is a fortnight since your boards were scrubbed; and how can you think of smoking?"

"Very well, Tilly, I can have it by-and-by, 'upon the dancing waves,' as little Tommy has picked up the song. Only I can not let the men on duty; and to see them longing destroys my pleasure. Lord, how many times I should like to pass my pipe to Dick, or Ellis, if discipline allowed of it! A thing of that sort is not like feeding, which must be kept apart by nature; but this by custom only."

"And a very good custom, and most needful," answered Mrs. Carroway. "I never can see why men should want to do all sorts of foolish things with tobacco—dirty stuff, and full of dust. No sooner do they begin, like a tinder-box, than one would think that it made them all

alike. They want to see another body puffing two great streams of reeking smoke from pipe and from mouth, as if their own was not enough; and their good resolutions to speak truth of one another float away like so much smoke; and they fill themselves with bad charity. Sir Walter Raleigh deserved his head off, and Henry the Eighth knew what was right."

"My dear, I fancy that your history is wrong. The king only chopped off his own wives' heads. But the moral of the lesson is the same. I will go and put away my papers. It will very soon be dark enough for us to start."

"Charles, I can not bear your going. The weather is so dark, and the sea so lonely, and the waves are making such a melancholy sound. It is not like the summer nights, when I can see you six miles off, with the moon upon the sails, and the land out of the way. Let anybody catch him that has the luck. Don't go this time, Charley."

Carroway kissed his wife, and sent her to the baby, who was squalling well up stairs. And when she came down he was ready to start, and she brought the baby for him to kiss.

"Good-by, little chap—good-by, dear wife." With his usual vigor and flourish, he said, "I never knew how to kiss a baby, though I have had such a lot of them."

"Good-by, Charley dear. All your things are right; and here is the key of the locker. You are fitted out for three days; but you must on no account make that time of it. To-morrow I shall be very busy, but you must be home by the evening. Perhaps there will be a favorite thing of yours for supper. You are going a long way; but don't be long."

"Good-by, Tilly darling—good-by, Jerry dear—good-by, Tommy boy, and all my countless family. I am coming home to-morrow with a mint of money."

CHAPTER XXIX.

TACTICS OF DEFENSE.

THE sea at this time was not pleasant, and nobody looking at it longed to employ upon it any members of a shorter reach than eyes.

It was not rushing upon the land, nor running largely in the offing, nor making white streaks on the shoals; neither in any other places doing things remarkable. No sign whatever of coming storm or gathering fury moved it; only it was sullen, heavy, petulant, and out of sorts. It went about its business in a state of lumps irregular, without long billows or big furrows, as if it took the impulse more of distant waters than of wind; and its color was a dirty green. Ancient fishermen hate this, and ancient mariners do the same; for then the fish lie sulking on their bellies, and then the ship wallows without gift of sail.

"Bear off, Tomkins, and lay by till the ebb. I can only say, dash the whole of it!"

Commander Nettlebones, of the *Sword-fish*, gave this order in disgust at last; for the tide was against her, with a heavy pitch of sea, and the mainsail scarcely drew the sheet. What little wind there was came off the land, and would have been fair if it had been firm; but often it dropped altogether where the cliffs, or the clouds that lay upon them, held it. The cutter had slipped away from Scarborough, as soon as it was dark last night, under orders for Robin Hood's Bay, where the *Albatross* and *Kestrel* were to meet her, bring tidings, and take orders. Partly by coast-riding, and partly by coast signals, it had been arranged that these three revenue cruisers should come together in a lonely place during the haze of November morning, and hold privy council of importance. From Scarborough, with any wind at all, or even with ordinary tide-run, a coal barge might almost make sure of getting to Robin Hood's Bay in six hours, if the sea was fit to swim in. Yet here was a cutter that valued herself upon her sailing powers already eighteen hours out, and headed back perpetually, like a donkey-plough. Commander Nettlebones could not understand it, and the more impatient he became, the less could he enter into it. The sea was nasty, and the wind uncertain, also the tide against him; but how often had such things combined to hinder, and yet he had made much fairer way! Fore and aft he bestrode the planks, and cast keen eyes at everything, above, around, or underneath, but nothing showed him anything. Nettlebones was a Cornishman, and Cornishmen at that time had a reverent faith in witch-

craft. "Robin Lyth has bought the powers, or ancient Carroway has done it," he said to himself, in stronger language than is now reportable. "Old Carroway is against us, I know, from his confounded jealousy; and this cursed delay will floor all my plans."

He deserved to have his best plans floored for such vile suspicion of Carroway. Whatever the brave lieutenant did was loyal, faithful, and well aboveboard. Against the enemy he had his plans, as every great commander must, and he certainly did not desire to have his glory stolen by Nettlebones. But that he would have suffered, with only a grin at the bad luck so habitual; to do any crooked thing against it was not in his nature. The cause of the grief of Commander Nettlebones lay far away from Carroway; and free trade was at the bottom of it.

For now this trim and lively craft was doing herself but scanty credit, either on or off a wind. She was like a poor cat with her tail in a gin, which sadly obstructs her progress; even more was she like to the little horse of wood, which sits on the edge of a table and gallops, with a balance weight limiting his energies. None of the crew could understand it, if they were to be believed; and the more sagacious talked of currents and mysterious "under-tow." And sure enough it was under-tow, the mystery of which was simple. One of the very best hands on board was a hardy seaman from Flamborough, akin to old Robin Cockscroft, and no stranger to his adopted son. This gallant seaman fully entered into the value of long leverage, and he made fine use of a plug-hole which had come to his knowledge behind his berth. It was just above the water-line, and out of sight from deck, because the hollow of the run was there. And long ere the lights of Scarborough died into the haze of night, as the cutter began to cleave watery way, the sailor passed a stout new rope from a belaying-pin through this hole, and then he betrayed his watch on deck by hauling the end up with a clew, and gently returning it to the deep with a long grappling-iron made fast to it. This had not fluke enough to lay fast hold and bring the vessel up; for in that case it would have been immediately discovered; but it dragged along the bottom like a trawl, and by its weight, and a hitch every now and then in some hole, it hampered quite sufficiently the objectionable voyage. Instead of meeting her consorts in the cloud of early morning, the *Swordfish* was scarcely abreast of the Southern Cheek by the middle of the afternoon. No wonder if Commander Nettlebones was in a fury long ere that, and fitted neither to give nor take the counsel of calm wisdom; and this condition of his mind, as well as the loss of precious time, should have been taken into more consideration by those who condemned him for the things that followed.

"Better late than never, as they say," he cried, when the *Kestrel* and the *Albatross* hove in sight. "Tomkins, signal to make sail and close. We seem to be moving more lively at last. I suppose we are out of that infernal under-tow."

"Well, sir, she seems like herself a little more. She've had a witch on board of her, that's where it is. When I were a younker, just joined his Majesty's forty-two-gun frigate—"

"Stow that, Tomkins. No time now. I remember all about it, and very good it is. Let us have it all again when this job is done with. Bowler and Donovan will pick holes if they can, after waiting for us half a day. Not a word about our slow sailing, mind; leave that to me. They are framptious enough. Have everything trim, and all hands ready. When they range within hail, sing out for both to come to me."

It was pretty to see the three cutters meet, all handled as smartly as possible; for the Flamborough man had cast off his clog, and the *Swordfish* again was as nimble as need be. Lieutenants Bowler and Donovan were soon in the cabin of their senior officer, and durst not question him very strictly as to his breach of rendezvous, for his manner was short and sharp with them.

"There is plenty of time, if we waste it not in talking," he said, when they had finished comparing notes. "All these reports we are bound to receive and consider; but I believe none of them. The reason why poor Carroway has made nothing but a mess of it is that he will listen to the country people's tales. They are all bound together, all tarred with one brush —all stuffed with a heap of lies, to send us wrong; and as for the fishing-boats, and what they see, I have been here long enough already to be sure that their fish-

ing is a sham nine times in ten, and their real business is to help those rogues. Our plan is to listen, and pretend to be misled."

"True for you, captain," cried the ardent Donovan. "You 'bout ship as soon as you can see them out of sight."

"My own opinion is this," said Bowler, "that we never shall catch any fellow until we have a large sum of money placed at our disposal. The general feeling is in their favor, and against us entirely. Why is it in their favor? Because they are generally supposed to run great risks, and suffer great hardships. And so they do; but not half so much as we do, who keep the sea in all sorts of weather, while they can choose their own. Also because they outrun the law, which nature makes everybody long to do, and admire the lucky ones who can. But most of all because they are free-handed, and we can be only niggards. They rob the king with impunity, because they pay well for doing it; and he pays badly, or not at all, to defend himself from robbery. If we had a thousand pounds apiece, with orders to spend it on public service, take no receipt, and give no account, I am sure that in three months we could stop all contraband work upon this coast."

"Upon me sowl and so we could; and it's meself that would go into the trade, so soon as it was stopped with the thousand pounds."

"We have no time for talking nonsense;" answered Nettlebones, severely, according to the universal law that the man who has wasted the time of others gets into a flurry about his own. "Your suggestion, Bowler, is a very wise one, and as full as possible of common-sense. You also, Donovan, have shown with great sagacity what might come of it thereafter. But unluckily we have to get on as we can, without sixpence to spare for anybody. We know that the fishermen and people on the coast, and especially the womankind, are all to a man—as our good friend here would say—banded in league against us. Nevertheless, this landing shall not be, at least upon our district. What happens north of Teesmouth is none of our business; and we should have the laugh of the old Scotchman there, if they pay him a visit, as I hope they may; for he cuts many jokes at our expense. But, by the Lord Harry, there shall be no run between the Tees and Yare, this side of Christmas. If there is, we may call ourselves three old women. Shake hands, gentlemen, upon that point; and we will have a glass of grog to it."

This was friendly, and rejoiced them all; for Nettlebones had been stiff at first. Readily enough they took his orders, which seemed to make it impossible almost for anything large to slip between them, except in case of a heavy fog; and in that case they were to land, and post their outlooks near the likely places.

"We have shed no blood yet, and I hope we never shall," said the senior officer, pleasantly. "The smugglers of this coast are too wise, and I hope too kind-hearted, for that sort of work. They are not like those desperate scoundrels of Sussex. When these men are nabbed, they give up their venture as soon as it goes beyond cudgel-play, and they never lie in wait for a murderous revenge. In the south I have known a very different race, who would jump on an officer till he died, or lash him to death with their long cart-whips; such fellows as broke open Poole Custom-house, and murdered poor Galley and Cator, and the rest, in a manner that makes human blood run cold. It was some time back; but their sons are just as bad. Smuggling turns them all to devils."

"My belief is," said Bowler, who had a gift of looking at things from an outer point of view, "that these fellows never propose to themselves to transgress the law, but to carry it out according to their own interpretation. One of them reasoned with me some time ago, and he talked so well about the Constitution that I was at a loss to answer him."

"Me jewel, forbear," shouted Donovan; "a clout on the head is the only answer for them Constitutionals. Niver will it go out of my mind about the time I was last in Cark; shure, thin, and it was holiday-time; and me sister's wife's cousin, young Tim O'Brady—Tim says to me, 'Now, Corkoran, me lad—'"

"Donovan," Nettlebones suddenly broke in, "we will have that story, which I can see by the cut of your jib is too good to be hurried, when first we come together after business done. The sun will be down in less than half an hour, and by that time we all must be well under way. We are watched from the land, as I need not tell you, and we must not let them spy for nothing. They shall see us all stand out to sea to catch them in the open, as I said in the town-hall of Scarborough yester-

day, on purpose. Everybody laughed; but I stuck to it, knowing how far the tale would go. They take it for a crotchet of mine, and will expect it, especially after they have seen us standing out; and their plans will be laid accordingly."

"The head-piece ye have is beyont me inthirely. And if ye stand out, how will ye lay close inshore?"

"By returning, my good friend, before the morning breaks; each man to his station, lying as close as can be by day, with proper outlooks hidden at the points, but standing along the coast every night, and communicating with sentries. Have nothing to say to any fishing-boats—they are nearly all spies—and that puzzles them. This Robin Hood's Bay is our centre for the present, unless there comes change of weather. Donovan's beat is from Whitby to Teesmouth, mine from Whitby to Scarborough, and Bowler's thence to Flamborough. Carroway goes where he likes, of course, as the manner of the man is. He is a little in the doldrums now, and likely enough to come meddling. From Flamborough to Hornsea is left to him, and quite as much as he can manage. Further south there is no fear; our Yarmouth men will see to that. Now I think that you quite understand. Good-by; we shall nab some of them to a certainty this time; they are trying it on too large a scale."

"If they runs any goods through me, then just ye may reckon the legs of me four times over."

"And if they slip in past me," said Bowler, "without a thick fog, or a storm that drives me off, I will believe more than all the wonders told of Robin Lyth."

"Oh! concerning that fellow, by-the-bye," Commander Nettlebones stopped his brother officers as they were making off; "you know what a point poor Carroway has made, even before I was sent down here, of catching the celebrated Robin for himself. He has even let his fellows fire at him once or twice when he was quietly departing, although we are not allowed to shoot except upon strenuous resistance. Cannon we may fire, but no muskets, according to wise ordinance. Luckily, he has not hit him yet; and, upon the whole, we should be glad of it, for the young fellow is a prime sailor, as you know, and would make fine stuff for Nelson. Therefore we must do one thing of two—let Carroway catch him, and get the money to pay for all the breeches and the petticoats we saw; or if we catch him ourselves, say nothing, but draft him right off to the *Harpy*. You understand me. It is below us to get blood-money upon the man. We are gentlemen, not thief-catchers."

The Irishman agreed to this at once, but Bowler was not well pleased with it. "Our duty is to give him up," he said.

"Your duty is to take my orders," answered Nettlebones, severely. "If there is a fuss about it, lay the blame on me. I know what I am about in what I say. Gentlemen, good-by, and good luck to you."

After long shivers in teeth of the wind and pendulous labor of rolling, the three cutters joyfully took the word to go. With a creak, and a cant, and a swish of canvas, upon their light heels they flew round, and trembled with the eagerness of leaping on their way. The taper boom dipped toward the running hills of sea, and the jib-foreleech drew a white arc against the darkness of the sky to the bowsprit's plunge. Then, as each keen cut-water clove with the pressure of the wind upon the beam, and the glistening bends lay over, green hurry of surges streaked with gray began the quick dance along them. Away they went merrily, scattering the brine, and leaving broad tracks upon the closing sea.

Away also went, at a rapid scamper, three men who had watched them from the breast-work of the cliffs—one went northward, another to the south, and the third rode a pony up an inland lane. Swiftly as the cutters flew over the sea, the tidings of their flight took wing ashore, and before the night swallowed up their distant sails, everybody on the land whom it concerned to know, knew as well as their steersmen what course they had laid.

CHAPTER XXX.

INLAND OPINION.

WHATEVER may be said, it does seem hard, from a wholly disinterested point of view, that so many mighty men, with swift ships, armed with villainous saltpetre and sharp steel, should have set their keen faces all together and at once to nip, defeat, and destroy as with a blow, liberal and well-conceived proceedings, which they had

long regarded with a larger mind. Every one who had been led to embark soundly and kindly in this branch of trade felt it as an outrage and a special instance of his own peculiar bad luck that suddenly the officers should become so active. For long success had encouraged enterprise; men who had made a noble profit nobly yearned to treble it; and commerce, having shaken off her shackles, flapped her wings and began to crow; so at least she had been declared to do at a public banquet given by the Mayor of Malton, and attended by a large grain factor, who was known as a wholesale purveyor of illicit goods.

This man, Thomas Rideout, long had been the head-master of the smuggling school. The poor sea-faring men could not find money to buy, or even hire, the craft (with heavy deposit against forfeiture) which the breadth and turbulence of the North Sea made needful for such ventures. Across the narrow English Channel an open lobster boat might run, in common summer weather, without much risk of life or goods. Smooth water, sandy coves, and shelfy landings tempted comfortable jobs; and any man owning a boat that would carry a sail as big as a shawl might smuggle, with heed of the weather, and audacity. It is said that once upon the Sussex coast a band of haymakers, when the rick was done, and their wages in hand on a Saturday night, laid hold of a stout boat on the beach, pushed off to sea in tipsy faith of luck, and hit upon Dieppe with a set-fair breeze, having only a fisherman's boy for guide. There on the Sunday they heartily enjoyed the hospitality of the natives; and the dawn of Tuesday beheld them rapt in domestic bliss and breakfast, with their money invested in old Cognac; and glad would they have been to make such hay every season. But in Yorkshire a good solid capital was needed to carry on free importation. Without broad bottoms and deep sides, the long and turbulent and often foggy voyage, and the rocky landing, could scarcely be attempted by sane folk; well-to-do people found the money, and jeopardized neither their own bodies, consciences, nor good repute. And perhaps this fact had more to do with the comparative mildness of the men than difference of race, superior culture, or a loftier mould of mind; for what man will fight for his employer's goods with the ferocity inspired by his own? A thorough good ducking, or a tow behind a boat, was the utmost penalty generally exacted by the victors from the vanquished.

Now, however, it seemed too likely that harder measures must be meted. The long success of that daring Lyth, and the large scale of his operations, had compelled the authorities to stir at last. They began by setting a high price upon him, and severely reprimanding Carroway, who had long been doing his best in vain, and becoming flurried, did it more vainly still; and now they had sent the sharp Nettlebones down, who boasted largely, but as yet without result. The smugglers, however, were aware of added peril, and raised their wages accordingly.

When the pending great venture was resolved upon, as a noble finish to the season, Thomas Rideout would intrust it to no one but Robin Lyth himself; and the bold young mariner stipulated that after succeeding he should be free, and started in some more lawful business. For Dr. Upround, possessing as he did great influence with Robin, and shocked as he was by what Carroway had said, refused to have anything more to do with his most distinguished parishioner until he should forsake his ways. And for this he must not be thought narrow-minded, strait-laced, or unduly dignified. His wife quite agreed with him, and indeed had urged it as the only proper course; for her motherly mind was uneasy about the impulsive nature of Janetta; and chess-men to her were dolls, without even the merit of encouraging the needle. Therefore, with a deep sigh, the worthy magistrate put away his board —which came out again next day—and did his best to endure for a night the arithmetical torture of cribbage; while he found himself supported by a sense of duty, and capable of preaching hard at Carroway if he would only come for it on Sunday.

From that perhaps an officer of revenue may abstain, through the pressure of his duty and his purity of conscience; but a man of less correctness must behave more strictly. Therefore, when a gentleman of vigorous aspect, resolute step, and successful-looking forehead marched into church the next Sunday morning, showed himself into a prominent position, and hung his hat against a leading pillar, aft-

er putting his mouth into it, as if for prayer, but scarcely long enough to say "Amen," behind other hats low whispers passed that here was the great financier of free trade, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of smuggling, the celebrated Master Rideout.

That conclusion was shared by the rector, whose heart immediately burned within him to have at this man, whom he had met before and suspiciously glanced at in Weighing Lane, as an interloper in his parish. Probably this was the very man whom Robin Lyth served too faithfully; and the chances were that the great operations now known to be pending had brought him hither, spying out all Flamborough. The corruption of fish-folk, the beguiling of women with foreign silks and laces, and of men with brandy, the seduction of Robin from lawful commerce, and even the loss of his own pet pastime, were to be laid at this man's door. While donning his surplice, Dr. Upround revolved these things with gentle indignation, quickened, as soon as he found himself in white, by clerical and theological zeal. These feelings impelled him to produce a creaking of the heavy vestry door, a well-known signal for his daughter to slip out of the chancel pew and come to him.

"Now, papa, what is it?" cried that quick young lady; "that miserable Methodist that ruined your boots, has he got the impudence to come again? Oh, please do say so, and show me where he is; after church nobody shall stop me—"

"Janetta, you quite forget where you are, as well as my present condition. Be off like a good girl, as quick as you can, and bring No. 27 of my own handwriting —'Render unto Cæsar'—and put my hat upon it. My desire is that Billyjack should not know that a change has been made in my subject of discourse."

"Papa, I see; it shall be done to perfection, while Billyjack is at his very loudest roar in the chorus of the anthem. But do tell me who it is; or how can I enjoy it? And lemon drops—lemon drops—"

"Janetta, I must have some very serious talk with you. Now don't be vexed, darling; you are a thoroughly good girl, only thoughtless and careless; and remember, dear, church is not a place for high spirits."

The rector, as behooved him, kissed his child behind the vestry door, to soothe all sting, and then he strode forth toward the reading-desk; and the tuning of fiddles sank to deferential scrape.

It was not at all a common thing, as one might know, for Widow Precious to be able to escape from casks and taps, and the frying pan of eggs demanded by some half-drowned fisherman, also the reckoning of notches on the bench for the pints of the week unpaid for, and then to put herself into her two best gowns (which she wore in the winter, one over the other—a plan to be highly commended to ladies who never can have dress enough), and so to enjoy, without losing a penny, the warmth of the neighborhood of a congregation. In the afternoon she could hardly ever do it, even if she had so wished, with knowledge that this was common people's time; so if she went at all, it must—in spite of the difference of length—be managed in the morning. And this very morning here she was, earnest, humble, and devout, with both the tap keys in her pocket, and turning the leaves with a smack of her thumb, not only to show her learning, but to get the sweet approval of the rector's pew.

Now if the good rector had sent for this lady, instead of his daughter Janetta, the sermon which he brought would have been the one to preach, and that about Cæsar might have stopped at home; for no sooner did the widow begin to look about, taking in the congregation with a dignified eye, and nodding to her solvent customers, than the wrath of perplexity began to gather on her goodly countenance. To see that distinguished stranger was to know him ever afterward; his power of eating, and of paying, had endeared his memory; and for him to put up at any other house were foul shame to the "Cod Fish."

"Hath a' put up his beastie?" she whispered to her eldest daughter, who came in late.

"Naa, naa, no beastie," the child replied, and the widow's relish of her thumb was gone; for, sooth to say, no Master Rideout, nor any other patron of free trade was here, but Geoffrey Mordacks, of York city, general factor, and universal agent.

It was beautiful to see how Dr. Upround, firmly delivering his text, and stoutly determined to spare nobody, even insisted in the present case upon looking

at the man he meant to hit, because he was not his parishioner. The sermon was eloquent, and even trenchant. The necessity of duties was urged most sternly; if not of directly Divine institution (though learned parallels were adduced which almost proved them to be so), yet to every decent Christian citizen they were synonymous with duty. To defy or elude them, for the sake of paltry gain, was a dark crime recoiling on the criminal; and the preacher drew a contrast between such guilty ways and the innocent path of the fisherman. Neither did he even relent and comfort, according to his custom, toward the end; that part was there, but he left it out; and the only consolation for any poor smuggler in all the discourse was the final Amen.

But to the rector's great amazement, and inward indignation, the object of his sermon seemed to take it as a personal compliment. Mr. Mordacks not only failed to wince, but finding himself particularly fixed by the gaze of the eloquent divine, concluded that it was from his superior intelligence, and visible gifts of appreciation. Delighted with this—for he was not free from vanity—what did he do but return the compliment, not indecorously, but nodding very gently, as much as to say, "That was very good indeed, you were quite right, sir, in addressing that to me; you perceive that it is far above these common people. I never heard a better sermon."

"What a hardened rogue you are!" thought Dr. Uproud; "how feebly and incapably I must have put it! If you ever come again, you shall have my Ahab sermon."

But the clergyman was still more astonished a very few minutes afterward. For, as he passed out of the church-yard gate, receiving, with his wife and daughter, the kindly salute of the parish, the same tall stranger stood before him, with a face as hard as a statue's, and, making a short, quick flourish with his hat, begged for the honor of shaking his hand.

"Sir, it is to thank you for the very finest sermon I ever had the privilege of hearing. My name is Mordacks, and I flatter nobody—except myself—that I know a good thing when I get it."

"Sir, I am obliged to you," said Dr. Uproud, stiffly, and not without suspicion of being bantered, so dry was the stranger's countenance, and his manner so peculiar; "and if I have been enabled to say a good word in season, and its season lasts, it will be a source of satisfaction to me."

"Yes, I fear there are many smugglers here. But I am no revenue officer, as your congregation seemed to think. May I call upon business to-morrow, sir? Thank you; then may I say ten o'clock—your time of beginning, as I hear? Mordacks is my name, sir, of York city, not unfavorably known there. Ladies, my duty to you!"

"What an extraordinary man, my dear!" Mrs. Uproud exclaimed, with some ingratitude, after the beautiful bow she had received. "He may talk as he likes, but he must be a smuggler. He said that he was not an officer; that shows it, for they always run into the opposite extreme. You have converted him, my dear; and I am sure that we ought to be so much obliged to him. If he comes to-morrow morning to give up all his lace, do try to remember how my little all has been ruined in the wash, and I am sick of working at it."

"My dear, he is no smuggler. I begin to recollect. He was down here in the summer, and I made a great mistake. I took him for Rideout; and I did the same to-day. When I see him to-morrow, I shall beg his pardon. One gets so hurried in the vestry always; they are so impatient with their fiddles! A great deal of it was Janetta's fault."

"It always is my fault, papa, somehow or other," the young lady answered, with a faultless smile: and so they went home to the early Sunday dinner.

"Papa, I am in such a state of excitement; I am quite unfit to go to church this afternoon," Miss Uproud exclaimed, as they set forth again. "You may put me in stocks made out of hassocks—you may rope me to the Flodden Field man's monument, of the ominous name of 'Constable;' but whatever you do, I shall never attend; and I feel that it is so sinful."

"Janetta, your mamma has that feeling sometimes; for instance, she has it this afternoon; and there is a good deal to be said for it. But I fear that it would grow with indulgence."

"I can firmly fancy that it never would; though one can not be sure without trying. Suppose that I were to try it just once, and let you know how it feels at tea-time?"

"My dear, we are quite round the corner of the lane. The example would be too shocking."

"Now don't you make any excuses, papa. Only one woman can have seen us yet; and she is so blind she will think it was her fault. May I go? Quick, before any one else comes."

"If you are quite sure, Janetta, of being in a frame of mind which unfits you for the worship of your Maker—"

"As sure as a pike-staff, dear papa."

"Then, by all means, go before anybody sees you, for whom it might be undesirable; and correct your thoughts, and endeavor to get into a befitting state of mind by tea-time."

"Certainly, papa. I will go down on the stones, and look at the sea. That always makes me better; because it is so large and so uncomfortable."

The rector went on to do his duty, by himself. A narrow-minded man might have shaken solemn head, even if he had allowed such dereliction. But Dr. Upround knew that the girl was good, and he never put strain upon her honesty. So away she sped by a lonely little foot-path, where nobody could take from her contagion of bad morals; and avoiding the incline of boats, she made off nicely for the quiet outer bay, and there, upon a shelfy rock, she sat and breathed the sea.

Flamborough, excellent place as it is, and delightful, and full of interest for people who do not live there, is apt to grow dull perhaps for spirited youth, in the scanty and foggy winter light. There is not so very much of that choice product generally called "society" by a man who has a house to let in an eligible neighborhood, and by ladies who do not heed their own. Moreover, it is vexatious not to have more rogues to talk about.

That scarcity may be less lamentable now, being one that takes care to redress itself, and perhaps any amateur purchaser of fish may find rogues enough now for his interest. But the rector's daughter pined for neither society nor scandal: she had plenty of interest in her life, and in pleasing other people, whenever she could do it with pleasure to herself, and that was nearly always. Her present ailment was not languor, weariness, or dullness, but rather the want of such things; which we long for when they happen to be scarce, and declare them to be our first need, under the sweet name of repose.

Her mind was a little disturbed by rumors, wonders, and uncertainty. She was not at all in love with Robin Lyth, and laughed at his vanity quite as much as she admired his gallantry. She looked upon him also as of lower rank, kindly patronized by her father, but not to be treated as upon an equal footing. He might be of any rank, for all that was known; but he must be taken to belong to those who had brought him up and fed him. Janetta was a lively girl, of quick perception and some discretion, though she often talked much nonsense. She was rather proud of her position, and somewhat disdainful of uneducated folk; though (thanks to her father) Lyth was not one of these. Possibly love (if she had felt it) would have swept away such barriers; but Robin was grateful to his patron, and, knowing his own place in life, would rightly have thought it a mean return to attempt to inveigle the daughter. So they liked one another—but nothing more. It was not, therefore, for his sake only, but for her father's, and that of the place, that Miss Upround now was anxious. For days and days she had watched the sea with unusual forebodings, knowing that a great importation was toward, and pretty sure to lead to blows, after so much preparation. With feminine zeal, she detested poor Carroway, whom she regarded as a tyrant and a spy; and she would have clapped her hands at beholding the three cruisers run upon a shoal, and there stick fast. And as for King George, she had never believed that he was the proper King of England. There were many stanch Jacobites still in Yorkshire, and especially the bright young ladies.

To-night, at least, the coast was likely to be uninvaded. Smugglers, even if their own forces would make breach upon the day of rest, durst not outrage the piety of the land, which would only deal with kegs in-doors. The coast-guard, being for the most part southerns, splashed about as usual—a far more heinous sin against the Word of God than smuggling. It is the manner of Yorkshiremen to think for themselves, with boldness, in the way they are brought up to: and they made it a point of serious doubt whether the orders of the king himself could set aside the Fourth Commandment, though his arms were over it.

Dr. Upround's daughter, as she watched

the sea, felt sure that, even if the goods were ready, no attempt at landing would be made that night, though something might be done in the morning. But even that was not very likely, because (as seemed to be widely known) the venture was a very large one, and the landers would require a whole night's work to get entirely through with it.

"I wish it was over, one way or the other," she kept on saying to herself, as she gazed at the dark, weary lifting of the sea; "it keeps one unsettled as the waves themselves. Sunday always makes me feel restless, because there is so little to do. It is wicked, I suppose; but how can I help it? Why, there is a boat, I do declare! Well, even a boat is welcome, just to break this gray monotony. What boat can it be? None of ours, of course. And what can they want with our Church Cave? I hope they understand its dangers."

Although the wind was not upon the shore, and no long rollers were setting in, short, uncomfortable, clumsy waves were lolloping under the steep gray cliffs, and casting up splashes of white here and there. To enter that cave is a risky thing, except at very favorable times, and even then some experience is needed, for the rocks around it are like knives, and the boat must generally be backed in, with more use of fender and hook than of oars. But the people in the boat seemed to understand all that. There were two men rowing, and one steering with an oar, and a fourth standing up, as if to give directions; though in truth he knew nothing about it, but hated even to seem to play second fiddle.

"What a strange thing!" Janetta thought, as she drew behind a rock, that they might not see her. "I could almost declare that the man standing up is that most extraordinary gentleman papa preached quite the wrong sermon at. Truly he deserves the Ahab one, for spying our caves out on a Sunday. He must be a smuggler, after all, or a very crafty agent of the Revenue. Well, I never! That old man steering, as sure as I live, is Robin Cockscroft, by the scarlet handkerchief round his head. Oh, Robin! Robin! could I ever have believed that you would break the Sabbath so? But the boat is not Robin's. What boat can it be? I have not staid away from church for nothing. One of the men rowing has got no legs, when the boat goes up and down. It must be that villain of a tipsy Joe, who used to keep the 'Monument.' I heard that he was come back again, to stump for his beer as usual: and his son, that sings like the big church bell, and has such a very fine face and one leg—why, he is the man that pulls the other oar. Was there ever such a boat-load? But they know what they are doing."

Truly it was, as the young lady said, an extraordinary boat's crew. Old Robin Cockscroft, with a fringe of silver hair escaping from the crimson silk, which he valued so much more than it, and his face still grand (in spite of wrinkles and some weakness of the eyes), keenly understanding every wave, its character, temper, and complexity of influence, as only a man can understand who has for his life stood over them. Then tugging at the oars, or rather dipping them with a short well-practiced plunge, and very little toil of body, two ancient sailors, one considerably older than the other, inasmuch as he was his father, yet chips alike from a sturdy block, and fitted up with jury-stumps. Old Joe pulled rather the better oar, and called his son "a one-legged fiddler" when he missed the dip of wave; while Mordacks stood with his legs apart, and playing the easy part of critic, had his sneers at both of them. But they let him gibe to his liking; because they knew their work, and he did not. And, upon the whole, they went merrily.

The only one with any doubt concerning the issue of the job was the one who knew most about it, and that was Robin Cockscroft. He doubted not about want of strength, or skill, or discipline of his oars, but because the boat was not Flamburian, but borrowed from a collier round the Head. No Flamborough boat would ever think of putting to sea on a Sunday, unless it were to save human life; and it seemed to him that no strange boat could find her way into the native caves. He doubted also whether, even with the pressure of strong motive put upon him, which was not of money, it was a godly thing on his part to be steering in his Sunday clothes; and he feared to hear of it thereafter. But being in for it, he must do his utmost.

With genuine skill and solid patience, the entrance of the cave was made, and the boat was lost to Janetta's view. She as well was lost in the deeper cavern of

great wonder, and waited long, and much desired to wait even longer, to see them issue forth again, and learn what they could have been after. But the mist out of which they had come, and inside of which they would rather have remained perhaps, now thickened over land and sea, and groping dreamily for something to lay hold of, found a solid stay and rest-hold in the jagged headlands here. Here, accordingly, the coilings of the wandering forms began to slide into strait layers, and soft settlement of vapor. Loops of hanging moisture marked the hollows of the land-front, or the alleys of the waning light; and then the mass abandoned outline, fused its shades to pulp, and melted into one great blur of rain. Janetta thought of her Sunday frock, forgot the boat, and sped away for home.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TACTICS OF ATTACK.

"I AM sorry to be troublesome, Mynheer Van Dunck, but I can not say good-by without having your receipt in full for the old bilander."

"Goot, it is vere good, Meester Lyth; you are te goot man for te pisness."

With these words the wealthy merchant of the Zuyder-Zee drew forth his ancient inkhorn, smeared with the dirt of countless contracts, and signed an acquittance which the smuggler had prepared. But he signed it with a sigh, as a man declares that a favorite horse must go at last; sighing, not for the money, but the memories that go with it. Then, as the wind began to pipe, and the roll of the sea grew heavier, the solid Dutchman was lowered carefully into his shore boat, and drew the apron over his great and gouty legs.

"I vos married in dat zhips," he shouted back, with his ponderous fist wagging up at Robin Lyth. "Dis taime you will have de bad luck, sir."

"Well, mynheer, you have only to pay the difference, and the ketch will do; the bilander sails almost as fast."

But Master Van Dunck only heaved another sigh, and felt that his leather bag was safe and full in his breeches pocket. Then he turned his eyes away, and relieved his mind by swearing at his men.

Now this was off the Isle of Texel, and the time was Sunday morning, the very same morning which saw the general factor sitting to be preached at. The flotilla of free trade was putting forth upon its great emprise, and Van Dunck (who had been ship's husband) came to speed them from their moorings.

He took no risk, and to him it mattered little, except as a question of commission; but still he enjoyed the relish of breaking English law most heartily. He hated England, as a loyal Dutchman, for generations, was compelled to do; and he held that a Dutchman was a better sailor, a better ship-builder, and a better fighter than the very best Englishman ever born. However, his opinions mattered little, being (as we must feel) absurd. Therefore let him go his way, and grumble, and reckon his guilders. It was generally known that he could sink a ship with money; and when such a man is insolent, who dares to contradict him?

The flotilla in the offing soon ploughed hissing furrows through the misty waves. There were three craft, all of different rig—a schooner, a ketch, and the said bilander. All were laden as heavily as speed and safety would allow, and all were thoroughly well manned. They laid their course for the Dogger Bank, where they would receive the latest news of the disposition of the enemy. Robin Lyth, high admiral of smugglers, kept to his favorite schooner, the *Glimpse*, which had often shown a fading wake to fastest cutters. His squadron was made up by the ketch, *Good Hope*, and the old Dutch coaster, *Crown of Gold*. This vessel, though built for peaceful navigation and inland waters, had proved herself so thoroughly at home in the roughest situations, and so swift of foot, though round of cheek, that the smugglers gloried in her and the good luck which sat upon her prow. They called her "the lugger," though her rig was widely different from that, and her due title was "bilander." She was very deeply laden now, and, having great capacity, appeared an unusually tempting prize.

This grand armada of invasion made its way quite leisurely. Off the Dogger Bank they waited for the last news, and received it, and the whole of it was to their liking, though the fisherman who brought it strongly advised them to put back again. But Captain Lyth had no such thought, for the weather was most suitable for the bold scheme he had hit

upon. "This is my last run," he said, "and I mean to make it a good one." Then he dressed himself as smartly as if he were going to meet Mary Anerley, and sent a boat for the skippers of the *Good Hope*, and the *Crown of Gold*, who came very promptly and held counsel in his cabin.

"I'm thinking that your notion is a very good one, captain," said the master of the bilander, Brown, a dry old hand from Grimsby.

"Capital, capital; there never was a better," the master of the ketch chimed in. "Nettlebones and Carroway—they will knock their heads together!"

"The plan is clever enough," replied Robin, who was free from all mock-modesty. "But you heard what that old Van Dunck said. I wish he had not said it."

"Ten tousan' tuyfels—as the stingy old thief himself says—he might have held his infernal croak. I hate to make sail with a croak astern; 'tis as bad as a crow on forestay-sail."

"All very fine for you to talk," grumbled the man of the bilander to the master of the ketch; "but the bad luck is saddled upon me this voyage. You two get the gilgoes, and I the bilboes!"

"Brown, none of that!" Captain Lyth said, quietly, but with a look which the other understood; "you are not such a fool as you pretend to be. You may get a shot or two fired at you; but what is that to a Grimsby man? And who will look at you when your hold is broached? Your game is the easiest that any man can play—to hold your tongue and run away."

"Brown, you share the profits, don't you see?" the ketch man went on, while the other looked glum; "and what risk do you take for it? Even if they collar you, through your own clumsiness, what is there for them to do? A Grimsby man is a grumbling man, I have heard ever since I was that high. I'll change berths with you, if you choose, this minute."

"You could never do it," said the Grimsby man, with that high contempt which abounds where he was born—"a boy like you! I should like to see you try it."

"Remember, both of you," said Robin Lyth, "that you are not here to do as you please, but to obey my orders. If the coast-guard quarrel, we do not; and that is why we beat them. You will both do exactly as I have laid it down; and the risk of failure falls on me. The plan is very simple, and can not fail, if you will just try not to think for yourselves, which always makes everything go wrong. The only thing you have to think about at all is any sudden change of weather. If a gale from the east sets in, you both run north, and I come after you. But there will not be any easterly gale for the present week, to my belief; although I am not quite sure of it."

"Not a sign of it. Wind will hold with sunset, up to next quarter of the moon."

"The time I ha' been on the coast," said Brown, "and to hear the young chaps talking over my head! Never you mind how I know, but I'll lay a guinea with both of you—easterly gale afore Friday."

"Brown, you may be right," said Robin; "I have had some fear of it, and I know that you carry a weather eye. No man under forty can pretend to that. But if it will only hold off till Friday, we shall have the laugh of it. And even if it come on, Tom and I shall manage. But you will be badly off in that case, Brown. After all, you are right; the main danger is for you."

Lyth, knowing well how important it was that each man should play his part with true good-will, shifted his ground thus to satisfy the other, who was not the man to shrink from peril, but liked to have his share acknowledged.

"Ay, ay, captain, you see clear enough, though Tom here has not got the gumption," the man of Grimsby answered, with a lofty smile. "Everybody knows pretty well what William Brown is. When there is anything that needs a bit of pluck, it is sure to be put upon old Bill Brown. And never you come across the man, Captain Lyth, as could say that Bill Brown was not all there. Now orders is orders, lad. Tip us your latest."

"Then latest orders are to this effect. Toward dusk of night you stand in first, a league or more ahead of us, according to the daylight. Tom to the north of you, and me to the south, just within signaling distance. The *Kestrel* and *Albatross* will come to speak the *Swordfish* off Robin Hood's Bay, at that very hour, as we happen to be aware. You sight them, even before they sight you, because you know where to look for them, and you keep a sharper look-out, of course. Not one of them will sight us, so far off in the offing. Signal immediately, one, two, or three; and I heartily hope it will be all three.

Then you still stand in, as if you could not see them; and they begin to laugh, and draw inshore; knowing the bilander as they do, they will hug the cliffs for you to run into their jaws. Tom and I bear off, all sail, never allowing them to sight us. We crack on to the north and south, and by that time it will be nearly dark. You still carry on, till they know that you must see them; then 'bout ship, and crowd sail to escape. They give chase, and you lead them out to sea, and the longer you carry on, the better. Then, as they begin to fore-reach, and threaten to close, you 'bout ship again, as in despair, run under their counters, and stand in for the bay. They may fire at you; but it is not very likely, for they would not like to sink such a valuable prize; though nobody else would have much fear of that."

"Captain, I laugh at their brass kettle-pots. They may blaze away as blue as verdigris. Though an Englishman haven't no right to be shot at, only by a Frenchman."

"Very well, then, you hold on, like a Norfolk man, through the thickest of the enemy. Nelson is a Norfolk man; and you charge through as he does. You bear right on, and rig a gangway for the landing, which puts them all quite upon the scream. All three cutters race after you pell-mell, and it is much if they do not run into one another. You take the beach, stem on, with the tide upon the ebb, and by that time it ought to be getting on for midnight. What to do then, I need not tell you; but make all the stand you can to spare us any hurry. But don't give the knock-down blow if you can help it; the lawyers make such a point of that, from their intimacy with the prize-fighters."

Clearly perceiving their duty now, these three men braced up loin, and sailed to execute the same accordingly. For invaders and defenders were by this time in real earnest with their work, and sure alike of having done the very best that could be done. With equal confidence on either side, a noble triumph was expected, while the people on the dry land shook their heads and were thankful to be out of it. Carroway, in a perpetual ferment, gave no peace to any of his men, and never entered his own door; but riding, rowing, or sailing up and down, here and there and everywhere, set an example of unflagging zeal, which was largely admired and avoided. And yet he was not the only remarkably active man in the neighborhood; for that great fact, and universal factor, Geoffrey Mordacks, was entirely here. He had not broken the heart of Widow Precious by taking up his quarters at the Thornwick Inn, as she at first imagined, but loyally brought himself and his horse to her sign-post for their Sunday dinner. Nor was this all, but he ordered the very best bedroom, and the "coral parlor"—as he elegantly called the sea-weedy room—gave every child, whether male or female, sixpence of new mintage, and created such impression on her widowed heart that he even won the privilege of basting his own duck. Whatever this gentleman did never failed to reflect equal credit on him and itself. But thoroughly well as he basted his duck, and efficiently as he consumed it, deeper things were in his mind, and moving with every mouthful. If Captain Carroway labored hard on public and royal service, no less severely did Mordacks work, though his stronger sense of self-duty led him to feed the labor better. On the Monday morning he had a long and highly interesting talk with the magisterial rector, to whom he set forth certain portions of his purpose, loftily spurning entire concealment, according to the motto of his life. "You see, sir," he said, as he rose to depart, "what I have told you is very important, and in the strictest confidence, of course, because I never do anything on the sly."

"Mr. Mordacks, you have surprised me," answered Dr. Uproud; "though I am not so very much wiser at present. I really must congratulate you upon your activity, and the impression you create."

"Not at all, sir, not at all. It is my manner of doing business, now for thirty years or more. Moles and fools, sir, work under-ground, and only get traps set for them; I travel entirely above-ground, and go ten miles for their ten inches. My strategy, sir, is simplicity. Nothing puzzles rogues so much, because they can not believe it."

"The theory is good; may the practice prove the same! I should be sorry to be against you in any case you undertake. In the present matter I am wholly with you, so far as I understand what it is. Still, Flamborough is a place of great difficulties—"

"The greatest difficulty of all would be to fail, as I look at it. Especially with your most valuable aid."

"What little I can do shall be most readily forth-coming. But remember there is many a slip— If you had interfered but one month ago, how much easier it might have been!"

"Truly. But I have to grope my way; and it is a hard people, as you say, to deal with. But I have no fear, sir; I shall overcome all Flamborough, unless—unless, what I fear to think of, there should happen to be bloodshed."

"There will be none of that, Mr. Mordacks; we are too skillful, and too gentle, for anything more than a few cracked crowns."

"Then everything is as it ought to be. But I must be off; I have many points to see to. How I find time for this affair is the wonder."

"But you will not leave us, I suppose, until—until what appears to be expected has happened?"

"When I undertake a thing, Dr. Upround, my rule is to go through with it. You have promised me the honor of an interview at any time. Good-by, sir; and pray give the compliments of Mr. Mordacks to the ladies."

With even more than his usual confidence and high spirits the general factor mounted horse and rode at once to Bridlington, or rather to the quay thereof, in search of Lieutenant Carroway. But Carroway was not at home, and his poor wife said, with a sigh, that now she had given up expecting him. "Have no fear, madam; I will bring him back," Mordacks answered, as if he already held him by the collar. "I have very good news, madam, very grand news for him, and you, and all these lovely and highly intelligent children. Place me, madam, under the very deepest obligation by allowing these two little dears to take the basket I see yonder, and accompany me to that apple stand. I saw there some fruit of a sort which used to fit my teeth most wonderfully when they were just the size of theirs. And here is another little darling, with a pin-before infinitely too spotless. If you will spare her also, we will do our best to take away that reproach, ma'am."

"Oh, sir, you are much too kind. But to speak of good news does one good. It is so long since there has been any, that I scarcely know how to pronounce the words."

"Mistress Carroway, take my word for it, that such a state of things shall be shortly of the past. I will bring back Captain Carroway, madam, to his sweet and most beautifully situated home, and with tidings which shall please you."

"It is kind of you not to tell me the good news now, sir. I shall enjoy it so much more, to see my husband hear it. Good-by, and I hope that you will soon be back again."

While Mr. Mordacks was loading the children with all that they made soft mouths at, he observed for the second time three men who appeared to be taking much interest in his doings. They had sauntered aloof while he called at the cottage, as if they had something to say to him, but would keep it until he had finished there. But they did not come up to him as he expected; and when he had seen the small Carroways home, he rode up to ask what they wanted with him. "Nothing, only this, sir," the shortest of them answered, while the others pretended not to hear; "we was told that yon was Smuggler's house, and we thought that your Honor was the famous Captain Lyth."

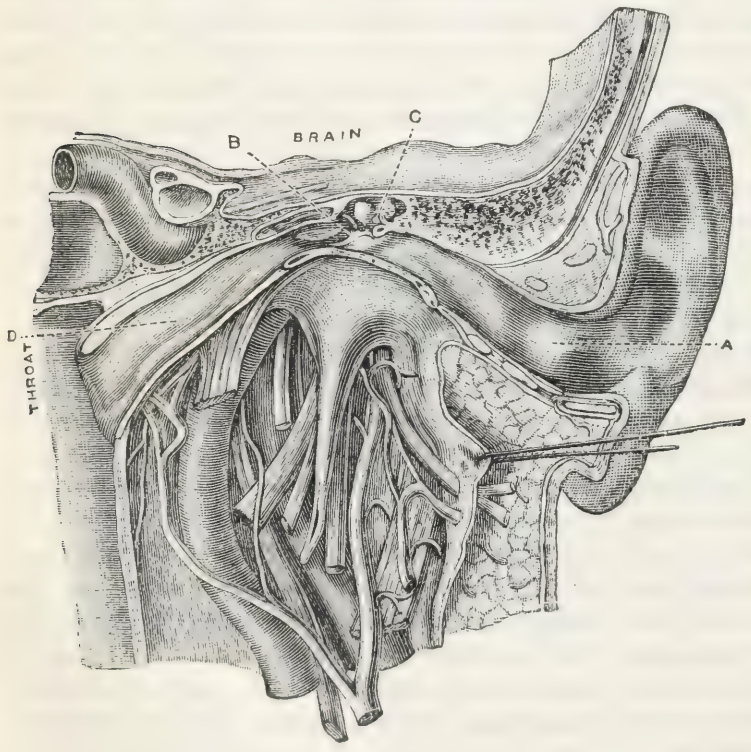
"If I ever want a man," said the general factor, "to tell a lie with a perfect face, I shall come here and look for you, my friend." The man looked at him, and smiled, and nodded, as much as to say, "You might get it done worse," and then carelessly followed his comrades toward the sea. And Mr. Mordacks, riding off with equal jauntiness, cocked his hat, and stared at the Priory Church as if he had never seen any such building before.

"I begin to have a very strong suspicion," he said to himself as he put his horse along, "that this is the place where the main attack will be. Signs of a well-suppressed activity are manifest to an experienced eye like mine. All the grocers, the bakers, the candlestick-makers, and the women, who always precede the men, are mightily gathered together. And the men are holding counsel in a milder way. They have got three jugs at the old boat-house for the benefit of holloaing in the open air. Moreover, the lane inland is scored with a regular market-day of wheels, and there is no market this side of the old town. Carroway, vigilant captain of men, why have you forsaken your domestic hearth? Is it through jealousy of Nettlebones, and a stern resolve to be ahead of him? Robin, my Robin, is a

genius in tactics, a very bright Napoleon of free trade. He penetrates the counsels, or, what is more, the feelings, of those who camp against him. He means to land this great emprise at Captain Carroway's threshold. True justice on the man for sleeping out of his own bed so long! But instead of bowing to the blow, he would turn a downright maniac, according to all I hear of him. Well, it is no concern of mine, so long as nobody is killed, which everybody makes such a fuss about."

THE PRESERVATION OF HEARING.

THE development of the mind is subordinate to that healthy physical condition of the body where a normal state of the special senses is assured; when, therefore, a child's hearing is defective, its education is obtained under disadvantages, and its intellect is generally more or less imperfect.



As respects hearing, however, the writer would not have it inferred that its loss constitutes the only aural trouble of importance; for inflammation and discharge from the ears are common affections, the excruciating pain of the former not being exceeded in severe cases by that of any other disease, and when not arrested the patient is liable to grave complications.

The protection of the ear from disease or injury lies to some extent within our power, and were the means to this end more generally known, less suffering would ensue; but before describing somewhat generally the affections thus liable to be met with, together with the methods to be adopted for the preservation of the ear, I shall briefly describe the organ concerned, with the view to make the subject more clearly understood.

In the accompanying diagram are represented the portions of the ear most essential to the illustration of the text: a description of the more intricate parts of the inner ear would carry the writer beyond the scope of this paper.

The ear, as seen in the diagram, consists of a tube whose irregular calibre contains the sound-conducting mechanism. This tube extends inwardly from the auricle in a curved direction along the base of the head to the back of the nose, where it communicates with the throat. The tube thus receives at both extremities the air in which the tympanic membrane vibrates. At the auricular opening, A, the tube's diameter is from one-fifth to one-third of an inch; its length from this opening to the tympanic membrane is about one inch and a quarter. The drum, C, is a line or two in thickness, and half an inch in height and width. From the drum to the throat the passage D is known as the Eustachian tube: it is a little more than one inch in length.

The tube passes on its way from the auricle to the throat through a dense bone; in this unyielding tissue the drum has the firm support necessary for the performance of its functions. The entrance to the drum from without is guarded by the tympanic membrane, B, which is stretched tightly, like the head of a drum, across the tube. The membrane, besides dividing the tube in twain, protects the delicate drum cavity and contained mechanism from the cold external air and foreign bodies. The membrane is composed of skin which is not of greater thickness than tissue-paper.

Hearing takes place when the aerial vibrations of which sound is composed enter the ear at A, and move the tym-

panic membrane to and fro. The membrane's movements are transmitted to the small bones of the ear (three in number, but not well exhibited in the diagram), which extend across the drum cavity. These three bones are connected together by joints; one of them is attached to the tympanic membrane, while the other extremity of the chain is fastened to the wall opposite the membrane; the membrane's vibrations cause an oscillation of this chain of bones, and thus its motions are conveyed to the auditory nerve in the inner ear, whose function it is to impart to the brain whatever impressions of sound it receives.

The *conductive mechanism* of the ear consists of the tympanic membrane and the small bones which are contained in the drum cavity. The affections that produce pathological changes in this mechanism are the ones with which we have mostly to deal in this connection. This apparatus is situated in that portion of the tube where protection from violent blows, falls, etc., is afforded by the dense osseous walls that nearly surround it. Its pregnable approaches are the portals of entrance and exit for the tube; these can not prevent the forcible entrance of air or water to the drum cavity from either extremity of the tube; either may excite inflammation, especially when they are cold.

The delicacy of this mechanism would be better understood were its inspection attempted in the rabbit. Thus when a young animal has been dressed, ready for the cook, one may remove sufficiently the soft and bony parts to expose the drum cavity to view; it will then be observed that the tympanic membrane is a transparent, brilliant tissue, which, although strong for its thickness, readily breaks down under manipulations for its removal, while the almost invisible chain of bones is so fragile that it is fractured and liable to be lost to sight when seized by the finest forceps.

In a mechanism so delicate slight causes are sufficient to interfere with the normal performance of its function, and thus occasion deafness. This statement will be more readily comprehended when it is known that the tympanic membrane, in transmitting the higher musical notes, is capable of executing to and fro movements at the rate of 45,000 per second, each vibration occasioning a corresponding movement on the part of the small bones, which thus transmit the impressions of sound waves to the inner ear.

The ear is subject to affections that impair its functions at the earliest period of life; indeed, it is frequently found to be defective at birth. Children are exposed to influences from which they seldom entirely escape without more or less aural disease. Such are the consequences of colds, which, when of long continuance, are productive of enlarged tonsils, chronic catarrh of the mouth, throat, and nose, the resulting sympathetic deafness in some instances being so great that instruction is impossible, and the child is unable to learn to talk. It is then a deaf-mute.

The fact should not be lost sight of that at this early period of existence the function of hearing is crude, and requires gradual cultivation for its development, and that any deafness should be promptly met. Thus the hearing of children ought to be often tested, and although accurate results may be difficult of obtainment, the knowledge gained is advantageous.

Should an infant escape all other causes of aural disease, it encounters at the seventh month a physiological process in development that is frequently the source of great irritation in the mouth, and of sympathetic irritation in the ears. I refer to the cutting of the teeth, which usually begins at this age. That this period is fraught with special danger to the organ of hearing is well recognized by both mothers and nurses, who have long considered teething as in some way connected with earache. Every one of the first twenty teeth in perforating the gum is liable to be thus heralded. Fortunate, therefore, is the infant who has passed its second year, the period at which first dentition is concluded, without having experienced aural irritation.

These first teeth, however, are subject to premature decay, as well as a natural absorption of their roots, before the sixth year, at which time the second dentition begins. From this cause sympathetic aural trouble often arises, and frequently continues while the second teeth are cutting.

About the sixth year, as stated, the second or permanent teeth begin to make their appearance, and at the thirteenth year they have all been cut, with the ex-

ception of the wisdom-teeth. These second teeth are promoters of even more disturbance in the ears than the first; the earaches and discharges are more persistent, the complications in general more grave. Subsequent to this period there is a cessation of dental irritation, although established discharges from the ears are liable to continue on indefinitely.

The foregoing remarks will serve to draw attention to the liability existing in youth to frequently recurring attacks of earache, each one of which leaves the conductive mechanism in a worse condition than before, repeated invasions finally leaving behind irreparable injury. In these cases, even when comparatively unimportant as respects pain, competent advice can not be too early obtained, for the longer they are neglected, the less amenable to treatment they become.

Certain diseases of childhood very frequently affect the ears; such are scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, cerebro-spinal meningitis, whooping-cough, and mumps. During the attacks of these diseases, and even when convalescence has been established, although earache may be absent, occasional examinations of the ears should be made, in order that, if affected, they may receive early attention. Deafness is usually an early symptom of most aural affections; but, on the contrary, in some instances very considerable impairment of the drum cavity and its contained mechanism exists without any perceptible impairment of hearing.

It is believed that a very small percentage of the adult population possess normal hearing, which fact greatly depends on the neglect in childhood to which allusion has above been made.

Respecting these neglected youth, it is found that their aural defects are usually unheeded until school instruction is commenced; in fact, in many instances even the pupil himself is unaware of his disability.

The school management of these partly deaf people is an important question in their education. Teachers, as a rule, do not classify these pupils when seating them in the school-room—a neglect which it would be greatly to their advantage, as well as the scholar's, to rectify by an examination previous to commencing their instruction. Those hearing badly can be instructed with greater ease if seated near the teacher's desk, while the non-observance of a system of classification places such at a disadvantage, and renders them a hinderance to others.

In this connection it may be remarked that great injustice not unfrequently is practiced toward pupils who have, notwithstanding their defect, become well prepared for promotion; their examination being conducted in haste, and perhaps also with impatience, the teacher's questions are frequently not understood, and they therefore fail to receive credit for what they have learned. Children are, I have reason to believe, often put back from this cause. When the teacher himself is afflicted with deafness, as is often the case, the neglect in instruction is still more serious—a fact to which parents and those who appoint teachers should have their attention directed. The discouraging surroundings of these children are many; for, in addition to the disheartenment at school, many of them receive unkind treatment from their companions and at home; it is therefore but natural that such influences should create distrust in the mind of the child, and develop a deceitful and vicious character. They lose confidence, are reluctant to communicate with others, and are therefore classified as "stupid."

There are other causes for the characteristic conduct of deaf children, to which allusion has not, as far as I am aware, been made by writers on this subject. I allude to the noises in the head which are experienced in the greater number of aural affections. The noises are called subjective, and are heard only by the patient. They are described by adults as resembling the sound produced by escaping steam, the singing of a tea-pot, the sighing of the wind, the play of the surf on the beach, the roar of a cataract, etc. In connection with this there is occasionally experienced a still more annoying symptom: the patient when talking or singing hears his own voice as proceeding from within his head, or as the distant voice of another. These phenomena, of course, greatly interfere with hearing. For a few minutes, or it may be for a few hours, at a time, hearing is somewhat or nearly normal, when suddenly the speaker will observe his voice to change to that above described. Children affected in this manner are greatly bothered while hearing themselves talk or sing, believing that others hear their utterances in

the same unnatural manner. A child having these symptoms, in addition to deafness, is greatly to be pitied, for it is much of the time dumfounded. Even adults subject to this experience are incapable of comprehending the physiological abnormity to which it owes its origin; to the child it is, of course, inexplicable. That some children are dumb and stupid is not, therefore, surprising, when these facts are considered. This anomaly of hearing depends on alterations, by disease, in the conductive mechanism of the ear.

From observations extending over a considerable period of time the writer has found that in our public schools many pupils so deaf as to hear shouting only are permitted to continue their attendance indefinitely—an evil that could be easily remedied by a proper examination of the pupils' hearing at the time of their admission. In private educational establishments, however, such preliminary examinations are not always reliable, for the interests of the proprietor may require that the number of scholars be not from any cause lessened. Parents under these circumstances are permitted to send partially deaf children to school, and when it is ascertained that they have made but little or no progress, and that their lives have been rendered unhappy by the jeers and neglect of playmates, the teacher meets the parent's inquiries by the statement that the pupil is dull or defective. It may now be ascertained that the pupil has been deaf—perhaps the deafness has grown on him while under the teacher's eye—but the knowledge is gained too late, in many instances, to be of much avail. Parents should, therefore, attend to so simple a matter as the frequent examination of their children at home.

A pernicious home and school hygiene favors the occurrence of diseases which are liable to be attended with prominent aural complications. Thus the living in overheated apartments during the cold season (the temperature greatly exceeding the healthy limit of 65° to 70° Fahrenheit) develops a sensitiveness of the system, and therefore predisposes to attacks of catarrh. An excess of clothing is no less obnoxious than the foregoing, furs being especially dangerous in our changeable climate, as they are liable to be worn about the chest and neck in moderate weather, overheating the body, and thus increasing the liability to colds.

Children who are brought up under such unfavorable circumstances are deprived of their natural powers of endurance, and are unable to resist even slight changes in temperature.

The outings of such children are only of occasional occurrence, owing to their liability to contract colds—a result which may confidently be expected when careless attendants expose such sensitive persons to cold seats or draughts, and one can scarcely fail to meet examples of children so treated in any of our parks or thoroughfares. Adults, it may be remarked, are not exempt from the consequences of exposure when the laws of health are in this manner violated.

Those who live in rural habitations, with open fires and free ventilation, who wear such clothing as an active out-door life requires, and who, in youth, often are barefooted the greater part of the year, can be studied with advantage by the denizen of over-heated city houses of the present day. These hardy people are said to suffer less from colds than those who are considered to be by fortune more favored.

There are many individuals of a sensitive organization who may not with impunity allow a draught of air to blow strongly into their ears; such persons are compelled to exercise unusual care when exposed to the strong air of the sea, especially when they have a very free opening to the ears. Children are often affected by these sea-side exposures, which, when slight, are overlooked; later on, however, their ears may be found sensitive to the touch, and, when examined, the results of the slight inflammation will be found.

Boxing the ears would be considered among the obsolete customs of the past, were we not occasionally reminded of the continuance of the practice by meeting with injuries of the tympanic membrane from this cause. Sometimes the shock given to the ear is the cause of permanent deafness to a greater or less degree, and sometimes vertigo is liable to be established. There are a few well-authenticated instances of death having occurred from this barbarous custom.

Discharges from the ears indicate the continuance of an unhealthy process, which is nearly always situated in the drum cavity; and owing in part to the thinness of the partition that separates this cavity from deeper and more vital parts, it is not an infrequent result to meet with

a fatal termination from neglect in arresting the disease. Under no circumstances, therefore, should a discharge be neglected, for, in addition to the danger incurred by neglect, it is well known that when permitted to become chronic, greater difficulty is experienced in its cure. It has heretofore been a reflection on the knowledge of the profession that so many persons would endure discharges of the most repulsive character rather than take any steps for their suppression. It is the belief of many—too often, I fear, based on the advice of physicians—that aural affections are liable to be "outgrown;" this belief, however, is not sustained by the facts, as such a course is known to be exceptional.

The advice formerly given by some physicians, when the treatment of the ear was not so well understood as at present, was to "let it alone"; and when pressed by anxious parents or others for a less hopeless prospect, the good physician taught his patients to look forward to some critical period of life when they would "outgrow" the affection. An amusing instance of this expectant and evasive treatment was related by a woman whose deaf daughter of twenty summers was still disposed to look forward for relief. The deafness in this instance made its appearance in childhood. The doctor who was then consulted, possessing an imaginative as well as a learned mind, informed the anxious parent that a return of hearing could be anticipated after the child had cut her second teeth; but this anxiously looked for period brought not the desired relief. The mother again sought advice. The doctor now felt certain that the period of womanhood would not be passed without recovery. That interesting epoch of life, however, arrived without a cure. Faith in the healing art being unshaken, notwithstanding a constant increase in the girl's deafness, the anxious mother again presented herself with her daughter for the doctor's advice. That learned man was yet equal to the occasion, and with becoming gravity informed the confiding dame that matrimony was an event that naturally came next in order, and that in it there was hope. "Alas!" exclaimed the somewhat discouraged mother to the writer, "she is now married, and her husband is exhausted from his efforts to make himself heard by shouting into her ears."

The hygienic influences that are causal of aural diseases in childhood remain more or less active throughout life; but in addition to these the period of after-life is fraught with other perils which hitherto have been of trifling significance. Our limited space, however, will permit of allusion to a few of the most important only.

Intemperance in the use of beverages into which alcohol enters as a constituent disturbs the normal balance of the nervous and circulatory systems, and observations plainly show that this state favors the occurrence of aural disease.

The frequency of attacks of aural inflammation from bathing demands more than a mere mention, for complete deafness may result from the injuries to the ear from this cause, and partial impairment is frequent.

These injuries from bathing are mainly due to the fact that man is not afforded the protection to the ear which amphibious animals possess, and hence the water may act injuriously in various ways. In surf bathing the mere force of contact, when the water flows into the ear, may injure the tympanic membrane, and when an incoming wave dashes against the face, water may freely enter the mouth or nose, and thus be driven into the ears through the Eustachian tubes. The presence of cold water for a long time in the canal leading to the ear, as when much diving is done, may set up inflammation in the canal or in the tympanic membrane, which may extend to the drum cavity itself. Ill effects may be produced by allowing the ears, head, and body to dry in a current of air after coming out of the water. Sea-water is probably more obnoxious than fresh, on account of its comparatively low temperature, and the large quantity of salt it holds in solution. A long continuance in the water should be avoided. The Russian bath should not be taken without protecting the ears when the cold plunge is used. Diving is, however, the most dangerous practice connected with bathing, for it is difficult to keep water from entering the ears, or nose and mouth. In diving, the pressure of water on the tympanic membrane from without may cause vertigo. Even syringing the ears gently is known in some instances to occasion decided dizziness. Should vertigo come on while the diver is beyond the reach of those who could ren-

der succor, there would be danger of his drowning.

Diseases of the teeth, through their nervous relationship with the ears, frequently cause disturbances that lead to deafness.

The permanent teeth are subject to decay at a much earlier period than is generally supposed: sometimes they decay as early as the sixth year, and this process is liable to recur while any teeth remain in the jaws. The neuralgia that arises from inflamed teeth is often felt in the ears, and indeed it seldom fails to do some harm in that direction.

In the endeavor to preserve the teeth it must be borne in mind that unskillful dentistry may not relieve the patient, but, on the contrary, harm may arise from incompetent work; thus cavities may not be properly prepared before they are filled, or deleterious substances may be inserted into them, such as amalgam. Unhealthful dental plates, especially those made of vulcanite, which contains vermilion—a form of mercury—are to be avoided. If plates fit the mouth badly, they are harmful.

Throat troubles act much in the same way as diseased teeth, and affections of the mouth and throat are usually urged into greater activity by catarrhal attacks. When the wisdom-teeth, which are cut about the seventeenth year, are delayed in their appearance, they very often give rise to irritation of the ears.

These sympathetic sources of aural trouble are not always attended with pain, or, indeed, with any pronounced symptom; but a sympathetic influence may exist for a long time before any disease in either the mouth or ears is suspected. Singing in the ears, heat, and itching may be unnoticed until there is deafness. There may also exist an increase of the ear-wax. Sooner or later, however, it is discovered that the ear has been affected. In the worst cases the person loses the ability to hear even a loud voice in the brief space of a few months. Pain not being present as a kind monitor, the subject of this chronic affection is beguiled into fancied security, and the disease receives no attention unless deafness be decided.

The ear is liable to injury from loud sounds, such as discharges of artillery, blowing of high-pitched steam-whistles, and the like.

The nasal douche, of late almost adopted as an article of domestic furniture, has been the means of injuring a great many ears from the entrance into the drum, *per* the Eustachian tube, of the fluids used.

Noises in the head are pretty constantly experienced in all affections of the ear, some of which have been alluded to as accompanying these ailments in childhood. The lives of old people are often made wretched by these strange and alarming phenomena; in some instances the sufferer is even demented. This is not strange, for the simple-minded have no conception of the origin of these noises, and regard them as forebodings of evil. In some instances persons in the prime of life can not endure the wearing distress which deprives them of rest at night, and occupies all their thoughts by day; such individuals have sought relief in suicide, or have become insane. In instances where, in addition to noises in the head, the patient experiences the autophony before alluded to, the distress is increased. Those who are competent to explain these phenomena can often convince the sufferer of their harmless nature, and teach him to endure what would otherwise be intolerable.

Emergencies will arise when competent aid can not be obtained for the relief of painful affections of the ear, or the removal of foreign bodies; an *ad interim* treatment then becomes necessary, and the advice of sympathizers abounds, one recommending that spirits of camphor be dropped into the ear, another urging the advantages of coal oil or chloroform, while still another brings his experience to bear on the case with a vial of carbolic acid solution or camphorated oil; should the neighboring druggist be consulted, even more vigorous measures may be advised. These, and the other substances usually put into the ear when it aches, are unadvisable. Generally speaking, earache is ameliorated by the application of warmth to the region of the ear, used either as dry heat in the shape of heated woollens, cotton-wool, bags of hops, bran, or meal, etc., or as wet applications, when the same articles recommended for use in the dry state are heated by immersion in hot water, and afterward wrung partially dry. In certain instances the suffering is relieved by pouring water, hot as can be borne, into the ear. Heated air or steam, where such conveniences are at hand, conveyed into the meatus, is found to be serviceable.

Should living insects gain admission to the ear, the organ is to be turned upward in a good light, the ear (auricle) gently pulled upward and backward until the opening is free, when the canal is to be filled with warm water poured from a spoon. The intruder will now either escape or be drowned. Foreign bodies, such as beads, cherry-pits, and other objects, when lodged in the ear, *should never be touched by incompetent hands.* Where such objects give rise to pain, and can not be extracted by the fingers alone, they may be compelled to change their position, or even be driven out of the ear, by turning the ear *downward*, and gently but firmly shaking or jarring the head. It is certainly wiser and safer to permit these bodies to remain indefinitely than to run the risk of injury to the ear by unskillful efforts at removal. Instances are well authenticated where fatal results have ensued from injuries to the ear by attempts to remove simple objects, whose presence was not attended with danger or even pain. An examination, after death from the inflammation such violent attempts have induced, in more than one instance has demonstrated the fact that the ear contained *no* foreign body whatever.

Syringing the ears is not advisable, unless done by a person well trained, or by a competent surgeon, as much harm can be done by careless efforts in this direction. Water or soap for cleansing had best be entirely excluded from the ear, and the use of scoops and aurilanes, etc., is likewise unadvisable.

In certain anomalous conditions of the Eustachian tubes air is admitted too freely to the drum cavity. This is observable when blowing the nose, or even during the act of swallowing.

The forcible entrance of air into the drum cavity is liable to do injury to the ear, especially by unduly stretching the tympanic membrane. The inflation of the ear, therefore, should be avoided, unless practiced under the direct supervision of one competent to determine the necessity for its use. The *temporary* stretching of the membrane is attended with *temporary* improvement in hearing, but a continuance of the practice in some diseased conditions of the membrane results in a *permanent* relaxation, which is irremediable.

When it becomes desirable to test the hearing power of an individual, it will sometimes be ascertained that one ear is much more defective than the other—a fact tending to show that deafness had been advancing longer than suspected, but that nevertheless one may get on fairly well with one good ear. It is when the better ear begins to fail that the deafness in a considerable number is ascertained.

Allusion has been made to testing the hearing. The best method for this purpose is the use of the human voice. Place the person to be examined at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet from the one who speaks, testing one ear while the other is closed by pressure of the finger. Words should be plainly spoken, while the patient is required to look away from the speaker. Five tones will be found to be a convenient number for use in testing; they are whispered words, and low, ordinary, loud, and shouted words. The deaf person should repeat the words heard.

Infants can not of course be so examined. Their hearing can be tested by standing behind them, and sounding a whistle or bell while their attention is attracted by some person in front of them. Infants have at best but a crude appreciation of sound, and in most cases of deafness it must be loud to be detected by them.

HONORIA.

WRITE this in sunbeams on Honoria's tomb,
And be her dust forever consecrate:

"Daughter of Helpfulness, she ever strove,
By countless acts of secret charity
And words of cheerful import, to incline
All suffering souls to lean on heavenly things.
Her gifts were lowly, but her heart outran
Her gifts. She had no vaunt of self, no pride
In deeds conspicuous, no ambitious flights
To achieve in place, or wealth, or praise. She lived
That others might be happy, and deserve
The happiness they gained. Benevolence
With her went hand in hand with Wisdom.
Never Want turned hopeless from her door,
But inwardly resolved henceforth to struggle
Into higher aims."

Hark how the blithe birds
Chant about her grave! No requiem fitter
To express in song the harmonious beauty
Of a gentle life sacred to Helpfulness
And Human Love.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT was recently said that the public is losing its interest in magazines. But it is curious that the decline of interest should be coincident with the publication of more and better and very much more costly magazines than ever before, and with a profusion and excellence of illustration which is producing a new school of engraving. For our own part, such is the necessity of going early to press which the urgency of the demand for *Harper's* occasions, that it is only now when the new year is well advanced that reflections upon the new year are practicable. The old Dutch custom of universal calling, which was long peculiar to New York, formerly made the day especially a New York day. But it has long since lost that character, and it is now one of the pleasantest holidays of the year, suggesting, like every holiday, the inquiry why people of our race find it necessary to make a mere loud noise to testify their joy. The reader of 2880 will be amused to learn that the passage from the old year to the new on the midnight of the last day of 1879 was signalized by a universal discordant shriek of all the steam-whistles in the city. The old Frenchman insisted that we English-speaking people do not know how to enjoy ourselves, and that we actually suppose making a loud, unmeaning noise, and getting drunk, and eating half-cooked masses of beef or mutton, is pleasure. Indeed, it is easy to see in Taine that the genuine Frenchman thinks that the veneer of civilization upon the English race is exceedingly thin.

But the new year always turns the mind backward rather than forward, and if the pious "caller" on the happy anniversary, in the intervals of saying, as he gropes into the drawing-room, "Wish you a happy new year —Madam, I have made calls every new year for forty years, and now I bring my sons— Good-morning, madam," could collect his wits a little, he would recall some of the mighty changes in the great city. The saddest, perhaps—at least to the social mood of the new year—is the loss of the distinctive character of the metropolis. Despite the varied sources of its original population, the Dutch element prevailed, and gave character to the whole. It was a snug little city, with a distinctive flavor, so to speak; but it is no longer homogeneous in any sense whatever. It has expanded into a magnificent sea-port, but with little collective or distinctive character.

During the social season the Sons of Saint Nicholas, the Sons of New England, the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick, the Sons of Saint George, the Sons of Saint Andrew, gay and gallant gentlemen all, dine in state and splendor, and charm the night with wit and eloquence. They all have their part in the greatness of the city. But not many of them have a deep sense of pride and responsibility in it. They have not the loyalty of the old Florentines to Florence, or of the Venetians to Venice; of Sam Adams and his friends to Boston, or of Lamb and the Sons of Liberty to the New York of a hundred years ago. It is a cosmopolitan caravansary, a vast camp of crusaders from every land, bound on the Quest of the Golden Dollar, and resolved to redeem their fortunes from the hands of those who hold them in thrall. It is a quarry, a mine, a placer, an exchange; but that high municipal pride, the emulation of its best citizens for its government, the spirit which built the great monuments of art, the true civic patriotism—it is an interesting inquiry what has become of it.

Mr. Eugene Lawrence, in a recent pleasant paper, retouched the New York of a century ago. It was the cold winter. Both rivers were frozen, and the bay was solidly closed, so that men and teams and even cannon passed over the ice from the city to Staten Island, and the British were in constant fear that the daring Yankees would steal over from Paulus Hook (now Jersey City) and attempt the capture of the city. Lord Sterling, the American general, with two thousand men, did cross the Kills, or strait between New Jersey and Staten Island, but the island Tories were on the alert, and the Americans were baffled. Judge Jones, in his Tory history of New York, says that "no man living ever before saw this bay frozen up," and adds that two hundred sleighs laden with provisions, with two horses to each, escorted by two hundred light-horse, passed upon the ice from New York to Staten Island. Rivington's *Gazette*, of the 29th of January, 1780, says that "this day several persons came over on the ice from Staten Island," and on February 1 a four-horse sleigh crossed over. Snow fell upon the 10th of November, and lay almost continuously until the middle of the next March. In the woods it was four feet upon a level.

New York was then a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, and the "hard winter," as it was afterward called, was not only one of intense cold, but of famine and of fire. But the city, of which Hanover Square was the literary centre, in whose book-shop, as Mr. Lawrence narrates, Miss Burney's *Evelina* and Dr. Johnson's *Tour to the Hebrides*, and the works of "the great Dr. Goldsmith" were advertised, was a compact community with a distinctive character and spirit. It was, in fact, an English colonial town with a certain popular independence which was still evident, however suppressed in expression. Many of the inhabitants took the oath of allegiance, but their hearts were with the blue and buff while the scarlet made merry around them. For the town in which Sir Henry Clinton held his mimic court was gay with the careless revelry of a military society. Amid the cold and

starvation and immense suffering of the city, the officers' cry was, "On with the dance! let joy be unconfined." The soldier must not think, and the festivity at head-quarters would, perhaps, strike the patriot as a reflection from the brilliancy of the British prospects.

But the routs and the revelry were no more agreeable to loyalist growlers like Judge Jones than to the patriots. He spent that winter in New York, and complains that for wood which cost nothing to the barrack-masters, or which could be bought by them for sixteen shillings a cord for oak, and twenty-eight shillings for hickory, he was forced to pay £4 and £5 10*s.*, and the indignant old Tory exclaims that it was well known that "the little misses and favorite Dulcineas of Clinton, Robertson, and Birch were all supplied with large quantities of wood by their orders out of the wood-yards in New York, and were regaling themselves in routs, dinners, little concerts, and small parties over good, warm, comfortable fires, and enjoying all the ease and luxury in life, while the poor soldiers, for whom the wood was provided, were with their wives and children perishing in the barracks in the severity of winter."

When the fashionable promenade was "the Mall" in front of Trinity Church, and when John Street was up town, when the journey to Philadelphia and to Boston was counted by days, and when Europe was weeks away over the ocean, New York was shut up within itself, and had a "local flavor" which is long since gone. Every gentleman in town then knew of the "fine Roman purl" that could be drunk at the King's Head tavern and London Chop-house on Brownjohn's Wharf, and the story of the little town, now grown into the vast and various metropolis, in which civic pride and ambition are, judging from the City-Hall, extinct, is as quaint and entertaining as that of "Our Village," or of Cranford.

THE daughter of "Oliver Oldschool," whose entertaining letters from the Washington of the last generation we recently mentioned, writes us that the letters were not written so long ago as 1828, as we had intimated, but some fourteen or fifteen years later. The acknowledgment of Miss "Oldschool's" letter gives us an opportunity of alluding again to her father's work, *Public Men and Events*, from the beginning of Mr. Monroe's administration to the close of Mr. Fillmore's, and of adding that "Oliver Oldschool" was the signature of Nathan Sargent, late Commissioner of Customs in the Treasury Department. His letters are strictly "gossiping," but they are vivid glimpses of the Washington of that time, and supply the essential "color" of the kind which Mr. Parton knows so well how to use. It is this personal detail and its skillful adjustment which often make the difference between a very dull and a very interesting volume of history. It is not so much the conduct of politics and of public affairs as the condition of the people, the aspects of society, the personal and private life, which is the commanding general interest in historical reading. We have heretofore spoken of the universal charm of Macaulay's third chapter, which turns aside from the familiar track of the historian, and describes the actual civilization of England at the time of the Stuarts, the methods of travelling, the popular literature, the jails and hospitals and schools, the manners, the theatres, the daily aspects and conveniences of life. There is no more interesting glimpse of a people in its habit as it lived than the chapters of this kind in Lecky's history of *England in the Eighteenth Century*. To write a great history requires a great imagination; but no man of imagination can deal with a famous epoch without seeking to know it thoroughly, and to depict it in due proportion and detail.

The visitor to Washington has a confused impression of the noted men and women who have preceded him there for eighty years, and shrewd observers like Oliver Oldschool and others, who photograph the moment and the scene around them, give form and coherence to the vague recollection. A visit becomes a hundredfold more interesting when the scene is invested with striking associations. Men and women "turned of fifty" recall their first visit to the capital, and their stay at Gadsby's. To those who went from the snug and trim Northern part of the country, the open galleries around the court of the hotel, and the slouching carelessness of the colored servants, with a kind of generous, ample, ill-defined slatternly hospitality, were as novel and striking as anything which they have observed since in foreign countries. Washington to the Northern eye was then essentially a Southern city. But its enormously broad streets, and straggling settlement, and mean houses, deprived it of an imposing or interesting aspect. It was at once ambitious and abortive. Yet its society was more various and national than that of any other city in the country, and this characteristic it has retained, although it has not yet become that kind of winter resort which has been often anticipated. Washington Irving was always charmed with it as the only cosmopolitan place in the country except Newport, and Mr. Bancroft, after much experience of cities and of men, selected it as the most agreeable winter home for a man of letters and society.

Mrs. Trollope, against whose strictures upon *The Domestic Manners of the Americans*, fifty years ago, the whole country rose in indignant insurrection, speaks very warmly of the Washington of that time, which was about the era of the Eaton events that broke up General Jackson's first cabinet. The Easy Chair has received two or three letters correcting a supposed error in its recent allusion to that incident. It mentioned Messrs. Rush and South-

ard and Porter as members of the cabinet, and its correspondents evidently thought that it supposed them to be members of the Jackson cabinet. They will observe, however, that the Easy Chair was alluding to the marriage of Mr. Eaton, then Senator, and the widow Mrs. Timberlake, which took place before the inauguration of General Jackson, and while the gentlemen named were still members of John Quincy Adams's cabinet. Mr. and Mrs. Eaton returned to Washington after their wedding trip, and the lady left her cards upon Mrs. Calhoun, Mrs. Rush, Mrs. Porter, and Mrs. Southard, and the great question was whether they would be returned. General Jackson arrived in Washington in the midst of this momentous pother, and he "took a hand in" as soon as he could, by calling Mr. Eaton to the cabinet.

Mrs. Trollope alludes to the dissolution of the Jackson cabinet in a very irreverent tone: "While we were still in the neighborhood of Washington, a most violent and unprecedented schism occurred in the cabinet. The four secretaries of state all resigned, leaving General Jackson to manage the queer little state barge alone. Innumerable contradictory statements appeared upon this occasion in the papers, and many a cigar was thrown aside, ere half consumed, that the disinterested politician might give breath to his cogitations on this extraordinary event, but not all the eloquence of all the smokers, nor even the ultra-diplomatic expositions which appeared from the seceding secretaries themselves, could throw any light on the mysterious business. It produced, however, the only tolerable caricature I ever saw in the country. It represents the President seated alone in his cabinet, wearing a look of much discomfiture, and making great exertions to detain one of four rats by placing his foot on the tail. The rats' heads bear a very sufficient resemblance to the four ex-ministers. General Jackson, it seems, had requested Mr. Van Buren, the Secretary of State, to remain in office till his place was supplied: this gave occasion to a *bonmot* from his son, who, being asked when his father would be in New York, replied, 'When the President takes off his foot.'"

It is very amusing, in turning the pages of Mrs. Trollope's noted book, to recall the wrath of our fathers at her free and easy and shallow misconceptions. There is blended with them, however, just severity of criticism, and nothing is more surprising than her admiration of Washington. She declared that she was delighted with its whole aspect, and that, light, cheerful, and airy, it reminded her of the English fashionable watering-places. She knows that it has been laughed at, but she sees nothing in the least degree ridiculous about it. With a gravity which seems satirical, she remarks that the original design, which was as beautiful as it was extensive, "has been in no way departed from," and all that has been done has been done well; and she concludes that the appearance of the metropolis rising gradually into life and splendor is a spectacle of high historic interest. Certainly much should be forgiven to so appreciative an observer, and now that the city has risen into life and splendor, Mrs. Trollope's satisfaction would be great. All such glimpses are valuable. Count Gurowski's Washington diaries during the civil war will be of singular interest fifty years hence. Thackeray's lectures on the Georges are full of instruction. Hervey's memoirs of the court of the second George are appalling, but they must be read if the student would know the time. Our straggling and modern national capital has a social story of its own, and those who catch its manners as they rise are gossiping but delightful chroniclers.

In the days of Transcendentalism—an era of which a paper in the January number of this Magazine gave a vivid sketch—one of the neophytes, who held that preaching should be the outpouring of a present and overpowering inspiration, asked an elderly clergyman, one of the "hireling priesthood," how he could be sure, when he went into his pulpit on Sunday, that he would be inspired to say something. "I can not be sure," was the reply, "and so I take care to write down something during the week." The eyes of the clergyman glistened and twinkled as he answered. The inquirer doubtless was dissatisfied, and perhaps meditated some retort to the effect that such cold inspiration could not kindle other souls, and that mechanical preaching was much like the prayers made by the rotary calabash of which Carlyle treats. But the preacher might well have asked why a sermon which was inspired on Thursday, or even late on Saturday night, might not be as good in the preaching as the reading of a poem to-day which was written a hundred years ago.

The question of the Transcendental time was renewed in a remark which Mr. James Payn records in a late paper upon the literary calling and its future. He says that a distinguished personage who had written a very successful book, and who had at least £5000 a year of his own, observed to him that no man should undertake to address the public unless a certain divine afflatus animated him, and that the writing for pay is the degradation of literature. Mr. Payn, however, is a professional literary man, and he proceeded to write an essay upon that profession, which is very bright and agreeable. He holds that, with the enormous increase in the circulation of literature, and the necessity of a regular supply, a new calling has been developed, for which young persons may be fitted more readily even than for the older and recognized professions. He says that nature seldom indicates a boy's vocation in his childhood, or, as he puts it, in a lively way, "Boys have rarely any spe-

cial aptitude for anything practical beyond punching each other's heads, or (and these are the clever ones) for keeping their own heads unpunched." A clever boy, he says, can be trained to almost anything, and an ordinary boy will not do one thing much better than another. This accords fully with the remark of one of the shrewdest of college presidents in his baccalaureate sermon: "Young gentlemen," he said, "there is always a great deal of wonder among graduates what particular thing God intended them to do in this world; but my experience of young men assures me that God intended very few of them to do anything in particular." The doctor agreed entirely with Mr. Payn that a young man's decision in the matter should be governed by consideration of all the circumstances. Mr. Payn, as a boy, longed to be a merchant. But the kind of merchant that he wished to be was that which traded to Bussorah in pearls and diamonds, and whose story is written in the *Arabian Nights*. This too was paralleled by a graduate from the very college at which the baccalaureate was preached. The graduate was the valedictorian of his class, and took leave of his college course in a fervid oration, descending from the platform amid tears and glory. He too had dreamed in a large way of mercantile life, and trading to the Tigris and Bussorah; but when he entered the counting-room of the old-fashioned merchant who "had come up to the quarter-deck from a cabin-boy," and was told that he was to appear the next morning at sunrise to sweep out the office, the valedictorian decided that he had perhaps mistaken the direction of the divine afflatus, and that he did not care to be a merchant upon those terms.

But why should not the clever young man, the father's and mother's darling Jack, who has spent his way liberally through college, and who can not enter any of the three old professions, the clerical, legal, or medical, without still larger outlay, and long and doubtful waiting—why should he not buy a bottle of ink, a quire or a ream of paper, and a stylographic pen, and enter upon this new profession of letters, which, if it has not thumping great prizes like bishoprics and attorney-generalships, has yet a great many comfortable competencies to offer, and whose rewards begin at once? This is Mr. Payn's question, and he presses it with great briskness. The bulk of modern literature—by which is generally meant periodical literature—"is at all events ten times as good as ancient periodical literature used to be." A very excellent authority declares—and what Easy Chair or magazine writer will rudely doubt or deny?—that the majority of the old essays in the *Edinburgh Review*, when it is supposed to have been most brilliant and masterly and trenchant, are so dull and weak and ignorant that they would be in great danger of being shown the door of our contemporary periodicals. The majority, he says, because this authority would not assert that Carlyles and Macaulays and Sydney Smiths crowd and jostle in the reviews and magazines of to-day. There is more good poetry in our general literature at present than ever before, and Mr. Payn supports his allegation by citing at hap-hazard five pieces from a half-yearly volume of a magazine at a penny and a half weekly.

This superiority, especially in prose writers, is due to practice, and the practice, in turn, to the enormous demand which springs from the immense multiplication of every kind of popular literature, daily, weekly, semi-monthly, monthly, bi-monthly, quarterly, and yearly. Indeed, says Mr. Payn, granting that there is something to be called genius, yet men of genius do not always write with genius, and their work is often inferior to that of first-class talent. For his own part, Mr. Payn is not sure that the whole distinction between genius and talent is not fanciful!

He deprecates the indignation of editors who will denounce him for opening the sluices of universal stupidity upon the flood of rubbish in which they are already struggling. They will accuse him of proposing a hot-house for forcing mediocrity. But he retorts that his suggestion would discourage mediocrity by bringing into literature the educated talent which is sitting listlessly in offices waiting for patients and clients; but above all it helps Paterfamilias out of his perplexity, and opens an honorable and remunerative calling to Jack. It is a gay and dashing proposition that he makes, and it will doubtless turn many an idle hand to literature. But the *Spectator*, commenting upon the sprightly paper, and agreeing with much that it says, reminds the author that it is in literature as in art and in all pursuits that appeal to public support. The essential element is what it calls quality of expression, without which genius itself, and education, and talent, and ambition, and necessity, will not enable a writer to succeed. It is a form of tact which is more than all.

"What boots it thy virtue,
What profit thy parts,
While one thing thou lackest—
The art of all arts?

"The only credentials,
Passport to success,
Opens castle and parlor—
Address, man, Address.

* * * * *

"This clinches the bargain;
Sails out of the bay;
Gets the vote in the Senate,
Spite of Webster and Clay.

"Has for genius no mercy,
For speeches no heed;
It lurks in the eye-beam,
It leaps to its deed.

"Church, market, and tavern,
Bed and board, it will sway.
It has no to-morrow;
It ends with to-day."

That is the magic, tricksy as the Ariel genius,

without which the new calling will be as hopeless for Jack as any of the older ones. It is, in a word, the power of using talent, intelligence, education, experience, observation, imagination, memory, all the resources at command, in a literary way, to please the public—to write what the public will care to read. A man may have all the historical erudition of Macaulay, but without his gift of attractive expression his manuscript will not tempt a sagacious editor. Indignant and wondering authors constantly say to the editor of a magazine that their stories, essays, poems, are quite as good, to say no more, as those which appear monthly, and they can not understand why they can not have a chance. "What boots it thy virtue?" The editor can reply only that he is an autocrat. He can give no reasons; indeed, he himself hardly knows his reasons. His editorial instinct assures him that A's work will do, and B's will not. He apprehends at once the presence or absence of the "quality of expression," and he decides accordingly. Mr. Payn intrepidly replies that this will come by practice, as in all other pursuits, and he makes a vigorous plea. But what can practice do for the prima donna who has no ear for music?

THE Easy Chair was agreeably surprised the other day by a call from a yellowish-visaged gentleman in a queue, who announced himself as of the family of Lien Chi Altangi, a name which the reader will recall as that of the Chinese philosopher and citizen of the world whose letters of observation in England were edited by Dr. Goldsmith. After the natural courtesies of such a meeting, and the Easy Chair's compliments upon the shrewdness and charm of his distinguished ancestor's observations, the Chinese gentleman fell into easy conversation, and was congratulated upon his singular familiarity with our language. He remarked that it was always an advantage to a traveller to know the language of the country, and he had no doubt that so travelling a people as the American were of the same opinion. "And as you travel over the world more generally than any other people," he said, "I presume that you are generally familiar with many languages." The Easy Chair bowed, and cleared its throat, and smiled, and said, "Oh yes—probably—undoubtedly."

"Yours is a very great country," the visitor politely returned, "and this city is indeed magnificent. It promises one day to rival Pekin, at least in extent and population. The pleasure of seeing your great men—the great men of so great a city, I mean—must be very unusual, and I should be infinitely your debtor if you would accompany me to your temple of civic greatness—your City Hall, as I understand you call it. Your popular institutions, as we are told in China, are intended to secure worthy governors of the people by the votes of the people themselves. It is exceedingly interesting, and I am very anxious to study the working of your institutions in your chief city."

The Easy Chair bowed and cleared its throat again, and answered that the study of the city was certainly very interesting; but it did not feel in the least disposed to escort the travelling philosopher to the City Hall, and contented itself with remarking that ours is a very great country, and that its institutions are unequalled in the world.

"I have met no American who is not of that opinion," courteously returned the Chinese gentleman, "and I was pleased to see upon a visit to your Washington and Fulton markets a noble illustration of the generous and becoming manner in which such important parts of the municipal institutions are managed."

The Easy Chair answered that it was not that kind of institution which it had intended by its remark.

"Possibly you allude to another great institution which I have visited," returned the traveller, with exquisite courtesy. "You justly pride yourselves upon your advances in sanitary science, and I am a devout pilgrim seeking enlightenment. Judge, then, with what pleasure I saw your chief temple of the customs. What convenience and economy of arrangement! How singularly fitted for its purpose! You are indeed a great people. I passed into the main circular hall, and what purity of atmosphere, what skill of ventilation, what a refreshing coolness and sweetness; it is, indeed, a sanitarium; nor can I wonder that you are proud of your progress and achievements in this science. But when I learned that the officers engaged in the public service in this temple, in the business of various accounts, and in determining the value of the products of the whole world, were appointed to the duty because of their zeal in providing candidates for offices and compelling the people to vote for them, I was lost in admiration of institutions under which zealous shouting and running are evidence of skill to embroider muslin and to calculate interest. Truly you are a great people, and your institutions overflow with wisdom."

The Easy Chair bowed and smiled, but the precise terms of an appropriate reply did not suggest themselves, until, remembering what was due to its native land, it began: "There can, however, illustrious son of Lien Chi Altangi, be no doubt that we are a very great and superior people, and that we have a very just pity and contempt for all the unhappy victims of the effete despotisms and hoary empires of the older world—not that we believe the other continents to be actually older, for our own favored continent doubtless emerged first from chaos, but it is an expression which, with the generosity of our institutions, we are willing to tolerate."

"I can not deny your greatness," politely said the yellowish-visaged gentleman, "and far

be it from me to question your superiority. It was but yesterday evening that I attended a social assembly which was described to me as a full-undress party, and as I entered and beheld many of the other sex, I was struck by the accuracy of the description. As I promenaded through the brilliant throng with one of the loveliest of your young persons of that sex, she said to me, with a bewitching smile, 'Dear Mr. Altangi, is it true that Chinese women squeeze their feet for beauty? How very funny!' She panted as she spoke, and I saw that her body was evidently incased in some kind of rigid and unyielding garment, and that her waist was surely not the waist of nature. I gazed as intently as decorum would permit—for I am but a student of cities and of men—and I was sure that my lovely companion's body was more cruelly compressed than the feet of my adorable country-women, and her panting breath was but evidence of the justice of my observation. I asked her with sympathy if I could not call some companion to relieve her, or, if the case were urgent, whether I could not myself offer succor. But she gazed at me as if I spoke a strange language, and smilingly asked my meaning. 'Dear miss,' I said, 'are you not in great suffering?' 'Not at all,' she replied, and I paid homage to her heroism. 'I know not, dear miss, whether to admire more the greatness of your heroism, or the generosity of your sympathy. While you are in torment yourself, your tender interest goes forth to my country-women in what you believe to be torture. Be comforted, dear miss; the anguish of a squeezed foot is not comparable to that of a waist so cruelly confined as yours, and the consequences, also, are not to be compared.' If human bodies in your great and happy country are made like ours in China, certainly, Mr. Easy Chair, I must acknowledge that in heroic endurance of the cruelty of fashion your country is indeed pre-eminent."

There seemed to be such a singular misapprehension upon the part of the courteous visitor that the Easy Chair was beginning again to explain—"Yes, but the indisputable superiority of our glorious country"—when the son of Altangi interrupted, with suavity: "Certainly. I was about to add that while my fair companion insisted that I should confess the pinching of the feet to be a heinous folly, if not, as she was plainly disposed to believe, a crime, my eye was arrested by another lightly and lowly draped figure of the same sex advancing toward us with an uncertain, hobbling step so like the gait of the lovely Chinese maidens of almond eyes that again I watched intently, and I saw that not only was this sylph drawn out of all natural form at the waist, but that she was attempting to walk in little shoes supported upon high pivots called heels under the centre of the feet. It was an ingenious combination of torture and helplessness, to which no social circle in my native land offers a parallel. It is a wonderful achievement, due, I doubt not, Mr. Easy Chair, to the manifest superiority of your great country, and plainly a striking illustration of it. Yet it is interesting and touching that the maidens of your politer circles, gasping in pinched waists, and balancing and tottering on pivots under their shoes, should inquire with so amused an air about the squeezed feet of Chinese ladies. I pay you my compliments, Mr. Easy Chair, upon your extraordinary country."

The urbanity of the visitor was perfect. The Easy Chair looked at his eyes to see if they twinkled, but they had only a bland regard; and as it was beginning again—"Nevertheless, sir, you will admit that the superiority of our institutions"—there seemed to be so positive an approach to twinkling in the Chinese eyes that the Easy Chair paused, smiled, and then said: "Worthy son of Lien Chi Altangi, thy words enlighten the mind, even as those of thy ancestor illuminated the minds of our fathers over the sea. By their light I read the meaning of the saying that in my youth I heard in the valleys of the Tyrol, 'Beyond the mountains there are men also.'"

What Wouter Van Twiller, or stout old Peter Stuyvesant, or Dominie Everardus Bogardus would have said of a political meeting on Sunday evening in New Amsterdam may be surmised, but their minatory ghosts could not prevent a great assembly in New York to greet Mr. Parnell on the Sunday evening after his arrival in this country, and to hear a speech from him upon the renewal of the Irish agitation. The huge inclosure called Madison Square Garden is the only place in the city for such a purpose. There were five or six thousand people assembled, but large areas of the space were bare. The long galleries on the sides were two-thirds filled, and there was a dense crowd standing closely for some distance around the platform. It was evident that only a practiced speaker could make himself intelligible in the rather dim and desolate building, and it was equally evident to the curious hearer who turned in from the street and moved toward the platform that the tall, full-bearded, high-browed, gentlemanly man who was speaking was a practiced speaker.

It was impossible not to look with interest at the leader of what is acknowledged in England to be the deepest and most general agitation in Ireland since that of O'Connell for Repeal. O'Connell, as Phillips depicts him, was a typical Irishman. Other Irish leaders strike the imagination as more heroic, as more romantic, as more unselfish. The name of O'Connell, for instance, will never be irradiated with the tender poetic halo that surrounds that of Robert Emmet. But no Irish leader, not even Grattan, was ever such a master of Ireland. No man in modern times so swayed a whole people as Daniel O'Connell swayed the Irish. It was something to see his successor in the leadership of agitation. But in the place of

the burly, rubicund, wily, rollicking, wholly Irish face and form of the famous agitator, here was a grave, thin, thoroughly American-looking man, speaking easily, with perfect self-possession, with consummate prudence, but without oratorical fervor—earnest, sincere, direct, but without "magnetism," yet with a fluency which is distinctively American, and with the tempered air of one trained to Parliamentary debate in a minority. He held copious notes in his hand, to which he referred without being in the least constrained by them, and with great skill, acquired by the habit of addressing large crowds under difficult circumstances, he threw his voice to the farther edge of the audience, and was heard, by attentive listening, by everybody in the building. There was no bitterness, no denunciation, no sarcasm, no kind of rhetorical or personal display, in the speech. It was the plain statement of a man in earnest, but without a single characteristic to be expected of a noted Irish agitator.

This is not surprising when the hearer discovers that the agitator is but half Irish, and that the other half is American. He is the grandson of our Commodore Stewart, and he has not now come for the first time to America; and it is agreeable to think that the tone and the prudence of his speech were due to the American drop in his blood. Early in his address he said distinctly that the agitation did not propose revolution, but stood within the constitution and the laws; and the most dramatic passage in the speech was his allusion to armed insurrection. There were doubtless, he said, many who believed the agitation to mean open rebellion, and there were many in Ireland who would gladly rise in arms. At this suggestion of possible war waged by other people, three thousand miles over the sea, there was a wild and long tumult of cheering. And very possibly, continued the speaker, there are those in this country who would sympathize with an armed movement. This remark was greeted with another prolonged shout. But not a single penny which is raised in this country, said the agitator, quietly and forcibly, will be devoted to any such purpose. The response was very moderate and limited applause, but the speaker was not in the least concerned. He evidently understood his audience and himself. When he mentioned an Irish landlord who, according to the report, has neither hands nor feet, and who has severely criticised the agitation, some one in the crowd called out, "He's the ligless man." Mr. Parnell turned and said, "He may have lost his legs, but he has a strong, clear head." It was generous and gentlemanly, and the remark was instantly felt by the throng.

The merits of the agitation we do not discuss here. It grows out of the unhappy relations that have always existed between England and Ireland, and it now makes the most radical of demands—that of the redistribution of the land, to begin by the erection of the government into a gigantic Irish landlord, who shall let the land in small holdings to tenants whose rent in thirty years will pay for it, and, as Mr. Parnell said, the occupiers of the land shall become its owners. This will seem to many minds mere Irish statesmanship; but is John Bull willing that the condition of the Ireland of to-day should be regarded as an illustration of British statesmanship?

Editor's Literary Record.

AMONG the unpublished manuscripts of the late Bayard Taylor were twelve lectures on German literature,[1] which he had prepared for delivery before the students of Cornell University. Before publishing them in permanent form it was probably his intention to recast them, adapting the style to the reader rather than to the hearer, enlarging their scope, and elaborating them in parts so as to render them more complete. His unexpected death, however, defeated this intention, and the lectures are now printed as they left his pen, nothing having been changed beyond the correction of verbal errors and oversights. In a feeling and judicious introduction Mr. Boker informs us that Mr. Taylor designed the lectures to be an introduction to the literature of Germany, elementary and popular in its character rather than profound or exclusive; and after a careful reading of them we concur with Mr. Boker that, however modest may have been Mr. Taylor's pretensions, "such was his native power and the depth of his knowledge of the German literature that, whenever he touches an author critically, he rises to a style of treatment that may win the admiration of the most scholarly, and furnish food for reflection to the most thoughtful." It was a wise decision to leave the lectures in their original genial and unstudied form. They will be far more effective, more easy of popular comprehension, and more serviceable in educating taste, in their present simple, direct, and familiar dress than if they had been recast in the more formal garb of an elaborate critical and historical treatise. As they now appear, they are fervid, glowing, and magnetic. Their outline of the earliest German literature, and of the literature of the Minnesingers and of the Reformation, and their brilliant descriptions of the mediæval epics, and of the crystallization of the earlier legendary epics into the "Nibelungen Lied," are as fascinating as a romance. The lectures are en-

[1] *Studies in German Literature.* By BAYARD TAYLOR. With an Introduction by GEORGE H. BOKER. 12mo, pp. 418. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

riched with fine reproductions of poems illustrating the literature of Germany in its infancy and early years, and they also embody a large number of valuable biographical and historical studies. The first five of the lectures cover the ground just indicated. The sixth introduces us to the comparatively flat and uninteresting literature of the seventeenth century. And the remaining six are devoted to critical and analytical studies of the works of Lessing, Klopstock, Wieland, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, and Richter. These studies also comprise brief biographical outline sketches of those great men and of their literary career.

THE almost simultaneous publication of Bayard Taylor's lectures and of a revised edition of Professor Hosmer's *Short History of German Literature*[2] offers a favorable opportunity to our readers to acquire an intelligent acquaintanceship with German *belles-lettres* literature under the leadership of two independent guides, whose opinions and estimates are the more interesting for their occasional divergences. Professor Hosmer's outline covers much the same ground as Mr. Taylor's lectures, except that it is fuller in the later periods, more especially with reference to the influences that are operative on German literature at the present day. His style is less elegant than Mr. Taylor's, and his plan is more elastic. This last admits of numerous historical and anecdotal digressions, the latter including agreeable sketches of spots associated with the lives and persons of the writers who are passed in review, together with interesting descriptions of them, their haunts and homes. Comparatively few names of authors are given by Professor Hosmer, his aim being to concentrate attention chiefly upon those whom he considers "epoch-making" men, and to give them and their productions a close and careful inspection.

A HANDSOME library edition of Mr. Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*[3] (of which there was an extended notice in this Record for August last, on the occasion of the publication of its first two volumes as one of the "Franklin Square Library" series) has just been published by the Messrs. Harper. The volume includes the two volumes that have been thus far issued in the English edition, and in its present permanent form will be welcomed to a place on their book-shelves by all who have been impressed by its author's full, condensed, and exceedingly clear and dispassionate outline history of England, in all the aspects of its national life, during the last fifty years.

[2] *A Short History of German Literature.* By Professor JAMES K. HOSMER. 12mo, pp. 628. St. Louis: G. I. Jones and Co.

[3] *A History of Our Own Times*, From the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. Vol. I., 12mo, pp. 559. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE students and admirers of ancient Scandinavian literature are indebted to Professor Anderson, of the University of Wisconsin, for a scholarly version of the fine old Teutonic composition "The Younger Edda,"[4] also known as "Snorre's Edda" (Snorre Sturleson's) and "The Prose Edda." The remains of this literature consist principally of the two Eddas—the "Elder Edda" and the "Younger Edda"—which constitute, as it were, the Odinic Bible. The "Elder Edda" is the analogue of the Old Testament, and presents the outlines of the Odinic faith in a series of prophetical and enigmatical poetical lays or rhapsodies. The "Younger Edda," now translated by Professor Anderson, is the analogue of the New Testament. It contains the systematized Teutonic theogony and cosmogony, gives the clew to the obscure passages in the "Elder Edda" (of which it is in a sense the sequel and commentary), and is in prose. Both complement each other, and in connection with the Scandinavian sagas, traditions, and folk-lore, give us a comprehensive idea of the ancient Teutonic beliefs. Professor Anderson's version is made up of translations from three standard editions in the original. It contains all of the "Younger Edda, except the Hattatal (or enumeration of skaldic metres), and includes the narrative portion of the Skaldskaparmal (or analysis of the poetic paraphrases of the skalds), and the less ancient "Forewords" and "Afterwords," thus giving all of the work that is of interest or importance to English scholars. To the versions are prefixed a preface giving a condensed outline of the Teutonic religion, and an interesting introduction which embodies an inquiry into the question of the origin and authorship of the "Younger Edda," and an account of the various editions of it that have been published in the original and in translations. The work is made complete by copious philological and expository notes, and a full glossary.

PROFESSOR LOUNSBURY'S *History of the English Language*[5] has the great merit of being interesting without any sacrifice of accuracy or substantial usefulness. Less elaborate and learned than some other works on this large subject, it is a full and instructive historical outline of our language, which it considers with reference to the exterior circumstances and conditions under which it was developed, and the social, political, and interior influences that affected its vocabulary, and transformed it from an inflectional to a nearly non-inflectional tongue. As some knowledge of the literature of a language is essential to a comprehension of the history of the language itself, in the early portion of the volume concise sketches are given of the literature of the lan-

[4] *The Younger Edda*, also called Snorre's Edda, or The Prose Edda, etc. With an Introduction, Notes, Vocabulary, and Index. By RASMUS B. ANDERSON. 12mo, pp. 302. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.

[5] *History of the English Language.* By T. R. LOUNSBURY, 16mo, pp. 371. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

guages allied to the English, and of the Anglo-Saxon and Early English periods; and further instructive chapters are devoted to the influence of foreign tongues upon the language, especially the influence of the Norman Conquest and the French language upon it. These chapters are followed by a rapid survey of the three dialects of the Early English, of the changes in the tongue during the Middle English period (1350 to 1550), and of the final settlement of our orthography in the form known as Modern English. The technical history of the language proper occupies the remainder of the volume, and comprises so much only of its internal history as is concerned with the variations of form that have taken place in the noun, the adjective, the pronoun, and the verb, caused by change or loss of inflection; and an account of the steps by which the language has increased its resources, either by the development of new forms or the application of old forms to new uses. The treatise fully meets the requirements of a text-book for schools, or of a hand-book for adult readers who desire to review or expand their philological knowledge.

THE resounding title of Mr. Allibone's new volume, *Great Authors of All Ages*,[6] is not justified by its contents. No work that throws out all the great authors before Pericles is entitled to this comprehensive title; and even if we accept the extremest limitation of its subtitle, "Selections from the Prose Works of Eminent Writers from the Time of Pericles to the Present Day," we must pronounce the volume a disappointing one, since we find in it only four authors as the representatives of the period of more than five hundred years from Pericles to Pliny the Younger, and only about a dozen as the representatives of the prose literature of continental Europe from the beginning of the Christian era until now. In both cases the names of numerous authors, who were at least as great as those commemorated, are conspicuous by their absence. Why Thucydides, Cæsar, Livy, Tacitus, and Plutarch, and a score of others whose names will occur to the reader, should be omitted from the earlier period in a work of such pretensions, or why Chaucer, Wycliffe, Tyndale, Luther, Calvin, Froissart, Spenser, Rabelais, Erasmus, Grotius, Descartes, Buffon, Fénelon, Bossuet, Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Niebuhr, Humboldt, Agassiz, and Darwin, among others, should be excluded from the later period, are equally hard to understand. In reality the book is merely a commonplace collection of selections from the writings of some two hundred and fifty authors, scattered over twenty-three centuries, many of whom have no claim to be styled "great," and several of whom—for example, Napoleon Bonaparte and George Washington—were not "authors" in the distinctive sense of the word. Moreover, these selections are seldom the best, or even favorable, specimens; and in many instances they are random clippings, such as may have been made by any school-boy, from the least able or least characteristic performances of their authors. A glance at the selections from Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Jeremy Taylor will make this sufficiently clear. The original matter contributed to the volume by Mr. Allibone is slight in amount and of trifling value.

MR. JUSTIN WINSOR, the librarian of Harvard University, has compiled a convenient *Reader's Hand-Book*[7] of all the publications—books, pamphlets, annals, archives, etc.—that throw light upon the preliminary events in the several colonies which had a bearing upon the Revolutionary war, as well as upon those which occurred during or immediately after the struggle of our ancestors for national independence. The volume is topically arranged, and is a helpful bibliographical manual and book of reference to the authorities for events of the Revolutionary period.

POETRY and Music have been fitly wedded in a luxurious quarto for the drawing-room that has just issued from the press in Great Britain and this country, entitled *Songs from the Published Writings of Alfred Tennyson*, Set to Music by Various Composers;[8] and in the American edition the nuptials have been made additionally attractive by a number of "goodly ornaments" contributed by the sister art. The songs which have been thus chosen for musical wedlock consist of selections of those poems from Tennyson's writings whose touching appeals to human sympathy, and whose rhythmical movement and lyrical qualities, seem specially to adapt them for musical expression. Many of them are those familiar favorites which, in the absence of a written score, all of us have insensibly been wont to read with a musical modulation, as if music were naturally suggested by them, or were necessary to their due interpretation. Far more perfect and satisfactory than any expression we have been able to give these fine lyrics in this instinctive and imperfect way is that which is now vouchsafed to us by the genius and taste of the composers who have joined in preparing this acceptable album of song, and many of whose contributions are a delightful blending of artistic excellence with deep and tender feeling. The volume comprises forty-five pieces of more or less elaborate music—songs, songs and choruses, part-songs, chorals, etc.—

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[6] *Great Authors of All Ages.* Being Selections from the Prose Works of Eminent Writers from the Time of Pericles to the Present Day. By S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE. 8vo, pp. 555. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[7] *The Reader's Hand-Book of the American Revolution.* 1761–1783. By JUSTIN WINSOR. 16mo, pp. 328. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

[8] *Songs from the Published Writings of Alfred Tennyson,* Set to Music by Various Composers. Edited by W. G. CUSINS. With a Portrait and Original Illustrations. Royal 4to, pp. 375. New York: Harper and Brothers.

by such eminent living composers as Ch. Gounod, R. Jackson, Ciro Pinsuti, Sir J. Benedict, Joseph Joachim, John Hullah, Jacques Blumenthal, Otto Goldschmidt, Arthur Sullivan, Joachim Raff, Sir Herbert Oakeley, Franz Liszt, etc. The American edition is enriched with eleven original full-page illustrations, comprising a fine portrait of the Laureate, and ten effective idealizations of the characters who figure in as many of his songs. Several of these idealizations—notably the illustrations accompanying "O Swallow, Swallow!" and the "Milkmaid's Song," by Reinhart, the "Miller's Daughter," by Winslow Homer, and the "Sea Fairies" and the "Beggar Maid," by A. Fredericks—are delicately chaste or vigorously picturesque conceptions.

THE sermons of the late Dr. De Koven strongly reflect the character of the man. What he believed, he believed with his whole heart. He was a man of ardent convictions, and none of them were more intense than those he entertained as to the teaching office of the Church and its ministry. All his sermons are the impassioned and earnest utterances of a teacher —of a teacher, it may be added, who was imbued with the old theology, and who loved and clung to it as the form of doctrine which realizes in scientific terms and clear outlines what God has revealed to man in the Gospel of His Son. Thirty of his most characteristic sermons[9] have been selected for publication in a volume the profits of which are to go to the memorial endowment fund of his beloved college at Racine, and they are prefaced by a tender and appreciative outline of his life, labors, and character, by the Rev. Dr. Dix. All of them are marked by fervor and uncompromising conviction, qualified by sweetness and gentleness. They consist, in due proportions, of those that were preached at ordinations, convocations, and before the students of Racine College, together with several on special occasions; and all of them bear the stamp of their author's zeal for the work of Christian education, of his devotion to that branch of the Church Catholic to which he belonged, of his lofty ideal of the priestly office, and of his absorbing desire to win men from sin, and to convince them of the beauty of holiness.

FOUR eloquent lectures delivered last year in Philadelphia under the auspices of the "Bohlen Lectureship," by Rev. Phillips Brooks, have been published, under the general head, *The Influence of Jesus*.[10] In these lectures Mr. Brooks considers Christianity not merely as a system of doctrine, but as a personal force which is the shaping power of man's life as an individual, as a member of organized society, and as an emotional and intellectual being. His general theme is man in his various life, as touched and influenced by the Fatherhood of God revealed to him in Jesus Christ; and this is dealt with in four Biblical studies, severally exhibiting the influence of Christ on the moral, the social, the emotional, and the intellectual life of man—on man in his relation to enjoyment and suffering, on man in his relation to material progress, on man in his relation to civilization, and on man through the effects of Christ's influence upon the world of thought. Generally the style of the lectures is familiar and easy, but they are frequently illuminated with passages of ornate eloquence and felicitous illustration.

UNDER the caption *The Limitations of Life, and Other Sermons*,[11] the Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D., of this city, has gathered into a convenient volume some twenty-five of his sermons, which have been selected for publication because of the present and permanent importance of their subjects, and because it is known that they have already been helpful aids to some of their hearers in their prosecution of the Christian life. The subjects treated upon in all of them have a direct bearing upon the development of personal holiness in the heart, and its influence upon conduct as well as upon belief; and the lessons which they convey—at times with the utmost simplicity, and at other times with persuasive eloquence and cogent reasoning—are enforced and explained by apt and varied illustrations drawn from the personal and business experiences of mankind and from the teachings of history. Nothing is sacrificed to mere rhetoric in their construction. Indeed, faultless as they are in style, their perfection in this particular is lost sight of by the reader, who is solely impressed by the gravity of the message addressed to him, and the unequivocal earnestness and intense sincerity of the preacher who delivers it. If Dr. Taylor's style were less perfect, if it were marred by idiosyncrasies of thought and expression, or by the ordinary pulpit buncombe of sensational paradox, antithesis, invective, theatrical display, or buffoonery, there would be danger that the message might be less considered than the manner of its delivery, and its great Author be overshadowed by His mouth-piece and messenger. In Dr. Taylor's sermons nothing of this happens. The message he brings is stated clearly, eloquently it may be, but always in its simplicity and majesty; and unless the heart be very hard and the sense very dull, it must find a lodgment in the one and make a profound impression upon the other.

THE latest novel of the "No Name Series"[12]

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[9] *Sermons Preached on Various Occasions by James De Koven, D.D.* With an Introduction by MORGAN DIX, S.T.D. 12mo, pp. 364. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[10] *The Influence of Jesus.* By Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS. 18mo, pp. 274. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

[11] *The Limitations of Life, and Other Sermons.* By WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D. With a Portrait. 8vo, pp. 391. New York: A. C. Armstrong and Son.

[12] *His Majesty, Myself.* "No Name Series." 16mo, pp. 299. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

is more noteworthy for its subtle analysis of fine shades of character and its brilliant intellectual effects than for its narrative or dramatic power. Its leading actors are the representatives of two opposite social types: the one, cold, hard, practical, calculating, strong, and selfish, without emotion, without enthusiasm, without faith, or love, or sympathy; the other, emotional, generously impulsive, sensitively alive to the feelings and welfare of others and to all external impressions, magnanimous, unselfish, self-sacrificing, trustful, and loving. These opposite characters act as insensible foils and rivals, and our interest is actively excited for the outcome of the two unlike principles as illustrated by the ultimate failure or success of the one or the other of their exponents. Dispersed throughout the narrative are a number of spirited sketches of college life, embracing character-paintings of students and professors, and etchings of class-room and society incidents. The story is a clever exposition of the truth, as well as of its converse, that mere force of will and intellect, however vigorous, if coupled with selfishness and disbelief in God or man, can neither bring comfort to their possessors in the hour of trial or disappointment, nor enable them to stand the strain of real adversity, and will utterly break down as a basis on which to build hopes of genuine happiness or of substantial and durable success.

Sweet Nelly, My Heart's Delight,[13] is the rather rapturous title of a quaintly bright tale, written in literary companionship by James Rice and Walter Besant, which reminds us of Thackeray's *Esmond*. The incidents chosen for illustration, as in *Esmond*, are associated with Virginia in the colonial times, and the narrative, likewise, is the autobiographical relation of the principal actor, who is a Virginian—in this case, however, of the opposite sex. A young and beautiful Virginia heiress loses her father, and is transplanted to London, to the guardianship of her father's old friend and factor, an opulent London merchant and alderman. Here she is thrown among the people of the wealthy middle and mercantile class, and she describes with naïve simplicity and shrewd sense the fashions, foibles, vices, intrigues, and excitements of the London society of that class and day, her descriptions being all the more piquant for the contrasts she observes between the new scenes and those she was familiar with in her old Virginia life. The stock and lottery gambling manias of the day come in for a large share of her attention; and through their indirect agency misfortune overtakes and overwhelms her worthy guardian, whose ruin shipwrecks her own fortune also. The calamity, however, does not prevent the happy culmination of a love affair between the spirited heroine and a deserving young English nobleman, even less largely endowed than herself with this world's goods. Wisely accepting the inevitable, they go to Virginia, where they settle upon her patrimonial estate, and by a careful husbandry of its resources regain enough wealth to enable them, after many vicissitudes, to enjoy the residue of their life in great happiness amid their children and children's children.

THE entertainment afforded by Mrs. Oliphant's new romance, *The Greatest Heiress in England*,[14] is as quiet and prolonged as it is varied and pleasing. Always a conscientious artist, none of her productions is more carefully elaborated than this, and several of its characters, both leading and subordinate, are painted with unusual minuteness of detail and delicacy of touch and color. An eccentric and in a modest way prosperous country schoolmaster and his Martha-like wife become the heirs of the wife's cousin. They have but one child, a quiet, self-possessed, right-minded, pure, and loving girl of seventeen. At first they have no conception of the extent of their fortune, and the wife never realizes it; but at length its magnitude dawns upon the old man, who has an intuitive faculty for making money, and he increases his fortune enormously by his sagacity and frugality. The first wife dies, and the man marries another, who also dies, after bearing a son, a dreamy, thoughtful, studious little lad, greatly beloved by his stepsister. The father becomes infatuated with the notion that the fortune derived from his first wife's cousin, with all its vast accumulations, belongs to the daughter, and that only his own property, earned as a school-master, can go to his son. To carry out this idea, all his last years are occupied in contriving a will which shall vest his vast property in the daughter, and secure its still further increase. This will becomes the romance of his life, and among its strange but generally shrewd provisions he directs that she is not to marry until seven years after his death, unless she gains the consent of a committee of seven persons whom he names, and whom he has chosen because he is confident that they can never be brought to be of one mind. Thus, he congratulates himself, the girl will be guarded from fortune-hunters, and remain unmarried. He is very liberal to her, however. No penalty is attached for disobedience, because he knows her affection for him will cause her religiously to obey his wishes; and he directs that she may spend, without consultation with her guardians, to the extent of half her fortune, in extending aid to distressed individuals in sums sufficiently large to make them comfortable. The interest of the story is concentrated upon the rivalries of the guardians, the intrigues and perplexities of the matrimonial committee of

[13] *Sweet Nelly, My Heart's Delight.* A Novel. By JAMES RICE and WALTER BESANT. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 23. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *The Greatest Heiress in England.* A Novel. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 88. New York: Harper and Brothers.

seven, the various advances made to the girl by mercenary lovers, and her own disappointing experiences in her efforts to distribute her fortune so as to make people happy and grateful. Without lifting the curtain higher than to pique curiosity, we may say that she is relieved from her embarrassments by the man of her own heart, who manages so adroitly to extort the consent of the marriage committee that they become husband and wife before a single one of the seven years had elapsed for which her father had so astutely plotted.

THE author of *The Leavenworth Case*[15] has written another romance, based, like it, upon the strange and sudden disappearance of one of the leading personages from the scene, and depicting the anxieties, embarrassments, suspicions, accriminations, and efforts for discovery that are caused by it. The tale is a detective story, which keeps the curiosity ingeniously stimulated. Although the situations are generally sensational, they are not extravagantly or morbidly so, and several of them are quite dramatic.

Sir John,[16] and *Little Miss Primrose*,[17] are two sterling and readable novels, which, without being remarkable for the originality or intricacy of their plots, are sufficiently charged with varying alternations of love and fortune to prevent the attention from wavering. The tone of each is unexceptionably pure and refining, and their narratives are agreeably diversified with fresh and animated descriptions of domestic interiors in contrasted ranks of life.

Golden-Rod[18] is a society tale that glows with color and sparkles with light incident. Its author has the art of telling a love story with spirit and delicacy, and paints some of the characteristic phases of American life among well-bred people with a light and graceful but firm pencil. Several of her female portraitures are very engaging, and her descriptions of the nooks of Mount Desert, and the love episodes they witnessed, and perhaps inspired, are truly idyllic.

MR. CHARLES GIBBON'S pleasing prose pastoral, *The Queen of the Meadow*,[19] has some striking features in common with Mr. Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*. In both the scenes are laid for the most part in agricultural districts, the chief interests are rural and bucolic, the majority of the actors are farmers and peasants, and the heroines are handsome, vigorous, and masterful, but sweet and womanly, maidens, who own and manage their farms with masculine ability and success. The treatment of these factors by the two artists is thoroughly diverse, however. Mr. Gibbon's heroine, who is the "queen of the meadow," from whom his romance derives its title, is a more pleasing creation than Mr. Hardy's heroine. Her sensibilities are more active and more refined, and she is less hard and masculine. After a courtship that is as pleasant to the reader as it must have been exasperating to the lover, she is wooed and won by a fine, stalwart yeoman, who is a better farmer than herself even, and who joins to a will as resolute and a spirit as high as her own a wise head and a heart full of chivalrous gentleness and self-sacrificing love. Mr. Gibbon's novel is less intense and less dramatic than Mr. Hardy's, but it is less prolix and less heavily handicapped with dialect colloquies, and its story is more magnetic.

THE task Mr. George Barnett Smith set for himself when he undertook to place before the world "the story of Mr. Gladstone's life, through the medium of his writings and speeches," has resulted in a biography[20] so dry and ponderous that it must prove exceedingly unattractive reading to most folk, though statesmen, and those who are in training to become such, will find much in its compact pages amply to repay an attentive perusal. The biography is almost exclusively political in its character. Introducing us only to Gladstone the eminent statist, financier, political leader, thinker, and public man, it traces the growth, development, and transitions of his political opinions with laborious minuteness, and sketches his long and active public career with painstaking ability and fullness; but it is grievously barren of all those interesting details which throw light on his private life, and on his personal, social, and domestic characteristics. He tells us almost nothing of Gladstone's early childhood and boyhood; of his relations as a lover, husband, father, and friend; of his bearing in the family, among his intimates, in his study, or in those rare hours when he carried his bow unbent, and laid up new stores of mental vigor and physical vitality in the rest of recreative enjoyments. Not a line of his familiar or friendly private correspondence enables us to feel "the pulse of the machine"; but instead we are given digests of Parliamentary reports, summaries of Parliamentary and other speeches, and abstracts of and liberal quotations from his controversial

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[15] *A Strange Disappearance.* By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN. Sq. 16mo, pp. 280. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[16] *Sir John.* By the Author of *Anne Dysart*, etc. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 66. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *Little Miss Primrose.* A Novel. By the Author of *St. Olave's*, etc. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 61. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *Golden-Rod.* An Idyl of Mount Desert. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 115. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[19] *The Queen of the Meadow.* A Novel. By CHARLES GIBBON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 63. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[20] *The Life of the Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone.* By GEORGE BARNETT SMITH. 8vo, pp. 596. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

writings. There is nothing restful in such a biography, and little that is interesting, except to the student of political history. In this respect the volume contrasts disadvantageously with the admirable *Life of Macaulay* by Trevelyan, which addresses itself at once to the interest of the general reader and of the political student or observer.

Mr. James's contribution to the "English Men of Letters Series" of a volume on *Hawthorne*[21] will not suffer in comparison with the best of its predecessors. None of them more completely than it fulfills the design of the series—to rouse and satisfy an interest in literature in the minds of that large and intelligent class who have to run as they read, by supplying them with the means of nourishing their curiosity as to the performances of our greatest masters in a form copious enough to be profitable, and brief enough for the opportunities of their scanty leisure. Mr. James designates his performance as a critical essay rather than a biography. But while this is essentially true, the critical essay nevertheless embodies an exquisitely graceful biography, gleaned mainly, as Mr. James is careful to avow, from Mr. Lathrop's *Life of Hawthorne*, but supplemented by finely colored bits of mosaic drawn by Mr. James from Hawthorne's note-books, tales, and novels, the effect of the whole being to make the reader thoroughly acquainted with all the phases of Hawthorne's life and character, and the essential incidents and circumstances that affected them. So judicious are these gleanings, so admirable Mr. James's faculty of choice and selection, so deft and artistic his disposition and arrangement of his second-hand materials, and so felicitous his narrative presentation of them, that although we were already perfectly familiar with the original sources of his information, we have risen from his book feeling that we know and understand Hawthorne better than ever before. Satisfactory, however, as are the biographical portions of his volume, its chiefest excellence undoubtedly resides in its careful accounts and valuations of Hawthorne's writings, its delicate tracings of the unfolding of his literary character, and its sparkling, subtle, and often extended criticisms of them and of the genius and idiosyncrasies of their author. These criticisms, moreover, are constantly interrupted and agreeably diversified by a succession of essay-like episodes, giving us glimpses of Hawthorne's friends and contemporaries, and acutely analyzing or nimbly painting local phases and conditions of American life, society, manners, and literature. We should not be candid if we concealed our conviction that, however sparkling and subtle Mr. James's criticisms are, they are frequently overdone to the extent of being hypercritical rather than critical, and that the tone of his book is more jaunty and garrulous than is quite consistent with good taste, and more patronizing and depreciatory than we can reconcile with our own estimate of Hawthorne's character and genius. It needs to be further said that Mr. James's criticisms and valuations of Hawthorne are marred by the occasional interjection of sneering disparagements of American literature, whose captious levity are an imputation upon his judgment, and detract from the other substantial merits of his performance. They can only be accounted for, but not defended, by the supposition that they were penned in a momentary fit of indigestion.

[21] *Hawthorne.* By Henry James, Jun. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 177. New York: Harper and Brothers.

There is hardly an admirer of Shakspeare but has been tempted, by the dearth of known incidents in the poet's life, to indulge in speculations as to those that were possible or probable. Mr. Calvert has yielded to this feeling in some measure in his gracefully written *Biographic Æsthetic Study of Shakspeare.*[22] The book derives its title from its first two papers, in which he gives a concise summary of the ascertained facts of Shakspeare's life, arranged under the heads of its "first decades" and its "ripeness," filling up the gaps in the outline with such imaginary surroundings, situations, and incidents as are suggested by or are naturally inferable from the real ones. The first paper accompanies Shakspeare from his birth and through the years of his childhood and youth to his twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh year, when he had completed *Love's Labor Lost;* and the second carries him forward from his twenty-eighth year—when he leaped suddenly from the spring into the summer of his life, and signalized the transition by the production of *Romeo and Juliet*—through the years of his young and middle manhood and of his mighty prime, till "he passed away without looking into old age." Mr. Calvert's outline includes a review of the circumstances under which Shakspeare's various dramas were written, and of the question of the probable dates of their production. The remainder of the volume is devoted to two suggestive critical and interpretative studies, respectively on *King John* and *Hamlet.*

[22] *Shakspeare: A Biographic Æsthetic Study.* By George H. Calvert. 18mo, pp. 211. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

Mr. Arthur Gilman has been at the pains to cull from Shakspeare's writings those passages which enunciate the moral sentiments of the poet or shadow forth his religious beliefs, and to gather them into a volume entitled *Shakspeare's Morals,*[23] where they are grouped under distinct heads. These groups are preluded by brief excerpts from great masters of

[23] *Shakspeare's Morals.* Suggestive Selections, with brief Collateral Readings and Scriptural References. Edited by Arthur Gilman, M.A. 12mo, pp. 265. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

thought, ancient and modern, that further illustrate their themes, and they are also accompanied in foot-notes by Scriptural texts suggested by the poet's thought. The book is a pleasant companion volume to Shakspeare's writings, giving a compacted view of the moral and religious reflections that are to be found in them, and sustaining the accuracy of Bishop Wilberforce's remark, that if we take the entire range of English literature, and put together our best authors who have written upon subjects not professedly religious or theological, we shall not find in all united so much evidence of the Bible having been read and used as we find in Shakspeare alone.

A REMARKABLE lecture by Dr. H. Bonitz on the *Origin of the Homeric Poems*,[24] first delivered in Vienna twenty years ago, and since published in Germany in several successive editions, bringing down the history of this branch of inquiry to the present time, has been translated by Professor Lewis R. Packard, of Yale College, and published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. The principles and methods of modern criticism, both historical and literary, may be said to have grown up in and around the Homeric controversy, which began with the publication of Wolf's *Prolegomena to Homer* nearly a century ago, and has raged ever since in the learned world unabated. But the controversy is no longer what it was; results have been attained that are indisputable, and the widest differences of view now found among those who are familiar with the subject are trifling in comparison with the issues drawn between Wolf and his opponents. Every step gained by critical inquiry in this narrow field has had its influence in other fields of thought, and has helped to shape and direct the mind of the age. But the history of this important discussion has hitherto been locked up, for the most part, from the reach of the English reader, in dead or foreign languages, or in technical discussions and elaborate treatises not less forbidding. This admirable lecture for the first time sums up the whole inquiry, in its history and its results, in a form not only accessible, but extremely attractive to every thoughtful mind. Not a great scholar has lived in the last three generations who has not devoted his best powers and much of his time to the study of this question; and all the principal features and results of their work are outlined in the text of this little book, presenting an epitome of the movement of critical thought which is intelligible to readers who know nothing of Homer's tongue. Nor is it of less value to the special student, who will not easily find in many volumes so useful a sketch of the literature of the subject as is offered in the full and learned series of notes appended to the lecture. We may add that the translator has done his part with the utmost accuracy and good taste.

[24] *The Origin of the Homeric Poems.* By Dr. H. Bonitz. Translated by Professor Lewis R. Packard, of Yale College. 16mo, pp. 119. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THAT a lady should travel eight hundred miles alone and on horseback through the most wild and lonely regions of the Rocky Mountain mining districts of Colorado, not only without insult by word, look, or gesture, but with the most chivalrous attention having been paid to her sex by the proverbially rough and lawless miners and frontiersmen who form the population at that advanced outpost of American society, is as honorable to the character of those rude pioneers as it is creditable to the courage and perseverance of the lady. This thought will constantly present itself to the reader of the fresh and vigorous letters composing a volume styled *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*,[25] in which their author describes in the frankest and most unconventional manner her adventures by flood and plain, on forest and mountain, in tavern and hut, amid strange rough men and desperadoes, with no other protection than her defenseless womanhood. Although the author of these letters is usually intensely practical and matter-of-fact, she is by no means cold, or commonplace, or unimaginative, and her realistic pictures of life among the trappers, miners, hunters, and settlers of those remote parts are pleasantly varied with glowing descriptions of the boundless views and gorgeous morning and evening skies seen from the summits of lofty parks and peaks, and with vigorous sketches of the broad prairies, wild cañons, and snow-clad hills and plains she traversed in her eight hundred miles of horseback travel.

Camps in the Caribbees[26] is the title of an unusually interesting volume, in which Mr. Frederick A. Ober gives the results of his observations during a two years' visit to the archipelago of the Lesser Antilles. His visit was made with the purpose of exploring the ornithological treasures of the Caribbean archipelago; and instead of following the beaten track of ordinary tourists, who usually confine their explorations to the fertile and thickly populated cleared belt that fringes the shores of these islands, Mr. Ober left the coast, its villages and cities, and penetrated their interiors, which are vast uncleared forests, covering wild and forbidding mountains, where everything reposes in the same primitive state as when discovered by Columbus. While diligently pursuing his ornithological researches, Mr. Ober turned his attention also to the natural scenery and inhabitants of these primitive interiors, and carefully photographed the birds, beasts, insects, reptiles, and people he found there, as also such tropical scenes as most im-

[25] *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains.* By Isabella L. Bird. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 296. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[26] *Camps in the Caribbees.* The Adventures of a Naturalist in the Lesser Antilles. By Frederick A. Ober. 8vo, pp. 366. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

pressed him. These photographs form the illustrations of his volume, and they are accompanied by spirited descriptions of his adventures, explorations, and discoveries, and by interesting accounts of the several islands, their climate, products, and people, together with reproductions of the legends, traditions, and historical incidents connected with these new yet old fields. Mr. Ober writes with the enthusiasm of a naturalist, and the heartiness of a genuine traveller.

An interesting account is given by Mr. Herbert H. Smith in his *Brazil, The Amazons and the Coast*,[27] of that part of the South American Continent which is watered by the Amazons. The narrative generally is in the form of a familiar relation of incidents of travel, by means of which the reader is introduced to the people of the cities, Indian villages, and less accessible interior districts, and made acquainted with their habits, occupations, beliefs, and social characteristics. There are also full accounts of the climate and configuration of the country, and of the tropical growths and products of the region, together with discussions as to its salubrity, resources, and future possibilities in the interest of commerce and civilization. The most valuable portion of the volume is that which describes the grand river system of the Amazons and its tributaries, from its mouth at Pará to its head-waters in the Andes. The geographical, statistical, and other scientific information which the volume embodies, as the result of patient original observation and investigation, is of great value.

As we are closing the Record for the month we have received from the publishers another of Mr. Rolfe's judiciously edited plays of Shakspeare, being *The History of the Life and Death of King John*.[28] It is edited in conformity with the same general plan as its predecessors, and exhibits the same critical tact and discriminating judgment that made them so acceptable. Mr. Rolfe has materially enhanced the value of the play for home and school reading by his reproduction in the introduction of Mrs. Jameson's fine historical and critical essay upon Constance of Bretagne, and by his republication in an "addendum" at the close of the volume of Mrs. Siddons's striking analysis of the same character with reference to its personation on the stage.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of January.—Congress re-assembled January 6, after the holiday recess.

The House, January 6, directed the Committee on Indian Affairs to investigate the origin of the recent outbreak of the Ute Indians at the White River Agency, Colorado.

The West Point Military Academy Appropriation Bill was passed by the Senate January 12, with an amendment adding $11,618.

The Senate, January 14, passed a bill to increase the pensions of certain totally disabled soldiers and sailors.

On January 19 the President sent the following nominations to the Senate for foreign missions: England, James Russell Lowell, of Massachusetts; Russia, John W. Foster, of Indiana; Spain, Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin; Mexico, Philip H. Morgan, of Louisiana.

The following joint resolution to amend the Constitution of the United States was presented in the Senate January 19, and in the House January 20:

Article 16.—The right of suffrage in the United States shall be based on citizenship, and the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of sex, or for any reason not equally applicable to all citizens of the United States.

Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

The following United States Senators have been chosen: January 6, Luke Pryor, from Alabama, in place of Senator Houston, deceased; January 13, James A. Garfield, from Ohio; January 22, Arthur P. Gorman, from Maryland; January 22, General Randall L. Gibson, from Louisiana; and J. Z. George, from Mississippi.

The United States debt was decreased during December $4,251,217 96.

The New York Legislature organized at Albany January 6. General George H. Sharpe was elected Speaker of the Assembly.—Bills were introduced, January 13, providing for the election of Presidential electors by Congressional districts, and rendering women eligible to become school officers.

The Legislature of Maine, January 17, elected Daniel F. Davis Governor.

A new French ministry was constituted December 28, as follows: President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. De Freycinet; Interior and Worship, M. Lepère; Keeper of the Seals, M. Cazot; Finance, M. Magnin; War, General Farre; Marine, Admiral Jauréguiberry; Public Instruction, M. Jules Ferry; Works, M. Varroy; Commerce, M. Tirard; Posts and Telegraphs, M. Cochery.

M. Gambetta was chosen President of the Chamber of Deputies January 13, by a vote of 259 out of 308.

The Greek ministry was reconstituted Janu-

[27] *Brazil: The Amazons and the Coast.* By Herbert H. Smith. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 644. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[28] *Shakspeare's History of the Life and Death of King John.* Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M. 16mo, pp. 190. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ary 20, with M. Comoundouros as President of the Council and Minister of the Interior.

Another attempt was made, December 30, to kill King Alfonso, of Spain, while he was driving through the gate of the royal palace at Madrid. Two pistol-shots were fired at the royal carriage, but they were badly aimed, and nobody was hurt. The would-be assassin, a lad of 19, named Gonzalez, was arrested.

The bill for the abolition of slavery in Cuba passed the Spanish Senate December 24, by a vote of 134 to 14, and the Chamber of Deputies January 20, by a vote of 230 to 10.

The British forces under General Roberts routed the Afghans December 23, and re-occupied Cabool and the surrounding heights.

DISASTERS.

December 26.—Conflagration in Tokio, Japan, the third in seven years. Nearly 15,000 houses destroyed, 50,000 persons made destitute, and 100 killed by exposure to cold.

December 28.—Portion of the long bridge over the Frith of Tay, Scotland, blown down in a gale. Train of passenger cars ingulfed and all on board (about ninety) drowned.

January 21.—Explosion at Lycett Colliery, Newcastle-under-Lyne. Seventy men killed.

OBITUARY.

December 26.—In New York city, Recorder John K. Hackett, in his fifty-ninth year.

December 27.—In London, England, William Hepworth Dixon, author, in his fifty-ninth year.

December 31.—In Athens, Alabama, George Smith Houston, United States Senator from Alabama, aged sixty-nine years.

January 3.—At Malden, Massachusetts, Bishop Gilbert Haven, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in his fifty-ninth year.

January 7.—In Paris, France, J. J. F. Poujoulat, author, aged seventy-two years.

January 10.—In New York city, Frank Leslie, editor and publisher, aged fifty-nine years.

January 15.—Dispatch from London announcing death of the Countess Ida von Hahn-Hahn, in her seventy-fifth year.

January 18.—In Paris, France, Duke Antoine de Gramont, the French diplomatist, in his sixty-first year.

January 20.—In Paris, France, M. Jules Favre, French republican leader, aged seventy-one years.—In London, England, Thomas Landseer, engraver, aged eighty-three years.

January 21.—In New York, Commodore Homer C. Blake, aged fifty-eight years.

Editor's Drawer.

A CORRESPONDENT at Hampton, Virginia, apropos of the large-sized words sometimes used by our colored brethren in their public efforts, says that a certain colored minister, who was in urgent need of funds to complete his church, made this "yer" appeal: "My bredren, it's a long time since we hab distributed anyting for de constraction of dis yer church. De hat will now be passed roun', an' we hopes you uns will be right peart in gibbin to de Lord. De good Lord lubs a fearful gibber."

THIS, from a city friend, seems to go straight to the point. We are sure our Episcopal friends will think so.

The Rev. Mr. Parker, who for many years preached at the floating Episcopal church in this city, was one day asked by an acquaintance, "Mr. Parker, is your church High or Low Church?"

"That, sir, depends entirely upon the tide," was the neat response.

A CORRESPONDENT avers that this took place in Connecticut:

Mrs. A., a close-communion Baptist, lives near Mrs. B., a Methodist. Making a call one day, Mrs. A., in speaking of her poultry, of which she had a large number, complained that she had one hen that she could not prevail upon to eat with the other hens, and had to give her a dish of food by herself; which caused Mrs. B. to laugh. Mrs. A. wished to know what there was in the circumstance that pleased her so much. Mrs. B. feared that Mrs. A. might take offense if she told her thoughts. Mrs. A. promised that she would not. "Well," said Mrs. B., "I was thinking that *probably* your impracticable hen is a firm believer in *close communion*."

SEATED next to the Drawer, a few evenings since, at dinner, was a bright girl, who, in alluding to the frivolous ways of a certain young man, said, "He really frivols too much." The verb is not only fresh and good, but it recalls a somewhat similar saying of Bayard Taylor's, who, on being once asked if Mr. —— was not a very penurious man, replied, "Well, he penures a good deal."

APROPOS of the meteoric display promised for last Thanksgiving-night, which did not come off, a Maryland correspondent is reminded of a story told in connection with the great meteoric shower of '33. Living near him were two farmers named Jervis and Dixon, who commonly got well "corned" when they came to town, and never left until after dark. On the night in question, being overtaken by the "shower," and much frightened, they took to the woods. Being convinced that the end of all things had come, each suggested to the other to say a few words by way of prayer, but not being "gifted" in that way, they could

only wait and watch. Seeing, as one of them said, that there seemed to be as many left as fell, Dixon, pointing to the north star, said, "Jervis, keep your eye on that old fel'; when *he* falls, the jig's up."

Dixon, you perceive, had the advantage of being astronomical.

HERE is "A Merry Ballett on Husbande and Wyffe," taken from the very, very old Cotton MSS., and has probably never been seen in print in this country:

Now lesten a whyle, & let hus singe
to this Desposed companye,
how marryage ys a mervelous thinge,
A holly disposed Juperdie;
but sure there ys no dowte to knowe
of man & wyffe the maryed stayte;
yf he say yea | & she say no,
I hold a grote the wyffe wyll hayte.

She think*is* her selffe as good as he,
at bede & borde, & every daye,
and saythe she must his fellow be,
as trewe as gospell every waye;
& thoughe the scrypture says she ys
the weaker vessell in estate,
let hym say "that" | yf she saye "this,"
I hold a grote the wyffe wyll hate.

The husbande owght in every sorte
to kepe there howsold companye,
for offte goode wyf*is* do so reporte
that lovis there husband*is* honestlye;
but have he chere, or have he gest*is*,
come he early, come he laite,
yf he say "no" | & she say "yesse,"
I hold a grote the wyffe wyll haitte.

What ned*is* the husbande carpe or caire
for eny good wyffes huswyffrye,
but that the wyffe be redye there
to see all ordered hansomelye,
And thoughe the wranglynge husband wylle
have this or that in severall rate,
yf he say "no" | and she stand stylle,
I hold a grote the wyffe wyll hate.

Thus to conclude, I make an ende
of this desyred mery songe;
god graunt that man & wyffe may mende
& chaunge thes orders that be wronge!
then god wyll blesse them & ther seede,
that being called to this estaite,
and in god*is* fere there lyffe to lede,
then man shall graunt his wyffe to haite.

Finis.

HERE is a marriage notice clipped from a Boston paper printed more than a quarter of a century ago:

Married, in Boston, May 22, 1850, by Rev. Mr. Stow, Mr. Z. T. Taylor to Miss Mary Parrot, both of Boston.

Among all birds that fly or swim,
There's but one of any use
To a tailor in his business,
And that one is a goose.

But here's a Taylor who has pressed
His own suit very nice
With a Parrot that we hope will prove
A Bird of Paradise.

SMALL dogs being now in high vogue among ladies who are able to take them out for a drive in landaulets and such, the Drawer feels moved to reproduce from a high London authority on toggery the following fashions for winter dresses for dainty dogs:

For Toy Terrier, aged One Year.—Carmen velvet coat, richly embroidered in crewels, bound with silver cord; crest and initials on the front in raised silver. Hair on forehead caught up and tied with red ribbon, falling over the back. Collar to match, with a dozen silver bells.

Small Italian Greyhound.—Coat of navy blue stamped velvet, embroidered in gold with name and crest, lined with squirrel's fur, and bound with swan's-down. Gilt collar and bells.

PEOPLE'S ideas differ as to what constitutes "society." For instance, the editor and proprietor of a newspaper in Tasmania was recently remonstrated with by a young clergyman, who pointed out to him that his organ of public opinion was chiefly made up of scurrility, blasphemy, and indecency. In the full fury of his zeal, the young ecclesiastic wound up by saying, "In England, a man who edited such a paper would be considered outside the social pale." The editor calmly replied, "In Tasmania, sir, no man is considered outside the social pale *until he's hanged.*"

MR. C—— was pastor of a Baptist church in a certain town in one of the Western States. He had been on very bad terms with his flock for some time. They abused him whenever they could find occasion, and he reciprocated with equal readiness. Before his contract with the parish expired, he received the appointment of chaplain at the State-prison. Elated at this lucky opportunity of getting rid of him, the congregation came in full numbers to hear his farewell sermon, perhaps less to compliment than to annoy him with their presence. Great was their astonishment, and still greater their anger, when the reverend gentleman chose for his text the following words, "I go to prepare a place for you.....that *where I am, there ye may be also.*"

FROM a book recently published in London, but not likely to be republished here, entitled *Memoir of Henry Compton* (an actor), we quote two odd stories:

"Mr. Watlington was a man formed from his birth of an even temper and an easy disposition. He walked (or rather sat) through life with the greatest indifference as to its cares and its troubles. He had one particular phrase which he consoled himself with on all occasions—'It *may* be so, but then again it may *not.*' On paying him a visit one day I asked him if he thought it would be fine. 'Why,' replied he, 'it *may* rain, but then again it may *not.*' Seeing him reading *Daniels's Field-Sports,* I inquired if he ever went on a hunting excursion. 'Why, yes,' said he, 'I did go once on a bit of a jaunt of the sort, but I made a sorry set out of it. I borrowed a gig of a friend of mine, and started for a day's pleasure, as I

thought; but the horse was a stranger to me, and so, not having received a regular introduction to him, as soon as the chase commenced, off he set at full speed, with me inside the gig. I began to be alarmed; thinks I, there's danger here; I *may* go a little farther without being turned over, but then again I may *not*. Well, away he tore, over furrow and field, leaping every ditch and bank that came in his way. Presently I saw we were nearing a horse-pond, and I began to say to myself, I *may* get past this pond without being dropped in the middle of it, but then again I may *not*. However, after running a tremendous risk, I escaped a broken neck that time, and after getting pretty safely through the remaining part of the chase, says I to myself, says I, Well, I *may* be tempted to go a-hunting again, but then again I may *not*.'"

At another time Mr. Compton, in passing a well-known soup-house in the city, had his attention attracted to an unsophisticated son of Hibernia, who seemed puzzled by the novel appearance of some turtles which had just arrived at the door.

"His eye accidentally encountered mine. I returned the glance, as much as to say, 'Come on, I'm ready for you.'

"He seemed to understand what I meant, and immediately commenced to converse. 'Plaise, sir, will you be so kind as to tell me what they call them there?'

"'Those, my friend, are turtles.'

"'Hem—ha—what did ye say they were?'

"'Turtles, I tell you—turtles.'

"'Are they turtles, sir?'

"'Yes; don't I tell you they are?'

"'Turtles, turtles, turtles; I think you said they were turtles, sir?'

"'Yes; I've told you over and over again they are turtles.'

"'Oh, they're turtles, are they, sir?'

"'My good fellow, I've told you half a dozen times they are turtles, and nothing but turtles, turtles, turtles.'

"'Plaise, sir, will you be so kind as to answer me another question?'

"'Well, what is it?'

"'Plaise, sir, are they *real* or are they *mock* turtles?'"

At the semi-centennial observances of the consecration of Christ Church, Hartford, Connecticut, held on the 23d December last, a very interesting discourse was delivered by Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, in which he said: "This is the fourth commemorative sermon that I have recently been called to preach; the first was at the celebration of the 150th anniversary of St. John's Church, Providence; the second was the semi-centennial of St. Andrew's, Philadelphia; the third, the semi-centennial of Grace Church, Providence; and this is the fourth. I begin to feel as if I were living in the past. I see the ancient rectors, in their black silk gowns and black silk gloves, slowly ascending the long pulpit stairs, *after the clerk in his desk has wailed his last response*, and the singers in the loft have also *wailed* their somewhat heavy song, and the children have all been quieted, and the wardens have seated themselves upright, in listening attitude, close by their long poles, which in one or two of the churches of my own diocese still distinguish the wardens' pew, and then I can seem to hear the old sermon over again—sound, sensible, Scriptural, what we now call churchly—not overburdened with ornament, perhaps not overladen with logic. It was a good, wholesome service, and there were not so many things to distract the people and turn their thoughts away from the church as there are now. They were not tempted to stay at home and be preached to by the Sunday morning newspaper. They took their opinions from the pulpit, rather than from the press. The preacher was not called upon to compete with the secular lecturer. The wear and tear of daily life was not what it is now. We may have finer churches than our fathers had, more elaborate music, a richer service, a more gorgeous array in certain quarters—we certainly do some things that would have made our fathers open their eyes very wide on Sundays, and wonder if they had not got into the wrong place."

A pleasant and truthful picture, and equally true of all denominations. What wonderful "programmes" do we see nowadays, on festival days, of music to be *performed* by professional singers, composed by the great operatic writers of the time!

It was at a late Quarterly Meeting of Seventh-day Baptist churches in Wisconsin that two clergymen were to present papers on the same day, and the question of precedence having arisen, Mr. A. sprang to his feet and said, "I think Brother B. ought to have the best place on the programme; he is an older man than I am, and, besides, is *full of his subject*." When the audience remembered that Brother B.'s subject was "The Devil," a cheerful smile seemed to beam around the church. The brethren do so enjoy these little things!

Our old friend and contributor G—— L—— draws our attention to the following from *Notes and Queries*:

(2023.) Who were the characters in Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," viz., landlord, student, Sicilian, Spanish Jew, theologian, poet, and musician? It is generally understood that they were personages in real life, and if I am not mistaken, the musician was Ole Bull; the Sicilian, Luigi Monti. I recollect reading some time ago of the death of a somewhat noted landlord, and the papers spoke of him as the original landlord of the "Way-side Inn." Can some one give his name, as well as the names of the others? F. M. J.

"This paragraph," says Mr. L——, "shows how fiction supersedes fact, and how oblivion sometimes swallows up the inventions of the

Muse. The landlord of the 'Way-side Inn' was Lyman Howe, commonly called 'the Squire,' whose ancestors had kept the plain, old-fashioned tavern for generations, and as it was formerly the stage stopping-place, on the road from Boston to Worcester, it was doubtless 'a merry spot in days of yore.' In later years it was only accidentally discovered, and frequented by certain of our connections in the summer-time for years, until the Squire took stage to another sphere, when much of its interest ceased. Doubtless certain persons sometimes repaired to the place who might be denominated 'students.' The 'poet' was Dr. T. W. Parsons; the 'theologian,' on whatever grounds, might be Professor Treadwell, of the Scientific School, at Cambridge; the 'Sicilian' was certainly Luigi Monti; the 'musician,' instead of Ole Bull, was a young fiddler of the neighborhood, very much discountenanced by the Squire; and as for the 'Spanish Jew,' no such character was known or heard of at Sudbury, unless, perhaps, some wandering Jew peddler may have passed by, gaining little notice.

"After the Squire's death an auction was held of his effects; they were not many, and of the most ordinary description. A weak-minded Boston man, who in the summer lived in the neighborhood, undertook to describe the scene for a Boston newspaper, and if it had been a lordly mansion of Loui XIV.'s time he could hardly have made a more gorgeous description of articles, which really consisted of very plain old furniture, old clothes, old hats, etc."

In an early number of this Magazine will be given an interesting description of this inn—more known as the Red Horse Tavern, before Longfellow gave it its new title—by one of the guests who spent there eight or ten summers.

Among the interesting reminiscences of journalists and public men which Mr. Congdon is giving in the *Tribune* is the following: During the financial panic that occurred during General Jackson's administration, in connection with his removal of the public deposits from the United States Bank, it was suggested in Boston that a delegation of three persons should be sent to Washington to remonstrate with the President, and persuade him to reconsider his action. An old Quaker merchant, who was among the insolvents, nominated himself, another merchant remarkable for long-windedness, and a third for the ease with which he wept on all occasions. "James," he said, "can do all the talking, John can do all the crying, and I'll go as a monument of the times."

This from a friend to whom the Drawer has heretofore been indebted for good things:

Two horses, a white and a sorrel, were matched for a race in Kentucky. The betting was high on the white, but the sorrel had his backers. The day before the race it was discovered by the friends of the white that he was off his feed, and would be in no condition to run. So they made up a purse, and with it bribed the rider of the sorrel to lose the race, and let whitey take the lead. To their amazement, however, the sorrel went ahead like a streak, and won the race.

"We are sold, as sure as a gun," said one of the bribers to the other.

"Did you pay him the money?" asked the other.

"Yes, I did, and he swore we should win."

"Bless my soul!" said the other, "is there no such thing as an *honest man* left in the world?" and heaving a sigh of vast proportions, he went for a drink.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Down to the tide, by Jersey side—
Oh, pause and shed a tear!—
A fair young dame for water came,
And almost got a bier.

How can I tell what her befell?—
Alas, that such things be!
The fierce, rough sea rolled in, and she
Rolled in the fierce, rough sea.

"Oh, take me in! oh, take me in!"
Affrighted, did she shout.
The breakers dread had turned her head:
She meant, "Oh, take me out!"

Forgive who can the cruel man
Who heard that frightened shout,
And through the din cried out, "Swim in!"
Yet should have cried, "Swim out!"

Forgive who can the cruel man
Who raised his horrid hand,
And with one swift and mighty lift
Propelled her safe to land.

Now some there be who say that she
Doth ofttimes thoughtful sit,
And say, "The sea had swallowed me,
Had I not swallowed it."

And now a sort of moral short
I point in two lines more:
Far better stand unwashed on land
Than be washed—up on shore.

During the heated contest for Governor of Kentucky in 1869, Governor Helm and the Hon. ——, both men of ability, were canvassing the State in behalf of the two opposing parties. The latter was a very large man, with a red face and considerable rotundity of person. Governor Helm, in one of his speeches, made use of the following language: "The last time I had the pleasure of seeing the honorable gentleman before this canvass was during the last year of the war, in 1864. He was standing on the highest ridge of the Cumberland Mountains; the rays of the setting sun were dwelling upon the mountain summits, and glorifying them with their golden lustre; and I thought, as I gazed upon the commanding figure of the honorable gentleman, that he had more *untaxed* whiskey in him than any *loyal* man I had ever known."

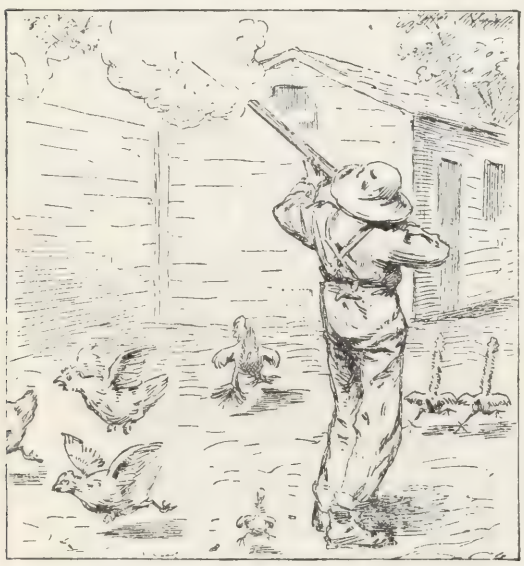
TOMMY TUFFS'S BIRD-KITE.



Tommy Tuffs sets to work to fly his nice new Japanese bird-kite.



Neighbor Puffs sees the kite, and takes it for a hawk after his chickens.



So he runs round to Neighbor Tuffs and borrows his gun and shoots the hawk.

Neighbor Tuffs rushes round to know whether he



—don't think it a derned mean trick to fire at a poor little boy's kite, and all-fired cheek to borrow the father's gun to do it.



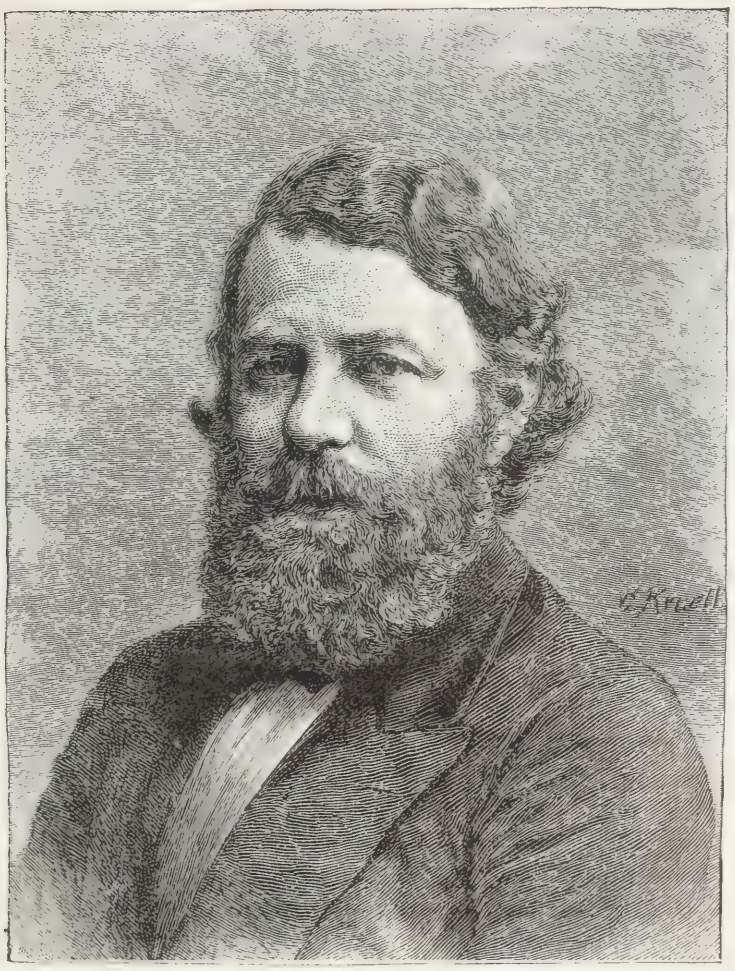
The matter is thoroughly discussed, and the second barrel goes off.



A satisfactory explanation, however, is at last made, and Tommy gets a bigger and a better kite.

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JOSEPH JOACHIM.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN ENGLAND.

I.

FOUR scenes seem to me to be typical of music in England; and in the midst of the most tuneful recollections, the most crowded harmonies, they recur: the cathedral at Exeter, on a day when the choristers sang Mendelssohn's great anthem and Purcell's sweet, straightforward hymn; St. James's Hall, in London, when Joachim's violin was vibrating with wonderful sounds; Exeter Hall, when Sir Michael Costa led *Israel in Egypt*, and the organ which Mendelssohn once played so divinely woke to new utterances; then, and finally, because it is less musically important, but more decidedly English, St. James's Hall again, with Madame Patey, Sims Reeves, Santley, Edward Lloyd, Madame Sterling, and some fledgelings from the Royal Academy, giving twenty-seven English ballads, to a crowded and intensely interested audience. Around these, of course, circle many other associations and reminiscences which will be permanent; but in these four scenes we strike the key-note and sustaining chord of music in England. They might typify a theme, with its progressions; and,

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as I have said, in such a case the ultimate harmony would be found in the last. To these scenes I shall later reconduct my readers, but before reaching them something must be said of the mainsprings and progress of music in England; and let me here explain that my purpose is not didactic nor historical, except in so far as the records of the past directly affect the present, but rather to give a sketch of the music and musicians of the England I have known during the past two years, venturing perhaps on social grounds here and there, where my musical memories are most agreeable, and sketching in a fragmentary way some scenes in which famous people have taken part.

Of course music in England centres in London, where there are a surprising number of regular performances. Such are the concerts of the old-established Philharmonic Society and the Musical Union, and those of the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall; the oratorios and other performances at Albert Hall; the world-renowned "popular" classical concerts given throughout the winter, on Mondays and Saturdays, at St. James's; the weekly ballad concerts of Mr. Boosey; the Crystal Palace concerts, at which the best classical and popular music is heard; the steady course of piano-forte recitals, to which the genius of Von Bülow, Essipoff, and Charles Hallé gives character; the performances of various admirable choirs, like Mr. Henry Leslie's, Mr. Barnby's, Hullah's, and the "Bach"; and finally the crowd of lesser meetings at which the best may be heard—all filling the London winter and spring. Meanwhile in the provinces music is stirring perpetually, the best orchestral society being Mr. Charles Hallé's, at Manchester; the best choruses being those of Yorkshire. Then there are the great annual or triennial festivals at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Worcester, and Leeds; and in all parts of the country music is striven for in some fashion—all, I think I may say, the result of education and principle, rather than the outgrowth of any native instinct. And in this consists the most curious feature of music in England. The English people can admire and respect what they do not feel, or rather what they do not respond to with a heart-beat; they can understand and enjoy scientifically what they can never fathom; but the result of this is extreme slowness: they must be habituated to anything good before they encourage it. Few compositions take an English audience by storm; few innovations are made welcome; but the fault lies with the temperament, not the intellect, of the people. That touch of musical instinct which lies dormant in the dullest Teutonic mind is unknown to the multitude of English hearers; they must be reasoned with, and taught to enjoy. That responsiveness which asks no motive, questions no result, only receives and gives forth, and which is the spirit of musical knowledge as well as interpretation, always ready and anxious for new sounds, new sensations, is not an English trait. Does not this explain why the Philharmonic orchestra of 1832 had to decline the "Ninth Symphony," and the Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, struggled hard to convince their audiences that an oratorio performance should not be desecrated by intervals of operatic song?

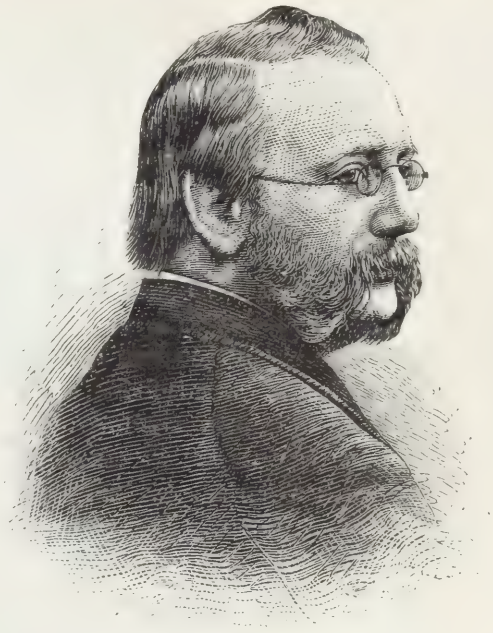
At present, it seems to me, the taste of the people is with mediocre ballad or Italian music; the judgment of the people with heavy classical and sacred music; the soul of the people—nowhere, musically speaking, since it is too rarely touched to be known and written down. This looks, perhaps, like an anomaly. If the people are not soul-responsive and appreciative, how does it happen that no Continental cities are so full as London of the very best musical performances from November to June? How are these supported and renewed regularly year after year? The answer is found in a certain well-known element in the English character—constancy and loyalty to what is taught as *the best* in Art or Science: works which other nations pronounce classical they accept, and the English are generous enough in adding new laurels to a crowned brow.

Before coming to the practical details of the music of to-day in England, let us see just how slowly the present fine results have been brought about; how little is due to instinct and the craving of the soul; how much to habit and direct education; how much to that broad wave of culture which has swept over the England of late years, creating æsthetic needs rather than developing instincts, or even touching with the dew of emotion such germs of musical understanding as the English possess.

The starting-point of music in England

seems to have been Handel's coming, and *The Messiah*. I fancy that from that period flow all the sounds and undulations which now fill the nation with harmonies. The Mendelssohn epoch waked new life; a new wave swept over the land with his music, but the older forms were not forgotten. Handel swore the English should make his music their own: he worked, and stormed, and reproached the nation into something like a proper understanding of his art, and his impetuous prophecies have been fulfilled. At present the *Messiah* is more distinctively English than anything else, and there are no people on earth who can sing the "Hallelujah Chorus," *Acis and Galatea*, or *Israel in Egypt*, as some of the Yorkshire societies do. Take up the programme of any popular concert; go to any great festival; listen to the dronings of vagrant organs in the London streets—up comes the vision of "Mr. Handel" of 1750, in his wig and ruffles, with his gruff ways and hardly used genius: there he stands, the abiding figure in the perspective of English music. Look further back into the centuries if you like: there are monks chanting the ancient offices in Latin, and choir-boys singing the slow, solemn strains of Palestrina and Pellegrini; there are mediæval love songs and quaint ballads appropriate to the moonlight hour and castle walls; and there are the tuneless hymns of the Roundheads, the madrigals and glees of a day which had not quite reached the furor over the *Beggar's Opera*: one catches all sorts of musical sounds, one reads of musicians and their doings before him, but so far as the England we know is concerned, Handel's was the real beginning.

All sorts of memories odd and curious cluster about his day in London; the quaintest associations now left, I fancy, are those preserved in the private library of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The other day I was looking at his pitch-pipe, which has come down to this society through the son of the famous Dr. Burney; it is a clumsy thing of oak, worn a little at the mouth-piece, and a silver plate on one side authenticates its pedigree; but insignificant and homely as the instrument is, there is a fascination about it; and can we not picture Mr. Handel seizing it in a rage to give some obstinate fiddler the pitch? The pipe was handed about reverently in the little company that day; there was a piano in the room, and a musician present, comparing Handel's pitch with that of to-day, found it just a semitone lower. Other souvenirs of Handel's orchestral life remain at the Sacred Harmonic, touched by the same grace of old-



JOSEPH BARNBY.

en time: not the least interesting is the MS. music-book of his "first violin," Dubourg, a famous fiddler in those days, who was always permitted a cadenza and flourish at one point in the performance. Dubourg's inspiration, however, sometimes carried him beyond bounds, and he went on with graceful elaborations of the theme, quite forgetful of all but his art. Mr. Handel, waiting patiently for a time, used finally to lean over, and whisper, very audibly, "Welcome home, Mr. Dubourg; welcome home, sir!" Upon which Dubourg's solo would come to a climax, and the orchestra proceed, Handel's wig nodding solemnly.*

From Handel's time we reach a slow upward movement toward to-day, but it is hardly worth while to sketch an earlier period than that beginning with 1830. At that time the only choral institution was the Cecilian Society, though various small amateur associations met about in

* Dubourg received from the crown a musical appointment in Dublin, where, on the Queen's birthday, he used to conduct a great concert, which all the "quality" attended in state dress. Not long since the same appointment was offered to Sir Robert Stewart, an eminent Irish musician, but on investigation it was found that the office no longer existed, it having been abolished half a century ago.

back parlors of taverns, or obscure halls set apart for such tuneful purposes, where they practiced fragments of oratorios and the highly popular part songs of Sir Henry Bishop. The opera, of course, was fashionable, and a great many concerts were given, but it is only necessary to look at a few programmes of the day to realize their quality.

At this time Sterndale Bennett, the most characteristic of English composers, was a boy of seventeen, taking prizes at the Royal Academy; Mendelssohn was flitting in and out of England, and Sir George Smart and Sir Julius Benedict were young to fame. Oratorio music was given, but marred by the introduction of popular or operatic music, and piano-forte performances in public rarely went beyond variations on a well-known theme. Even much later than this, Charles Hallé, the now famous pianist, came over from Paris, and being engaged to play at a great concert, the young man wished to produce one of Beethoven's sonatas; but such a thing never had been done; it was more than an innovation; it seemed an absurdity. "The director assured me," Mr. Hallé was saying, the other day, "that it could not be allowed; no audience would submit to it."

It was about 1830–31 that the Sacred Harmonic Society of to-day formed itself out of various fragments. There were, as I have said, a number of small choral companies, and these amateur forces the Harmonic Society strove to combine. It is significant that the purpose with which they started has never been altered—a fact which shows on how admirable a basis they formed their plan, since nowhere is sacred music better performed than by this venerable society in Exeter Hall. Their leading principle was and is to give the best sacred music in its entirety, and to bring out works either new in themselves or new to the audience. This was the plan laid down in 1832, and firmly carried out, all services rendered by members being voluntary, and the leading singers of the day engaged as soloists.

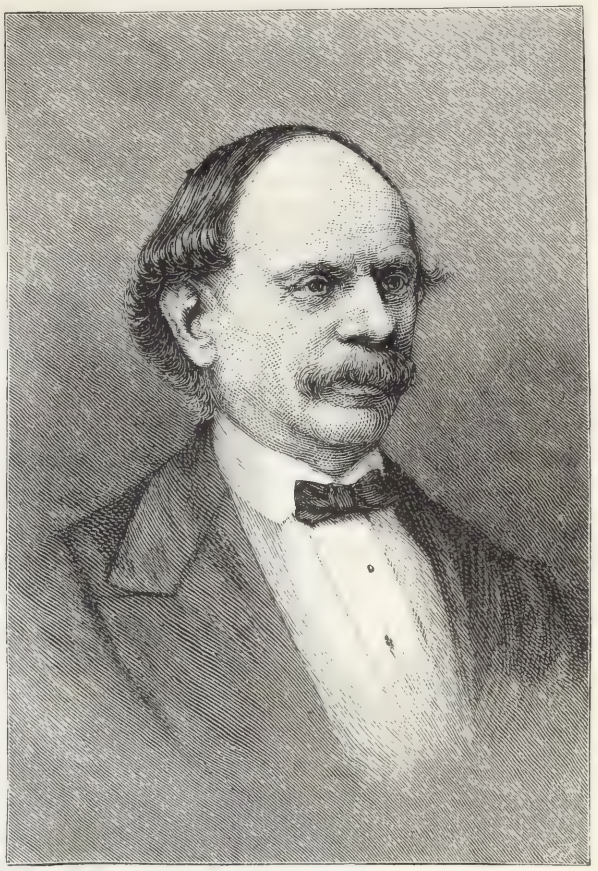
I think nothing is more fascinating than the story of the progress of a musical society. One likes to think, with closed eyes, of the early notes, the first gathering together of the little band, fired by an impulse of search and development in the divine art. They meet in some out-of-the-way place, some tavern parlor or roomy loft, and draw their bows or sing their choruses where they can feel shut in with their goodly harmonies. We can picture such a company, the earnest, anxious band in which the typical musicians figure—the stout man and the thin, the Teutonic Englishman who remembers days of struggle and most plebeian orchestra performance, the artistic youth who sends his soul quivering from the bow in touching Beethoven or Mozart. Beginnings always mean enthusiasm, and that sweet glamour of a newly felt art. The Sacred Harmonic performances of to-day are delightful, yet, looking about at the well-bred, carefully attentive audience, the fine chorus, the famous soloists and conductor, I can not help longing for a glimpse at those first meetings, here and there and everywhere, when ideas were in their dawn, fancies developing, and every rehearsal tremulous with a sensation of *new* possession.

In 1834 the Harmonic was finally settled in Exeter Hall, and at once set about regular productions of the best, discarding all the old methods of "captivating an audience": that phrase, so solemnly used by Dr. Burney, was still in vogue in musical criticism as well as performance. The audiences of Exeter Hall were to be instructed and elevated, and if by such means they could be "captivated," well and good. We read of how Mendelssohn came over and led three of the rehearsals of his *St. Paul*, and was an auditor at its performance. The Birmingham Festival having engaged his services as conductor, he could not appear as leader at the Sacred Harmonic, but the story of the society glows with his name. We know how he played the organ divinely; how one after another his works were produced; how he moved about the hall, chatting here and there with friends; how sometimes the anteroom was a sort of reception-chamber for the German composer, whose voice, step, and laugh, as well as his music, linger on the air. Well, then we begin to lose sight of the crudities of 1830; new musical enterprises followed quickly, trembling in a sort of way during their introduction to musical England, with fluctuations of which I will speak later. At this point we must leave the Sacred Harmonic, and pass lightly over the years that divide its fair beginning from the present.

When I first came abroad, my chief in-

terest, like that of most musically inclined Americans, was in the great festivals. Had we not all heard and read of Birmingham and Norwich and Worcester? Was there not that charming account of the great Birmingham *fête* when Mendelssohn and Moscheles led, and which seems in its way the king of English performances? But it is surprising how gravely and sedately these annual festivals are received in England—so little enthusiasm about their coming or going, but such calm belief in them! The Birmingham Festival, of course, is the great one, dating from 1768, when the whole programme was Handelian. Norwich, likewise, has a definite importance, not only because it is very old, but because it has produced famous works; and then there is a great fascination about the surroundings—the performance in the quaint old building, once a monastery, now the Town-hall, and about which so much of the mediæval lingers. The various cathedral towns take their turn; and it so chanced that when we were ready to go last year, the date of Norwich had come round.

I believe few Americans know that open Norfolk country. The land is low, but diversified in the rich, fruitful fashion of Old England, and the poplars about Norwich have a grace all their own. When one approaches there are glimpses of red brick chimneys among the trees, of churches here and there, of a cathedral spire, and far above all the gray battlemented walls of the grand old castle. A town all irregularity and jumble comes finally into view, and at one side is a river with such picturesque banks, such curious red-tiled buildings leaning over it, such a quaint ferry-house, such a perspective of wind-blown open country, that one sees at once whence the brush of Cotman drew its inspiration. Signs of the festival became apparent even before our train stopped: the railway station was most gorgeously decorated with bunting, an army of cabs and omnibuses was in waiting, and on every side there was a calm air of expectancy. There was a flutter in the town, demonstrated by flags and banners hung from countless windows in the narrow hilly streets, by new illuminated signs and glaring announcements of where the music of the festival could be bought; and just about the Town-hall, where the "exercises," as they were called, were to take place, there were groups of admiring, contemplative people. We could not help contrasting all this with the sharp, gay excitement of an American town about to have any sort of public festival: here in Norwich the thought of the music moved no one; it was accepted calmly and sedately.



SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

"I shall have two of the festival singers in the house," said my landlady, in a depressed tone. She was an intelligent woman, and it occurred to me she might be representative in a sort of way.

"And shall you enjoy the festival yourself, Mrs. A——? The music will be very fine."

"Oh, I shall only go to hear the *Messiah*," was the answer. "We always hear the *Messiah*. I've heard it eight times in all."

"But a new oratorio is to be produced," I said: "*Joseph*, by Macfarren."

"Oh, it won't take," said Mrs. A——, emphatically. "We don't want anything better or *newer* than Handel. I suppose you've heard the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' ma'am?—*that's* music!" said Mrs. A——, retreating.

The festival was given in St. Andrew's Hall, once a monastic chapel, and, spared

the defacements of Cromwell's day, it stands with all the dignity of centuries in its architecture and interior decorations. We had been fortunate enough to secure places at the rehearsals, and went down to the hall, on the evening of our arrival, with a mixed sense of expectancy and critical observation. Certain elements were disappointing: the old hall was given rather a tawdry look by the half-finished decorations; the large chorus wore an air of the most prosaic interest in each other, rather than the occasion, but the music was splendidly prepared, and we slowly realized that where *work* is concerned an English chorus and orchestra may be relied upon. I was specially glad of a chance to see and hear Sir Julius Benedict rehearse a large chorus and orchestra like these. He made his appearance before all were assembled—the most energetic of old gentlemen: a thin, dark-haired man with the vigor of forty; save a slight stoop, he bore not a trace of even approaching infirmity; rapid movements, an occasional rat-tat-tat sharply with the baton bringing silence, with a crash of instruments and voices. Now and then a suddenly enforced pause, after which he calmly proceeded to instruct the chorus or orchestra, then the sharp rat-tat-tat again, one hand waving solemnly in the air, Sir Julius, the veteran in the musical world of England, would stand straining his gaze at score or singers, his whole mind as absorbed in the work before him as if it were forty years ago, and he once more in Naples leading his first opera, *Giacinta ed Ernesto.* He was a most interesting study to us at that rehearsal, as indeed throughout the festival; and here perhaps I may be pardoned for a few words of digression. So English has Sir Julius Benedict now become that many Americans fancy him to be a native of Great Britain; but in fact he was born at Stuttgart, in 1804, and studied under Hummel at Weimar, where in his young days he knew Beethoven—a fact which links him curiously with the far past. Later he was presented to Weber, with whom he took up his abode, and to their friendship nearly all letters, reminiscences, and memoirs of Weber bear testimony. German thus far, he went next to Italy, and was *chef d'orchestre* at the San Carlo, at Naples; but it was later, in Paris, that Malibran suggested to him to visit England. This idea was carried out in 1835, and from that time up to the present Sir Julius has made England his home. Many Americans remember seeing him in 1850, when he accompanied Jenny Lind in her wonderful tour in the United States; and some are familiar with him as the conductor of the Monday Popular Concerts, in London; but it would require greater space than is before me to enumerate Sir Julius Benedict's musical triumphs. His compositions include every variety and style, from the most florid aria in the Italian to the latest Wagnerian movement in overture. It is as a conductor, however, that Sir Julius specially interests the public now.

The chorus and orchestra of a festival are necessarily somewhat hard to discipline and conduct, since they are made up of various local societies, and picked from outside sources, the orchestra being chiefly composed of leading members in various bands, with a sprinkling of local violinists; hence the difficulty for the conductor who sees them together only a few times before the final rehearsals, and must cope with all sorts of idiosyncrasies. But Sir Julius seemed to unite all readily: between himself and the performers a bond of sympathy was established the moment he stepped into the conductor's place.

Directly the rehearsal was over, and Sir Julius had left the stage, the local interests became visible in the quick groupings here and there of the Norfolk people, a chatter of voices, neighborly hand-shakings and laughter; finally all were dispersed, and the mechanics continued their work of putting up extra seats and draping with crimson cloth. Perhaps the most expressive evidence of festival time was found in the cathedral close, where groups of choristers were constantly discussing the anticipated glories of the musical week. Music is so large a part of the choristers' life that to them the festival must be an event indeed. A group of tall boys were walking up and down the beautiful old cloister, with the score of the *Seasons* in their hands, one evening just at sunset, and I could not help fancying the old monks waked to life, and looking at this new element in their recreation ground.

From the first day of the festival Norwich was filled to overflowing. It was interesting to observe the variety among the people who came into the town from the suburbs, and even from long distances

by train. By half past seven on the opening evening, St. Andrew's Hall was all in a flutter of excitement; the space about the hall was filled with splendid carriages; an anxious crowd thronged the thoroughfare, vainly hoping to catch distant notes; and within the hall a fair representation of provincial and "county" society was before us. Perhaps the main interest to us in the audience lay in the fact of its being so entirely unlike anything in America. To begin with, at the front of the stage were deposited the great gilt mace and sword of office of the "ancient city of Norwich," and the silver maces of the sheriffs.* The Lord Mayor, with his picturesque decorations, was escorted solemnly to a place of honor, and so were the sheriffs and aldermen, each wearing a broad gold chain about his shoulders; then a number of distinguished ladies and gentlemen, directors and "patrons" of the festival, were conducted to their seats in the arena; and before long the tradition and aristocracy of Norfolk were before us. As these groups swept past the lower mortals, faint whispers pronounced them as from "—— Manor," and "—— Castle," and the "Palace," etc., and there came a smiling air of contentment over the audience as one celebrity after another arrived.



ANTOINETTE STERLING.

Great cheering followed the appearance of Sir Julius Benedict upon the stage; then the soloists had a special welcome; and then came that simultaneous rising to the feet, as singers and orchestra burst forth in the national anthem. In America, "God save the Queen" is sung as a fine air; in England, it is given with an artistic finish and an expression of intense loyalty and feeling which transform its strains. There are few English sights more interesting than that of an audience standing to hear, possibly to join in singing, the national anthem. Every face is expressive, and the most stolid Briton

* The mace is a rod about five feet long, surmounted by a huge bauble in the form of a crown. This is borne before the Mayor and city dignitaries on state occasions. Norwich is one of the four cities in Great Britain entitled to a Lord Mayor.

seems to enjoy the outburst of loyal feeling, or is kindled by some fine emotion while the music lasts.

Before speaking of any special performances, I will give the outline of the festival programme in brief:

Tuesday Evening.... { *Acis and Galatea* ..HANDEL. "Spring," from *The Seasons*.....HAYDN.

Wednesday Morning. { *Joseph* (oratorio) G. A. MACFARREN. First Mass in C ....MOZART.

Wednesday Evening.—Grand Ballad Concert.
Thursday Morning.—*Elijah* .....MENDELSSOHN.
Thursday Evening.—Grand Operatic Concert.
Friday Morning.—*The Messiah* .....HANDEL.

The singers included Madame Albani, Madame Trebelli, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Shakspeare, and Mr. Santley. *Acis and Galatea* derives its peculiar interest, I think, from the fact of its having been written specially for English singers. Handel composed it at the residence of his famous patron the Duke of Chandos, giving it the expression of all his newly kindled English sentiments; and faulty as the maestro's criticisms and judgments frequently were, he was shrewd enough where musical matters were concerned. He knew just how to please his audience when he wrote "Love in her eyes," that quaint, melodious solo which has suggested dozens of English ballads. Still more English is the feeling of the third chorus, "Wretched lovers"; and "Oh, ruddier than the cherry," and "Mourn, all ye Muses," might have been written for any chorus and tenor of the England of to-day.

Popular as "Papa Haydn" will always be, he comes in with the air of a foreigner after Handel. But "Spring" was exquisitely given.

The second day ought to have been the most significant, since it produced *Joseph*, a new oratorio by Dr. Macfarren, but it proved to be the least impressive occasion. Only the stanch supporters of the festival attended, and the really fine music was thrown away. *Joseph* is an excellent type of English composition of a certain class; and while I can not venture in this paper to give analytical criticism, I must say a few words of the impression made upon an amateur mind by English work. The system seems to be perfect, the harmony delicate, the classification of ideas and movements often beautiful; but throughout all, except where pure free melody is concerned, there is a weight of mathematical accuracy. This, one can not help feeling, predominates in a composition like *Joseph*, which is rich in fine work, but almost entirely unsuggestive. No emotional height is reached, no flame of poetic fire thrown out to touch the dark corners of the mind, and stir some dull pulsation. Calm criticism can follow each theme, finding no system wanting, but deriving little friction; and I speak of *Joseph* as a type in this respect, since the same elements seem wanting in all English music, except in the more delicate notes of Sterndale Bennett. Some exquisitely sweet passages occur in the first part of *Joseph*. The chorus of shepherds has a few bars of finest melody, with a touch of that movement which even English people are beginning to talk about as "Wagnerian." The tenor solo, "If I forget thee, O Canaan," has that fresh simplicity which characterizes English music, yet here again the forms are conventional. "A voice was heard in Ramah," the final chorus of the first part, governs the rest by its very fine harmony, added to a certain sweep of sound which always gives the effect of originality; yet *Joseph* creates nothing, and is in some respects a disappointment to those who are trying to lay the foundations of a good school of English composition.

If the culmination of triumph belonged to *The Messiah* on Friday morning, certainly the Ballad Concert was royally welcomed, and from a financial point of view the latter was probably the most successful concert. There were no cheap seats; from the outset two dollars and a half was the lowest price of admission, and this was probably accounted for by the immense prices paid the soloists.

Apart from the interest in the music as it progressed, the town was very entertaining during those festival days. There was a pleasant air of welcome everywhere—in the shops, the inns, about the very passers-by in the streets: English reserve had thawed in spite of itself. We stopped a clerical old gentleman, I remember, one morning, with some inquiry about the cathedral close, and he at once divined that we were strangers, and had come to the festival.

"Do you enjoy the music?" he said, looking at us with a friendly air.

"Very much," we responded, cordially.

"But *Joseph* didn't fill the house," continued the old gentleman, with a note of

regret in his voice. "It is strange how hard we find it to encourage a *new* work." Then he branched off to give us the desired information; indeed, walked with us to the river. We wanted to find the famous little ferry-house, and our friend indicated the way; but he detained us a moment longer to tell us how very fine the



GEORG HENSCHEL, AFTER PORTRAIT BY L. ALMA TADEMA.—[SEE PAGE 655.]

through the cathedral close, across the greensward of which we had a glimpse of the quaint grammar school, all red brick and ivy and picturesqueness; then turned down a sort of lane, which led us choral singing of Norwich is held to be. Few choirs do better, it is said, than that belonging to the Norwich Cathedral. Later we heard them, and the fine singing even exceeded our expectations. When

we left the old gentleman there was a curious half-ruined draw-bridge to pass under. We stopped to look up at it, with its tangle of green things and gray stones, and an old man in charge of the place came out from the ferry-house.

"This is very old, isn't it?" we asked.

"Once," he replied, oracularly, "this wur all water, and monks used to pull up they boats about 'ere." Brief enough as a bit of traditional history, but it added a charm to the lane and the draw-bridge now solemnly going to decay. We looked at the ferry-house interestedly, and the old man invited us in. There was a cozy, sleepy-looking kitchen, and a parlor with sanded floor and a latticed window, a tall clock, a glimpse of winding staircase, and a chimney-piece worth preserving in a museum. The ferry-boat, when we came to take it, was a sort of flat-bottomed affair, more like a raft, and our Charon, a tall, bright-faced youth, propelled it by a pole. He eyed us with a shrewd smile, and paused in his work to say, "Down for the festival?"

We nodded.

"*Isn't* it fine?" he continued, carefully looking at us.

"Very," I said. "Have you been to the concerts?"

Charon laughed, not rudely, but openly, as if the joke was very obvious. He poled us across in silence; when we landed, and paid him our "tuppence," he laughed again, and returned to his work, beginning a low whistle of the "Hallelujah."

Were there space, and could I be forgiven for so digressing in a musical record, there might be much to say of that lovely, winding river, immortalized by the early "Norwich school" of painters. It creeps in and out, fringing the town delicately, reflecting a thousand bits of the red color in the houses overhanging it, the gray walls, the drooping verdure of its banks; and from it, on a still afternoon, one can almost catch the anthem up in the cathedral. The festival ended with a general visit of the audience to the old cathedral. Mendelssohn's anthem "Hear my prayer" was sung, the voices filling the most distant space with that pure, passionless sound which lifts a choir of boys' voices into the realm of angelic song. One thinks of Fra Angelico's triumphant figures: the uplifted faces; the parted lips; the ecstasy of song which has in it no touch of earthly lowliness; no sense not glorified by the pure delights of heaven; no cadence not vibrating with the pathos of a soul revealed.

Taken all in all, perhaps this final bit of reminiscence of the Norwich Festival was the most intensely English. In the cathedrals of England music of a pure type reaches a sublime height, borrowing the grand old forms, and sacrificing nothing to the ebb and flow of popularity.

It is hard to make a choice of months between Christmas and Easter, but perhaps February is the most tuneful in London. Then the Saturday and Monday "Populars" are at their best, the Crystal Palace concerts are going on, and the Sacred Harmonic Society doing itself full justice. These three may be said to concentrate the classical force in music in England; but the "Populars" at St. James's Hall emphasize it best; in them one finds the result of patient perseverance in the right direction, and the very best illustration of the musical slowness of the nation.

St. James's Hall has a curious and characteristic history; it was built more than twenty years ago by the Messrs. Chappell, music publishers, who believed there was need of such a concert-room; but their enterprise met with no public sympathy. Those were dull days, and for a long time the great hall was an unprofitable and apparently hopeless investment; finally a distinguished musician suggested to Mr. Arthur Chappell beginning a series of classical concerts. Naturally Mr. Chappell feared absolute failure in this untried field, but being induced to make the experiment, the first of the now famous "Populars" took place in February, 1859. They were christened "Popular" somewhat prematurely, since the music performed was of the severest classical order, but Mr. Chappell seems to have possessed some rare instinct concerning his countrymen, and to have believed that persistency in a good thing was the key to success, for during twelve years he breasted the waves of trouble and disappointment, until, after this long probation, he found the tide turning in his favor. How widely the audiences of 1859 are separated from those of to-day may be seen when we look over the musical criticisms of that period. Criticism seems to have been based almost entirely upon the suggestions of audiences drawn together by an indolent, speculative curiosity; certain

conventional phrases were employed to describe the music; certain innovations were disapproved by semi-satirical, semi-humorous forms of speech, which read on one of the best performances of the period abounds with a play upon words, in italics! The "Populars," however, gradually gained the ground they now hold,



MADAME NORMAN-NERUDA AND CHARLES HALLÉ.

now more like the effusions of a schoolboy than the dignified analysis of a connoisseur; the names of the artists, the titles of works performed, all gave a field for the "humor" of the day, and a critique and happily this mode of dealing with them is in the dim perspective.

The groundwork of the success of the "Populars" was in the systematic production of good works, played year after year

by the same quartette: Joachim, the "divine fiddler," Piatti, and Ries have performed every year during nearly all the time; Madame Norman-Neruda has belonged to the company for several years; while the pianists have been steadily the best of the day, including always Charles Hallé, who comes regularly from Manchester for certain concerts. In this way perfection has been attained, and the Chappells have had the honor of bringing out for the first time Beethoven's posthumous quartettes and many other famous works. Some years since Piatti intimated that he was about to accept a lucrative offer from the court of Russia for an engagement of several years. Mr. Chappell inquired into the terms: they were beyond those of the "Populars," but after a certain hesitation he offered Piatti the same terms to remain, thus securing permanently the services of one of the greatest "'cellists" in the world. Joachim's engagement is of the same nature; and when to these names are added four or five others of the highest celebrity, it will be seen the concerts are unique in the world of music.

As for St. James's Hall itself, the exterior hardly indicates that it is such a temple of art during these winter months; but then the concert-room occupies only a portion of the building; there are "minstrels" and a fashionable restaurant under the same roof, and as one enters from Regent's Quadrant he is delicately reminded of the "grills" below-stairs. All along the dingy corridors and up the wandering staircase the walls are suggestive of the music of the season, for there is a general ticket office near by, and one catches glimpses of some fascinating names: "To-night, Madame Patti in *Don Giovanni*," "Sarasate, at the Crystal Palace," "Essipoff," "Janotha," "Christine Nilsson"—a dozen stars in red and blue letters flash upon you, a dozen delicious suggestions are made as you go up the stairs and through the small doorway which leads into the hall. I fancy there are thousands in London to whom that uninviting entrance seems hallowed on those winter afternoons: musical experiences always have the effect of consecrating time and place in our minds, and surely the regular audiences of the "Populars" have known great days, fit to be enshrined among holy memories.

The hall is finely proportioned, and its acoustic properties are admirable. The "seven-and-sixpenny stalls" are in front, comfortable velvet-cushioned benches; back of these are the shilling seats, from which one can see and hear very well; a balcony extends around three sides of the hall, and across one end is a gallery. The stage seats a large chorus, and gives ample space for orchestra, soloists, and conductor. I suppose it is because of the regularity of the concerts that one finds weekly an audience which seems familiar and friendly; people come in and take their places with a certain social air, which diffuses itself agreeably, and during the intervals there is a moving about between places, friend greets friend, and the stiff rows of auditors are broken up into animated groups.

I have often wondered what the audiences of 1830 would have thought of those of to-day and the St. James's Concerts. Art has so completely revolutionized taste that to-day one finds as regular subscribers representatives of nearly all classes; but here and there we recognize faces that kindle within us the feeling which a great name inspires. One often sees there the slight figure and keen grave face of Mr. Haweis, the gifted author of *Music and Morals*. Week after week comes Madame Charlotte Moscheles, the musician's widow and Mendelssohn's friend, to whom harmony remains as a legacy of the great lives with which hers was associated—a slender little lady with silver-white hair and a delicate mobile face. A year ago one might have seen as a regular auditor George Eliot—a large, rather masculine-looking woman of middle age, in whose strong, thoughtful face one could read intensity, sadness, that pain which is so often the crown that genius wears: the face is heavily framed in brown hair, the eyes are dark and singularly mournful, the mouth full of a grave purpose: certainly it is not a face to forget or pass quickly by. In that varied audience we see actors of note, like Irving, who listens always intently, and musicians like Marzials, the young and now famous author of "Twickenham Ferry," and a dozen other popular ballads; Elizabeth Philp, the composer, whose English ballads are known as widely as the language, and whose musical criticisms are eagerly looked for. Thither, too, come all the musicians who are sojourning, however briefly, in London. There one day we recognized Saint-Saens, the French composer—a trimly built man of forty, with dark hair and a clear-cut, very characteristic French face. Not far away sat Ma-

dame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, who, in spite of her complete retirement to private life, is always quickly recognized on any public occasion: how can we think of her save as our "Swedish Nightingale" of earlier days? but to her English friends she is best known as the hostess of one of the most beautiful houses in New Kensington, a home full of artistic and musical associations, where hangs the portrait of her youth which we all know in prints and engravings—the sweet, graceful lady with smoothly braided hair, a white silk gown, and roses—the Jenny Lind of 1850.

At the upper end of the hall, in the front row of stalls, one is almost sure to see some of the royal family, generally Princess Christian or Princess Beatrice, who come in very quietly, acknowledging by a bow the salutations of those who rise as they pass, and in the intervals joining in conversation with their special friends, of whom there are sure to be many at every concert in London. The etiquette of their coming and going is almost unnoticeable to any one who does not chance to be near the entrance or exit at the moment. Down stairs, when they are leaving, people are requested by the attendants to stand still and move back a little while the royal ladies go out to their carriages. They bow right and left, perhaps stop to exchange a word or two with a friend—sometimes it is with one of the musicians about leaving—and, in a word, endeavor to do away with the stiff sense of formality which the forced pause in the exit of the audience has given. There is not space to fill in other faces in this winter picture of St. James's. We must turn to the performance, and I give below a typical programme:

QUARTETTE in A minor, Op. 130, for two violins, viola, and violoncello.....BEETHOVEN.
MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti.

SONG. "Mignon".....BEETHOVEN.
Madame Joachim.

SONATA in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2, for piano-forte alone.....BEETHOVEN.
Mlle. Anna Mehlig.

SONGS. { "The last rose of summer."
"Come, draw we round a cheerful ring."
"Faithful Johnnie."
With accompaniment for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello.....BEETHOVEN.
Madame Joachim.

QUARTETTE in B flat, Op. 131, for two violins, viola, and violoncello.....BEETHOVEN.
MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti.
Conductor—Sir Julius Benedict.

Naturally to us the interest—I might almost say the romance—of the occasion centred about Joachim, whose life has colored the pages of so many books, whose story and musical associations are so bound up in the lives of all the great artists of this generation, and many of the last. It was in 1844 that, during one of Mendelssohn's visits to London, he talked to his English friends a great deal about his young protégé Joachim, then a lad of fourteen. The boy had never played for the English public, but Mendelssohn declared him a wonder, and there was grave discussion as to the propriety of giving him the first violin at the Philharmonic; but later Mendelssohn arranged for his appearance at the private gatherings of the Musical Union, as well as at the public concert of that society. This last was a notable occasion: Mendelssohn played, with Joachim, Ernst, and Hausmann. The boy created a furor, seated by his master's side, drawing inspiration from the moment, and producing music which at one touch held the hearers spell-bound, again sent them into an enthusiastic tumult of applause. Twenty-five years divide that scene from the one of which I speak at St. James's Hall, yet the same sensation greets the now world-famous violinist; the same power, strengthened and developed, exercises its magic over



SIR MICHAEL COSTA.

the most critical audience of the day. Joachim! we pronounce his name almost reverently, recalling the vivid pages of *Charles Auchester*, in which he is described—the boy with the little "violin face," the tender, passionate, tremulous friend and follower of Mendelssohn. Looking about the impressive concert-room, where animation was suspended while waiting for his appearance, one felt the rustle of his approach almost like the re-opening of that impassioned story.

In another moment he is before us: then he has lifted his violin, and in the brief pause the impression of the outer man is given—a man of middle height, dark-haired, dark-bearded, the deeply set eyes full of kindly humor and intelligence; the mouth, though so heavily shadowed by his mustache, showing lines of firmness and amiability; the figure strong and youthful. But Joachim is only one of an impressive group who open the concert: Ries, Straus, and Piatti make up the famous quartette, over which, of course, he presides, and as the music slowly rises and fills the air, there comes that delicious sense of perfect sound. One can afford to lean back with half-closed eyes, letting harmony drift in between criticism and hearing: there is no enervating influence at work, but for once we feel that art triumphs over all possibility of objection.

One can hardly criticise Joachim's playing: it differs from that of other artists in its complete superiority over them; it has strength and that peculiar vigor which makes one feel conscious of unlimited reserve force; it has self-control, and yet an overpowering, passionate sweetness. To him his violin is a medium for the most perfect expression of the most perfect art: he governs it, letting the art govern him; and so inseparable seem the two that, as he plays, we lose sight of their distinct individuality. We listen to a concerto of Beethoven, a symphony of Schubert, or a waltz of Brahms, realizing only that we hear the music laden with the inspiration which created them.

When Joachim ceases to play, other sounds lose in power; but I question if three such musicians as Ries, Straus, and Piatti could be found elsewhere together. They play marvellously; and under Sir Julius Benedict's conducting the concerts fill the winter weeks with golden harmonies. Meanwhile talent and musical force are concentrating in a dozen other places; oratorios are giving emphasis to various festivals, as well as to the regular meetings of the Sacred Harmonic Society in Exeter Hall. This is the same society referred to in the beginning of this article, and I know of few concerts or audiences so typically English as those we find in the dull old granite building in the Strand. Various elements have lent their dignity and importance to the society: it has all the force of tradition, the lustre of aristocratic patronage; it assembles to hear the grandest and most solemn music in the best way; and to an outsider all this is expressed in the very flutterings of the audience going in and out—the ladies who alight from heavily respectable carriages, leaving their wraps with an attendant, as they pass up the long staircase and enter the hall in that indescribable toilet, so quaint of cut and gaudy of color, which constitutes the English idea of concert full dress; the middle-aged, fine-looking men who move about the hall with an air of proprietorship; the young people—such fair, pretty slips of girls in white gowns and prim little colored capes or scarfs; young men who are musical from culture, and carry their look of the fashionable drawing-room with them; a large number of thorough-going students; and a few people who form the curious nondescript element one sees in every public place in England, people who seem to be always preoccupied and stolidly inattentive—these constitute the audience and represent the occasion.

Exeter Hall is well built, but ugly in general effect. The seats are ranged on an inclined plane, so that all may see and hear well; there is a fine orchestra and space for the chorus; above is the organ Mendelssohn played; and below, the conductor's desk, to which, when the hour for the concert arrives, there comes out a large, fine-looking man of middle age, with a face familiar to all English people as that of Sir Michael Costa. He is the director of the Sacred Harmonic, and so closely is he identified with English music—indeed, with many English beginnings in the art—that he is generally supposed to be a Briton by birth; but in fact he was born in Naples, and belongs to an ancient Spanish family. He began to compose while a mere boy. At fifteen, I believe, he had written a cantata called *L'Ima-*

gine, which was produced in his college theatre; later, a grand mass and an oratorio. During this period of boyish fervor he fulfilled various engagements for work in a Neapolitan theatre; and when only nineteen he was asked by the famous old Barbaja, the Italian impresario, to write an opera for the San Carlo. The result was his *Malvina*, in which are some delicious bits of pure Italian music. During this time Zingarelli was the lad's master, and in 1829 he sent him to Birmingham to conduct a psalm of his own composition; but, singularly enough, the English manager blundered about it, and Costa made his first appearance in England as a singer. He was put into the band of performers instead of before the conductor's desk. Thenceforward his career was closely English. In 1832 he was invited to take the direction of the Italian opera, and though little more than a boy, and coming from a country greatly disparaged by all English musicians just at that time, it was at once felt that he was in his proper place. Chorley writes of the enthusiasm felt for the young *maestro*. "He at once showed," says this able critic, "nerve to enforce discipline, readiness to the second, and that certain influence which only a vigorous man could exercise over the disconnected folk who made up an orchestra in those days."

From that day to the present Sir Michael Costa (knighted in 1869) has filled various posts of musical importance, directed the Birmingham and Leeds festivals, and been the permanent director of the Sacred Harmonic Society. His pen has never remained idle, nor has it ever quite cast aside the Italian touch of early days; but his works have been mainly based on English principles. He has written fine accompaniments to various oratorios, and has, perhaps, less mathematical severity in his style than many composers whose work is English from association and residence. One needs only to see him at Exeter Hall to appreciate his skill as a conductor: he controls with admirable force; and is not this faculty two-thirds of the conductor's power? The chorus of the Sacred Harmonic is fine, intensely dramatic, and well toned, but with scarcely a touch of impassioned fervor; it demonstrates how well an English chorus can sing from intense culture, from a knowledge of the intricacies of choral singing, which are purely scientific, and can be acquired. The solo parts are always taken by leading singers of the day, among whom Madame Patey and Herr Henschel are sure to be found, the former a clever-looking woman, with a voice full of that "organ depth" which adds sympathy to the intelligence in her singing. As for Herr Henschel, various successes have made him so popular that his name dignifies any programme. It is about two years since he made his first appearance in London, and though then only a young man of twenty-seven, he had achieved a Continental reputation both as a singer and a composer. He was born at Breslau in 1850, and made his first appearance as a pianist when a lad of twelve years. He studied with Moscheles in Leipsic, later in Berlin, but finally devoted himself to the development of his magnificent voice, studying under the famous Adolphe Schulze. He had been heard but a few times in London when his success was complete; and happily Herr Henschel is one of those artists who have conscience as well as genius.

"I can only reconcile myself to singing good music," he said, not long ago, to a friend.

"But what if your audiences of to-day don't like it?"

"Ah, well, then," said Henschel, "they will learn to do so to-morrow."

Personally he is a man of medium height, with profuse dark hair and short dark beard, deep kindly eyes, and a face rather boyish in outline when one considers the work and thought he has put into his life. Not long ago Alma Tadema painted Henschel's portrait for the Grosvenor Exhibition: the picture represents him at the piano in Mr. Tadema's studio —that famous piano constructed after the artist's own design; he is singing, his head slightly thrown back, his fingers on the keys. It is a marvellous picture, full of that untaught power which Mr. Tadema puts into his colors, something which transforms his painted figures into living creatures as we behold them.

Henschel at the Sacred Harmonic sings always with his whole soul. His voice, though barytone, has that passionate cadence which generally belongs only to the tenor voice; it rings out, vibrating, pulsating, but in its deepest, most solemn tones preserves an undercurrent of pathos.



WAYNE HOMESTEAD.

SOME PENNSYLVANIA NOOKS.

PHILADELPHIA is famed for its beautiful suburbs; but there are mines of richness and beauty within an hour or two of railroad travelling whose very existence seems scarcely suspected by many, and places even of historical interest have comparatively few visitors.

In the days of stage-coaches and Conestoga wagons, the old Spread-eagle Tavern in Tredyffryn Township, Chester County, was in all its glory. The Welsh name Tredyffryn means "stony valley;" and stony it is beyond all dispute, to the detriment of horse, vehicle, and passengers in clattering up and down these hills and dales. It is, nevertheless, a particularly fine farming and dairy region; and the beautifully green pasture fields, and sleek, well-conditioned cattle, are eloquently suggestive of butter and cream. The corn fields are cornucopias of plenty; and every cultivated spot has an air of luxuriance, as though, according to the well-worn simile, it only needed to be tickled with a hoe to laugh with a harvest.

Old Pennsylvania edifices are all built of stone; and, unlike flimsy timber, they do not show their age by going to pieces, or looking as though they stood "merely from sheer indecision which way to fall." They get weather-beaten and shabby, and damp and mouldy, it may be; but there they stand, veterans of a hundred years and more, and for all intents and purposes of living, good for at least another century.

> "The coach stands rusting in the yard,
> The horse has sought the plough;
> We have spanned the world with iron rails,
> And the steam-king rules us now."

But the Spread-eagle Tavern still furnishes entertainment for man and beast, with the same capacious porch for loungers, and rooms in which wayfarers slept—possibly the same feather-beds into whose soft depths they sunk—all those decades

ago. The ancient glory has departed, but the charm of association lingers there still.

"The importance of these old road-side taverns in the days of Conestoga wagons and Troy coaches can not be realized by the travellers of the present age. Then they were temporary homes for all kinds and classes of people, and consequently their names, their merits, their proprietors, and their surroundings were discussed far and wide. It was not an uncommon thing to meet among the keepers of these hotels individuals who knew, more or less intimately, all the dignitaries of the nation, and could detail by the hour anecdotes of them in connection with their travels and sojourns. But all this is changed by improvements which render travelling by night as comfortable as by day, and necessitates no stoppages until destination is reached, whether that be a hundred or a thousand miles away."

Ancient hostelries with quaint names abound in the neighborhood; and the "Unicorn," "Blue Bell," and "Green Tree" are well-known cognomens. The poor old Unicorn, although not fighting for the crown, had a hard time of it, and was branded with a very hard name. Proprietors of Conestoga wagons were said to disappear mysteriously after putting up at the Unicorn, and dark whispers were afloat as to its character generally. At last a fire came and swept it from the earth, and somebody's grandfather perished in the flames. A pretty cottage was built on the site; but it is generally for rent, as people do not care to stay there very long—so says the story; and the Conestoga wagons and the grandfather have it all to themselves.

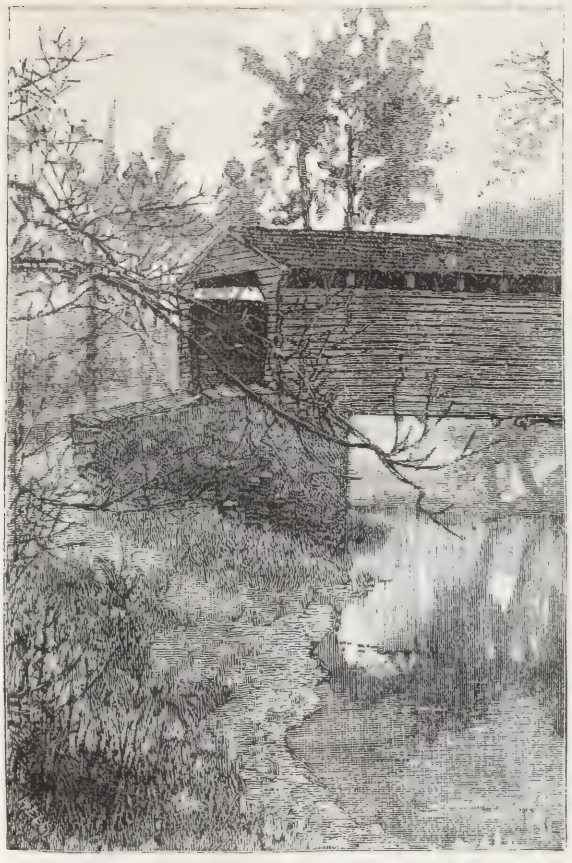


ALONG THE CHESTER VALLEY.

Revolutionary ground is within a short distance; the foot-prints of Washington and Wayne are all around us; and from one of the picturesque homes dotted here and there we go forth on a bright September morning, pilgrims to the Mecca of Chester County—Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge.

It is just far enough for a pleasant drive; but it seems immaterial where we start from, or what direction we take, in this gloriously dowered region, with its ever-varying hills and vales, farms and woods. The wealth of Chester Valley is spread around us on every side; the glow and haze, the purple lights and dense shadows, the deepening tints and fiery

pennons, of early autumn are worked into the picture with a master's touch, and we



OLD VALLEY FORGE BRIDGE.

drive on as through a beautiful dream, with occasional awakenings at sight of a particularly rugged hill or deep declivity before us.

For picturesque scenery always implies rough travelling, and rough it is beyond one's ordinary experiences; but the views we get over the shoulders of the hills atone for it all. In the course of events, however, five miles even of rocky road come to an end; and the latter part of the journey is along the edge of Valley Forge Creek. It is at first a stagnant-looking stream, but worthy in size of being called a river; beautifully wooded hills on one side, with here and there a farm-house lying calmly asleep on their bosom; on the other winds the picturesque road that leads to the village.

The creek has a muddy complexion to the end; it widens out as we approach the town, and a decided movement is visible that gives it the look of a deep and rapid current. Some men are fishing from a boat in the middle of the stream; picturesquely ugly buildings are dotted about on the water's edge, a dilapidated old mill among them; a little in the distance, over the bridge, flashes by a train of the Reading Railroad; there are hills to the right of us, hills to the left of us, hills everywhere—we have reached Valley Forge.

But why Valley Forge?

For the most prosaic of reasons, according to the chronicler. "The forge up the valley, from which the latter has gained a name that will be famous for all time, was a noted gathering-place for the young men and farmers of the vicinity. Each had to wait his turn, for in those days every horseshoe and nail had to be beaten out by many heavy and laborious strokes of the hammer, by strength and sinews and brawn, and at a large expenditure of time, patience, and muscle. Doors, windows, and floors were secured with wrought nails at an enormous expense; the coulter of the plough was sharpened once a year, when the strength and dexterity of the smith and his helper were taxed to the utmost; while the wooden mould-board was always in a shattered condition, owing to the rude shocks it received in colliding with stones and blazed stumps."

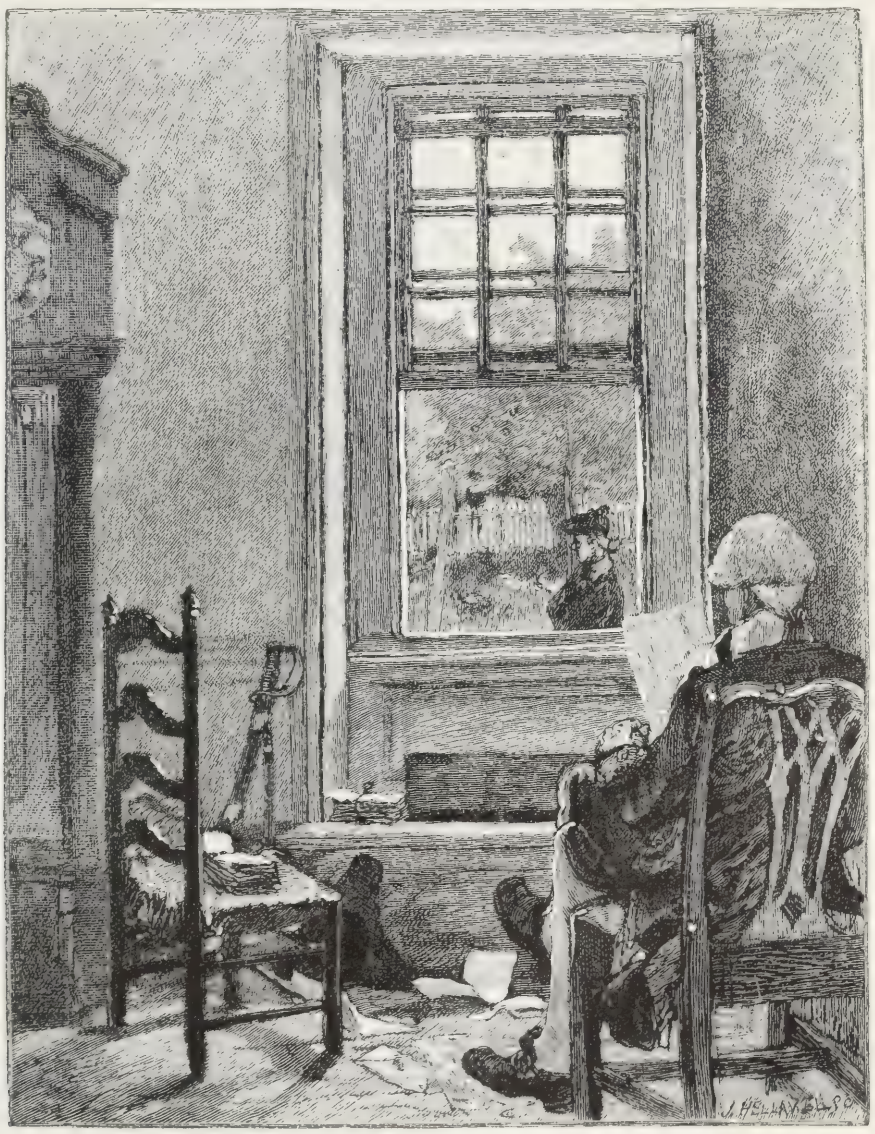
Valley Forge is a manufacturing place, and there is a constant hum of machinery from the paper, flour, and woollen mills. The neat little houses of the factory hands are gay with flowers and vines, while the handsome residence of the mill-owner towers castle-like above them. Past all these dwellings, at the end of the street, stands the old-fashioned stone edifice hallowed by Washington's presence.

It is a plain, somewhat contracted-looking house, this Valley Forge shrine, after the usual type of ancient Pennsylvania homesteads, with a queer roof over the door, without either posts or pillars, shaped like the sounding-boards in old-time churches. The small-paned windows are long, and end in low, deep window-seats that could be sat in with ease; but they are not cushioned, or made the most of in any way. The entrance door opens in halves, and two broad flat stones lead to it.

Nothing has been changed in the old house since Washington left it, with the exception of paper and paint; but it strikes the visitor as decidedly bare-looking, and by no means attractive as a place of residence. The admission fee of ten cents is appropriated by the Centennial Committee for the furnishing fund, their inten-

tion being to furnish the back room on the ground-floor, known as Washington's private office, with articles gathered here and there of the date of Washington's residence, and as nearly as possible a facsimile of those in use at the period, the original furniture having slipped away down the back stairs of time without leaving a trace behind.

"backs and jambs." The iron back of another fire-place is unexpectedly displayed outside of an entrance door which opens into a narrow passage. This back, of German manufacture, is quite a work of art, and evidently intended as a representation of the miracle in Cana of Galilee, the queer figures and water jars being supplemented by a German inscription, in



WASHINGTON'S PRIVATE PAPERS, 1777.

As yet, however, nothing has been accomplished, and very little of interest is to be seen in the way of relics. The back room is the chief point of interest; and one of the deep window-seats is a box, the lid of which is labelled, "Washington's private papers, 1777," this receptacle having probably been made to avoid surprises.

We are also shown a Revolutionary cannon-ball, the old anvil used in shoeing the horses of Washington and his troops, and an ancient fire-place with which the words "Wasser" and "Wein" are quite distinct, also the reference to John, ii. 1–11.

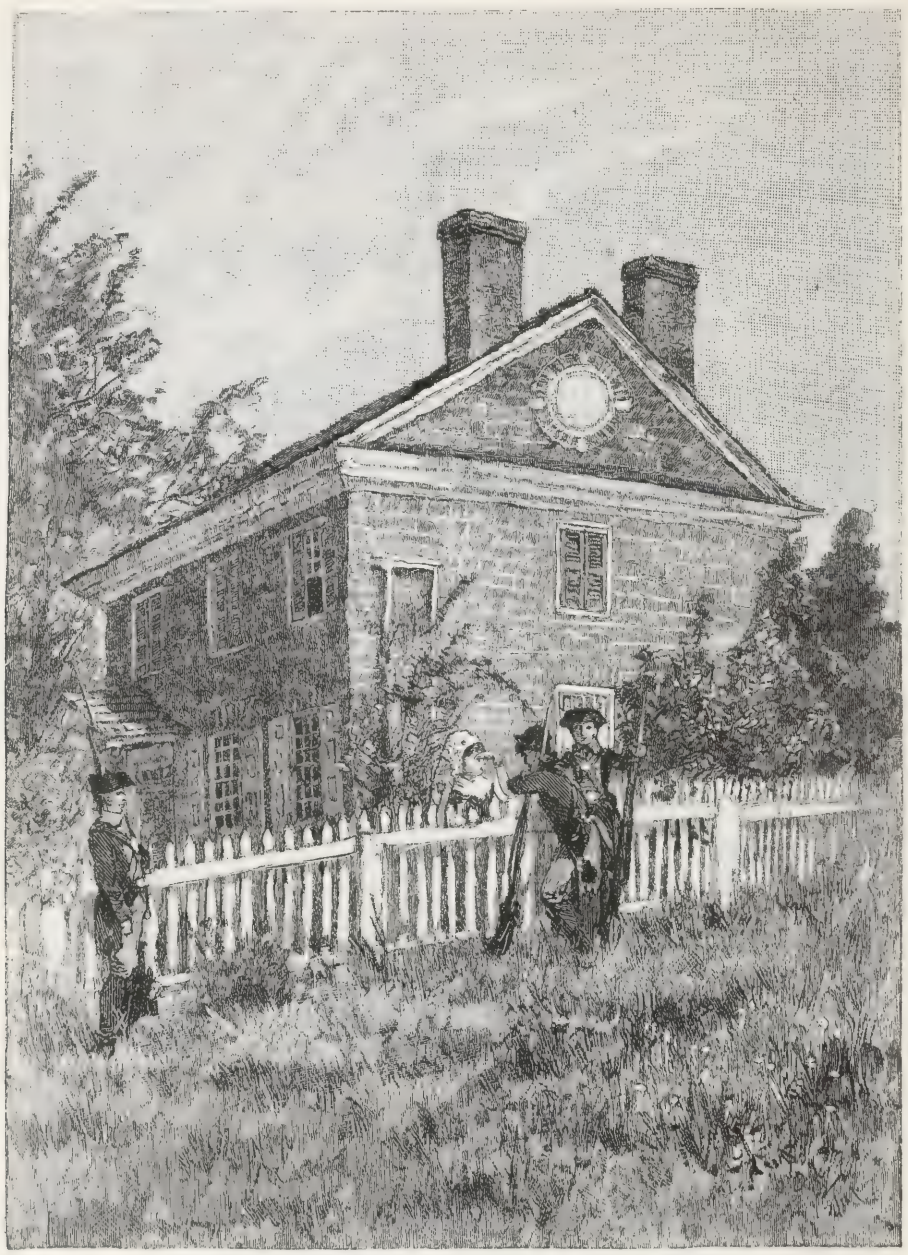
The most noticeable article of furniture in the room is an "old clock on the stair," which seems its legitimate place. It was not used, however, by Washington, having been imported from England by the grandfather of the present venerable occupant in 1784.

The old Potts mansion has been purchased by the Centennial and Memorial

Association, and in the deed of trust the ground belonging to it is carefully estimated at two acres and eight perches. The long low stone barn that stretches across a large portion of one side is rough and plain—the same in appearance as when Washington stabled his horses there. Art has done little for the immediate surroundings, except to introduce the impertinent whiz of the factory opposite.

A portion of the old intrenchments, which are some little distance off, still remains, and in the woods near by were the miserable barracks where the Continental army nearly froze and starved during the hard winter of 1777–78.

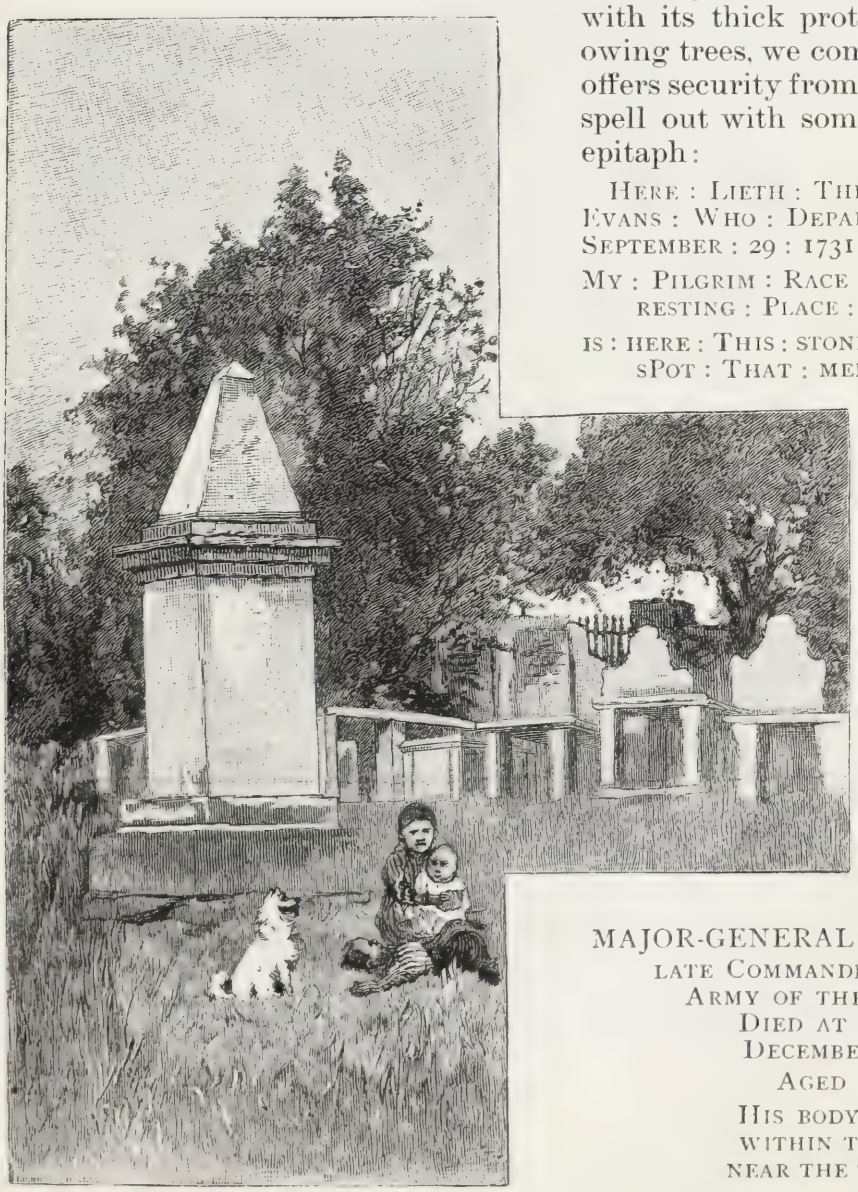
Over the most break-neck of roads, and in the wildest imaginable spot, we come upon the tiny, quaint-looking church known as "Old St. David's at Radnor." Built of rough stone, the plainest of architecture, which seems to belong to no school save that of Pennsylvania Dutch—though in this case it happens to be Pennsylvania Welsh, for the chronicle says that it was established by a colony of Welshmen, who emigrated from Radnorshire, Wales, about the year A.D. 1685—characterizes this little temple in the wilderness. A luxuriant ivy, in pity for its ugliness, has veiled it over front and side with a mantle of living green that gives it an aspect of beautiful old age, and furnishes a charm that it must sadly have lacked in its youth.



WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS, VALLEY FORGE.

An open stairway of rough stone that leads to the diminutive gallery is entered from one side of the front—a peculiarity that forms one of its distinguishing features.

The little church stands in the midst of its grave-yard, and the white stones gleam thickly amid the grass and evergreens. The grave of one William Moore, who died in 1781, is the stepping-stone to the low doorway. Said Moore is branded by tradition as a Tory of the deepest dye, and the disapproval of posterity in thus treading him under-foot is regarded in the light of a righteous retribution; but, like most stories, his resting at the church door has another side to it, indicating that it is a mark of honor, a request having been made for burial beneath the chancel, which was refused, but the next best place, that at the church entrance, tendered and accepted.



GENERAL WAYNE'S GRAVE.

The rude forefathers of the little Welsh hamlet crowd closely up to the sanctuary walls in their last sleep; and the discolored head-stones, with their nearly obliterated inscriptions, are as eloquent in their silent way as the poetical sermon still clearly to be deciphered as we stand on the tablet of William Moore—that of Evan Harry, 1748:

> Remember, man, as you pass by,
> As you are now so once was I;
> As I am now so must you be,
> Therefore think on Eternity.

Wandering from one old grave to another, and thinking how sweet and peaceful a resting-place the ancient church-yard is, with its thick protecting wall and shadowing trees, we come upon a flat slab that offers security from the wet grass, while we spell out with some difficulty the quaint epitaph:

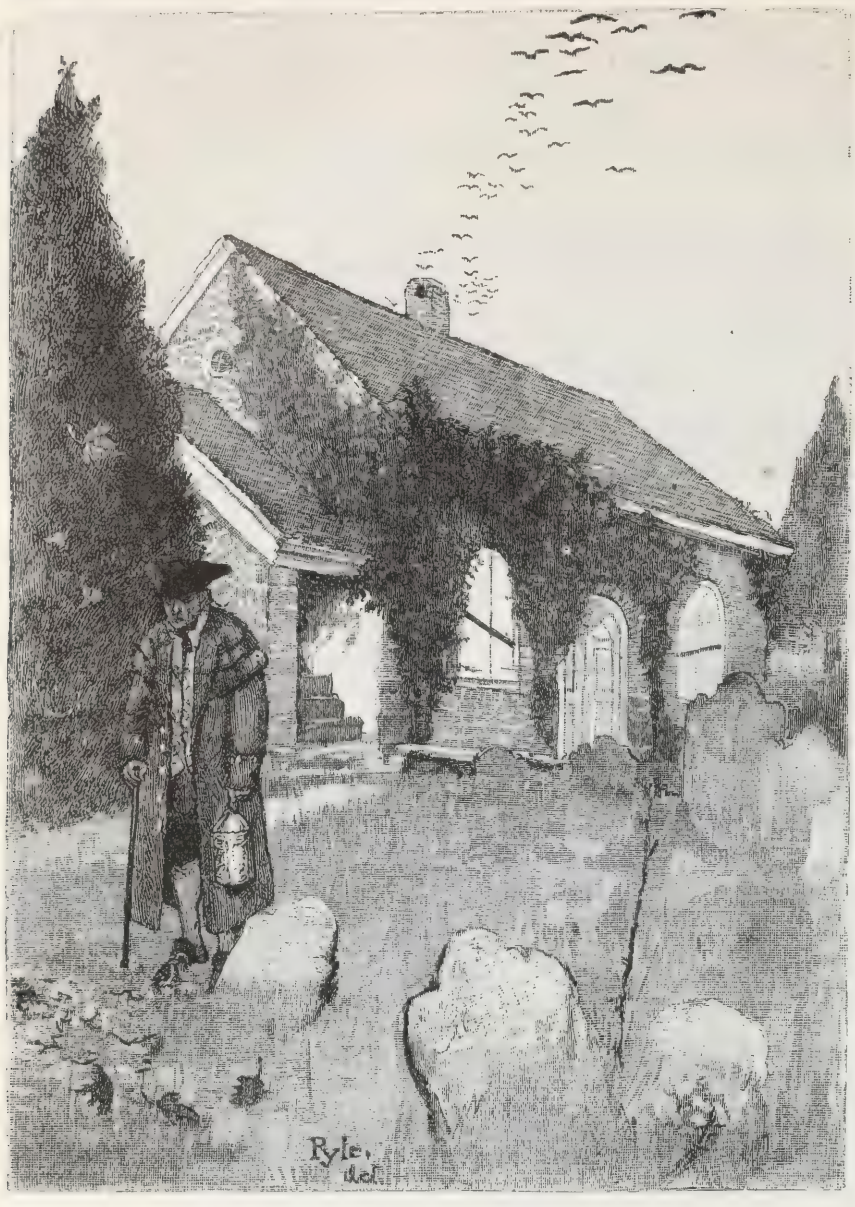
> HERE : LIETH : THE : BODY : OF : WILLIAM : EVANS : WHO : DEPARTED : THIS : LIFE : THE : SEPTEMBER : 29 : 1731 : AGED : 52 :
>
> MY : PILGRIM : RACE : I : RAN : A : PACE : MY : RESTING : PLACE :
>
> IS : HERE : THIS : STONE : IS : GOT : TO KEEP : YE : SPOT : THAT : MEN : DIG : NOT : TOO : NEAR.

The most interesting spot, perhaps, in this ancient "God's Acre" is the grave of General Wayne; or rather the plural should be used in this case, for on the right of the church, among the tall grasses, a time-worn tablet marks the grave of Mrs. Wayne, and bears the additional inscription:

> MAJOR-GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE
> LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE
> ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES
> DIED AT PRESQU' ISLE
> DECEMBER 15TH 1796
> AGED 52 YEARS.
> HIS BODY IS INTERRED
> WITHIN THE GARRISON
> NEAR THE TOWN OF ERIE.

On the other side of the church a stately monument indicates the spot where the bones of the brave warrior were interred in 1809, having been brought from their original resting-place to be deposited amid the familiar scenes of his youth and manhood.

This second funeral was a great event



OLD ST. DAVID'S CHURCH.

in the neighborhood; and an interesting historical sketch of the old church says of it: "The remains of General Anthony Wayne were removed from the fortress at Presqu' Isle to Radnor church-yard, by his son Colonel Isaac Wayne, and at the same time (July 4, 1809) the Pennsylvania State Society of the Cincinnati, with due ritual ceremonies, placed over the grave of the illustrious dead the present monument. The wonders of that day are still fresh in the minds of some of our church members; the First City Troop, of Philadelphia, under command of Mayor Robert Wharton, rode out to Radnor, and performed the honors of war over the grave of the General, but so excessively hot was the day that one of the officers is said to have fainted while coming down the hill near which the present parsonage stands. The hearse proceeded from Mr. Wayne's house to the church, and an old soldier named Samuel Smiley is said to have marched before it all the way, refusing to ride, and mourning the loss of his old commander."

The restless spirit of Mad Anthony seems to have characterized even his last sleep, and the two graves have given rise to much discussion, some stoutly declaring that the real hero still reposes in the garrison inclosure at Erie, because so little was found to remove, while others consider the knowledge that his bones at least rest beneath the shadow of St. David's entirely satisfactory.

Passing through the low doorway, the visitor is struck, as in all the old buildings of this vicinity, with the exceeding thickness of the walls; and inside, the severe plainness and whiteness of the little sanctuary are its most noticeable features. No gilded corona, with its flashing gas jets, hangs over the tiny chancel; the evening services at St. David's are of rare occurrence, and conducted by the fragrant light of kerosene—the plainest of receptacles in the way of lamps being fastened in the wall for this purpose. Modern iconoclasts have spirited away the old three-story pulpit with its sounding-board, which was so thoroughly in keeping with the character of the edifice, and which most of the parishioners well remember opposite the door of entrance. One of them often recalls her childish reverence for the ancient pulpit, which, with its faded crimson hangings, seemed to her the grandest thing in the world.

The iconoclasts started a subscription for modernizing the entire edifice, and had not one influential parishioner promptly refused to contribute to a project worthy

of Goths and Vandals, the old landmarks would have been ruthlessly swept away, and possibly even the time-worn tombstones renovated, and their half-illegible epitaphs polished and spelled to suit the other improvements.

Turning reluctantly from St. David's, we wend our way over the hills in quest of the Wayne mansion—the house in which General Anthony Wayne was born, and where he spent most of his life when not engaged in military campaigns. It is a grand old homestead, with five hundred acres, owned and occupied by one of the general's descendants, and courteously open to visitors with inquiring minds.



DRAWING-ROOM, WAYNE HOMESTEAD.

A winding carriage drive brings us to the dwelling, whose wide, hospitable-looking doorway seems to invite entrance, and we find ourselves in the old-fashioned hall, with its broad staircase and doors leading to various apartments. We enter first the modern drawing-room, where a family party are assembled with some other visitors; and here the Revolutionary general looks down from the wall upon a tiny toddler just learning the use of his feet. The general, in fact, looks down from a great many places in the house: the same well-conditioned, rather youthful face, with its florid complexion and double chin, and quite devoid of the reckless daring that one naturally looks for in the counterfeit presentment of Mad Anthony Wayne.

We are kindly shown his military coat, in an excellent state of preservation, the sacrilegious moths having confined their visible marks to a few small holes, and the old Continental blue and gold appear

in all their glory. There are also a quaint pitcher, with the ever-recurring portrait on one side, and other relics in cases and boxes; a small miniature, which seems a perfect fac-simile of the portrait by Rembrandt Peale, hanging above us; the turnip-shaped watch, with plain unengraved case, carried by the general; the compass used by him when surveyor in Canada in his early youth; various medals and decorations presented on different occasions; and a dozen small silver drinking cups, without handles, for army use.

The parlor across the hall is furnished exactly as it was in General Wayne's time: an ancient fire-place, with brass andirons and fender, a portrait over it, and on the mantel two pairs of slight-looking china vases, with handles, that have survived without a crack, and a pair of silver candlesticks and snuffers; a beautiful old mirror, with the central ornament of the frame in the shape of a gilt vase, with slender vines falling gracefully down on either side, and repeated at the bottom, fills the space between the windows, the stiff scanty draperies of the period that fall across it from the windows almost concealing its beauty. These draperies are looped with gilt pins, and harmonize thoroughly with the ancient-looking sofa and chairs and the stiff neutral-hued carpet. The chairs, of course, are high-backed and broad-seated, after the fashion of a century ago, and the room is an admirably preserved relic of that olden time.

The house is about one mile south of Paoli, the scene of the massacre of a hundred and fifty American soldiers on the night of September 22, 1777. "Guided by his Tory aides, General Gray, under cover of the night, massed his troops as near the camp of Wayne as possible without betraying a knowledge of his approach; from there he cautiously moved through the woods, and up the narrow defile below Paoli, where he met the outer picket. This was the signal for a deadly charge upon the American corps. Although well conceived and cleverly executed, the surprise was not complete. The assailants were received with several close and destructive volleys, which must have done great execution; but it soon became evident that the Americans were greatly outnumbered, and were obliged to retreat in haste and great disorder. Many victims were massacred after resistance on their part had ceased; the cry for quarter was unheeded, and the British bayonet did its work with unpitying ferocity."

Paoli is the terminus of the road, and the announcement at the city dépôt of "Train for Paoli and intermediate stations" gives one the expectation of finding a place of considerable activity and importance. This expectation, however, is not gratified. Paoli is a hotel, and it is nothing more, not even a station, for passengers and luggage are ignominiously deposited in the road, the waiting-room and ticket office, such as they are, being some little distance off.

The settlement is an old, old place in the midst of beautiful scenery, and its quaint Italian name is derived from the celebrated Corsican general Pasquale di Paoli, the leader of the revolt against the Genoese.

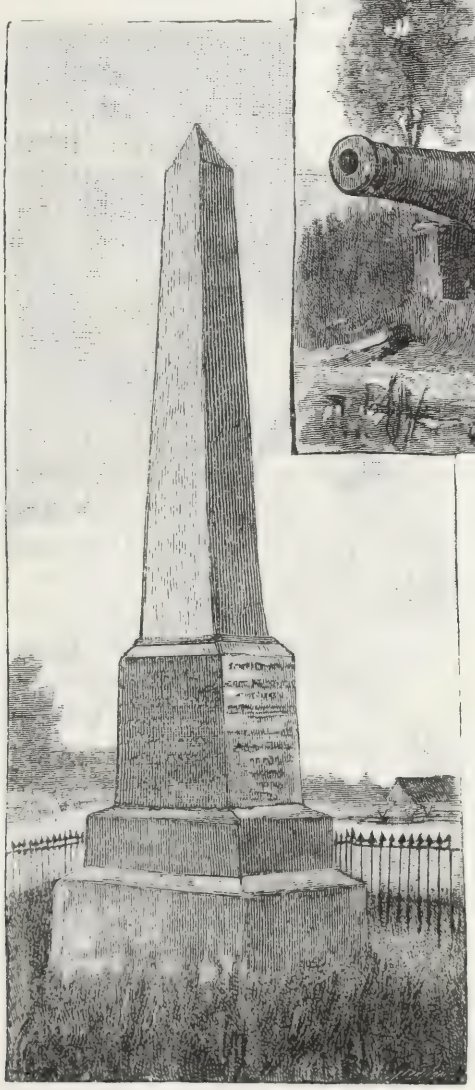
From Paoli to the monument is a drive of about two miles through scenes and views of great beauty; and it is difficult to realize the events of that dreadful September night as we stand in the balmy air of a bright September afternoon, beside the railing that incloses the old and new monuments, and look over the smiling fields and orchards around it, and hear the voices of the school-children in the road beyond. The scene is so still, and deserted, and uneventful-looking; but the monuments are there, and the cannon planted only the other day, on the 102d anniversary of the massacre.

The new monument, a handsome granite shaft, with inscriptions on the four sides, was unveiled on the centennial of the massacre, two years ago; and the occasion, with its interesting ceremonies, was a great day for Paoli.

Beautiful exceedingly, and full of legend and story, are all these nooks and hamlets of Chester Valley. Homes of wealth and refinement, with all nature's abundance smiling around them, are sown broadcast over the region; and the farmer's life is here spent in venerable homesteads where beauty looks in at every window.

But even in these softer moods there is a decided gleam of practical common-sense that is apt to bring one down rather unexpectedly from a poetical flight; and this is thoroughly illustrated in the origin of "Hammer Hollow"—a wild, beautiful spot, with the ruins of a picturesque old

mill, and the dash and sparkle of a miniature water-fall. It is easy to account for the Hollow, on looking down into its wooded depths; and the Hammer is confidently asserted to have arisen from those tuneful spring heralds known in some localities as "yellow-hammers"; but this pleasing theory is speedily upset by the testimony of a colored farmer whose modest residence, with its "truck patch," skirts the Hollow, and who affirms that an ancient tilt-mill—which gets translated as a place for the manufacture of nails and spikes—once mingled its discordant noises with the musical plash of the water-fall, and part of whose machinery was a huge hammer. Hence Hammer Hollow, with which the birds had nothing to do.



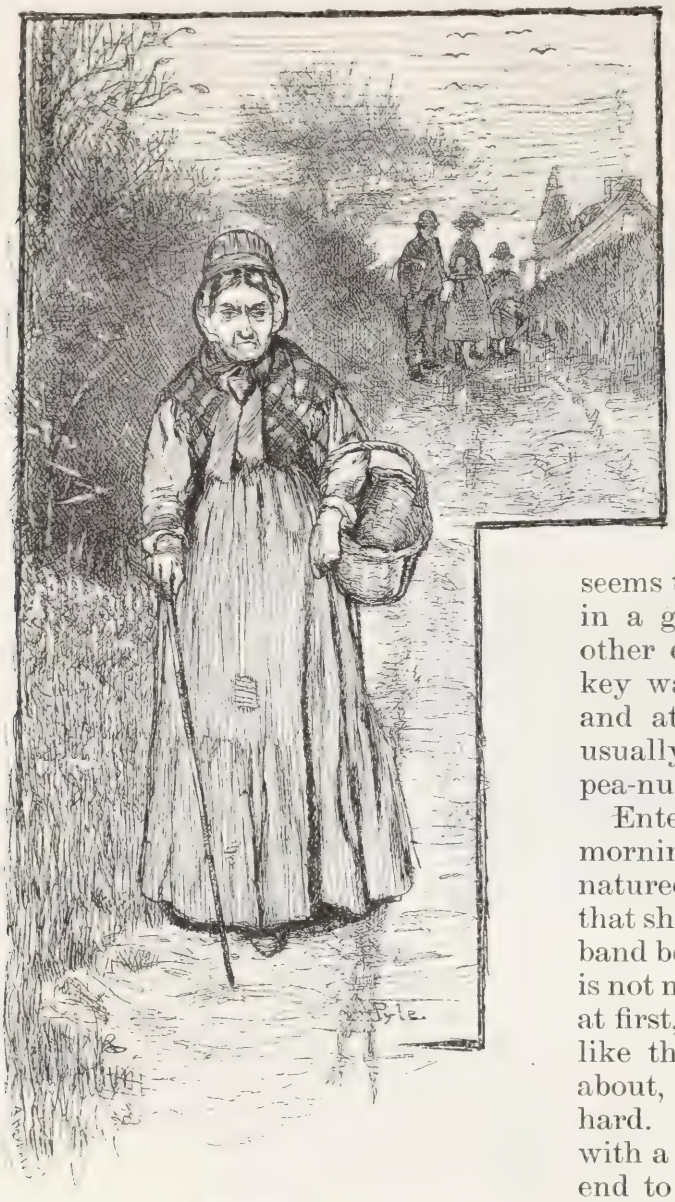
PAOLI MONUMENT.

Facing the railroad, and just between two stations, stands a yellow, blotched-looking house of moderate size, with small windows in the top story shaped like half-shut eyes. These eyes have a wicked expression; and a weird and uncanny sort of look characterizes the whole place, which, if it had a proper sense of the fitness of things, would be in ruins. It was originally a "half-way house" for the entertainment of travellers, and the property of a woman who died in the very opposite of the odor of sanctity, at the end of a century of stormy existence.

"Melissy's House" was known far and near; and Melissy herself was a figure of terror to the small children of the neighborhood—in spite of the attractions of jars of mint-stick and cocoa-nut molasses balls invitingly displayed in the front windows. The childish recollections of residents in the vicinity are of a tall, gaunt, masculine woman, with an evil face and a very apparent beard, the prominent characteristics of her dress being a dingy silk handkerchief crossed on her bosom, and a sort of Quaker bonnet worn over a cap. Melissy's friendship, which was decidedly "cranky," and sought the most unexpected channels, was a thing to be tremblingly cherished, like the frailest of tropical plants, for a sudden blight was liable to fall upon it at any time, and her enmity was—well, not a good thing to have.

Dark tales were afloat concerning the "doings" at Melissy's; and in spite of her savory pot-pies, unapproachable turnovers, and ever-to-be-remembered doughnuts, she could not, on the whole, have been termed a pleasant person to board with. A peddler was said at dead of night to have received hurried burial in the woods near by—why is it that peddlers are so popular as the heroes of country murders?—and a well-to-do female boarder, with a weakness for whiskey, was also suddenly and mysteriously disposed of. Whiskey was the fashionable beverage at Melissy's; and a sick man whom it was desirable to make way with would find a barrel of it by his bedside, with a pint measure for a drinking-cup.

Melissy's tongue was a whip that cowed all who fell under its lash; round oaths and foul abuse seemed the natural atmosphere in which she lived and breathed;



MELISSY.

but "a broadside and done with it" did not satisfy her—her ire, once roused, was never pacified; and she stormed and railed at her foe at every chance meeting. She was ingenious, too, in tantalizing expedients; and having once had a cow accidentally killed on the railroad, she would not rest until she had given the railroad a piece of her mind. The iron horse would not stop, however, except at a station; and the enraged woman was left screaming out her not very choice expressions to the passing wind. Resolved not to be baffled another time, the virago deliberately *greased the track;* and then and there was hurrying to and fro—engineer, conductor, brakeman, all rushing to investigate the vexatious mystery that caused a circular instead of a forward movement.

There stood Melissy, arms akimbo, and *talked.* Having said her say, she boasted ever after that she had stopped the train, and told them what she thought of their running over her heifer. At another time she stopped them by planting herself directly on the track, out of "pure cussedness." There was expense and danger in stopping, and she enjoyed it.

As an offset to this, many kind acts to the poor are recorded; and Melissy is even represented as having been in early life a bright, handsome, and attractive girl. An unfortunate marriage soured her, and the ill usage she received at the hands of a drunken wretch seems to have been rather oddly revenged in a general crusade to make as many other drunkards as possible. For whiskey was her staple article of commerce; and at all low gatherings Melissy was usually to be found peddling "old rye," pea-nuts, and oysters.

Entering the old house on a sunny morning, a stout woman comes good-naturedly from her wash-tub to tell us all that she has learned since she and her husband became tenants two years ago. This is not much; only some unpleasant noises at first, "in the dead of night," of course, like throwing heavy pieces of furniture about, and shutting down windows very hard. Husband with a revolver and wife with a lamp sought to explore and put an end to these annoyances; but there was nothing to shoot, and nothing to see. The noises continued, but the husband's energy did not; and he recklessly insisted upon sleeping instead of being routed out of bed for a hunt in which there was no game. The noises were not constant, only "along in the spring after they moved in." We suggest rats; but our hostess shakes her head solemnly, and assures us that there never was but one rat there, and that the cat got.

She further regales us with a narrative of five men who were hung in a room up stairs, and a "peddler-woman" who was murdered in the chamber over the sitting-room, until the air seems full of horrors, and we take our leave with the conviction that if houses are ever haunted, Melissy's house ought to be.

It blinks its wicked eyes at us as we rush by on the train, taking our last view of the smiling fields and purple hills of beautiful Chester.



EVERYWHERE abrupt hills, ragged cliffs, stony dells, and a water-carved soil; scant yellow grass, diminutive herbage, stunted cedars, scraggy low pinos, impenetrable bush-cactus, pretty manzanita; an air of remoteness and desolation, wherein the harsh wind-gnarled trees make hard shift to live, and the cruelly clear air fails to conceal or soften a single unlovely trait. The four dusty horses toil up the long ascent, and we jolt after, weary at the end of a day's steady riding. At the summit opens before us, first, miles of bristling, sterile hills and cañons, exhaling the pungent aroma of the sage, then miles of faint gray plain, trough-shaped, and beyond this a rampart of vague blue mountains, their snow-touched peaks half hidden in wisps of rain that brush swiftly past and through them, trailing from leaden clouds. It is a wide, far horizon of serried heights, draped in warm purple, and bathed in tender mist.

Then we descended into an arroyo, among the juniper and cactus again, and over ridge after ridge, bracing the high wooded hills in the north. Finally, over the last spur, a gleaming roof and tower; then a sudden vista of flat town in a wilderness of corn, and of low whitewashed houses ensconced in trees; a dash through a trickling brook, a whirl and clatter between streets of narrow dead-walls, a flourish and gallop up to a bowery square crowded with idlers, and we are in the plaza of Santa Fe.

Here was the oldest town in America—if, indeed, this was not a foreign land—and in this plaza the monument to the heroes of Valverde stood upon the bones of citizens who died centuries before the European ever heard of the New World. In that long building over there, Indian caciques, Spanish conquerors, Texan invaders, and American Governors have successively sat in state. Even the chimes in that old gray tower that now fall upon our ears have rung thus for two hundred years, and half a dozen generations of priests and nuns have crossed themselves at the sound. This is history, and Santa Fe holds much also that is prehistoric.

The earliest records of the city and this region begin with the account, by the wanderers Cabeza de Vaca and Coronado, of explorations about 1540. The latter was an officer under Cortez in Mexico, and by his orders penetrated to this point, and even farther, then diverged northwestward to the more barren regions of the Rio San Juan and the Rio Colorado Chiquito. Here at Santa Fe, in a nook of the hills which form the southernmost spurs of the Rocky Mountains, he found a populous Indian town, solidly built for miles along both sides of a lively stream. It is guessed to have been called Cicuyé, but the name is lost in that haughty disdain with which the conquerors ignored and wasted everything not Romish or Spanish. These aborigines were agriculturists. They lived in large blocks of houses, the foundations of which yet remain, or are to be traced all over the vicinity, so that it is very likely that the present arrangement of streets is a perpetuation of the old avenues.

But something better than grass-grown foundations and re-used materials exists to mark the position and show the consequence of the old village. Over on the high eastern bank of the stream, tucked in behind tall cottonwoods and modern walls, stands a remnant of the ancient pueblo. It is a rough and ragged quadrangular pile of unburned brick, or adobe, which once perhaps was stuccoed outside, but now shows

the wear of many centuries. The ends of the great cedar logs that support the roof protrude from the wall near the top, but exhibit no signs of decay. The earthen floor is down below the level of the dirty, crooked street, and the mud roof is protected by a ruined battlement. The doors are low and narrow, the windows few, and little larger than port-holes. The loft is reached by one ladder, and the roof by another. It is a ruined relic of a long-destroyed town, yet it is still substantial, and its cleanly whitewashed interior furnishes a home to several poor families, whose very ancestors perhaps lived and died within those walls long before Cabeza de Vaca or any of his mailed and mounted foreigners marched over the level mesa and entered the wondering settlement.

After Coronado went back to Mexico, and reported the breadth of country, the noble mountains, the fertile valleys, and the industrious and home-loving denizens he had discovered, this region was rarely free from foreign occupancy. First of all came the friars—Franciscans from Spain—who scattered everywhere from San Diego and La Casa Grande to Santa Fe, El Paso, and San Antonio. How far north they went is uncertain. I have seen little to indicate their presence in the once populous Cañon de Chelle and in the valleys north of the Rio San Juan, where ruins of the village Indians abound. A Spanish engineer was sent by the home government, and reported a most accurate description of the country, accompanied by a forecast of what the region was capable of, and what would be its development, which discounts inspiration for shrewd prophecy. Everywhere through these eastern mountain ranges, forming the water-shed between the Rio Grande and the Cimarron, the Indians were found working gold, silver, and turquoise mines on an extensive scale. It was the report of this, and the sight of the quantities of gold possessed by the southern natives, who said it came from the north, which prompted the expeditions of Coronado and his successors, and it was cupidity that caused the Spaniards to hold so tenaciously to these outposts of civilization, and which at the same time occasioned them so many difficulties.

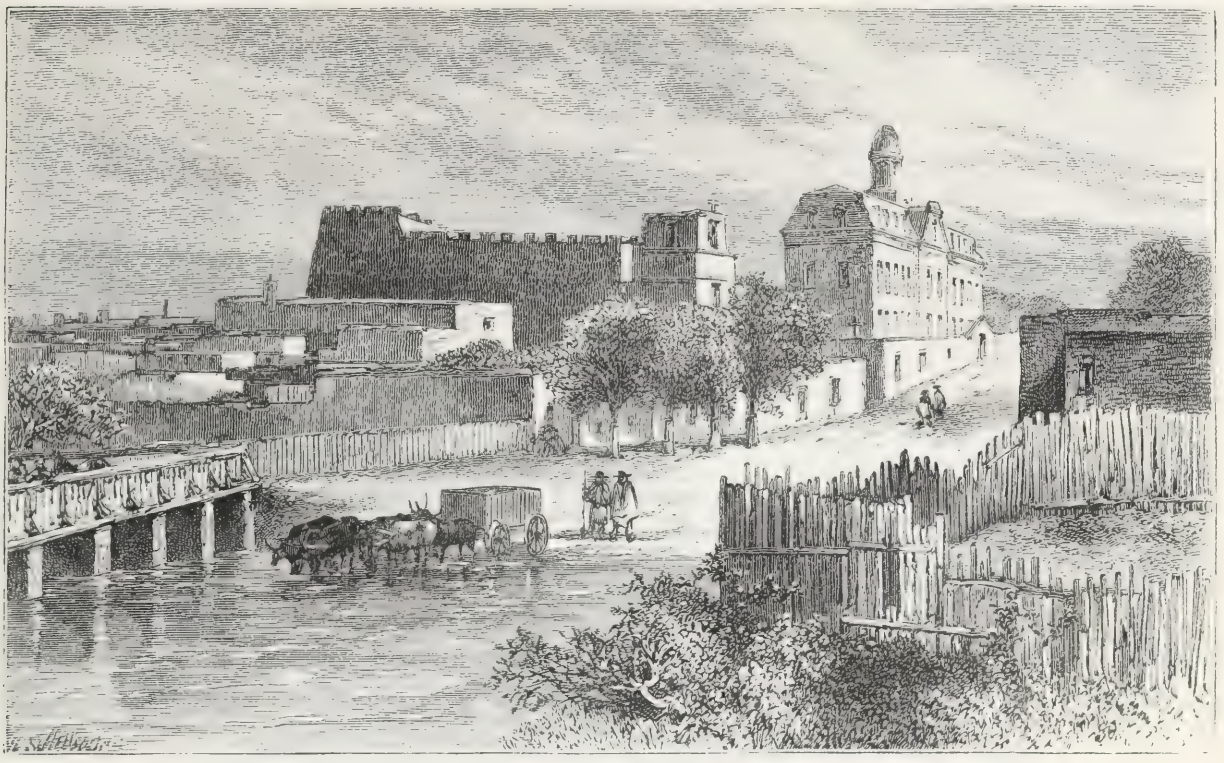
In the arduous and prolonged task of conquering these village Indians, together with the nomadic Apaches and Navajos, the Spaniards saw the advantage of Santa Fe as a strategic point, and here established their head-quarters and base of supplies. Having reduced the Indians of this city and valley to subjection, they were turned over to the priests for sanctification, and compelled to become members of the Roman Church *vi et armis*. Six days in the week they were lashed through their frightful tasks in carrying water, tearing down rocks, and pushing drifts and tunnels in the mines; on the seventh they walked in procession before foreign images, and mumbled the language of rites and ceremonies they did not understand.

The monument of these days of the Spanish Church militant and flagellant in Santa Fe remains in the antiquated chapel of San Miguel, just across the alley from the pueblo relic I have described. It is undoubtedly the oldest church in America, and is still used, though fast falling into a final dilapidation. Just when it was first erected is unknown—no doubt as soon as the earliest Spaniards were assured of their possession of the Indian town, and had made up their minds to stay. It was built of adobes, in the rough way employed by the Indians themselves, founded upon a few layers of stone in mud mortar.

Frightful tales come down to us of the Spanish rule, and their abuse of the Indians, who were forced into the most irksome slavery, and treated with harsh contempt. From this time until the beginning of the eighteenth century there was a constant succession of native uprisings and civil wars. Often the red-skins were temporarily successful, and Santa Fe was again and again turned into a battle-field. At last, about 1680, the pueblo Indians combined, under the leadership of the Tegua nation, who were accredited with being a superior people, and utterly drove the Spaniards from the city and the country. The latter soon sent an army, but wisely decided not to attack, and for twelve years Santa Fe was an Indian pueblo.

In this season of rapine and massacre the old church fared hardly, but its walls were not razed; and the public building now fronting so pleasantly on the plaza, which had been built by the invaders out of the old pueblo material, and given the name "palace," that has clung to it until the present day, because then, as now, used as the official residence, was nearly torn to pieces.

Another thing that the Indians did was to cover up all the old mineral workings,

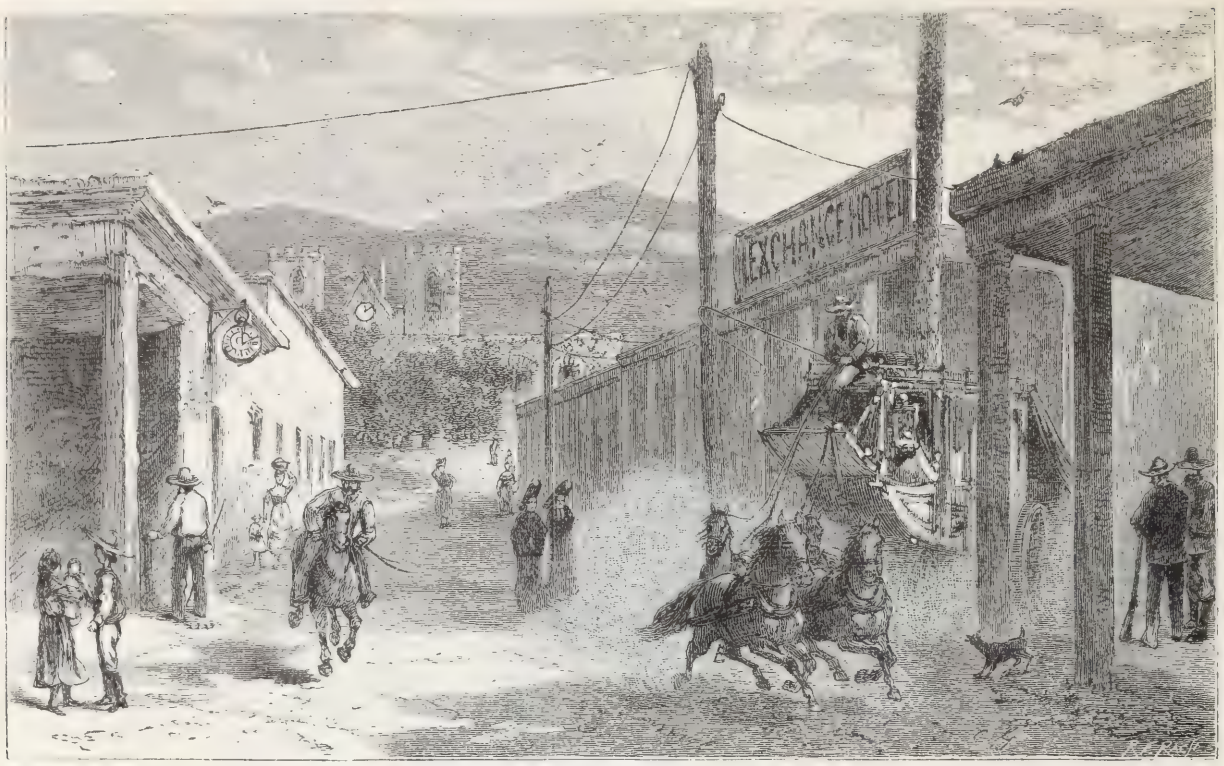


RUINS OF THE ANCIENT PUEBLO—CHURCH AND COLLEGE OF SAN MIGUEL.

and promise death to any member of the community who should ever disclose to any white man where gold or precious stones were to be found. This date, therefore, was the end of gold-seeking in New Mexico, for when, toward the year 1700, the Spaniards were able to return, it was with a condition that no mining whatever should be done. It is these same ancient workings, these old Tegua-Spanish shafts and drifts and placers, that are now being "prospected" by American miners, and are exciting marked attention among mineralogists of that practical school who study with a pick and a quartz mill.

Santa Fe at an early day was given the title of La Villa Real—an honorary distinction conferred by special edict of the king. Of the places so honored there are said to be about one hundred and fifty now in Spain, and various others in her former and present foreign dominions. This title, like its superior one of *ciudad* "city" (of which the city of Mexico was the proud owner on this side the sea), was intended as a compliment from the government in recognition of professions or deeds of remarkable heroism, loyalty, or self-sacrifice on the part of the inhabitants. All the archives remaining from the time of the re-establishment of Spanish supremacy establish the fact of the early date at which Santa Fe was thus honored by the crown and the royal audience, and show the importance which was attached to it.

After the battle which expelled the Indians from the city, and secured the possibility of resettlement by the Spaniards, General De Vargas started with his whole army on a campaign down the river, leaving the care of the city to an Indian chief. At El Paso he waited many months, and was finally joined by a large body of emigrants from Mexico, whom he was ordered to escort to homes in the north. Arrived near Santa Fe, he learned that the Indians had again become disaffected, and profiting by the absence of the white men, had resolved again to resist the occupation of their ancient and principal town, with its environs of garden and meadow. One has great sympathy with their resolution, and wonders that they allowed themselves to be won over so far as not only to permit De Vargas with his soldiers and settlers to come into the town, but even gave them a "triumphal reception" in the plaza. Why the general did not stay there is an unanswered query; but whether a wise move or not, certain it is that he moved on, and encamped upon an eminence beyond—probably the spot where old Fort Marcy is now crumbling into harmony with the outline of the arroyo-gashed hill. Having fixed his quarters there on December 12, 1693, his very first care was to restore the old chapel, perhaps through re-



SAN FRANCISCO STREET.

morse at not having attended to it during his garrisoning of the town the year before. Men were sent into the mountains for timber, and the work began.

About Christmas the Spaniard announced his intention of moving his quarters into town—you will observe how mild midwinter is here—but an unexpected thing occurred: the Indians hastily fortified the palace and plaza, and flatly told him to stay outside. "These buildings," they said, "are ours. We do not propose to vacate them for your army and your uninvited emigrants. If you want the palace, you must take it."

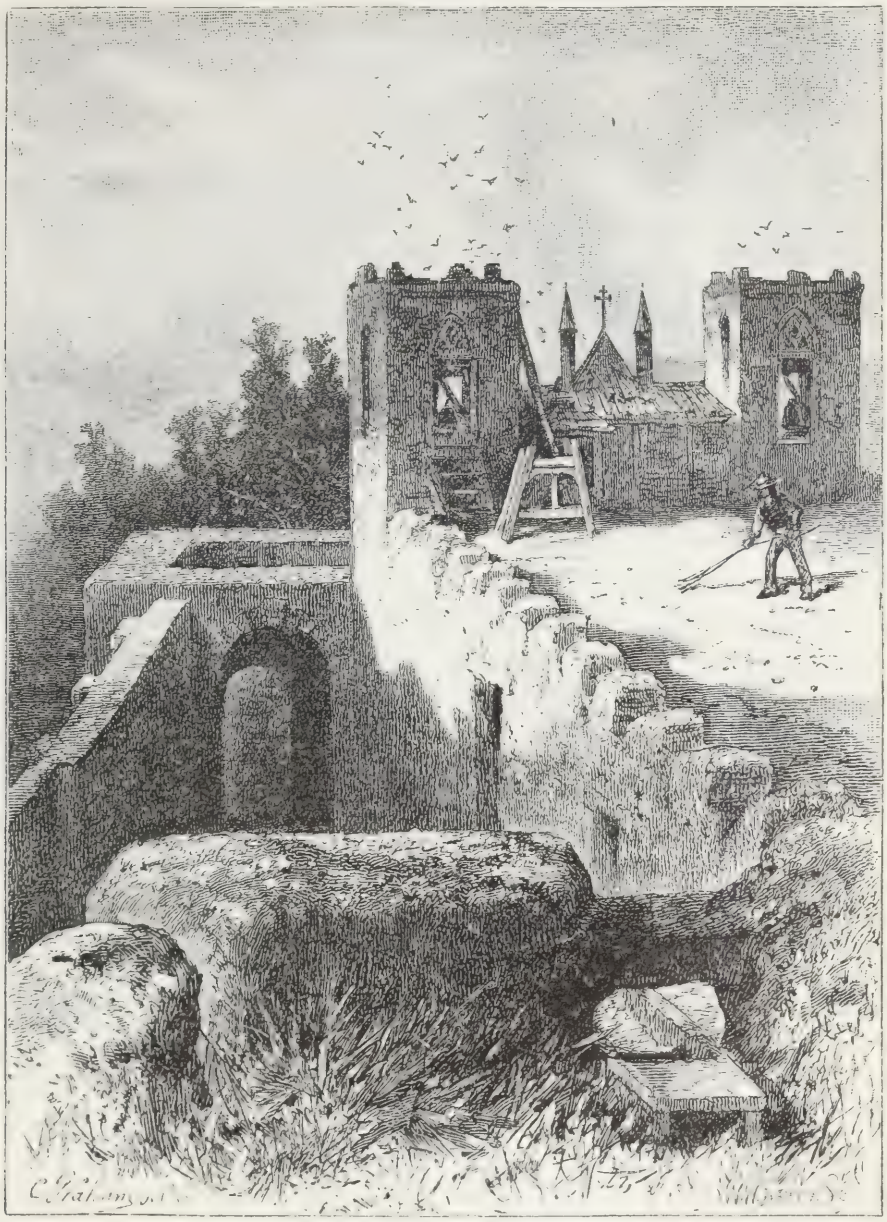
What a sight old Baldy and these other stately mountains that flank the city must have looked upon that bright Christmas morning almost two hundred years ago! The close phalanxes and glittering mail, the waving standards and flashing pike-heads, of the Castilian soldiery, pausing a moment to receive the blessing of the priests before going into that deadly battle which was their gift from Fate that day. Down in the valley, only a short distance below, was a long line of heavy, smooth, brown wall, parapeted; other walls extended away from it at right angles; and behind it similar ramparts of adobe and stone were thick and strong. To storm that city was to attack a town where every house was a fort, and every soldier a citizen filled with the patriotism of those who defend to the last their very hearth-stones, supported by every instinct of fidelity to tradition and love of home.

From their field of devotions the Spaniards heard the derisive shouts of the sun-worshippers, and their prayers were shortened by a shower of deadly missiles. Then came the charge. It was persistence against resistance; it was fury against courage; it was greed against self-defense; it was arquebuse and halberd and pike against bows and spears and slings and torrents of boiling water. Beams were brought, and walls battered down. Ladders were got, and were scaled over heaps of dead. Re-enforcements of Pueblos approached, but were scattered by dragoons, who rode them down. All day long the battle raged, and the city was not yet taken; but in the morning the Spaniards became victors, for the Indians had fled at midnight.

But the timbers cut for the church lay unused for years, and it was not until the Indians of the whole neighborhood, choosing easy discretion to valorous martyrdom, had surrendered, and peace and plenty reigned again within the walls of Santa Fe, that the chapel of San Miguel was rehabilitated.

As you enter the broad doors that admit without vestibule, the eye falls upon a

square, rudely carved beam, extending across at mid-height so as to support a gallery, the only means of ascent to which is by a ladder. This beam bears an inscription in Spanish, but it was a long time before any one could read it, so badly are the letters confused. The legend tells that through his agent, a royal ensign of the army, named Don Augustin Flores Vergara, the church was rebuilt by the Marquis de la Peñuela, in 1710. Although everything about the rough old place is dim with age, and of the fashion of very long ago, it is difficult to find much else that dates back any nearer to the origin of the walls.



THE NEW CATHEDRAL.

After the capture of the city by De Vargas there was constant war, sometimes with the Pueblos, but mainly with the Apaches, Navajos, and Utes, who year after year raided upon the settlements, burning and killing, stealing cattle, horses, and sheep, and harassing the white men, who were always exposed to their sudden forays. The region was governed by a succession of military commanders, accountable to the Governor of Mexico, but so remote from his influence that they were really absolute monarchs. The names and deeds of these *dons* are preserved, partly by tradition, partly in printed books, partly by written archives. Yet almost all the earlier and what seem to have been the more important records have been destroyed. They had gradually accumulated to an immense extent, and were piled into an old out-building at the palace, or lumbered up the shelves of its

official rooms. No one had taken any care of them for many a decade; and at length the prince of vandals was put in authority here by the United States, whose only memorable act was to make a bonfire of these ancient parchments and curious papers, burning cart-loads of the materials of a history replete with exciting interest, or selling them to equally pig-headed merchants for use as wrapping paper. Accident preserved a portion from the hands of this brave burner of historic records, and Governor Lew Wallace is making an effort not only to preserve, but to classify and intelligently examine these highly interesting documents, garnished with the great seals and signed with the intricate *rubricas* of the founders and early rulers of the City of the Holy Faith.

Little by little during this season of Spanish rule the power and numbers of the Indians were reduced, and Spaniards and half-breeds settled in all the fertile valleys, building various towns of consid-



INTERIOR OF CATHEDRAL.

erable size. The ruins of large, elaborately constructed churches are scattered over all this part of the territory, many of them at points where now there is not a single inhabitant, red or white. Santa Fe was early made the cathedral town, and here has resided for two hundred years a Roman bishop, the present incumbent being the venerable Archbishop Lamy.

The first cathedral was known as the "military church," and stood on the plaza opposite the palace. It was demolished some years ago, after long disuse, and a business house now occupies the site. The earth in the church was filled

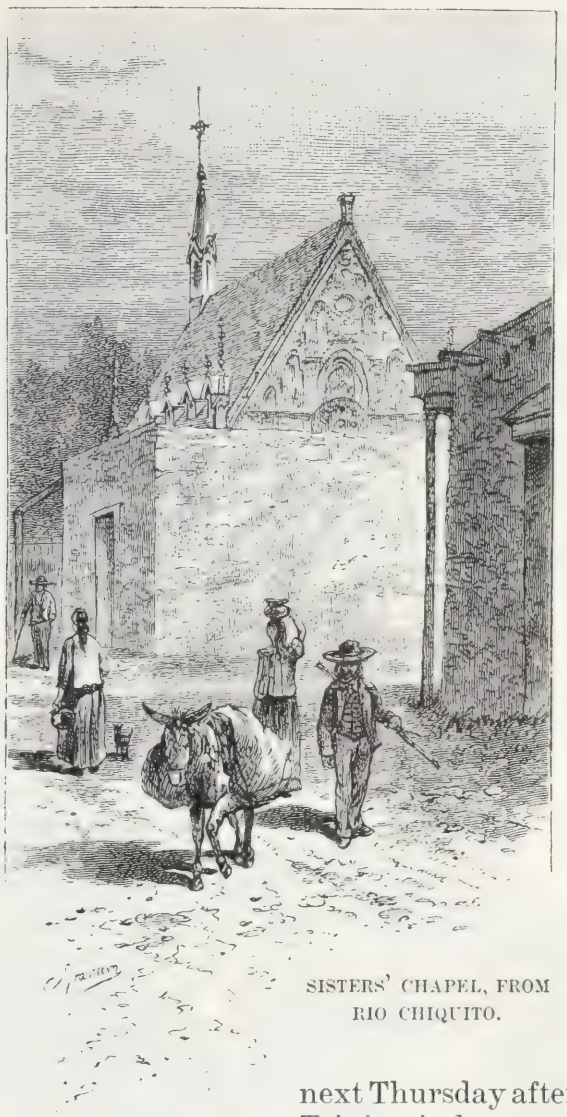
with the remains of dead communicants (it is only very lately that burying in churches has been forbidden), and men are not yet done dying from the typhoid fever generated by these old graves. In this church stood an immense altarpiece of carved stone—scroll-work and rude figures of saints and heroes—which was painted in various colors. When the old chapel was torn down, this found a place in the larger "cathedral" at the head of San Francisco Street, where it forms the back wall of the chancel, and rises nearly to the lace-frescoed ceiling.

This main church is built of mud like the lesser structures, and in the shape of a cross; but instead of a crumbling attempt at a steeple, it has two substantial towers, with a chime of bells that sound very pleasantly in the evening, but are likely to be rung at so ungraciously early an hour in the morning as to produce the opposite of devout and reverential thoughts in the sleepy hearer. Its interior is capacious, and its roof high, the closely packed, richly browned beams, with their roughly carved brackets, giving a pleasing effect overhead in contrast to the whitewashed walls. Here there are elaborate side altars, and the furniture of the main altar and chancel, with the bishop's chair of state and canopy, is more genuine and artistic than in the other churches. Three little confessionals stand in the transept, only one of which will attract notice, and the pictures, though numerous and old, are not so interesting, I think, as some others in the city.

Half a dozen years ago the old adobe church began to be surrounded by the foundations of a new and splendid cathedral of carved stone, the walls of which have risen nearly to the height of the old mud eaves.

The cathedral is always open, and the sacrament is celebrated there. You may see worshippers going through their silent devotions at any time of the day. They are mostly women, their heads wrapped in black shawls; but sparkling black eyes flash out of the mantilla's shadow now and then. Every day has some sacred significance, as you may learn by the bulletin posted up in the church, but only a very few festival days are observed by the people in these degenerate times.

The most important of these feasts is that of Corpus Christi, celebrated on the



SISTERS' CHAPEL, FROM RIO CHIQUITO.

next Thursday after Trinity, in honor of the eucharist. All occupations yield to the occasion, and people are dressed in their best. After devotions in the cathedral, a procession is formed, wherein the emblems are carried about the principal streets, receiving everywhere the kneeling adoration of the faithful. The wealthy citizens build before their doors the richest altars they can afford, and at these the procession halts while the priests say a brief service. The more of these little altars there are erected, the greater the year's revenues to the Church. In the evening are fire-works and great merry-making.

The other chief ceremony of the year is in honor of the patron saint of Mexico, Our Lady of Guadalupe. She has in Santa Fe, as in many other Mexican towns, a chapel dedicated to her, and this chapel is to me a more interesting building than the larger cathedral. It stands on the bank of the creek, in an isolated and conspicuous position. The adobe walls rise high and smooth, in the shape

of a cross, and are surmounted over the doorway by a diminishing pile of square mud pillars, forming a tall tower that once was capped with a pointed top of boards and tin. This has now fallen, and the quaint home-cast bell, swung among the topmost supports, must speedily follow.

An area in front of the church is railed in with adobe wall and ruined picket fence, within which, as usual, stand some forgotten graves. The low doors are modern, but the interior seems hardly to be changed from its old furnishing, in all things imperishable. Overhead are the round beams, simply cedar trunks with the bark peeled off, running crosswise from wall to wall of the nave, and succeeded by another set running in the opposite direction, forming the ceiling of the transept. Each beam is supported at both ends by rudely carved, heavy brackets, and over the doorway is a very broad gallery or interior balcony, reached by a simple ladder, where, I suppose, the occasional choir is placed. The balustrade of this gallery was an attempt at the ornamental, but it had been wholly whittled out by hand, and was badly broken. There was no furniture whatever in the building, except two or three small benches and the rudest of little carved pulpits, with a sounding-board over it about the size of a barrel head.



WORSHIPPING OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.

Yet there was no lack of ornamentation, such as it was. Behind the altar hung a painted canvas big enough to form a background to the whole arrangement. Evidently it was very old, and the painting was a good example of art in Mexico in the sixteenth century, for I think it probable that the painting dates back to that time, though I could ascertain nothing whatever in regard to its author or history. The central figure is almost life-size, and represents in the midst of golden radiance the Virgin of Guadalupe — so called after a city in Mexico—while the surrounding canvas contains several pictures portraying the legend to which the Virgin and her church owe their name.

In the fifteenth century, says tradition, a devout Indian named Juan Diego, who lived in the neighborhood of Guadalupe, had an apparition of the Blessed Virgin appear to him as he was travelling, and instruct him concerning a chapel which she desired built in her honor. In the morning he went to the bishop of his diocese and related the occurrence. But the bishop was hard-headed, and told the poor Indian to go and sleep on his experience before giving it too much credence. Thus repulsed, the Indian went home, and the vision was repeated. Again the bishop refused to believe the wondrous tale; and when a third time the apparition of the Virgin came to him, Juan tried to run away, and asked for a token from his supernal visitor which should establish his veracity to the prelates. The Virgin then told him to go upon the top of a neighboring mountain and pick the flowers there as a token. "But," says Juan, "it is winter, and even in summer there is nothing there better than scant cactus." But the Virgin insisted, and Juan went. He found the miraculous flowers in spite



SANTA FE, FROM FORT MARCY.

of his weak faith, and put them in his homespun blanket to carry to the bishop. "Here," said he, "is attestation," and spread out the blanket. Lo! before his astonished eyes were not flowers, but the tints and lines of a marvellous picture, limned upon the blanket in colors which partook of no earthly quality, and with an art no human hand could equal. That picture hangs in the old church at Guadalupe, and though the sanctuary has been stripped of its gold candlesticks and its solid chancel rail of silver to fill the depleted treasury of Lerdo's revolutionists, this revered painting was left, the object of superstitious awe in all that region. Here in Santa Fe a chapel was dedicated to Our Lady of Guadalupe in commemoration of the incident, and its old altar-piece, draped in lace, and regarded with great care, is a fac-simile of the mystical painting Juan Diego found in his blanket.

It is once a year, in early summer, that this ancient, out-of-the-way chapel becomes prominent in the minds of the people. Our Lady, watching with maternal forethought over the interests of her earthly children, knows that above all things they need the blessed rain, and so she has finally come to be regarded almost as a goddess of rain. In the cathedral is kept, under a canopy of silk and lace, a little image of this Virgin, and just before the rainy season she is carried over to the chapel dedicated to her. Four chosen persons bear the palankeen in which the image is carried, and behind it troop a large number of white-robed "virgins," after whom follow the devout, including always a large delegation of Indians. Along the line of march people will bring out the best carpet they can muster, spread it down in the street, place upon it an ornamented table, and beg the Virgin to rest. She graciously does so, the priests kneel and pray, blessings for the next twelvemonth descend upon the pious householders, big Mexican dollars are poured into the clerical treasury, and the procession moves on.

Arrived at the chapel, Our Lady of Guadalupe is erected in an honorable position, and invoked by special services for a week. By this time the rains are pretty sure to have begun, and she is taken back to the cathedral with much pomp. Some years ago, however, a dry season occurred, and though the image remained an unusually long period under the influence of the ceremonies, the clouds were obdurate. Patience gave way at last, and snatching Our Lady from her pedestal, the Mexicans stripped her of all her tinsel wardrobe, threw her into the bed of the creek, and actually kicked her all over the dry rocks in their anger. That night a rain came which nearly washed the town away, whereupon the despised Virgin was rehabilitated and reniched. It isn't much of an image yet.

Except the constant skirmishes with the Utes, Apaches, and Comanches, in which the pueblo Indians were found sometimes in aid of, sometimes in enmity to, the Spaniards, Santa Fe saw little that was of serious moment in her history, after the victory of Vargas, up to the beginning of the present century. Then upon



MORNING ON THE PLAZA.

their eastern horizon appeared a new phantom of trouble in the shape of the encroachments of American travellers, though these were rare at the beginning. The first American who seems to have penetrated to New Mexico was James Pursley—an adventurous fur trader who found his way up the Arkansas, travelled extensively through the mountains of what is now Colorado, and finally worked his way down to Santa Fe, where he went to work as a carpenter, growing rich through high wages, but suffering always a feeling of restraint. An occasional Frenchman had appeared; but Pursley (who, by-the-way, is credited with being the first intelligent man who discovered gold in the Rockies) was the sole citizen of the United States who was there to welcome the immortal Pike when, on that bleak March day in 1806, he unwillingly tramped into Santa Fe at the head of his Falstaffian band, hatless, bootless, and trouserless through a year's campaigning on the plains and in the mountains.

The Mexicans were greatly alarmed by this sudden realization of the proximity of the progressive and well-armed Yankees, and their consternation resulted very unhappily for the few leaders of that conquering tide that finally should overwhelm the effete rule of Spain in the New World; yet for a long time after Pike's expedition nothing occurred to frighten further the proud and indolent hidalgos.

Their fighting proclivities, nevertheless, were not left unsatisfied, for there came a series of severe Indian attacks, revolts by the villagers, and civil strifes. This culminated in 1837 in the wicked government of Perez and his lieutenants. They imposed more and more burdens upon the farmers and the Indians, and galled the latter until their patience gave way. A sudden and united revolt followed, and a battle ensued in which hundreds of Spaniards were killed, Perez's head was used as a foot-ball, and the bodies of his cabinet cut in pieces with horrid tortures. The rebels took possession of Santa Fe, and for a time were successful; but a Spanish army was sent from Old Mexico, treachery lurked in the ranks of the insurrectionists, and after much fighting and bloodshed the leaders of the rebellion were captured, and a large number assassinated and executed. The change was hardly for the better, for Armijo proved as cruel and oppressive as Perez had been, and the last decade of Spanish rule in New Mexico was full of harsh and bloody deeds.

In 1846 the United States and Mexico opened war upon each other, and one of the first acts upon the part of the Amer-

ican government was the sending of an army of 1600 men under General Kearny to seize Santa Fe. They marched from Fort Leavenworth for fifty days, but met no opposition, and quietly moving into Santa Fe, hoisted the Stars and Stripes above the historic old palace, and proclaimed the region property of the United States. Perfect ease was not granted, however. Kearny and his men had to do lively campaigning for two or three years, and fought some severe battles both with Mexicans and with the warlike Indians. He erected upon the same old eminence to which De Vargas had retreated one hundred and fifty years before, a strong earth-work named Fort Marcy, and established his head-quarters in the palace, before which he planted many of the fine trees that now decorate the plaza.



THE WOOD PEDDLER.

It is from old Fort Marcy—for a new Fort Marcy was built as a military post by the government ten years later, down in the town—that the general view of the town has been sketched by the artist. It was down the arroyo at the foot of this eminence that Pike came, almost a century ago, and noted for us his first impression of the city, then in the prime of Spanish rule. "Its appearance from a distance," he says, "struck my mind with the same effect as a fleet of the flat-bottomed boats which are seen in the spring and fall seasons descending the Ohio River."

Pike describes further: "There are two churches, the magnificence of whose steeples forms a striking contrast to the miserable appearance of the houses. On the north side of the town is the square of soldiers' houses, equal to one hundred and twenty or one hundred and forty on each flank. The public square is in the centre of the town, on the north side of which is situated the *palace* (as they term it), or government-house, with the quarters for guards, etc. The other side of the square is occupied by the clergy and public officers. In general the houses have a shed before the front, some of which have a flooring of brick; the consequence is that the streets are very narrow—say, in general, twenty-five feet. The supposed population is 4500 souls. On our entering the town the crowd was great, and followed us to the government-house. When we dismounted we were ushered in through various rooms, the floors of which were covered with skins of buffalo, bear, or some other animal."

Santa Fe has hardly been altered, with all the change in its fortunes, during the past century. I do not think there is yet a frame building in the place; and with the distinction of being the oldest civilized city in the United States, she can couple the singularity of being the only town in the country of 5000 inhabitants which does not possess a single steam-engine of any description. Both her architecture and her methods of work are simple and primitive. It is mainly derived from the Indians, and the aboriginal customs have dominated over foreign influence, which has modified but not changed Indian practices. Santa Fe is all made of *adobes*, except some stone buildings, and



MARKET, RIO CHIQUITO.

there are very few two-storied houses in the place. But of course the city residences are larger and more ornamental, their doors are broad and well cased, their windows often of large size, and set with plate-glass instead of scraped sheep-skin. Outwardly they stand flush with the sidewalk, and show hardly any signs of occupancy, but as you pass through the great carved door, you find yourself admitted into an open hallway, beyond which a picture of greenery meets your eye, and you pass on to find yourself in a square garden of trees and vines and abundant blossoms, in the midst of which perhaps a fountain plays, or a picturesque well offers the temptation of its mossy bucket and cool depths. This is the "little square," or *plazita*, and around it the house is built in the form of a quadrangle, the exterior of which is as forbidding as the outer wall of a fort, while the interior, with its many doors and windows opening underneath the low-browed porch upon this flowery court-yard, is always inviting and pleasant.

The houses of the American residents of Santa Fe, and of some of the more wealthy Mexicans, have the walls papered, and are furnished in Eastern style, but there is nowhere in the Union, I fancy, another town in which you may see in use so many things that have become quaint and obsolete. The Spaniard follows the Indian in whitewashing his house with powdered gypsum instead of with lime. This preserves its snowy whiteness, but rubs off easily; hence you will often see a breadth of gaudy calico tacked up all around the room to prevent the soiling of elbows and shoulders. The whitewashing (which is present in the hut of the poorest greaser as well as of the richest alcalde, and keeps everything sweet and clean) ceases at about three feet from the floor, where a bright clay-tinted wash replaces it, forming a dado that gleams and glistens with the innumerable particles of mica which the clay water contained. The ceiling consists of the unpainted beams and boards or poles which support the roof, richly browned with age; sometimes these are oiled or carved, or concealed under a ceiling of cotton cloth, but usually nothing is added to their pleasant natural contours.

The ancient purely Spanish customs are to a great extent gone. Even the peculiar indigenous costumes of the *caballeros* and *vaqueros*, the institution of peonage, many ceremonials of the Church, and other foreign features, have retreated to old Mexico under the advance of American zeal, which is always inimical—more aggressively destructive than those who are not frontiersmen can understand—to everything that is not square-toed and commonplace. This decadence of old customs, and disappearance of the ancient life and landmarks, will be still more rapid now that the railroad has penetrated her borders, and the mining interests are attracting attention. Nevertheless, Santa Fe still belongs to the long ago.

It is in the streets rather than in the houses of the capital that the tourist finds most entertainment. As he sits on the porch of the excellent *fonda*, or lounges in one of the great arm-chairs that the editor of the *Sentinel* provides for his visitors, or saunters about through the narrow crooked streets, his eye is filled with lively pictures. In Santa Fe one may see all classes and conditions of men—gallant Fra-Diavolo-looking Spaniards from El Paso and Chihuahua; blue and gold army officers; negro soldiers, erect and self-satisfied; dirt-begrimed bull-whackers, just

in from Las Vegas or Arizona; grizzled, nervous-looking miners; natty clerks with Hebrew noses; and everywhere Mexicans in every stage of slothful ease or protesting make-shift to work, troops of slender dark-eyed women, and scant-clothed Indians out of the surrounding wilds.

Three times a week the military band plays in the plaza at sunset, and I accept the invitation of General Edward Hatch, that bravest of cavalry-men and most genial of gentlemen, to join him in a cigar at head-quarters, and listen to the music. The benches in the plaza soon fill up, and the *portales* that form a complete colonnade over the sidewalks around the whole square become populous with pleasure-hunters. It is a tri-weekly acquaintance day for the whole town. A noisy train of long-horned, thin-bodied oxen, dragging trailed wagons piled high with freight from the railway terminus, comes round the corner, and stops to listen before unyoking for the night, the whacker's long whip cracking like pistol-shots as he lashes his unwieldy beasts into position. Half a dozen donkeys, loaded with immense burdens of fagots cut in the foot-hills, are allowed to stop their peregrinations in search of a customer, and make squealing remarks to the rival burros of the grass merchant, whose boy is kept busy with his club in protecting the verdant cargo. Here approaches an aged parchment-cased Mexican whose skin is much the color of his shoes, and begs us to buy his musk-melons, or his peppers, or at least, señores, the wild plums that lie in red and saccharine masses under the lid of his home-made basket. Then an Indian, tall, straight, grinning from under hair "banged" like a Saratoga belle's, saunters up, and thrusts from under his striped blanket a bony hand and arm, with a "How ?" that seems to come from the heels of his beaded moccasins. He tears from his bundle a fragment of coarse wrapping paper, sprinkles upon it some tobacco, and calmly begs a light from the general's cigar. It is given (dignity amounts to nothing with an Indian in such matters), and the aborigine moves on to range himself with half a dozen other shapeless figures in stripes and checkers and zigzags of Navajo blanket, who lean upon the fence, and keep time to the quickstep with their active toes.

Everywhere are troops of women; and just before us one of the acknowledged *demi-monde* sits chatting with a young mother, nodding to acquaintances, and amusing the little laughing nut-brown babe, without any one lifting an eyebrow. A woman must be very far gone indeed before Mexican society (barring a select few) will ostracize her. This girl is dressed in an attempt at American style, and loses by it. Her hat explains what becomes of the remnants of superannuated and culled-out stock which must be left over from each season. The shops of Santa Fe are a museum of ancient styles in bonnets and hats—relics of fashions which expired before the war, and evidences of an ingenuity in bad taste that could never be equalled by a design to produce horrible effects. It is the country people who buy them. What do they know of fashion at Santo Domingo or Abiquiu?

I am inclined to believe that the reported grace of motion traditional in speaking of the Spanish has not been wholly lost in their American descendants. In their gait, in their attitudes (when not sitting on their heels), in the use of the ever-present fan, and the motion of the slender hand, there is a natural and familiar grace not characteristic of American ladies, and utterly lacking in the peasantry of the Teutonic and other Northern races. What has often been remarked of the señoritas of old Castile is still true of the young women of Santa Fe.

There is Indian blood in all their veins, so that their complexions are sometimes very dark. Generally they are slender and small. A fat Mexican is a rare sight. The young women are noticeable for their neat, taper hands and small, arched feet. To watch the señoritas dancing at the fandango is a pretty sight, and to listen to their soft prattle, or hear their musical, infectious laughter, is worth the long stage journey; but never spoil the charm by looking at the speaker, for voice is no criterion of age or appearance, and never, never ask them to sing! The jays that flaunt their azure plumes among the pino branches on the mesa make better music. The Mexican is not a singing bird.

The pretty Spanish misses are very shy and modest, but full of curiosity, peeking at the stranger from under the coquettish mantilla or gay shawl with black eyes full of merry questions. But they are very sociable for all that, and the most abandoned among them rarely exhibit any of that riot which finds record in police



PRIMARY CLASS OF INDIAN BOYS.

annals, and drunkenness is almost unknown. Considering the early age at which maturity is reached, and the intimacy with which whole families and whole communities herd together, it is not surprising that among the common classes a high standard of morality does not prevail.

As for the men—some of them are very good-looking fellows, but not strikingly so, and when they grow old they wrinkle and look worse than the old women, which is saying a great deal. This at middle age too. They present comical pictures as they hobble round on a cactus-stem cane, or belabor a shaggy old donkey whose haunches they bestride, behind his load of hay, fire-wood, or live chickens, in the most sublime indifference to the ruling passion of Mr. Bergh.

Unprogressive through isolation and climate, ignorant and superstitious through the influence of their priests, lazy through lack of motive, and poverty-stricken because there is no work offers itself, they love to gamble, to dance at the fandango, to loaf and smoke and gossip with the women, and are never so happy as when sitting on their heels in a spot neither too warm nor too cold. Peaceful and courteous to-day, they will be cruel and treacherous to-morrow; and the man who has honestly brought to you ten thousand dollars from distant mines, will steal your coat and your donkey as he leaves your house. In forming this half-breed race, all the vices of the invaders and all the faults of the aborigine seem to have been blended, without much good; and what under different influences might not have turned out so ill, has been trodden down by Spanish despots, and kept in the mire by Jesuit priests, until it is hard to think well of any of them. The village Indians of pure blood along the Rio Grande would make far better citizens, but at present have no vote.

Public sentiment and the policy of the government have compelled an unwilling change in the programme of the Roman Church in New Mexico, which now finds itself under the necessity of doing

something toward the education of the Indians in order to maintain its hold upon them. One Sunday afternoon I walked over to the Catholic College, and hunting up my good friend and helper Brother Baldwin, who was playing croquet in the garden of the monastery, begged him to show me their school for Indian boys. He took me to a low adobe building, in the porch of which Brother Filiberto was teaching. It was an exceedingly entertaining hour we spent there, Irish Brother Baldwin furnishing jollity, and Italian Filiberto exhibiting the fine affability of his race, and all the more striking on the rough frontier. Sitting on a long bench were a score of young Indians from the different pueblos along the Rio Grande, the oldest of whom was not more than fourteen. Some of them had distinctly Indian faces of the type familiar to us all over the West; others, however, were of very light complexion, thin of nose and lip, and with faces no more like the American aborigine than are those of many a white lad. They were dressed in civilized garments, though many wore moccasins, and, as a whole, were as fair-looking a set of urchins as fill the benches of any district school in the "States." They looked smart and docile, and an impromptu examination in what they had learned speedily proved that they were so.

The school was opened in November of 1878, but many of the boys did not begin to attend until later. The number was limited to twenty-five, and each of the neighboring pueblos was invited to send its quota of lads. Most of them complied. Most of the boys were entirely ignorant of all book-knowledge, and could talk only their native dialect. They were to live among both Mexicans and Americans, and needed both languages. The task before Brother Filiberto, therefore, was to give them a common-school education simultaneously in Spanish and English; and even he is astonished at the success that has attended his efforts. These boys stood up before us and read rapidly and accurately from reading-books in both languages, which contained words of numerous syllables, and sentences not easy to parse. They translated these from one language into the other swiftly, and almost always with correctness, the simple feat of remembering what their teacher repeated for them to translate being a considerable one. Then came spelling, and they acquitted themselves well, while their copy-books were clean and creditable. In arithmetic they had mastered everything to fractions, and showed much facility. Their quiet, their docility, and their orderly attention are said to be remarkable. From what I have heard of the government schools at San Juan and elsewhere, equal progress has been made in them also.

It would seem that a settlement founded and nurtured as Santa Fe has been is not likely to die away in a day. The presence of water in abundance has made it permanent thus far, and to this has been added the advantage of an extremely dry and equable climate, which knows no extreme of heat in midsummer nor excessive cold in winter, nor is the valley afflicted with that curse of Colorado towns, long-continued and dreadful winds. In a word, I may say that in a somewhat wide and observing experience in the West I have nowhere found so healthful and delightful a climate. Could Santa Fe afford accommodations and amusements to invalids, it ought to and would become one of the most noted refuges for persons afflicted with pulmonary diseases. As the political, the military, and the religious centre of the Territory, she has long been supreme. Consequently business has centred there, and in her wholesale stores you may find the staple wares of every branch of mercantile enterprise. The region tributary to her is in width from Western Texas to Southern California, and descends far into old Mexico. Denver, her Colorado rival, crowds her closely on the north. Her business has amounted to ten millions of dollars a year, and it was almost wholly transacted through gold and silver coin.

Nevertheless, it is not to be denied that of late Santa Fe has feared that she was going into a decline. The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway, running from Kansas City to La Junta, in the borders of Colorado, where it branches to Pueblo and Denver, has now pushed its main track southwestward as far as Las Vegas, only seventy-five miles east of the capital; but there lies a mountain chain between. Las Vegas is itself an old and large town, and has facilities for supplying the interior with Eastern goods and machinery as good as and better than Santa Fe. When the road pushes on, which will be speedily, it will not go nearer than fifteen miles to

the capital, which, the reader will remember, lies high up in a gorge of the last remnant of the Rocky Mountain range. Thence the road sweeps off to its crossing of the Rio Grande. Will it pay Santa Fe merchants to haul merchandise from the railway up the long hills to the capital, which must all be hauled down again when it is sold at wholesale? Even if, as projected, a branch railway be built up to the city from the main line, would not it be better for the heavy merchants to re-establish their warehouses down at the nearest point on the main line, or at the crossing point of the great river? It is not announced where that point is to be, exactly. There is doubt in regard to the whole future. Business men are not making any investments in the quaint old town, or seconding improvements, while the merchants reduce their stocks to a minimum quantity, and wait to see what next. There are enthusiasts who shout about the glorious future of the antique town, and croakers who decry past, present, and to come; but you ask a wise man what is to be the future of La Villa Real de Santa Fe, and he smiles suggestively, shrugs his shoulders the least bit, and murmurs, *Quien sabe?*



QUIEN SABE?

AN IRISH FISHING VILLAGE.

PREVIOUS to my departure for the Arran Islands I dismissed Flanigan, and waiting for weather sufficiently propitious for the short though dangerous voyage, I spent a few days in a fishing village at a point on the coast where a small river lost its noisy voice in the great Atlantic. I resided in the lodge of an English gentleman who had passed a salmon season there many years before. Unable to sell, and unwilling to permit it to fall to decay, he had left it in the charge of a care-taker, who was the most important person in the village, because she occupied the decentest dwelling in it. Perhaps when in good repair it had been a pleasant lodge at night for a gentleman content to stand all day long in a chilly stream in quest of salmon or trout, but during my brief sojourn I found it very uncomfortable. When the bright sun tempered the air without to a genial warmth, the damp walls of our dwelling retained last winter's chill, and made the occupants shudder with their cold hospitality. Although the broken windows were carefully stuffed with straw, the night winds swept through them as through a sieve, and the brass chimney ornaments grinned with a sickly lustre through the gusts of smoke that swept down its flues. The care-taker, a poor widow—her sad story I will not now stop to relate—had three sick children, whose cries returned with interest the miseries of the cheerless abode.

I have experienced many discomforts in my loiterings, but in no place had my mental and physical surroundings been so sad as in this wretched village. The inhabitants half the time were plunged in the forced idleness of hopeless poverty, and when the weather enabled them to fish, enjoyed only a bare sustenance; yet among these elastic and cheerful people I found much to charm me, and though repelled and disgusted by the filth and crudities of their way of life, I could not lose sight of their true humanity. A very important thing in the appreciation of

Ireland, as well as of any other country differing so much in aspect from our own, is to bring ourselves into sympathy with the subject before we judge. If we permit the rags and filth and poverty of the people to repel us, we will never learn the rare humanity that lies beneath. With a great deal of difficulty we attune our eyes and hearts and understandings to appreciate a picture of Raphael; we must subjugate our predilections, should they not accord with those of the artist, and unreservedly feel that we are ready to admire, before the beauty and grace of his Virgins and their divine Infants will seize upon us. The longer we look, the more enthusiastic our raptures become, because we are led willingly, with neither doubt nor repugnance, till, at length, from admiring Raphael, we adore him. Then quickly turn to the pictures of Ostade, and how vulgar and coarse they seem! But, descending from our Raphaelesque ladder, let our sympathies enter those lowly hovels pictured by the Dutchman, where the tenderest chords of our human nature find their echoes, and we will be enraptured with pictures in which there is not one beautiful woman, not one classic, elegant type of man—nay, not even a pretty baby. Both Raphael and Ostade are good; but we must not seek to admire Ostade from Raphael's point of view. Then, ere we begin to admire or dispraise, we should enter into the spirit of Irish life and scenes. This filthy beggar starting from the doorway of a cabin, like a beast from its cave, presents to our mind a sad contrast with thrifty, clean America; but how much like Rembrandt's golden-hued old women, whose very rags are haloed by that solemn glow of color! One would not like to go too near this squalid creature portrayed by Rembrandt were she alive;



A SUNDAY SCENE.

so would one avoid contact with this tattered and soiled remnant of humanity who pleads for our sympathy. I did not, therefore, greatly care how much I muddied my skirts among these poor villagers, because I learned to laugh and weep with them. Uncared for and forgotten by the world, they seem to have but one earthly hope, America, and one dread, hunger. The village possesses no post-office; there is no magistrate within many miles; and the priest, two leagues distant, serves numerous villages as forlorn as this, and people are born and die without any official note. Many suppose that the parish priest is the most powerful man in the kingdom; and it was a subject of supreme surprise and commiseration when I informed them that the Queen was a widow. On Sundays the inhabitants of the village appear, washed and shaven into a ghastly pallor, in the single street that leads up from the sea, and remain all day long gossiping and fighting, through sunshine and rain, as if these achievements formed a part of their religious duties. Now and then the spoils of a wreck are washed to their shores, and when the coast-guards dispute with them what they consider the bounty of the sea, fierce encounters take place, in one of which, not long before my arrival, a poor villager had been killed.



THE GOSSIPS.

There was scarcely a well-thatched cabin in the village; the floors of most of them were as muddy as the roads, and dotted with little pools of water, which seemed a refreshing feature to the ducks that came in in quest of food. The most sheltered corner of the cabin is devoted to the pig, and the chickens seize upon every coin of vantage for a roost. Nets hang from the rafters, and the equipments of the boats are disposed in whatever dry nooks the habitation boasts of. The warmest spot on the hearth is usurped by the cat, cherished with great care as the protector against their terrible enemies the rats; and beside it an old woman, who did not seem to have changed her clothes since her youth, coddled the latest born of the household. The village was pervaded with so strong an odor of fish and tar that less agreeable emanations were unnoticed. The dung-heap was zealously guarded by the door—I have seen it, indeed, in the very living-room of the occupants—as the riches that were to prosper their next year's potato crop; and every morning the pig was sent out to walk, with a solicitude for his health not bestowed upon the other members of the family. These people spent three-fourths of their time in idling and gossiping. I saw poor haggard old women at the doors of their cabins, or by the village well, who had to crouch like apes to make their rags cover them, so mad for gossip that they forgot their hunger and the rain that soaked them; and day after day old men gathered on the sheltered side of a wall, and talked with as much interest and gravity as if they had never seen each other before, and every recital was an unheard-of marvel. Troops of half-clothed and half-starved children sprawled in the mud, fought among them-

selves, or with loud yells crowded about some poor ass, inflicting all the torments that their untutored imaginations could suggest, while their mothers, can in hand, whispered, with amazement written on their faces, of all they had heard or seen or dreamed of since yesterday in a village dependent entirely upon itself for its topics of interest.

Hither, I learned, the priest came once a year to hear the confessions of the inhabitants. They repair to one of the cabins, where, while the pig, chickens, ducks, and geese are kept in abeyance by the zealous host and hostess, the rite is celebrated. Among these people, whose only extravagance seems to be on the score of their religion, he is entertained and requited in a manner quite out of proportion to the means of his entertainers; and when departing, after the manner of the fond mother in the story-book, who whipped her children and put them to bed, he gives them all a sound rating upon their idleness and remissness in their religious observances, and receives in return, "Long life to your reverence," and "Godspeed," from his humble flock.

One night—it was past midnight—I heard repeated knockings at the door below. As I listened, they became more frequent and urgent, and no one being aroused but a dog, which snarled and barked from the hall, I rose, and raised the window to see who demanded admittance at such an hour. In reply to my inquiries, a feeble voice begged for a candle, and added, "My little sister is dying, and we have no light." I dressed hastily, and descended. At the door I found a poor girl so overwhelmed with grief that she was unable to tell me anything of the child's condition, but that she was very ill, and they did not want her to die in the dark. I determined to go home with her to administer assistance and, if possible, comfort, though the sorrows of the poor and their multitudinous miseries make one doubt the power of consolation.

When we arrived at the cabin, which was a few rods distant, the light revealed a scene of distress more pitiable than any I had yet encountered in this land of poverty. In one small room were six people, two pigs, and an ass. There is something in sickness that softens every heart and appeals to the sympathies, even when the sufferer has every comfort that love can suggest; but how sad was it seen under such abject circumstances, where the meanest comforts of the strong and healthy seemed wanting! I saw by the flickering light, stretched upon a few rags in the corner of the fire-place, an emaciated little figure, muttering in delirium, while the smoke from some wet brambles that were piled in the chimney filled the room, and almost stifled its occupants. The mother cried that the child was dying, and told me that she had been unable to eat or drink; that they had done all they knew how to do, which, indeed, appeared to be very little. I made use of such remedies as I could command. The family, who stood round helpless through ignorance and grief, were soon busied under my directions in the preparation of restoratives. As the household did not supply sufficient bedclothing to keep the little sufferer warm, I stripped the mother of her petticoat, the father of his coat, and the elder children of such rags as they could spare, and made a very tolerable if not a cleanly bed for the patient. Having procured some wine and such necessities for the sick as the fishing lodge afforded, I directed the mother to the best of my ability as to the measures to be taken during the night, and left. On my return to my room I wondered whether these ignorant people would comprehend the instructions I had given or the necessity of following them. I returned, therefore, to the cabin, and found their cries increased, and an old woman added to their number, attracted, as old women in such communities always are, by the scent of death, as it were, which seems to afford them a weird delight. This hag, who was looked upon as an oracle, deprecated all my efforts, and declared that the child was dying, and nothing but the will of God could save her. I found they had not administered the wine, because the child could not drink, and they were totally ignorant how to apply the mustard plaster, never having seen or heard of such a thing. Dipping my finger in the wine, I dropped it in her mouth as one would feed a bird, and thus administered, she partook of it with eagerness and delight. When I left the patient she was in a comparatively easy sleep and profuse perspiration. I may add that during the rest of my stay in this village, where, as in so many others, sickness means death, the little patient steadily improved. This incident shows how many often perish



THE POTATO HARVEST.

among these people for want of the knowledge of the simplest remedies.

When a calm day came and the sea was like a lake, and I might have had a pleasant day's sail to the islands, I was charmed by the bright sun and delicious temperature, however, to defer my departure till the following day. I wandered among the stony hills, whose hard visages were softened in this mild climate with moss, lichen, and fern, till they looked as rich as the plains of Arcady, and watched the long rows of industrious harvesters who were gathering in the potato crop ere the rigor of winter began. Notwithstanding the scarcity of labor, one man is always spared as an overseer, who, motionless himself, incites in no very polite terms the workmen to continued activity. As the potatoes are gathered, they are placed in a large pit covered with dried ferns, and being afterward carefully banked up with earth, remain for winter's use. When the potato harvest is gathered, the field is left for the gleaners, the wretched poor of the village, and the crows, to gather whatever may have been overlooked by the laborers. Or I watched the men and women, decked in their best apparel, depart for the fair at Clifden, enticing the pigs by every artifice and persuasion to leave the homes so dear to them. Indeed, the fair is to these villagers one of the greatest events in their existence; they bring back a gaudy shawl, and tell for months afterward around the fireside of the wonders and splendors of that beautiful town. Or saw a cottager's family in my morning walk seated at the door enjoying a frugal breakfast, which consisted of a basket of potatoes, hot and steaming from the pot, devoured without any other seasoning than their good appetites, carefully preserving the skins, by-the-way, for the pigs. I observed also that the habit of corner loafing, which I had supposed to be peculiarly American, flourishes in these remote regions with wonderful vigor, and is not characteristic of our country alone. Indeed, I have travelled for many miles in Ireland, lamenting its desolation, and I have been surprised, if not gratified, at some cross-roads to observe a group of idlers which reminded me too strongly of the street corners in our large cities. Certain phases of what is called American rowdyism, of which this is one, I have frequently recognized in my travels abroad. I must therefore presume that all our national vices are not indigenous.

Poor as the village was, it possessed a dignitary styled a money-lender, who "gave out loan money" at an exorbitant rate of interest. He often came in to drink a cup of my hostess's tea, which was invariably partaken of without thanks, and a contemptuous reference to its weakness. There are few Irish villages which do not possess one or more of these cormorants, who are looked upon with fear and respect by the poor people involved in their toils. This worthy informed me that he knew of the best boat in the neighborhood, owned by an old man whose experience and intelligence were so great that the wildest caprices of the sea were to him as the sports of a child.

"At this time of year, ma'am," he continued—ejecting from a mouth which closed like a vise upon the pipe it held little puffs of smoke, as if he were too mean to send forth a generous volume—"the weather is very uncertain, and you

may start in a fine morning, and yet in a few hours find a storm that would destroy you. There is not a better sailor in Connemara than Paugheen."

Under the guidance of the money-lender I started for Paugheen's cabin, to make a bargain with him for my passage to Arranmore. It was a wretched hovel at the extremity of the village, the thatch tied down with straw ropes to prevent the wind from blowing it away, the single window stuffed with old garments, and the door so rotten that it could not be closed. The money-lender knocked and yelled with the air of a man who summons his inferiors, but met with no response. We were about to return, when a girl of some eighteen years came from a neighboring pathway bearing a pail of water on her head. She was so stately in her movements, so full of queenly dignity, that I thought of the sacred poet's image of the column of ivory. Her beautiful face preserved a superb self-possession when she saw us, which, whether it came from stupidity or unconcern, was not the less attractive. Her hands and feet were small and finely formed, and her ankles and wrists were as delicate and firm in their contour as a piece of antique sculpture.

"Is that you, Elleen?" cried the money-lender, abruptly; "and do you leave the house deserted entirely, for anybody to run away with what is in it?"

"God save you, ma'am!" she said to me, respectfully; and turning to the lender, replied, with a fine irony, "It's not you that will run away with what's in that house; and as to other people hereabouts—the Lord have pity on them!—they are too honest to touch more than is their own."

"Where is your uncle?" asked my conductor.

"He has been fishing since last night, and has not returned. If you will wait a minute, I will tell you whether he is in sight;" and taking the bucket from her head, she ran to a neighboring fence, and mounting upon it with the agility of a cat, looked out toward the sea.

"He is coming in now," she cried. "Bad luck to me! the dinner is not down yet. If you will hurry to the shore, he will be there as soon as yourselves;" and she disappeared into the cabin.



A FRUGAL BREAKFAST.

A rugged path led us to the strand, where, on our arrival, Paugheen had already anchored his boat, and was packing in his basket the few dozen whiting which comprised the product of his twenty-four hours' labor. Yet he was so well pleased on not coming in quite empty-handed that he was as jubilant as a man of his age could be on an empty stomach. The hooker, as the larger fishing-boats are called, was lying alongside of a little pier, rudely constructed by the fishermen of the neighborhood, in the charge of a girl. She was coiling the ropes, stowing away the sail, and throwing the nets out upon the rocks to dry, with an efficiency that won my admiration quite as much as the amiability which lighted up her face, like a halo illuminating the head of a saint. The old fisherman, who was left alone in the world with his daughter and his niece Elleen, whom we had just left, depend-

ent upon him, had placed the care of his household in the hands of the latter, and had taught his daughter the skill he pos-



THE MONEY-LENDER.

sessed as fisherman and sailor. This child was so intelligent and gentle in her manners, notwithstanding her rude calling, that my heart warmed toward her with an inexpressible sympathy. Her hands were hard from working with tarry ropes, and her face reddened by the breath of the fierce Atlantic, yet her voice was rich and musical, and her luxuriant hair seemed a badge of her womanhood. When I proposed to Paugheen to hire his boat to go to the Isles of Arran the next day, he informed me that he could not go then, because, as he would be compelled to take advantage of the tide, it would bring him so late to his destination that he might be embarrassed in entering the island in the darkness through the rocks and shoals.

"When would it be best to leave?" I asked.

"To-night," he replied, "with the tide; for though there is not much wind, there is no prospect of a storm."

Thereupon the captain and crew agreed to come for me at the hour of sailing. It was near midnight when I took leave of my hostess, and Paugheen carried my luggage, while his daughter ran before me with a lantern to the boat. The night was dark and warm, and the road was muddy, but because these experiences were novel, I did not feel their discomforts. I sat in the stern of the hooker, the hard planks being somewhat softened by my wrappings, the boat rising and falling on



ELLEEN.

the swelling of the sea, as if courtesying to the land to which we were about to bid adieu, while the captain disposed of the ropes and prepared to hoist the sail. Sud-

denly a familiar voice came from the gloom, saying, "Are ye there, ma'am?"

"Is that you, Flanigan?" I returned.

"It is meself, indeed," he said, with a chuckle. "I brought over to-day a grand gentleman from Dublin, who is the government inspector of the fisheries, and hearing that you were just going, I come to say godspeed. Take my word, it's a fine island you are going to, for I have been there meself, and in it I drank the most beautiful draught of bottled porter I ever tasted in me life."

At this moment the boat shot out from the land, like the spray driven back into the sea. It was so dark that the sea and sky appeared only a leaden mass against the black shore we were quitting; the novelty of the thing, the fresh sea-breeze, and the bounding motion of the boat, gave me for a while a sense of great exhilaration, but as the full sweep of the Atlantic became more and more evident, my enthusiasm changed to the most heart-felt disgust. I had tossed on the billows of many seas in larger craft, and had felt certain pride, as everybody does who is never seasick, in feeling myself master of the steed I rode; but on this occasion my pride was, as it were, shipwrecked, and I felt that I was wretchedly, miserably seasick.

When morning came I revived, and saw a flat gray line on the horizon, toward which we had been tacking half the night. By the fuller light of the day I saw a treeless island stretched before me, on one side of which the yellow sand melted into the bay, and on the other the dark cliffs frowned defiance on the great Atlantic. As I watched the waves break against the cliffs many miles off, and spend themselves in tall columns of white foam that seemed like the ghost of the ocean's wrath, and were flung back upon her waves again, I reproached myself for having undergone so many hardships to see what promised to be so forlorn and desolate a place.

There is a sheltered quay at Kilronan, the chief village of the largest of the Arran Isles. Through my half-closed eyes I saw that a black-whiskered coast-guard was somewhat surprised at landing the scarcely animate piece of humanity which I represented. With much kindness my luggage was placed ashore, and we were both conveyed rather than conducted to a whitewashed habitation, designated, in black letters over a green door, as the "Atlantic Hotel."

Whether it was because I was seasick, or that the place was really filthy, I know not, but when I entered my room the atmosphere seemed thick with the odor of salt fish and tar. Disgust gave me courage to sally out for a walk while my rooms were being prepared. On my return the shades of evening gave relief to the glowing fire prepared for me, the bare floor was covered with a felt carpet, and there was an appearance of cleanliness and comfort which I had not anticipated. I listened with a certain satisfaction to the wild waves which broke into spray a few feet from my window, thinking, for all their howlings they could not make me the wretch they bore upon their bosom the preceding night.



THE CAPTAIN AND CREW.



SHIPWRECKED.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

Before the wine-shop which o'erlooks the beach
Sits Jean Goëllo, rough of mien and speech;
Our coast-guard now, whose arm was shot away
In the great fight in Navarino Bay;
Puffing his pipe, he slowly sips his grog,
And spins sea-yarns to many an old sea-dog
Sitting around him.

Yes, lads—hear him say—
'Tis sixty years ago this very day
Since I first went to sea; on board, you know,
Of *La Belle Honorine*—lost long ago—
An old three-masted tub, rotten almost,
Just fit to burn, bound for the Guinea coast.
We set all sail. The breeze was fair and stiff.
My boyhood had been passed 'neath yonder cliff,
Where an old man—my uncle, so he said—
Kept me at prawning for my daily bread.
At night he came home drunk. Such kicks and blows!
Ah me! what children suffer no man knows!

But once at sea 'twas ten times worse, I found.
I learned to take, to bear, and make no sound.
First place, our ship was in the negro trade,
And once off land, no vain attempts were made
At secrecy. Our captain after that
(Round as an egg) was liberal of the cat.
The rope's-end, cuffs, kicks, blows, all fell on me;
I was ship's boy—'twas natural, you see—

And as I went about the decks my arm
Was always raised to fend my face from harm.
No man had pity. Blows and stripes always,
For sailors knew no better in those days
Than to thrash boys, till those who lived at last
As able seamen shipped before the mast.
I ceased to cry. Tears brought me no relief.
I think I might have perished of mute grief,
Had not God sent a friend—a friend—to me.
Sailors believe in God—one *must* at sea.
On board that ship a God of mercy then
Had placed a dog among those cruel men.
Like me, he shunned their brutal kicks and blows.
We soon grew friends, fast friends, true friends, God knows.
He was Newfoundland. Black, they called him there.
His eyes were golden brown, and black his hair
He was my shadow from that blessèd night
When we made friends; and by the star's half-light,
When all the forecastle was fast asleep,
And our men "caulked their watch," I used to creep
With Black among some boxes stowed on deck,
And with my arms clasped tightly round his neck,
I used to cry and cry, and press my head
Close to the heart grieved by the tears I shed.
Night after night I mourned our piteous case,
While Black's large tongue licked my poor tear-stained face.

Poor Black! I think of him so often still!

At first we had fair winds our sails to fill,
But one hot night, when all was calm and mute,
Our skipper—a good sailor, though a brute—
Gave a long look over the vessel's side,
Then to the steersman whispered, half aside,
"See that ox-eye out yonder? It looks queer."
The man replied, "The storm will soon be here."
"Hullo! All hands on deck! We'll be prepared.
Stow royals! Reef the courses! Pass the word!"
Vain! The squall broke ere we could shorten sail;
We lowered the topsails, but the raging gale
Spun our old ship about. The captain roared
His orders—lost in the great noise on board.
The devil was in that squall! But all men *could*
To save their ship we *did*. Do what we would,
The gale grew worse and worse. She sprang a leak;
Her hold filled fast. We found we had to seek
Some way to save our lives. "Lower a boat!"
The captain shouted. Before one would float
Our ship broached to. The strain had broke her back.
Like a whole broadside boomed the awful crack.
She settled fast.

Landsmen can have no notion
Of how it feels to sink beneath the ocean.
As the blue billows closed above our deck,
And with slow motion swallowed down the wreck,
I saw my past life, by some flash, outspread,
Saw the old port, its ships, its old pier-head,



"WE SOON GREW FRIENDS, FAST FRIENDS."

My own bare feet, the rocks, the sandy shore—
Salt-water filled my mouth—I saw no more.

I did not struggle much—I could not swim.
I sank down deep, it seemed—drowned but for *him*—
For Black, I mean—who seized my jacket tight,
And dragged me out of darkness back to light.
The ship was gone—the captain's gig afloat;
By one brave tug he brought me near the boat.
I seized the gunwale, sprang on board, and drew
My friend in after me. Of all our crew,
The dog and I alone survived the gale:
Afloat with neither rudder, oars, nor sail!

Boy though I was, my heart was brave and stout,
Yet when the storm had blown its fury out,
I saw—with who can tell what wild emotion!—
That if we met no vessel in mid-ocean,
There was no help for us—all hope was gone:
We were afloat—boy, dog—afloat alone!
We had been saved from drowning but to die
Of thirst and hunger—my poor Black and I.
No biscuit in the well-swept locker lay;
No keg of water had been stowed away,
Like those on the *Medusa's* raft. I thought....
Bah! that's enough. A story is best short.

For five long nights, and longer dreadful days,
We floated onward in a tropic haze.
Fierce hunger gnawed us with its cruel fangs,
And mental anguish with its keener pangs.
Each morn I hoped; each night, when hope was gone,
My poor dog licked me with his tender tongue.

Under the blazing sun and star-lit night
I watched in vain. No sail appeared in sight.
Round us the blue spread wider, bluer, higher.
The fifth day my parched throat was all on fire,
When something suddenly my notice caught—
Black, crouching, shivering, underneath a thwart.
He looked—his dreadful look no tongue can tell—
And his kind eyes glared like coals of hell!

"Here, Black! old fellow! here!" I cried in vain.

He looked me in the face and crouched again.
I rose; he snarled, drew back. How piteously
His eyes entreated help! *He snapped at me!*

"What can this mean?" I cried, yet shook with fear,
With that great shudder felt when Death is near.
Black seized the gunwale with his teeth. I saw
Thick slimy foam drip from his awful jaw;
Then I knew all! Five days of tropic heat,
Without one drop of drink, one scrap of meat,
Had made him rabid. He whose courage had
Preserved my life, my messmate, friend, was mad!

You understand? Can you see him and me,
The open boat tossed on a brassy sea,
A child and a wild beast on board alone,
While overhead streams down the tropic sun?
And the boy crouching, trembling for his life?

I searched my pockets and I drew my knife—
For every one instinctively, you know,
Defends his life. 'Twas time that *I* did so,
For at that moment, with a furious bound,
The dog flew at me. I sprang half around.
He missed me in blind haste. With all my might
I seized his neck, and grasped, and held him tight.
I felt him writhe and try to bite, as he
Struggled beneath the pressure of my knee.
His red eyes rolled; sighs heaved his shining coat.
I plunged my knife three times in his poor throat.

And so I killed my friend. I had but one!

What matters how, after that deed was done,
They picked me up half dead, drenched in his gore,
And took me back to France?

Need I say more?
I have killed men—ay, *many*—in my day,
Without remorse—for sailors must obey.
One of a squad, once in Barbadoes, I
Shot my own comrade when condemned to die.
I never dream of *him*, for that was *war*.
Under old Magon, too, at Trafalgar,
I hacked the hands of English boarders. Ten
My axe lopped off. I dream not of those men.
At Plymouth, in a prison-hulk, I slew
Two English jailers, stabbed them through and through—
I *did*—confound them! But yet even now
The death of Black, although so long ago,
Upsets me. I'll not sleep to-night. It brings....

Here, boy! Another glass! We'll talk of other things.

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA AND HIS SCHOOL.

THE works of Luca della Robbia are not among those which compel instantaneous admiration even from uninstructed eyes. On the contrary, they are usually regarded at first with indifference, if not with disappointment, by the ordinary traveller, however he may veil his feelings under the phrases which his guide-book and his artistic friends prescribe. Nay, he may even live among these works for years without ever having a real sense of their beauty, so overpowering are the mightier triumphs of art by which he is surrounded. But on some day when he is not thinking of them at all, as he passes on his way a cherub face will flash out upon him, and he will wonder that he has never felt its loveliness before. Or he may stroll into a country church, and a Robbian medallion will shine forth as a jewel among tawdry ornaments and ghastly daubs; or on some lonely mountain a magnificent group of celestial faces will light up a gloomy convent chapel, and he will know that a new spring of pleasure has been opened to him, and rejoice over it as great spoil.

Happily the age which produced this work was capable of appreciating it. Hardly any important building was erected in Tuscany, from the time when Luca della Robbia perfected his invention till its secret died out with his followers, that did not boast among its chief ornaments



MADONNA AND CHILD, IN FAÇADE OF ST. MICHAEL'S, FLORENCE.—TERRA COTTA.—[LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.]

some specimen of Robbian art. Nor was the rage for terra-cotta decoration confined to Tuscany, or even to Italy, but it soon extended all over Europe.

Luca della Robbia was born in Florence in 1400, at the beginning of that wonderful period of fruitfulness in arts and letters which we call the Renaissance. Both time and place were full of inspiration and artistic impulse. Arnolfo's great cathedral was awaiting its dome; Giotto's campanile was nearing the completion of its perfect beauty; the stately walls of Santa Croce were being reared to receive the mighty dead of Florence—on all sides were the signs not only of material prosperity, but of an enlightened use of that prosperity. Churches, hospitals, and palaces were springing up everywhere, and the gold which had flowed so freely into Florentine coffers was being as freely spent. All classes of citizens felt an equal pride in the beautifying of their common home. "The country," *la patria*, did not then mean to the multitude what it now does; only the aspirations of poets or the ambition of tyrants associated it with the whole of Italy; to the noble it was the petty state which he helped to defend and aggrandize; and to the burgher it did not practically signify much beyond the walls of his own city. Within these narrow limits pride and affection were concentrated, and wealth was lavished.

Religious zeal, also, was more than ever a powerful ally to the cause of art. Churches and hospitals were built in recognition of some deliverance, or in hope of some future blessing; every family of

importance had at least a chapel called by its name, which was adorned with all the magnificence that the owners could afford; every convent had its gems of art. As the architect worked in the sight of men, so the monk toiled at the fresco within, and the goldsmith fashioned the crucifix and the cup, in the same brotherhood of artistic and religious endeavor. A love of art, with a desire to labor in some branch of it, was as common then as it is exceptional now. The household talk was of the marvels which were being wrought before the eyes of these Florentine citizens; each of them thought himself, more or less, a capable art critic, and young minds were not slow to catch the prevailing tone.

After the usual studies of a lad of the middle class, which did not extend much beyond reading, writing, and some knowledge of accounts, Luca was put to learn the trade of a goldsmith. This was the usual preparation for painting, sculpture, or architecture. A late writer* has well justified this, to us, somewhat strange commencement of a course of artistic study: "As the goldsmith's craft was understood in Florence, it exacted the most exquisite nicety in performance as well as design. It forced the student to familiarize himself with the materials, instruments, and technical processes of art, so that, later on in life, he was not tempted to leave the execution of his work to journeymen and hirelings. No labor seemed too minute, no metal was too mean, for the exercise of the master-workman's skill; nor did he run the risk of becoming one of those half amateurs in whom accomplishment falls short of first conception. Art ennobled for him all that he was called to do. Whether cardinals required him to fashion silver vases for their banquet tables, or ladies wished the setting of their jewels altered, or a pope wanted the enamelled binding of a book of prayers, or men-at-arms sent sword-blades to be damaskeened with acanthus foliage, or kings desired fountains and statues for their palace courts, or poets begged to have their portraits cast in bronze,....he was prepared for all alike by his apprenticeship to *orfevria*, and to all he gave the same amount of conscientious toil. The consequence was that at the time of the Renaissance, furniture, plate, jewels, and articles of personal adornment were objects of true art. The mind of the craftsman was exercised afresh in every piece of work. Pretty things were not bought, machine-made, by the gross in a warehouse; nor was it customary, as now it is, to see the same design repeated with mechanical regularity in every house."

According to Vasari, Luca's master was Leonardo di Ser Giovanni, "who was considered in those days the first master of his art in Florence." Baldinucci, however, a more reliable authority, says that Lorenzo Ghiberti was his teacher.

Ghiberti was at that time working at his bronze doors for the Baptistery—those wonderful doors which Michael Angelo pronounced "worthy to be the gates of paradise"; and Luca must have found in the designs of his master the best incentive and strictest test of his own powers. His first experiments in modelling in wax were so successful that he took courage to try his hand on a more difficult material, and before long the passion for working in marble and bronze quite turned aside his thoughts from other branches of art. The only glimpse we have of him at this period, when he was probably about twelve years of age, is after a hard day's work, sitting up at night to design, with his feet in a basket of shavings to keep them warm. Indeed, little is known of him from this time till his thirty-first year, though Vasari asserts that he went to Rimini at the age of fifteen to execute some monumental sculptures for the lord of that city, Sigismondo Malatesta; but as the latter was not born till 1417, this must be an error. Doubtless, however, he passed his youth in similar employment, going from place to place, with others of the same profession, as opportunity might offer. That he had acquired a high reputation as a sculptor is evinced by the fact of his recall to Florence in 1431 by the Board of Works for the cathedral, by whom he was engaged to prepare the marble-work for the organ to be placed over the door of the sacristy. This most beautiful work, which is now in the National Museum at Florence, though separated into ten parts, and placed where the spectator must look down upon it, instead of upward as was the sculptor's purpose, impresses every beholder, and awakens a keen regret that its maker's work during the preceding years can not be traced out. They had certainly not been idle years which could lead up to such results.

* Symonds: *The Renaissance in Italy.*

The designs of these marbles are groups of children singing, dancing, and playing on musical instruments. Such grace and truthfulness to nature are in all their attitudes that the words of Symonds do not seem exaggerated. "Wholly free from affectation, and depending for effect upon no merely decorative detail, these bass-reliefs deserve the praise bestowed by Dante on the sculpture seen in purgatory:

'Dinanzi a noi pareva si verace,
Quivi intagliato in atto soave,
Che non sembrava immagine che tace.'

Movement has never been suggested in stone with less exaggeration, nor have marble lips been made to utter sweeter and more varied music."

One requisite alone was lacking; the inexperienced sculptor had not calculated well the effect of distance upon his figures; and the roughly hewn groups which Donatello made for the opposite gallery proved far more effective when in position than the elaborately finished ones of Della Robbia. Those of the latter were, however, considered so satisfactory that he was invited to complete the series of bass-reliefs on the lower story of the campanile, which had been left unfinished by Giotto and Andrea Pisano. He contributed five, which are on the north side, next the church. The first represents Donatello teaching Grammar; the second, Philosophy, personified by Plato and Aristotle; the third is a musician playing on



PORTION OF MARBLE-WORK IN ORGAN GALLERY, FLORENCE.—[LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.]

a lute; the fourth, Ptolemy, for Astrology; and the fifth, Euclid, for Geometry.

The bronze door of the north, or, as it is called, the "old" sacristy of the cathedral, is one of the greatest ornaments of that edifice. The contract for it was originally given in February, 1446, to Michelozzo, Masaccio, and Luca della Robbia; but Masaccio dying before the design was completed, and Michelozzo being absent from Florence, the final management, and probably the greater part of the whole work, fell to the share of Luca, and is known as his. The door is divided into ten compartments; in the upper one are depicted the Madonna and Child, and the Resurrection of Christ; beneath these the four Evangelists, and still lower four doctors of the Church, with finely wrought heads, at the corners.

But during these years that Luca was working in marble and bronze, he began to desire a more plastic material, which with less expense of time and labor might receive the forms his imagination was continually suggesting. Probably he was for a long time meditating or experimenting upon the mode in which such a material could be preserved from the dangers of its fragile and perishable character. "After having tried many times," says Vasari, in his quaint way, "he found that a coating, or glaze, made of pewter, litharge, antimony, and other minerals and ingredients, melted together in a suitable furnace, would have the desired effect of rendering works of clay almost indestructible." This description of the wonderful enamel reminds one irresistibly of the recipes of a *chef de cuisine* for his own specialties. Many a worker in clay has earnestly sought to discover what were these "*altri minerali*," and how they were combined. For truly there is no work in bronze or marble which so mocks the touch of time as these hermetically sealed figures of common clay.

The first terra-cotta work of Luca della Robbia of which we have any record is the lunette above the bronze door of the old sacristy already mentioned. This must have been completed in 1443, as there is a record of fifty *lire* being paid for it in that year. The subject is the Resurrection of Christ. It attracted great admiration, and the Board of Works ordered a companion piece for the other sacristy, for which Luca took the Ascension as his subject. These works, though they show less richness of composition and freedom of treatment than some later ones, are nevertheless very beautiful, and are perfectly preserved.

Cosmo de' Medici was at that period earning his title of *Pater Patriæ*. Nothing that could be of material or intellectual advantage to the state escaped his notice. Art and literature found in him a munificent and discriminating patron. He was collecting manuscripts for the Laurentian Library, which owes its existence to him, and building his villas in the Mugello, at Fiesole, and at Caffagiolo. "There was not a year," says his biographer Vespasiano, "in which he did not spend fifteen to eighteen thousand florins in building. On his palace at Florence he spent 60,000; on the Church of S. Lorenzo, 70,000; 40,000 went to the Convent of San Marco, and was not enough; and the Badia of Fiesole cost him 80,000." And Lorenzo de' Medici, in the *Ricordi* which he has left, thus speaks of this period: "I find that great sums of money were spent between the years 1434 and 1471—incredible sums, indeed, amounting to 663,755 florins, reckoning only what was disbursed for alms, building, and taxes, without other expenses. However," he adds, "I do not complain of this, although in the judgment of many it would have been better to keep a part of it in the treasury; but I think this expenditure a great honor to our state, and it seems to me to have been discreetly made, so that I am exceedingly satisfied with it." Besides these public buildings, a contemporary writer mentions that between 1450 and 1480 thirty private palaces were constructed in Florence.

Cosmo was not slow to perceive the merit of the new kind of sculpture, especially its adaptability for places where pictures could not be preserved on account of dampness. One of Luca's earliest commissions was the finishing of the ceiling and floor of a small room, used as a study, in Cosmo's palace. The fame of this work caused such a demand for the Robbian sculpture that Luca was obliged to call in aid to enable him to meet the orders which poured in from all parts of Italy, from France and Spain, and even from more remote countries. There were houses in Florence which dealt in Robbian ware, much of it, of course, worthless imitation; but it had become the fashion, and France especially could not have enough of it.



FIGURE IN FRIEZE OF HOSPITAL FOR FOUNDLINGS, FLORENCE.—[ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA.]

One of the most beautiful specimens still existing of Luca's work at Florence is the ceiling of the chapel of San Giacomo, in the Church of San Muriato, which contains the monument of the Cardinal James, of Portugal. In the centre of the vault is a medallion representing the Holy Ghost; in the corners are the four Evangelists, and the spaces are filled with *plaques* in the form of scales, diminishing in size as they approach the centre.

Luca lived to the good old age of eighty-two years; but after the record of his invention and its first successes we have scarcely any particulars of his life. Of the many works attributed to him but few have been ascertained to be his beyond a doubt. The beautiful lunette over the door of the church in Borgo Ognissanti, and also one over a church door in Via del' Agnolo, and those in the chapel of the Pazzi family in Santa Croce, are by him; and there are also a number in the National Museum and the Accademia delle Belle Arti which are undoubtedly his. The medallions on the arcade facing the Church of Santa Maria Novella are supposed to be by Luca and Andrea della Robbia, and those on each end are the portraits of the artists. This is noticeable, that all the terra cottas that are known to have issued from the Robbian laboratory during Luca's lifetime are far superior both in design and coloring to those of a later date. Luca's first essays were in pure white, to which he gradually added delicate blues and yellows, and occasionally a little very pale green;



"GIVING THE THIRSTY TO DRINK."—ONE COMPARTMENT OF THE FRIEZE ON THE HOSPITAL AT PISTOJA. [ROBBIAN SCHOOL.]

but in such small quantities did he introduce these colors as to keep them always subordinate, and to throw up the white parts of the design, or only to form a border to it. His successors did not adhere to these pale tints; and any piece of so-called Robbian work which has deep blues and glaring yellows in it may be known to be of a late period, if it is Robbian at all. The modelling of Luca is characterized by an exquisite purity, and the expression of his Madonnas and angels often reminds us of the paintings of Fra Angelico. And doubtless the wonderful visions which the artist-monk was then translating into color on the walls of San Marco were not without their influence on the sculptor. For Luca, if we may judge him by his work, was a man of a reverent and tender spirit, open to religious impressions, and firmly believing in the truth of the legends which he depicted. His saints are rather drawn from his imagination than from earthly models, and his cherubs are something more than mere mortal babies with wings.

During the last years of his life Luca occupied himself much with experiments in painting on flat surfaces of terra cotta, and some specimens of this work may be seen on the Church of Or' San Michele at Florence.

Luca's will is dated February 19, 1471; and except a legacy of one hundred florins to his niece Checca, he gave all his property to his two nephews, Andrea and Simone, the sons of his brother Marco. He died February 22, 1482, and was buried in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore.

Andrea, who seems to have been his uncle's favorite pupil, carried on the art bequeathed to him, and is the author of many beautiful works. The lovely frieze on the Hospital of the Innocents, at Florence, is by him, and also the altarpiece and other remarkable works in the convent church at Alvernia, in Tuscany. This altarpiece is of marvellous beauty. The figures are life-size, white upon a blue ground. Whether Andrea executed or even directed the Robbia work at Pistoja is matter of doubt, as he must have been over eighty at the time when the hospital was built. The magnificent frieze upon it was probably for the most part the work of his sons Giovanni, Luca, and Girolamo. It depicts different works of charity, in six compartments, which are separated by panels, each having in bass-relief a single figure representing one of the Virtues. The liveliness of the attitudes and the truthfulness of expression in the faces render this one of the most interesting of the later Robbian terra cottas; and though the brilliancy of the coloring strikes one at first unpleasantly, it is soon forgotten in admiration of the skill with which the great difficulties of the subject have been overcome. The most lasting effect upon the mind is, however, produced by the upright figures in the panels, which are wonderfully beautiful. Beneath the frieze, at the intersection of the arches, are medallions, with borders of flowers and fruits. The compartment representing "giving the thirsty to drink" is said to have been made sixty years after the others, by Filippo Paladini; but it harmonizes well with them in design and execution, and is, indeed, one of the most effective. It is uncertain whether the group of the "Visitation," in the Church of San Giovanni Fuorcivitas, is by Andrea or of a later period. However this may be, it is a work whose exquisite loveliness will be long remembered by those who have

seen it. Even the wonderful pulpit, which is the chief attraction to sight-seers in this old church, is for a while forgotten as one catches the first glimpse of this group in its high, dimly lighted niche, and the eye returns again and again to it with increasing satisfaction. It consists of the two figures of Elizabeth and Mary, which are entirely in white, and of life-size. Elizabeth has rushed to meet the Virgin, and thrown herself on her knees, with her arms encircling the Virgin's waist. The upturned face and parted lips betoken the excitement of joyful surprise, tempered by humility and awe. "And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" Mary, on the contrary, is calm and dignified. Her slight figure is almost erect; her right hand rests on the shoulder of Elizabeth, not so much in deprecation of the latter's lowly attitude, as in tender recognition of the homage to her Divine burden. Mary's face is very noble and pure in its outlines; the lips are firm, as if with the consciousness of her election to be the mother of the Messiah, but the brow and eyes express the loveliest womanly modesty. She has not yet spoken, but the answer to Elizabeth's salutation is already formed within her heart.

Two of Andrea's sons received priests' orders from the hands of Savonarola, and one of these, Ambrozio, labored with mediocre talent at the family art. A Holy Family attributed to him still exists in the Church of S. Spirito at Siena, and he also struck a medal in honor of Savonarola, bearing the portrait of the great reformer on one side, and on the other a relief of Florence, with an arm wielding a sword above it, and the motto, "Gladius Domini sup. teram [*sic*] cito et velociter."

Giovanni, Luca, and Girolamo della Robbia not only worked in terra cotta, but in marble and bronze. The fountain in the sacristy of the Church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence is by Giovanni, and so also are the heads of apostles and saints at the Accademia delle Belle Arti. Luca made the pavement of Raphael's Loggie in the Vatican. Girolamo, the youngest, went to France at the solicitation of some Florentine merchants, and was employed by the king and the nobility. Special mention is made by Vasari of the palace of Madrid in the Bois de Boulogne, begun in the time of Francis I., on which Girolamo is said to have labored forty years. He acquired wealth and reputation, which he wished to share with his brother Luca, and induced him to come to France; but Luca soon died, and Girolamo, left alone, and possibly suffering from the envy of other artists, concluded to return to his native country, hoping for the patronage of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. But Cosmo I. was too much occupied in the wars then going on to pay him much attention, and he was at length persuaded to go back to France, where he died in 1566.

Vasari speaks of Ottaviano and Agostino, brothers of the elder Luca, as assisting him in his work; but later investigation finds no proof that they were even of his kindred. Agostino was probably Agostino da Duccio, the same who undertook to make the statue of a giant for the cathedral at Florence, but spoiled the marble, so that it was thrown aside as useless, and lay in the store-house of the cathedral until it was discovered by Michael Angelo, and used for his statue of David. Agostino was the constructor of the fine façade of S. Bernardino at Perugia, and of other works in that city.

BEFORE THE SHRINE.

I BUILT a shrine, and set my idol there,
And morn and noon and night my knees I bent,
And cried aloud until my strength was spent,
Beseeching his cold pity with my prayer.
Sometimes at dawning, when the day was fair,
A ray of light to his stern visage sent
The semblance of a smile. "Does he relent,"
I cried, "this strong god, Love, whose high-priest is Despair?"
But noon came on, and in its full, clear light
I saw his lips, as ruthless as of old;
And his eyes mocked me like relentless fate,
Till I was fain to hide me from his sight;
But one swept off from him his mantle's fold,
And lo, my idol was not Love, but Hate.



VILLAGE OF PFAFFERS, NEAR THE BATHS OF RAGATZ.

THE SWISS RHINE.

NOBODY knows why so many Rhine tourists—American Rhine tourists, at least—stop short at Mayence or Basle. It may be that they are too fond of comfort, though it must be admitted that the little boats that ply between the Rhine Falls and the Lake of Constance are not the equals of the boats on the Lower Rhine. As to the scenery along what might be called the Swiss Rhine, at least above the Lake of Constance, it is certainly much grander than that about which the painters, poets, and tourists rave, as seen anywhere between Frankfort and the sands of Holland. Neither will the Upper Rhine be outdone in the way of castled hills and rocks, picturesque towns, and strange legends of fierce knights and fair damsels.

There is half a notion prevalent that the navigable possibilities of the river end somewhere just about Bingen. At least we usually get off there, jump into the cars, and whirl away from the classic stream before we have become half acquainted with it.

There is a legend that the Rhine has its source in an unapproachable cloud that

hangs somewhere over the Via-Mala. Tourists seem to have accepted the legend —at least, few tire their legs in looking out the real source of the stream that was once believed to be blessed of the gods.

What a strange source it has, in fact! To be exact, however, there are three sources to the baby Rhine; they are born triplets, but before getting far down the mountains they clasp arms, and wander as one

"Down, down to the weary sea."

One of these baby Rhines is born in the tiny Lake of Toma, about a dozen miles above the old mountain convent of Disentis. This dark green lake is surrounded by dreary rocks and ice-clad mountains. It is 7690 feet above the sea-level.

Between it and the Disentis convent and village there are pleasant pastures, and the traveller may feast on the best cheese of the Alps, and a most luscious white honey. As a corollary to the honey, bears abound in the woods skirting the valley. So do the chamois and the mountain fox. The people are extremely poor. They are all good Catholics, and here is spoken that queerest of modern languages, the Romansch. It is, in fact, the original Latin, as spoken by the Roman peasantry. The ancestors of these villagers came from Tuscany.



HINTER RHEIN.

The habits of this pastoral people are singular, and such as will not be met with elsewhere in the whole course of the Rhine.

Drippings of glaciers and snow-fields

and wrecked avalanches unite themselves in little brooks, and skip across the meadows to join the river in its hurry to the sea. At Disentis the little stream known as the Medelser, or Middle Rhine, leaps and laughs to join its sister down one of the prettiest and wildest valleys of the Alps. There are cataracts and falls and rapids all the way, while on each side the mountains are superlatively grand. Even the well-known Via-Mala is not considered so strangely picturesque and romantic as is this unvisited valley of the Medelser. In these Upper Rhine regions existed the strange republics known as the Gray League, the Ten Jurisdictions, and the League of the House of God. They were founded as long ago as 1396, and were later united as one republic, intended to protect their people against the tyranny of a great number of petty lords and noblemen, whose ruined castles still ornament almost every eminence of the Upper Rhine.

These stern old republicans had the beautiful town of Ilanz for their capital. They were a heroic set of men, and history nowhere records greater sacrifices than were made by these people to preserve their liberty. At the little town of Trons a few people met in 1396, and swore a solemn oath, as their Swiss neighbors had done at the Rütli fifty years before, to devote their whole lives singly to the attainment of liberty. They succeeded, and the republic lasted four hundred years, when it was allied with Switzerland. Through what strange countries, and by what changing kingdoms, the beautiful Rhine flowed in all those centuries after leaving the free land of its birth! Ilanz, their old capital, still stands, a novel and picturesque picture of past ages. The views of the Rhine, both up and down, are very fine from Ilanz. One may enjoy between Ilanz and Trons the most varied scenery of the Alps—bright meadows, dark forests, lofty mountains, snowfields edged by smiling villages, ruined castles, and, sweeping along through its bed of dolomite, the winding Rhine. There is no more interesting picture on the whole Rhine road to Holland.

A little path near Ilanz leads to the high Panix Pass, made memorable by the retreat of the Russian army under Suwarrow in 1796. Napoleon's crossing the St. Bernard would seem to have been boy's-play compared with Suwarrow's march over the icy mountains from Glarus to Ilanz. But then Suwarrow died in disgrace, while Napoleon became an emperor. It is curious how common things become great when performed by men of renown. Not that the St. Bernard adventure was a common affair, but that, in comparison with the march of his enemy, it was insignificant. Suwarrow's troops were five days on ice and snow, marching in single file along mountain paths, where none but the chamois-hunter had ever trod. His was a defeated and discouraged army, foot-sore, hungry, and exhausted, and the bullets of the enemy followed him every inch of the way over. At St. Bernard, Bonaparte had a well-fed and enthusiastic army; the road before him, though difficult, was short; and two armies, Hannibal's and Cæsar's, had crossed it before him.

About twenty miles below Ilanz another branch of the River Rhine bounds into the valley. It is known as the Hinter Rhein, and has its source in a glacier near the little village of Hinter Rhein, above Splügen.

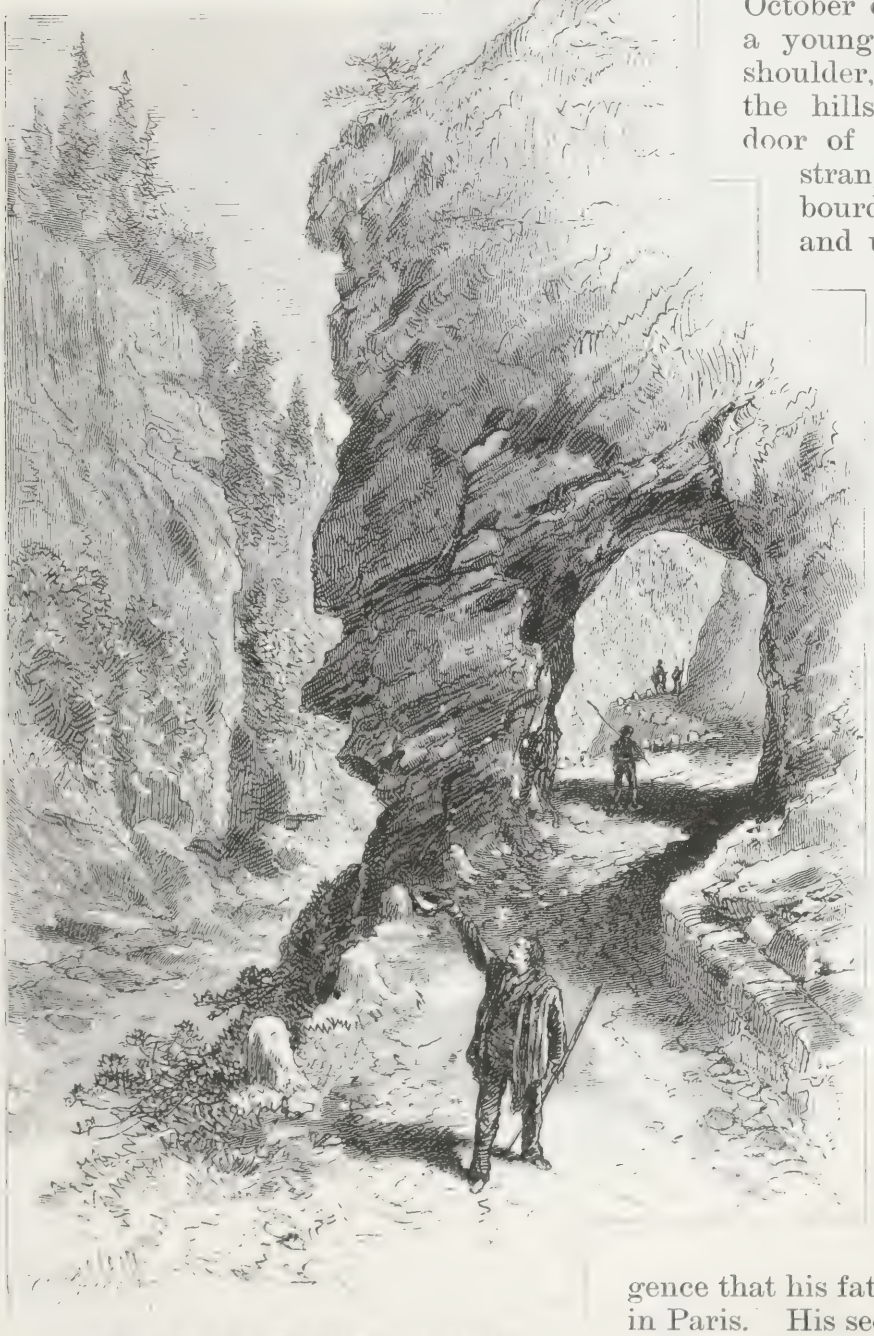
At the point where the water flows from the glacier there is little to interest one, but the route it follows through the well-known Via-Mala gorge is terrifically grand. For miles nature has split a deep, dark gorge among mountains and rocks that her favorite stream might pass through to the sea.

Above and along this chasm engineers have built one of the finest highways of the world. For miles the road of the Via-Mala is cut in the face of granite mountains, through long galleries overhanging the angered river, roaring along hundreds of feet below. High bridges are flung across the chasm, and the beautiful curves and frequent walls and galleries of the road make the spot no less picturesque than awful.

The diligence drivers crack their whips, and whirl around these sudden curves and along these overhanging ways at a dizzy speed. No traveller who has once passed through the Via-Mala on the outside seat of a diligence will ever forget his ride.

Just outside the gorge, and five hundred feet above the road, perched on the rocks overlooking and guarding the Rhine, is Hoch Realt, the oldest castle in Switzerland. It was built, the legends tell, some six hundred years before Christ, by Rha-

tius, the leader of the Tuscans, when they left Italy and fled to the mountains. As the castle is very high, and there is no road up the perpendicular rocks, it is easy to credit the legend that the Roman soldiers believed it was guarded by a thousand dragons, and hence preferred marching round to storming it. This branch of the river is not so picturesque from the Via-Mala to Reichenau; but when once there, and the three streams one, the union is complete, and the scene changes. At Reichenau is a wooden bridge 238 feet long, in one arch, and eighty feet above the water.



ON THE WAY TO THE BATHS AT RAGATZ.

It is the first bridge that crosses the united Rhine, and there are not many such on all the way to Holland. Near to this bridge stands a simple old castle, or château, that has become historic. There was a little school there in the year 1793, and among its modest teachers was a future King of France. On an October evening of the year 1793 a young man, with bundle on shoulder, came trudging along the hills, and knocked at the door of the school-room. The stranger called himself Chabourd Latour. He was poor and unknown, but he had a tolerable education, and could teach geography, arithmetic, and even the English language. He would like employment. The head-master looked him over, and gave him a position as assistant teacher, at fifteen hundred francs, or about three hundred dollars, a year.

For long months Latour pursued his humble calling in a quiet way. He did his work well, he earned his daily bread, and few troubled themselves to learn who the quiet school-master really was or whence he came. One day, while reading the newspaper in a little restaurant in the village, he was noticed to be in tears. The paper contained the intelligence that his father had been guillotined in Paris. His secret was now soon out.

He was not Latour, but Louis Philippe, heir to the crown of France. The Revolution had impoverished him; he was banished from France; no country dared knowingly to harbor him; and now, a wanderer, he earned his bread wherever he could find employment. The traveller along the Upper Rhine will be glad to go into the old château, and see the little room where Louis Philippe taught school.



SCHAFFHAUSEN.

Not far below the union of the three Rhines lies the old Roman town of Chur. It was for centuries the seat of abbots, bishops, and other high Church dignitaries. It was, too, and in fact still remains, the great halting-place before entering on the journey of the Alps over the Splügen Pass.

It is worthy of note that the Reformation had many of its warmest friends and greatest martyrs among the people of the little old republics of the Upper Rhine.

A second St. Bartholomew's night was experienced there by their allied neighbors of the Veltlin Valley on the 19th July, 1620, when more than five hundred Protestants were massacred in cold blood.

It seems remarkable that a little pastoral people should have been able to proclaim and to defend general religious liberty in valleys where every hill-top was crowned with a castle whose master and dependents were bitter enemies of freedom of any sort.

The heroism of this bold republic never died out. As late as Napoleon's time, even, they dared to trample under foot the edicts of the conqueror of Europe. When he demanded their union with the Helvetic Republic, they answered with the sword. A few years later, however, they joined Switzerland of their own free-will, and thus ended a republic four times as old as the American Union.

Close by Chur, and walled in by the grandest scenery, is Ragatz, a watering-place so frequently visited of late years by Americans. General Grant stopped there for weeks, summer before last, and one of the pleasantest remembrances the villagers have of the many great who come and go is that of the quiet man who wandered about the streets on foot, in apparent forgetfulness that greater armies than Napoleon's had marched at his command, and that greater glories than a crown had been his. Here, as elsewhere all along the Upper Rhine, every village and hamlet is watched by the ruins of some picturesque old castle perched on the higher rocks. The river itself is not beautiful at this point. The banks are wide, and seldom full of water, and the valley is subject to great overflows. The stream is still too rapid and too shallow for naviga-

tion, steamers seldom coming above Bregenz, at the upper end of Lake of Constance.

At the little town of Sargans, below Ragatz, the Seez Valley cuts off from the Rhine, which is supposed to have once taken its course through this valley, and into Wallen-See, the most charming little lake, to the writer's mind, in all Switzerland. It is five hundred feet deep, of a beautiful blue-green color, and is walled in on one side with perpendicular granite mountains two to three thousand feet above the water. On the other side are green slopes, fir groves, and the purest specimens of picturesque Alpine villages. If the Rhine really did pour through this lake in former ages, its course must also have continued on through the Lake of Zürich, and down the Limmat, reaching its present bed at Waldshut, away below the Falls of Schaffhausen.

Near to Sargans the Rhine becomes the dividing line between the Austrian Tyrol and East Switzerland. The Swiss Canton of Appenzell—"the little land of Appenzell"—with its pastoral people and its queer customs, runs in here to get a peep at the passing river. These Appenzellers are a very democratic people, even for democratic Switzerland. It is not only that every man has a voice in the law-making that it is democratic, but it is also in the primitive way in which that will is expressed.



THE WALLEN-SEE.

There was a time when peoples chose their kings by meeting *en masse* on a field, and giving the tallest man the crown. Something very similar is practiced even now in little Appenzell.

Every May-day the whole voting population of the canton meet, and armed with swords and umbrellas, and led by a band of music, march out to a meadow,



OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT AT APPENZELL.

where the affairs of state and the election of officers are settled in short time by the sovereign people. The women of Appenzell occasionally join in this procession, and the grave-looking officials, rigged in the uniform of state, gallantly give to the ladies the best standing room on the green. A little platform for the town grandees is elevated, around which the procession halts and listens to a prayer. Then follow the affairs of state, decided simply by a show of hands. Taxes are voted, fines laid, and officers chosen for the next year. In a few hours Appenzell's out-door parliament is finished, and the people go to their homes, and lay their swords and flags away to rest for another year. This has been Appenzell's parliament for five hundred years.

At Rheineck the Rhine leaves the picturesque grandeur of the mountains, and passes into and through the Lake of Constance, the largest body of water in Switzerland. Lake Constance, though but forty-two miles in length, washes shores belonging to five different governments—Switzerland, Austria, Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden. It is in no sense grand, when compared with its rivals of the mountains, but there are many towns and ruined castles along its shores that artists love to sketch.

Constance itself is a beautiful old town, when looked at from the lake side, and the environs on the German side are superb. It is very old, but its principal deeds in history are limited to the great Council of 1414, that lasted three years, dethroning three popes, and burning to death John Huss, the reformer. Many of the Huss relics are exhibited in the town, but the people seem, very properly, to take no especial pride in this deed of their ancestors.

The Rhine pours out of the lake here, unaccompanied by the old grandeur of the mountains, cataracts, and snow-fields, but with a majestic beauty born of the new and fair scenes about it. Everywhere are villages, princely châteaux, and half-ruined castles. There is none of the poverty and the desolation that marks so many of the picturesque districts of the Lower Rhine. Swiss industry and intelli-



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF GERMAN EMPEROR.

gence and freedom have influenced the people and the surroundings of the Rhine between Constance and Basle. Pretty little steamers ply here constantly, and the tourist is made glad by scenes of beauty wherever he may look. For a dozen miles, or nearly to Stein, the stream has more the appearance of a lake than of a river. Just below Constance the beautiful island of Reichenau lies like a gem in the miniature sea. On the hills to the left are châteaux, villas, and castles. At least one of these is historical; it is almost the simplest among them, but is interesting as having been for twenty years the home of Queen Hortense, the daughter of Josephine, and the step-daughter of Napoleon the First. With all her brilliancy of birth and character, she was an unhappy and an unfortunate woman.

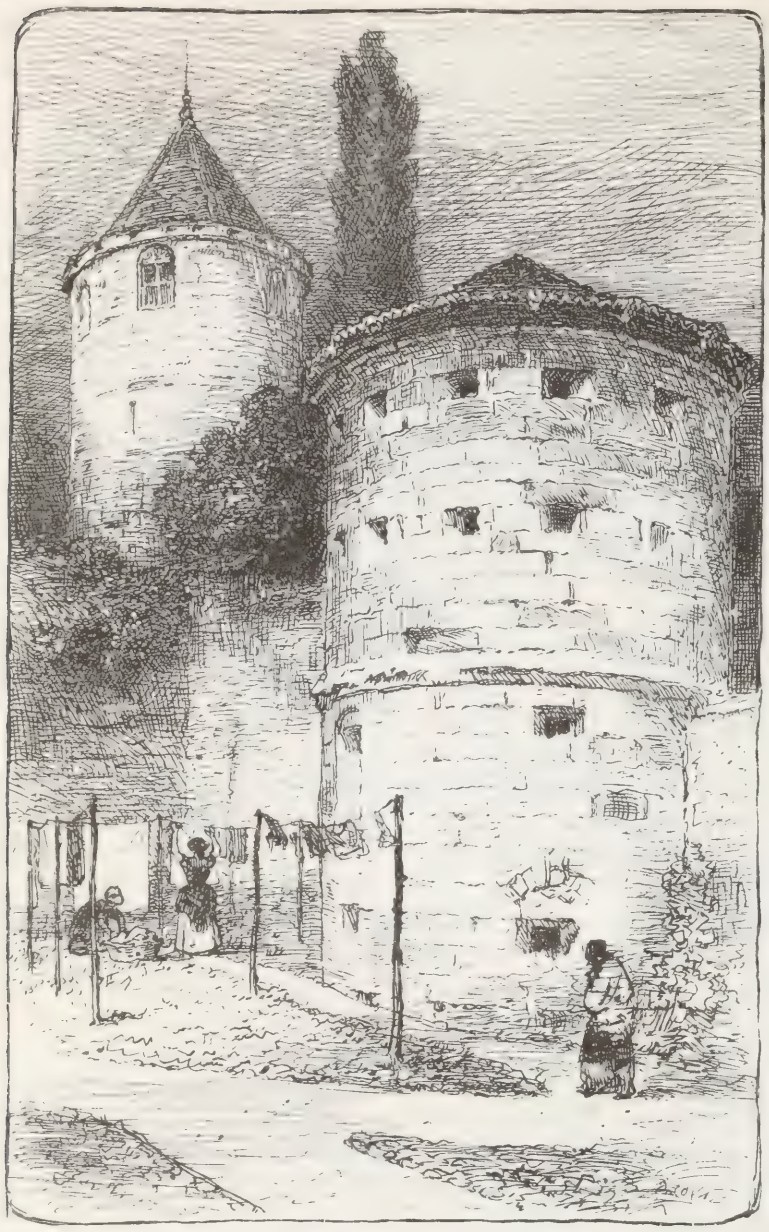
She had seen her own father murdered on the guillotine. Her mother married an emperor, only to die broken-hearted. Her step-father died on a lone island of the sea. She herself married a king, only to be divorced and dethroned, while her children and her whole family became wandering fugitives in strange lands. It is extremely saddening to walk through the rooms of her little home here, and recall the fate that followed her in life.

When Napoleon became Emperor, she was one of the most brilliant and talented women of his court. She wrote excellent verses, arranged plays, and composed songs that have cheered the French armies in battle from that day to this. Her song "Partant pour la Syrie" may last with the French language.

When Napoleon's star of destiny failed



ARENENBERG.



CASTLE ON THE MAINLAND BY MAINAU.

him, and all who bore his name, or were related to him, were banished from France, poor Hortense, after being refused a resting-place in many lands, bought this little villa in a quiet corner of Switzerland. Here she devoted many years to self-culture, and the care of her two sons.

Here was spent the boyhood of France's second emperor. Arenenberg is a plain villa outside, but is situated on one of the loveliest spots of the shores of the river Rhine. In the garden near the villa is a long, low house, used then, as now, for stables. The upper floor of this out-house contained the rooms of the young prince, Louis Napoleon. Here he studied, and here he schemed.

In a recent visit to Arenenberg the writer hunted up a number of old residents of the neighborhood who had been companions of Napoleon, and a few who had been friends of Hortense. There were many remembered incidents of the life of both; for both, though in a very different way, had been much liked by all the villagers. Hortense's kindness to the poor of all the district has embalmed her name in grateful remembrance there, and even the stern republicans of Switzerland had a warm sympathy for an unfortunate queen. As to her son, the late Emperor, people never could tire telling of the incidents of his boyhood that pointed to the coming man. What a swimmer he was! what a horseman! what a wrestler! and if half the stories be true, what a rake! Of his horsemanship it is maintained he had not an equal anywhere. It was a habit of his never to mount a horse by the use of stirrup, but to run and spring over the crupper and into the saddle at a bound.

Louis Napoleon visited Arenenberg when he became Emperor, and twenty thousand people came to bid him welcome. As a young man he had been a captain of militia sharp-shooters here, and president of the village school board. These bodies joined officially in the greeting. There were several coaches and four drawn up at the station for the Emperor and his staff to ride in. What was the astonishment and joy to see Napoleon jump into the one-horse wagon of a friend that happened to be there, and with him head the great procession through Constance! How the people shouted and clapped hands at the democratic Emperor!

Hortense, after suffering several years with a dreadful cancer, ended her eventful life here in 1837. She died in the little upper east room. The stranger going in there now will be impressed to see everything just as she left it. There is the bed on which she died, and near it is the camp bedstead which her son the Emperor had at Sedan. There, too, is her harp, as well as the harp of Josephine.

Down stairs there are five rooms filled with remembrances of the Napoleon family. On a little table in the reception-room is the gilt clock used by Napoleon on the island of St. Helena. In other rooms are good paintings and statues made from life of Napoleon the First, Hortense, her mother Josephine, and her brother Prince Eugène; also the furniture presented to Hortense by the city of Paris at the time of her marriage to Napoleon's brother. There, too, covered with a crown of ivy, is a marble bust of Napoleon the Third, taken from a cast of his face after death.

The Empress Eugénie repurchased this place (it had been sold after the death of Hortense), and presented it to the Emperor. It was lately the summer residence of herself and the young Prince Louis.

Over the hills from Reichenau, and in another arm of the lake, lies the pretty little island of Mainau, with its charming gardens reaching down to the blue waters. Real royalty dwells here, for it is the property of the Grand Duke of Baden; and his father-in-law, the Emperor of Germany, often spends his summer days in this lovely retreat. In fact, the kings and princes of Europe have managed to secure most of the rare spots around the lower end of Lake Constance.

The way on down to Schaffhausen, whether by land or water, is most interesting. There are mediæval-looking villages, pretty vineyards, and salmon-fishing all the way. The immediate banks of the river are not very high, but the background is made up of ranges of high hills and mountain spurs, with many an old ruin on their brows. Stein is one of the most picturesque villages on the way down.

It is a living reminder of past ages. It has queer streets and curious old houses, with great turrets and bay-windows, while many of the older buildings are covered with frescoes and armorial bearings. Its guardian angel seems to be the castle of Hohenklingen, standing on the high rocks opposite. This castle is just a thousand years old, and is in good preservation.

Of course everybody is on deck, as the Rhine waters become more rapid and the boat approaches Schaffhausen.

Wandering through its crooked streets, among its old, old houses, with high narrow windows and gabled roofs, one can almost forget that he is living in the present age. The Munoth is a strange old tower back of the town, from which a fine view of the city and the Alps may be had. This tower has walls over seventeen feet thick, and contains a spiral stairway so broad that one might mount to the ramparts in a carriage and four. Close by is the cathedral, with the great bell that inspired Schiller's "Song of the Bell." It is nineteen feet in diameter, and high in proportion.

Below the town the rapids of the Rhine commence in earnest. The waters are very blue, and dash away by meadow and wood at a real rapid rate. Swifter and swifter they go—beautiful and more beautiful, swinging and bending, until, passing the great stone bridge, they tumble in magnificent rage over the falls at Laufenburg. The width of the fall is two hundred and sixty-two feet, and its height ninety feet. Right over the falls, on the left bank, stands the turreted and embattled castle of Laufenburg. I know of no such water scene anywhere as is to be had from its windows and balconies, and above all on a moonlight night.

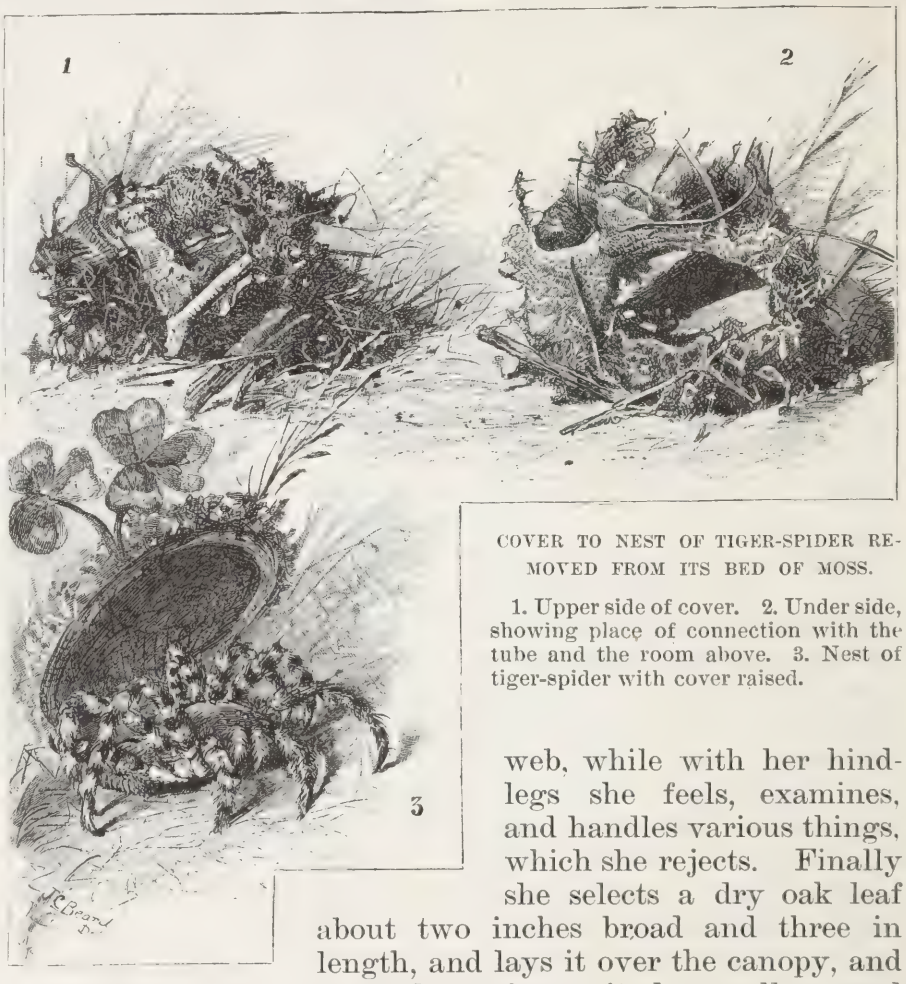


CROSSING THE RHINE BY MOONLIGHT.

I SOMETIMES think the more I limit myself to a small area, the more novelties and discoveries I make in natural history. My observations for the past four summers have been almost wholly confined to an acre of ground in the heart of a noisy town. A bit of natural woodland occupies about a quarter of the acre, and here I have made several discoveries new to science.

The most interesting creatures that have rewarded me in my search are two species of large burrowing spiders that had heretofore escaped the attention of naturalists. These spiders build beautiful, complicated structures above their burrows, with which they take as much pains as most birds do in building their nests.

The Rev. Dr. McCook has named one of these spiders *Tarantula tigrina*, or tiger-spider, from the fact that the legs have annular stripes of gray and black like a tiger's.



COVER TO NEST OF TIGER-SPIDER REMOVED FROM ITS BED OF MOSS.

1. Upper side of cover. 2. Under side, showing place of connection with the tube and the room above. 3. Nest of tiger-spider with cover raised.

This species digs a tube in the earth six or seven inches in depth, and uniformly straight. But its skill and wisdom are displayed in erecting the upper part of its domicile, which is evidently for concealment. It first builds a broad, silk-lined funnel at the mouth of its burrow; the background is composed of whatever material it can reach with its long hind-legs while its fore-legs rest in the edge of its tube. This funnel is the foundation of a concealed room, which sometimes takes it several nights to complete. It does not work during the day.

I had repeatedly tried to see one go on with its building, but the light of the lamp or my near proximity seemed to disturb it; but at last I had the satisfaction to see a fine large female go on with her work undisturbed by the light or my presence. She first spins a canopy of web over the funnel, leaving a place of exit on one side. She next comes out and steps carefully over the canopy, as if to see whether it is strong and secure. Seemingly satisfied that it is all right, she steps down, just letting her fore-feet touch the edge of the web, while with her hind-legs she feels, examines, and handles various things, which she rejects. Finally she selects a dry oak leaf about two inches broad and three in length, and lays it over the canopy, and proceeds to fasten it down all around except at the entrance. After the leaf is made secure, she reaches up and pulls down blades of grass, and lays them over the leaf, and fastens them down with web so dexterously that it can not be seen except with the closest scrutiny. This makes a strong roof over her domicile. Now she goes within, and seems to be putting some finishing touches on the inside. This done, she stands in the door of her neat apartment waiting for any chance insect that may come within her range. I see a beetle slowly crawling along, evidently in search for its supper. I carefully direct its course toward the spider. Quick as a flash she seizes it, and goes within her home to make her meal. Former experience has taught me that she

will be a long time making this meal, so I leave my post of observation for that night.

In a few days thereafter I find that she has completely closed the entrance to her domicile, and if I did not know the precise spot in which it is located, I should not be able to find it.

I have twenty-eight of these spiders under observation. I visit them all, and find that more than half of the number, both males and females, have closed their doors very firmly. Some of these burrows are situated in beds of moss, and the moss is so cunningly arranged over them that the most expert naturalist would find it difficult to tell where they are. I have often tried my friends, to see if they could find one of these concealed burrows, and have limited the space to a few square inches, within which it was located, but they scarcely ever hit upon the right spot.

It is August, and a digger-wasp is making sad havoc among these spiders. She wants them to feed her young, and nothing but this particular species will do; and woe now to all the spiders with unclosed doors, for she is sure to find them. The wasp is large and strong, and has steel-blue wings, and two bright orange spots on either side of the abdomen. She runs over the ground swiftly, peering here and there, until she alights upon an open burrow, down which she speedily goes,



DIGGER-WASP AND TIGER-SPIDER.



THE DIGGER-WASP, COCOON, AND LARVA.

and soon comes out, dragging her victim, which she has paralyzed with her powerful sting.

Sometimes two wasps are hunting in the same vicinity, and when one finds a spider, the other tries to wrest it from her. And now a fearful battle ensues. They drop the prey, and clinch in deadly conflict, seemingly trying to stab each other with their stings. The victorious party returns to the spider, which is heavier than herself, and proceeds to drag it to her nest. She runs backward for a time, dragging it over the ground; then tries flying a short distance, but the burden is so heavy that she soon comes to the ground again. She is so active and quick in her movements that I am obliged to walk quite fast to keep even with her. She carries the spider several rods from where she obtained it, lays it down on a gravelled walk, and hunts over the ground. She soon finds the burrow which she has previously dug, returns to the spider, seizes it, and disappears within. She comes out empty-handed, and proceeds to fill up the hole with the earth which she has thrown out. She works so rapidly that I can scarcely tell which feet she uses the most. She seems to dig with her fore-feet, and to rake the earth in backward with her hind-feet. Soon the hole is full; and now she makes a battering-ram of herself by repeatedly striking her body on the ground, as if to pound the earth down. This done, she rakes the ground all over and around the place, to make it level, and then seizes a small pebble in her mandibles, and lays it over the spot, and scatters other pebbles

all around it, so that it looks noways different from the surrounding ground.

The wasp is gone, and now like a thief I venture to dig up the treasure. I find the spider about four inches below the surface, with an egg sticking in the body which the wasp has placed there. The egg hatches into a legless white grub, which at once begins to feed upon the spider.

Some strange knowledge more than we possess enables the mother wasp to so prepare the spider that the meat will keep fresh and sweet from four to six weeks, or until the helpless baby wasp is full grown, and passes into the chrysalis stage. It remains a chrysalis until the following summer, when a full-fledged, bright-colored wasp emerges. In this state it does not feed upon spiders, but upon nectar and honey.

The wasps continue their raids for two or three weeks, only the spiders with closed doors escaping. Sometimes one has kept herself shut up for two weeks, and then timidly opens her door and looks out; but the raid is not yet over, and, sooner or later, she is sure to become the wasp's prey.

Toward the end of August I see no more of the wasps, but out of twenty-eight spiders, only five are left. These now soon open their doors, and occasionally one cuts the threads of web in such a manner as to make a sort of trap-door, leaving a hinge on one side. But more usually there is a hole in one end of the oven-shaped cover, which the spider can soon close by drawing the material together and fastening it with web.

In November they all hermetically close their doors, and keep them shut until the following April, when the spiders again come forth, the females each with a cocoon of eggs attached to the spinneret. The eggs hatch in May, and the young spiders crawl on to the mother's back—in fact, literally covering her body. After a few days they leave her, and all at once come rushing out of the burrow. For two or three months these young spiders flit about here and there, over bushes and on the lower branches of trees, seemingly ambitious to get in high places. Toward the end of July their roving life ceases, and they settle down and dig little burrows in the earth, which the first season they do not conceal. The wasps do not molest these young ones.

The following spring—when a year old—they are a little more than half grown, but during the summer they grow rapidly, and moult several times, each time changing their appearance. By August they seem to be nearly full grown, when their enemy the wasp makes such havoc among them.

By thus tracing the life history of this spider, we find it to be two years old before the first brood of young are hatched; and if no accident befalls it, it probably lives several years.

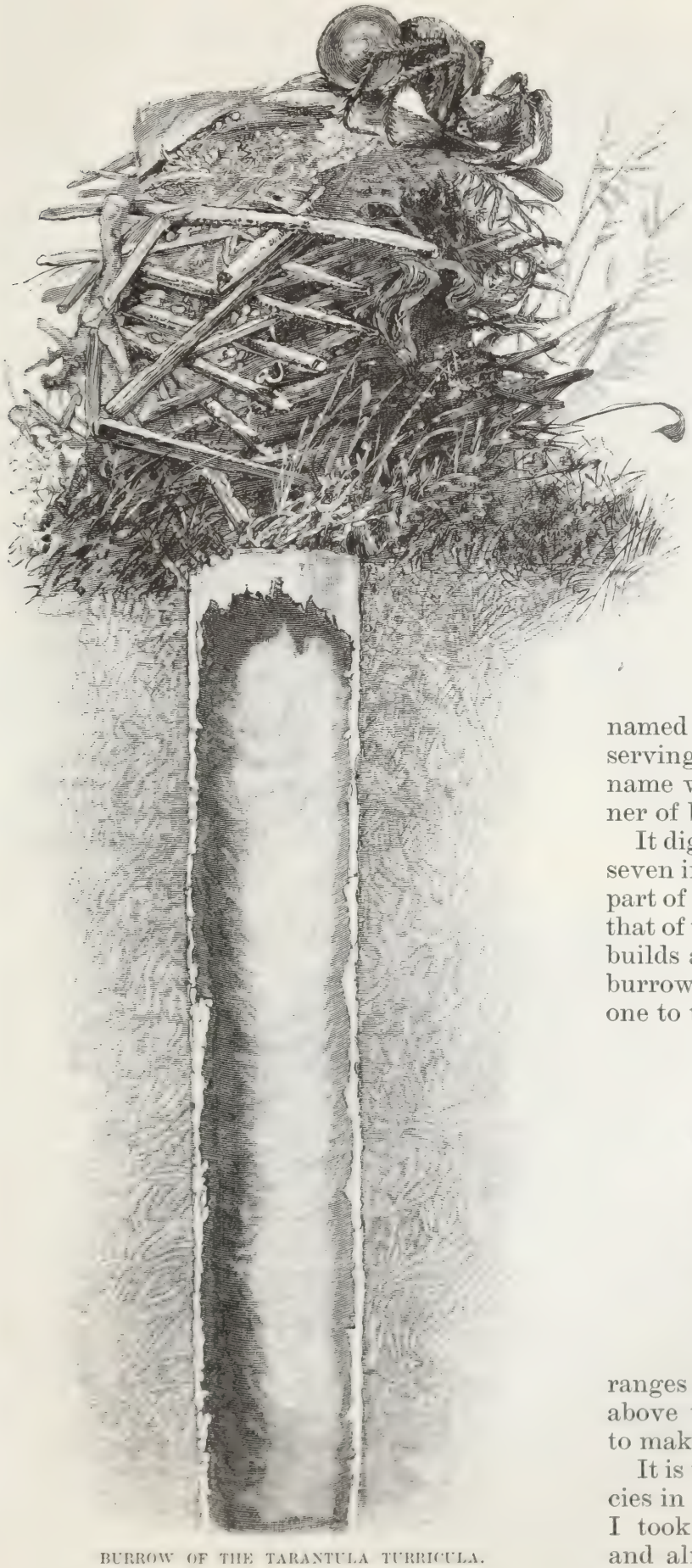
These spiders make very interesting pets. I capture them by cutting out the nests with a sharp trowel or large knife, and have ready some glass candy jars from twelve to fourteen inches in height, in which I carefully place them. I then fill in with earth all around, making the jar about half full, and cover the surface with moss, and introduce some pretty little growing plants, so that my nervous lady friends may admire the plants without being shocked with the knowledge that each of these jars is the home of a large spider.

Some of these spiders take kindly to their new surroundings, and at once begin to repair their domiciles. Others utterly refuse to take advantage of my kindness, and try to climb up the side of the jar—which is impossible for them to accomplish—to make their escape. It is of no use to keep a discontented individual, for it will not build, however tame it becomes. Such a one I always let go to shift for itself, which it very soon does by digging a burrow, sometimes within a few feet from where I sent it adrift.

The male tiger-spider is a handsome fellow, and fully as large as the female. In color the body is a light snuff-brown, with dashes of dark purple, while the legs are striped like a tiger's. The female is nearly black. The male takes as much pains in building his domicile as the female. In fact, one of the males in a jar entirely outdid the female in making a tasteful retreat. He utilized a little twining plant by winding it around, and making a living green bower over his burrow.

He has a voracious appetite, scarcely refusing anything I give him, even taking large hairy caterpillars. He has moulted three times during the summer, and now in September must be full grown.

But another species—of which this is the first public mention, so far as is known—

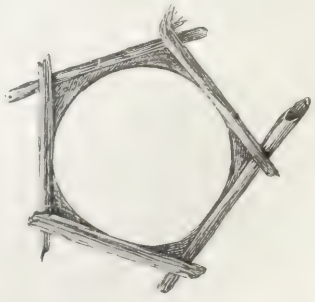


BURROW OF THE TARANTULA TURRICULA.

excels the tiger-spider in its curious architectural attainments. It belongs to the genus *Tarantula*, and is as large as the tiger, but quite different in color. The male is a soft velvety black, while the female is grayish-brown, or like faded velvet. She has a light gray spot on top of the thorax, and on the abdomen are three dark brown longitudinal stripes alternating with light gray. In young specimens these markings are quite distinct, but in old ones the colors blend somewhat. The two sexes do not differ in size, the male being fully as large as the female. The body is a little more than an inch in length, and the legs are large and long, which gives it quite a formidable appearance, but it is perfectly harmless.

I have provisionally named it *Tarantula turricula*, reserving a further description. The name was suggested from its manner of building.

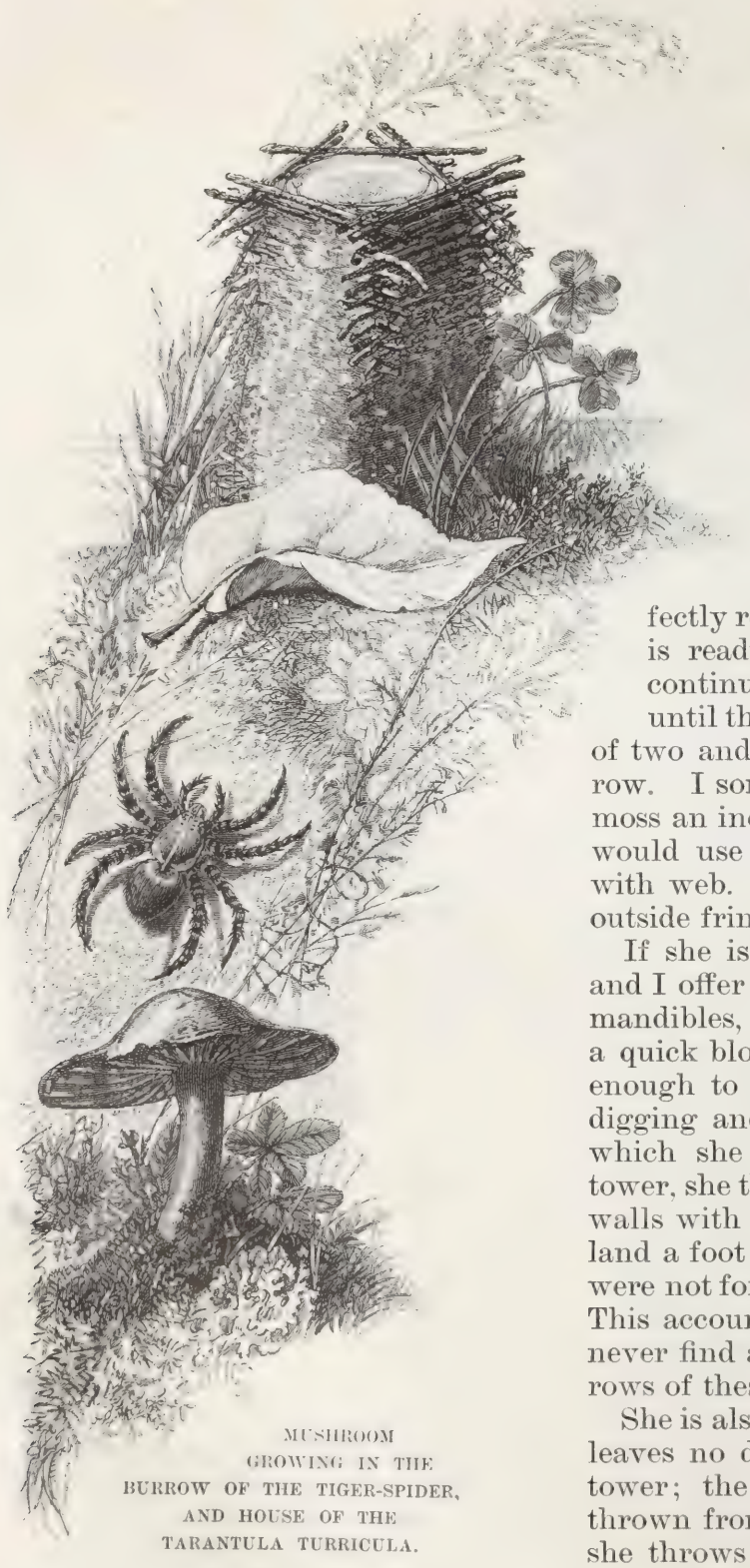
It digs a burrow in the earth six or seven inches in depth, but the upper part of its domicile is entirely unlike that of the tiger-spider. This species builds a little round tower above its burrow. It procures sticks from one to two inches in length, and arranges them very symmetrically one above the other, laying them so as to make a five-sided wall.



FOUNDATION OF TURRET.

It is usually a most contented species in confinement. Early in July I took a fine female, surrounded and almost covered with baby spiders about ready to leave the mother — the young can readily run up the side of the jar and escape. As soon as they left her, I removed the jar to my

study; I did not take the nest with this spider, as I wished to see what she would do with entirely new surroundings. The earth in the jar was about six inches in depth, and well pressed down. I gave her sticks and moss to put around the top of her tube.



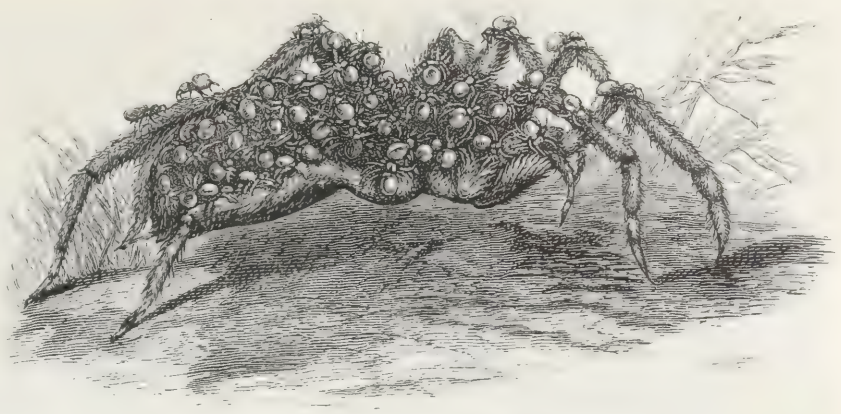
MUSHROOM GROWING IN THE BURROW OF THE TIGER-SPIDER, AND HOUSE OF THE TARANTULA TURRICULA.

She soon began to dig a burrow, and when it was about two inches in depth, she commenced to build a tower above it. She takes a stick from my fingers and places it at the edge of her tube. She works while inside of her burrow, holding the stick with her fore-legs until it is arranged to suit her; she then turns around and fastens it with a strong web. She takes another stick and proceeds in the same way, and continues this until she has laid the foundation of a five-sided wall. She now goes down to the bottom of her tube and brings up a pellet of earth, which she places on top of the sticks; she goes all around, making a circle of these pellets, which she flattens by pressing her body against them, and arranges them in such a manner as to cover the sticks on the inside, making the walls perfectly round and silk-lined. Now she is ready for more sticks, which she continues to alternate with the pellets until the tower has reached the height of two and a half inches above her burrow. I sometimes gave her bits of green moss an inch or two in length, which she would use by fastening them to a stick with web. This makes the wall on the outside fringed with moss.

If she is not in a mood for building, and I offer her a stick, she takes it in her mandibles, and with her fore-feet gives it a quick blow, often sending it with force enough to hit the jar; and when she is digging and bringing up pellets of earth which she does not wish to use in her tower, she throws them from the top of the walls with sufficient force to make them land a foot or more from the burrow, if it were not for the intervention of the glass. This accounted for the fact that I could never find any fresh earth near the burrows of these spiders.

She is also a very neat housekeeper; she leaves no débris in the cellar under her tower; the remains of all insects are thrown from the top in the same manner she throws the pellets. The tiger-spider always leaves the skeletons of insects in the bottom of its tube, and in time this makes a rich black mould around the bottom of it, and as a result of this the spider is often driven from its home by a great mushroom starting from the bottom of the burrow, which pushes its way upward, and

completely demolishes it, forcing the spider to seek new quarters. Such a catastrophe never happens to our neater tower-builder.



FEMALE SPIDER WITH YOUNG.

In confinement the female tiger-spider will kill and eat the male, but the tower-builder has no such wicked tendency; the two live in perfect harmony. I soon introduced a male into the jar with the female, which I captured in July, but he would not build for himself, neither would he assist her, but he often seemed to be watching her movements, and would go up on her tower and look down, but I never saw him venture within her burrow.

Toward the last of July the female appeared with a cocoon of eggs, about as large as a hazel-nut, attached to the spinneret. I now set the male free, and he dug a burrow not more than two rods distant from where I liberated him. His tower is not so fine as the female's, and as yet it is only about an inch above the burrow, and he has been at work on it for two months or more, but meanwhile two disasters have happened to it—probably some bird, catching a glimpse of the builder, demolished the structure in the vain hope of capturing him.

The female in the jar exercises the greatest care over her cocoon. On cool days she keeps out of sight down in her tube, which is now about eight inches in depth, including the tower. But when I set the jar in the sun, she soon comes up and puts the cocoon in the sunshine. When cool enough for a fire, if I set the



TIGER-SPIDER AND MOTH.



GEOMETRIC WEB OF GARDEN-SPIDER (ARGIOPE).

jar near the stove, she places the eggs on the side next to the stove. If I turn the jar around, she soon moves the cocoon around to the warm side, letting it hang outside of the walls of her tower.

On the 6th of October the young spiders are hatched, and very comical they look, perched on the mother's back, and even on her head and legs. When I captured her three months ago in this same condition, she was wild and frightened; now she is tame and quiet. She carried the cocoon two months before the eggs hatched.

She never leaves her home, her favorite position is sitting on the top of her tower, with her legs folded beneath her. But any unusual noise, like the sudden closing of a door, always alarms her and sends her quickly within; but she has become so accustomed to my presence that she allows me to move the jar without leaving her position, and she takes food from my fingers, yet if a stranger comes into the room she always seems to know it.

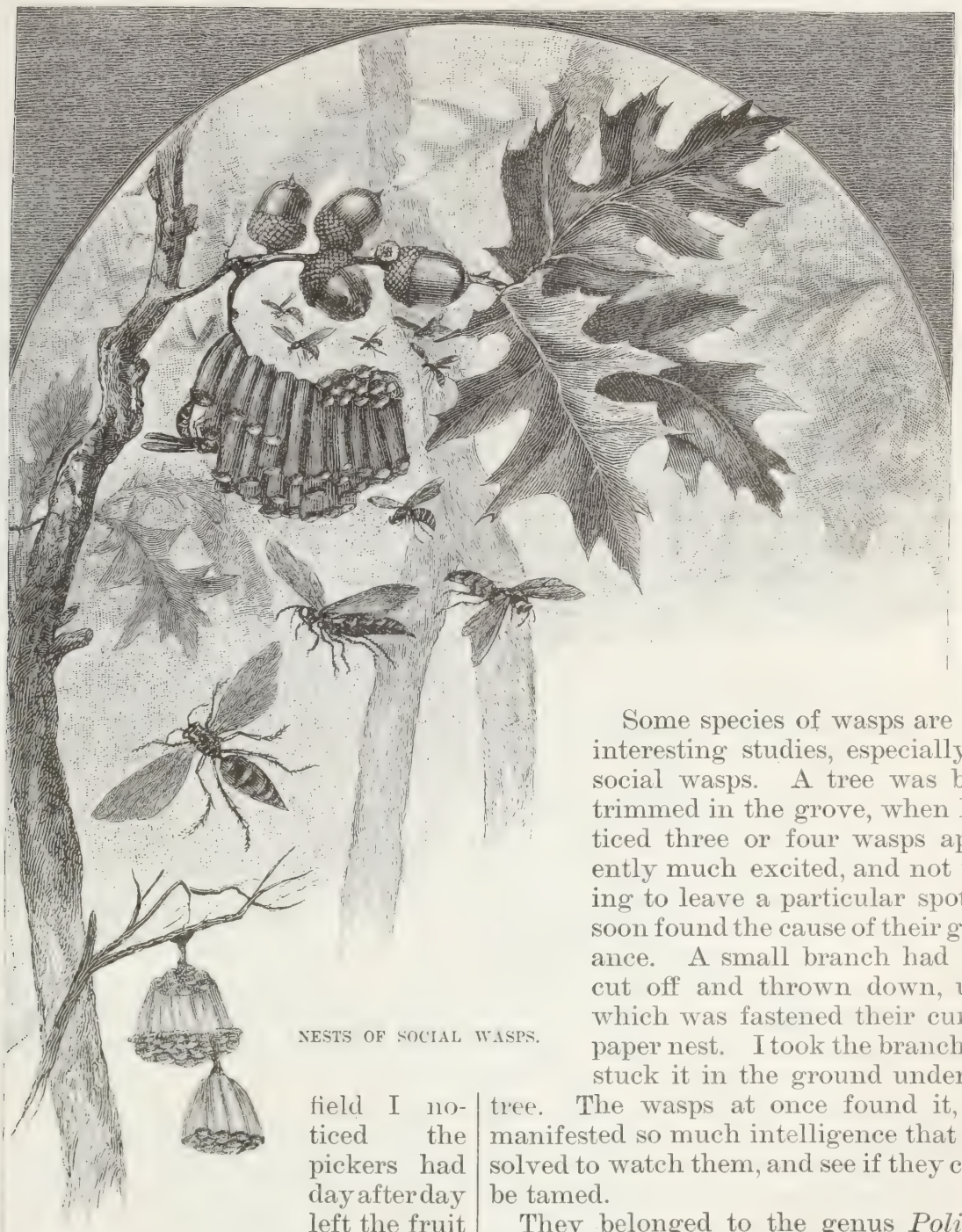
She takes strong insects, like grasshoppers or large moths, into her cellar to kill them; and when their struggles have ceased, she brings them up, and deliberately proceeds to divest them of their wings and legs, which she throws away, and then sucks the juices from the body and throws away the dry carcass.

Another individual of this species I kept several weeks in a similar jar; but she refused to build, and would not even repair her old home. However, she became quite tame, and I had the satisfaction to see how she killed her prey. The moth was not allowed to flutter its wings; the spider would get astride of it, and hold its wings down with her legs, and pierce it with her sharp mandibles until it was dead.

Among country people there is much superstitious dread of spiders; and the more ignorant, the greater the superstition. The colored people in Florida believe the bite of a spider causes sickness and death. And a Florida "cracker" gravely informed me that the bite of an ant—a species of *Campanotus* that makes its home in fallen timber—would give them "the fever."

Fallen trees on the barrens, that would make several cords of excellent wood, would at once be abandoned by the chopper if these ants were found in them. But we need not go to Florida to find the existence of senseless superstition.

The handsome large black and yellow spider *Argiope* is perhaps the most dreaded, on account of its large size and bright colors. A fine specimen of this species had hung her pretty geometric web in a blackberry bush in a large field devoted to this fruit. On walking through the



NESTS OF SOCIAL WASPS.

field I noticed the pickers had day after day left the fruit on this bush, and I supposed they did not wish to disturb the spider. At last she was gone, and upon making inquiries I learned that a woman more courageous than the rest had armed herself with a large stick and killed the monster!

This beautiful creature, with her exquisite web, is one of the most charming studies in nature.

"The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

She is readily tamed, and her solicitude over her great pear-shaped cocoon of eggs is often quite pathetic.

Some species of wasps are very interesting studies, especially the social wasps. A tree was being trimmed in the grove, when I noticed three or four wasps apparently much excited, and not willing to leave a particular spot. I soon found the cause of their grievance. A small branch had been cut off and thrown down, upon which was fastened their curious paper nest. I took the branch and stuck it in the ground under the tree. The wasps at once found it, and manifested so much intelligence that I resolved to watch them, and see if they could be tamed.

They belonged to the genus *Polistes*. The nest is firmly fastened to the branch by a slender, strong pedicel, which is on one side of the mass of cells. The cells are so arranged as to form a concave curve, as may be seen in the drawing. One side is lower than the other, which makes a slanting roof.

To bring these wasps under subjection I supposed would require much and long-continued patience, but, to my surprise, I found them very tractable and easily won.

My first experiment is to handle the branch, which they resent by acting quite waspish; but I am very gentle with them, and they never sting me, and they soon allow me to hold it in such a manner that I can see them feed their young, and go

on with their work, building their paper cells. They manufacture their paper out of wood. I place a weather-beaten board near them. Two of the wasps use it; some of the others try it, but seem to conclude that they have a better manufacturing establishment of their own finding.

I hold a small dish of moistened sugar and fruit syrup in my hand, which they find and relish highly. I never leave this for them to help themselves, as I wish to teach them that I am their benefactor, and they soon learn this, and come to meet me. If I neglect to bring the syrup, they flit all around me, sometimes alighting on my hand, but they no longer make any demonstrations that look like stinging.

I one day witnessed a most singular proceeding among this family. A large fat baby wasp died in its cell. The mother wasp pulled it partly out, and stroked it with her antennæ, and seemed to be licking it. At this time there were a dozen or more mature wasps—the queen and workers. Nine of these were hanging about the cells, an unusually large number to be at home, all at the same time, during working-hours. As soon as the mother stepped aside, another took her place, and went through the same motions, stroking and licking it; and this in turn was repeated by all of the sister wasps that were present. Then one of the number pulled the dead baby out of the cell, and flew away with it, followed by three or four of the family, and I soon lost sight of them.

All of the social wasps, so far as is known, commence the colony with one individual queen. The old queen, workers, and males die in the fall, while the young queens hibernate through the winter, under moss and leaves or beneath the bark of trees, and in the spring they select a spot to build, and lay the foundation for the future colony. As the queen has the entire work to do in building the first cells and feeding the larvæ, the work progresses slowly; only two or three cells are completed when the first worker emerges. And now the work goes on more rapidly. The foundations of other cells are at once made, in each of which the queen places an egg, which develops rapidly, and soon the mature wasps appear, which join their mother and sisters in the work, until the colony—in the genus *Polistes*—often numbers a hundred or more individuals.

A small earthen wren-house had been fastened under the eaves of a building to accommodate the birds. I had often noticed a pair of wrens chattering and scolding and peering in at the door, but never venturing within. Wishing to learn the cause of their behavior, I mounted a step-ladder and looked in. I found that the rust-red social wasp (*Polistes rubiginosus*) had selected this novel place to build in, much to the chagrin of the birds, which were evidently afraid to venture within.

In the autumn, after the wasps are gone, I investigate their work, and find this had been their home for five years. Four large clusters of cells were suspended from above. This species attaches its nest from a central point, unlike the first-mentioned species. These four nests just about filled the space; the one last made was somewhat crowded and irregularly built—no space left for future progeny.

In the spring a queen returned to the ancestral hall, took in the situation, and resolved not to forsake the home of her forefathers. She selected a stick about an inch in length, and firmly welded it across near the lower edge of some of the old cells. This made a strong brace, capable of sustaining the future colony. She suspended her nest from the brace, where the colony was successfully reared.

THE OLD MILL.

HERE from the brow of the hill I look,
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves,
On the old gray mill with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door.
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop, or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day,
And Nelly is wed, and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortune of toil are bound;
And the man goes and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.



CHAPTER XXVI.

"MARY! MARY!"

IS there any one awake and listening—perhaps with a tremor of the heart—for the calling out of "*White Dove*, ahoy!" from the shore? Once the ordinary loud noises of the morning are over—the brief working of the pump, the washing down of the decks—silence reigns once more throughout the yacht. One can only hear a whispering of the rain above.

Then, in the distance, there is a muffled sound of the paddles of a steamer; and that becomes fainter and fainter, while the *White Dove* gradually ceases the motion caused by the passing waves. Again there is an absolute stillness, with only that whispering of the rain.

But this sudden sound of oars? and the slight shock against the side of the vessel? The only person on board the yacht who is presentable whips a shawl over her head, darts up the companionway, and boldly emerges into the moist and dismal morning.

"Oh, Angus!" she cries, to this streaming black figure that has just stepped on deck, "what a day you have brought with you!"

"Oh, it is nothing," says a cheerful voice from out of the dripping mackintosh—perhaps it is this shining black garment that makes the wet face and whiskers and hair glow redder than ever, and makes the blue eyes look even bluer. "Nothing at all. John and I have agreed it is going to clear. But this is a fine place to be in, with a falling glass! If you get a squall down from Glencoe, you won't forget it."

"A squall!" she says, looking round in amazement. Well might she exclaim, for the day is still, and gray, and sombre; the mountains are swathed in mist; the smooth sea troubled only by the constant rain.

However, the ruddy-faced doctor, having divested himself of his dripping garment, follows his hostess down the companion, and into the saloon, and sits down on one of the couches. There is an odd, half-pathetic expression on his face as he looks around.

"It seems a long time ago," he says, apparently to himself.

"What does?" asks his hostess, removing her head-gear.

"The evenings we used to spend in this very saloon," says he—looking with a strange interest on those commonplace objects, the draughts and dominoes, the candlesticks and cigar boxes, the cards and books—"away up there in the north. It seems years since we were at Dunvegan, doesn't it, and lying off Vaternish Point? There never was as snug a cabin as this in any yacht. It is like returning to an old home to get into it."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," says his hostess, regarding him with a great kindliness. "We will try to make you forget that you have ever been away. Although," she added, frankly, "I must tell you you have been turned out of your state-room—for a time. I know you won't mind having a berth made up for you on one of those couches."

"Of course not," he said, "if I am not in your way at all. But—"

And his face asked the question.

"Oh, it is a nephew of Denny-mains who has come on board—a Mr. Smith, a very nice young fellow; I am sure you will like him."

There was nothing said in reply to this.

Then the new-comer inquired, rather timidly, "You are all well, I hope?"

"Oh yes."

"And—and Miss Avon, too?" said he.

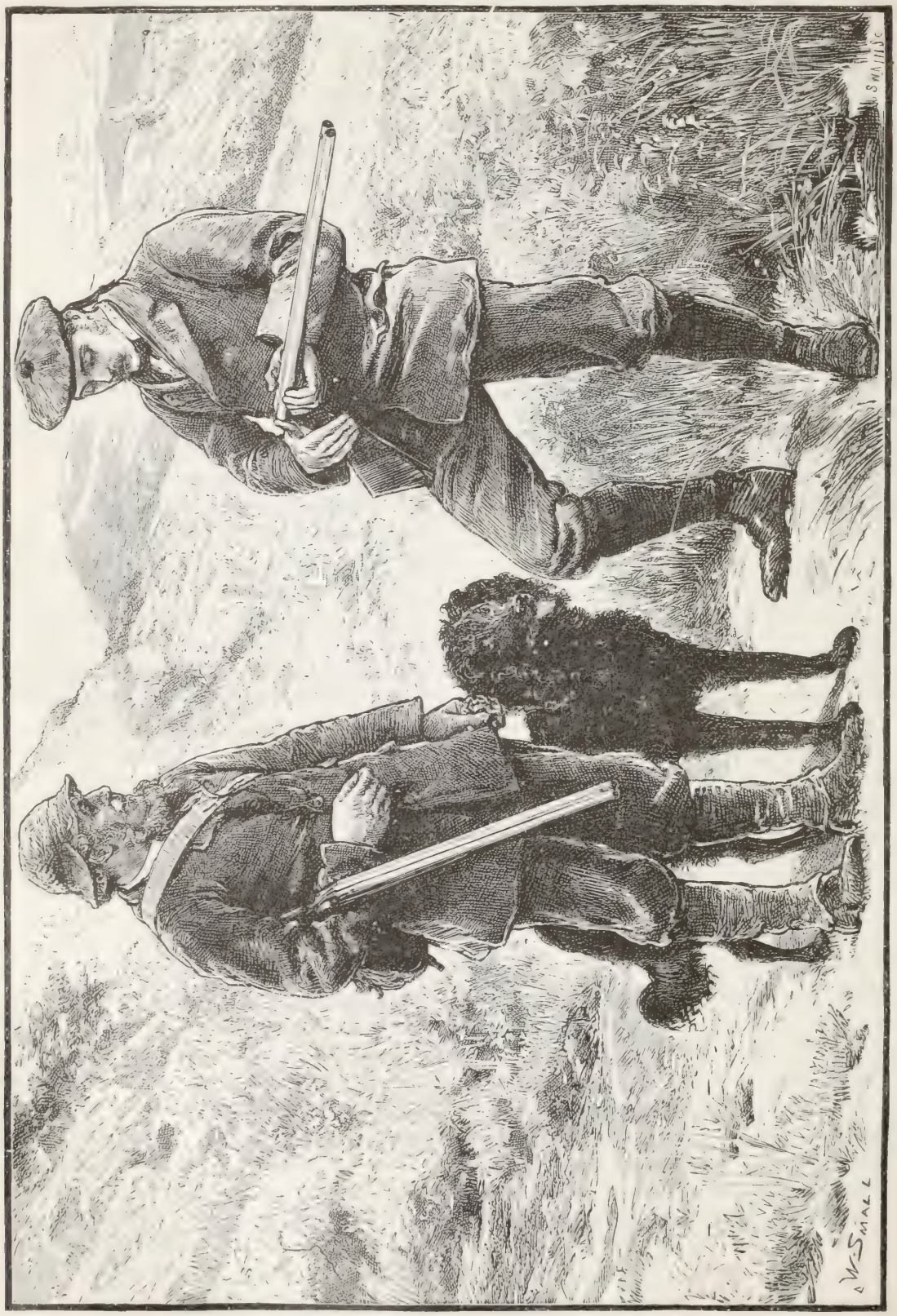
"Oh yes. But Mary has suffered a great misfortune since you left."

She looked up quickly. Then she told him the story; and in telling him her indignation awoke afresh. She spoke rapidly. The old injury had touched her anew.

But, strangely enough, although Angus Sutherland displayed a keen interest in the matter, he was not at all moved to that passion of anger and desire for vengeance that had shaken the Laird. Not at all. He was very thoughtful for a time; but he only said, "You mean she has to support herself now?"

"Absolutely."

"She will naturally prefer that to being dependent on her friends?"



"THEN HE WOULD HAVE ME PUT CARTRIDGES IN MY GUN EVEN BEFORE WE LEFT THE ROAD."—[SEE PAGE 729.]

"She will not be dependent on her friends, I know," is the answer; "though the Laird has taken such a great liking for her that I believe he would give her half Denny-mains."

He started a little bit at this; but immediately said:

"Of course she will prefer independence. And, as you say, she is quite capable of earning her own living. Well, she does not worry about it? It does not trouble her mind?"

"That affair of her uncle wounded her very keenly, I imagine, though she said little; but as for the loss of her little fortune, not at all. She is as light-hearted as ever. The only thing is that she is possessed by a mad notion that she should start away at once for London."

"Why?"

"To begin work. I tell her she must work here."

"But she is not anxious? She is not troubled?"

"Not a bit. The Laird says she has the courage of ten men; and I believe him."

"That is all right. I was going to prescribe a course of Marcus Aurelius; but if you have got philosophy in your blood, it is better than getting it in through the brain."

And so this talk ended, leaving on the mind of one of those two friends a distinct sense of disappointment. She had been under the impression that Angus Sutherland had a very warm regard for Mary Avon; and she had formed certain other suspicions. She had made sure that he, more quickly than any one else, would resent the injury done to this helpless girl. And now he seemed to treat it as of no account. If she was not troubling herself; if she was not giving herself headaches about it—then, no matter! It was a professional view of the case. A dose of Marcus Aurelius! It was not thus that the warm-hearted Laird had espoused Mary Avon's cause.

Then the people came one by one in to breakfast; and our young doctor was introduced to the stranger who had ousted him from his state-room. Last of all came Mary Avon.

How she managed to go along to him, and to shake hands with him, seeing that her eyes were bent on the floor all the time, was a mystery. But she did shake hands with him, and said, "How do you do?" in a somewhat formal manner; and she seemed a little paler than usual.

"I don't think you are looking quite as well as when I left," said he, with a great interest and kindness in his look.

"Thank you, I am very well," she said; and then she instantly turned to the Laird, and began chatting to him. Angus Sutherland's face burned red; it was not thus she had been used to greet him in the morning, when we were far away beyond the shores of Canna.

And then, when we found that the rain was over, and that there was not a breath of wind in this silent, gray, sombre world of mountain and mist, and when we went ashore for a walk along the still lake, what must she needs do but attach herself to the Laird, and take no notice of her friend of former days? Angus walked behind with his hostess, but he rarely took his eyes off the people in front. And when Miss Avon, picking up a wild flower now and again, was puzzling over its name, he did not, as once he would have done, come to her help with his student days' knowledge of botany. Howard Smith brought her a bit of wall rue, and said he thought they called it *Asplenium marinum:* there was no interference. The preoccupied doctor behind only asked how far Miss Avon was going to walk with her lame foot.

The Laird of Denny-mains knew nothing of all this occult business. He was rejoicing in his occupation of philosopher and guide. He was assuring us all that this looked like a real Highland day—far more so than the Algerian blue sky that had haunted us for so long. He pointed out, as we walked along the winding shores of Loch Leven, by the path that rose and fell, and skirted small precipices all hanging in foliage, how beautiful was that calm slate-blue mirror beneath, showing every outline of the sombre mountains, with their masses of Landseer mist. He stopped his companion to ask her if she had ever seen anything finer in color than the big clusters of scarlet rowans among the yellow-green leaves. Did she notice the scent of the meadow-sweet in the moist air of this patch of wood? He liked to see those white stars of the grass of Parnassus; they reminded him of many a stroll among the hills about Loch Katrine.

"And this still Loch Leven," he said at length, and without the least blush on

his face, "with the Glencoe mountains at the end of it, I have often heard say was as picturesque a loch as any in Scotland, on a gloomy day like this. Gloomy I call it, but ye see there are fine silver glints among the mist; and—and, in fact, there's a friend of mine has often been wishing to have a water-color sketch of it. If ye had time, Miss Mary, to make a bit drawing from the deck of the yacht, ye might name your own price—just name your own price. I will buy it for him."

A friend! Mary Avon knew very well who the friend was.

"I should be afraid, sir," said she, laughing, "to meddle with anything about Glencoe."

"Toots! toots!" said he; "ye have not enough confidence. I know twenty young men in Edinburgh and Glasgow who have painted every bit of Glencoe, from the bridge to the King's House inn, and not one of them able to come near ye. Mind, I'm looking forward to showing your pictures to Tom Galbraith. I'm thinking he'll stare."

The Laird chuckled again.

"Oh, ay! he does not know what a formidable rival has come from the south. I'm thinking he'll stare when he comes to Denny-mains to meet ye. Howard, what's that down there?"

The Laird had caught sight of a pink flower on the side of a steep little ravine, leading down to the shore.

"Oh, I don't want it; I don't want it," Mary Avon cried.

But the Laird was obdurate. His nephew had to go scrambling down through the alders and rowan-trees and wet bracken to get this bit of pink crane's-bill for Miss Avon's bouquet. And of course she was much pleased; and thanked him very prettily; and was it catch-fly, or herb-robert, or what was it?

Then out of sheer common courtesy she had to turn to Angus Sutherland.

"I am sure Dr. Sutherland can tell us," she says, timidly; and she does not meet his eyes.

"It is one of the crane's-bills, anyway," he says, indifferently. "Don't you think you had better return now, Miss Avon, or you will hurt your foot?"

"Oh, my foot is quite well now, thank you," she says; and on she goes again.

We pass by the first cuttings of the slate quarries, the men suspended by ropes round their waists, and hewing away at the face of the cliff. We go through the long straggling village; and the Laird remarks that it is not usual for a Celtic race to have such clean cottages, with pots of flowers in the window. We saunter idly onward, toward those great mountain masses, and there is apparently no thought of returning.

"When we've gone so far, might we not go on to the mouth of the pass?" she asks. "I should like to have a look even at the beginning of Glencoe."

"I thought so," said the Laird, with a shrewd smile. "Oh, ay, we may as well go on."

Past those straggling cottages, with the elder-bush at their doors to frighten away witches; over the bridge that spans the brawling Cona; along the valley down which the stream rushes; and this gloom overhead deepens and deepens. The first of the great mountains appears on our right, green to the summit, and yet so sheer from top to bottom that it is difficult to understand how those dots of sheep maintain their footing. Then the marks on him; he seems to be a huge Behemoth, with great eyes, grand, complacent, even sardonic, in his look. But the further and further mountains have nothing of this mild, grand humor about them; they are sullen and awful; they grasp the earth with their mighty bulk below, but far away they lift their lurid peaks to the threatening skies, up there where the thunder threatens to shake the silence of the world.

"Miss Avon," Dr. Sutherland again remonstrates, "you have come five or six miles now. Suppose you have to walk back in the rain?"

"I don't mind about that," she says, cheerfully. "But I am dreadfully, dreadfully hungry."

"Then we must push on to Clachaig," says the Laird; "there is no help for it."

"But wait a moment," she says.

She goes to the side of the road where the great gray bowlders and ferns and moist marsh-grass are, and begins to gather handfuls of "sourocks"; that is to say, of the smaller sheep-sorrel. "Who will partake of this feast to allay the pangs of hunger?"

"Is thy servant a baa-lamb that she should do this thing?" her hostess says, and drives the girl forward.

The inn is reached but in time; for behold there is a gray "smurr" of mist com-

ing down the glen; and the rain is beginning to darken the gray bowlders again. And very welcome are those chairs, and the bread and cheese and beer, and the humble efforts in art around the walls. If the feast is not as the feasting of the Fish-mongers, if we have no pretty boxes to carry home to the children, if we have no glimpses of the pale blue river and shipping through the orange light of the room, at least we are not amazed by the appearance of the Duke of Sussex in the garb of a Highlander. And the frugal meal was substantial enough. Then the question about getting back arose.

"Now, Mary," says her hostess, "you have got to pay for your amusement. How will you like walking seven or eight miles in a thunder-storm?"

But here the Laird laughs.

"No, no," he says, going to the window. "That wagonette that has just come up I ordered at the inn on passing. Ye will not have to walk a step, my lass; but I think we had better be going, as it looks black overhead."

Black enough, indeed, was it as we drove back in this silent afternoon, with a thunder-storm apparently about to break over our heads. And it was close and sultry when we got on board again, though there was as yet no wind. Captain John did not like the look of the sky.

"I said you were going to bring a gale with you, Angus," his hostess remarked to him, cheerfully, at dinner.

"It begins to look like it," he answered, gravely; "and it is getting too late to run away from here if the wind rises. As soon as it begins to blow, if I were John, I would put out the starboard anchor."

"I know he will take your advice," she answers, promptly.

We saw little of Angus Sutherland that evening; for it was raining hard and blowing hard; and the cabin below, with its lit candles, and books, and cards, and what not, was cheerful enough; while he seemed very much to prefer being on deck. We could hear the howling of the wind through the rigging, and the gurgling of the water along the sides of the yacht; and we knew by the way she was swaying that she was pulling hard at her anchor chain. There was to be no beautiful moonlight for us that night, with the black shadows on the hills, and the lane of silver on the water.

A dripping and glistening figure comes down the companion; a gleaming red face appears at the door. Mary Avon looks up from her draughts, but for an instant.

"Well, Angus, what is the report?" says Queen Titania, brightly. "And what is all the noise on deck? And why don't you come below?"

"They have been paying out more anchor chain," says the rough voice from out of the mackintosh; "it is likely to be a nasty night, and we are going to lower the topmast now. I want you to be so kind as to tell Fred to leave out some whiskey and some bread and cheese; for John thinks of having an anchor watch."

"The bread and cheese and whiskey Fred can get at any time," says she. And she adds, with some warmth, "But you are not going to stay on deck on such a night. Come in here at once. Leave your mackintosh on the steps."

Is it that he looks at that draught-board? It is Mr. Howard Smith who is playing with Mary Avon. The faithless Miranda has got another Ferdinand now.

"I think I would rather take my turn like the rest," he says, absently. "There may be some amusement before the morning."

And so the black figure turned away and disappeared; and a strange thing was that the girl playing draughts seemed to have been so bewildered by the apparition that she stared at the board, and could not be got to understand how she had made a gross and gigantic blunder.

"Oh yes; oh, certainly," she said, hurriedly; but she did not know how to retrieve her obvious mistake.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN UNSPOKEN APPEAL.

"WHAT have I done? Is she vexed? Have I offended her?" he asked, the next morning, in a rapid manner, when his hostess came on deck. The gale had abated somewhat, but gloom overspread earth and sky. It was nothing to the gloom that overspread his usually frank and cheerful face.

"You mean Mary?" she says, though she knows well enough.

"Yes; haven't you seen? She seems to treat me as though we had never met before—as though we were perfect stran-

gers; and I know she is too kind-hearted to cause any one any pain—"

Here he looks somewhat embarrassed for a moment; but his customary straightforwardness comes to his rescue.

"Yes; I will confess I am very much hurt by it. And—and I should like to know if there was any cause. Surely you must have noticed it?"

She had noticed it, sure enough; and in contrast with that studied coldness which Mary Avon had shown to her friend of former days, she had remarked the exceeding friendliness the young lady was extending to the Laird's nephew. But would she draw the obvious conclusion? Not likely; she was too stanch a friend to believe any such thing. All the same, there remained in her mind a vague feeling of surprise, with perhaps a touch of personal injury.

"Well, Angus, you know," she said, evasively, "Mary is very much preoccupied just at present. Her whole condition of life is changed, and she has many things to think of—"

"Yes; but she is frank enough with her other friends. What have I done that I should be made a stranger of?"

A strange answer comes to these idle frettings of the hour. Far away on the shore a number of small black figures emerge from the woods, and slowly pass along the winding road that skirts the rocks. They are following a cart—a common farm-yard cart; but on the wooden planks is placed a dark object that is touched here and there with silver—or perhaps it is only the white cords. Between the overhanging gloom of the mountains and the cold grays of the wind-swept sea the small black line passes slowly on. And these two on board the yacht watch it in silence. Are they listening for the wail of the pipes—the pathetic dirge of "Lord Lovat," or the cry of the "Cumhadh na Cloinne"? But the winds are loud, and the rushing seas are loud; and now the rude farm-yard cart, with its solemn burden, is away out at the point; and presently the whole simple pageant has disappeared. The lonely burying-ground lies far away among the hills.

Angus Sutherland turns round again with a brief sigh.

"It will be all the same in a few years," he says to his hostess; and then he adds, indifferently, "What do you say about starting? The wind is against us; but anything is better than lying here. There were some bad squalls in the night."

Very soon after this the silent loch is resounding with the rattle of halyards, blocks, and chains; and Angus Sutherland is seeking distraction from those secret cares of the moment in the excitement of hard work. Nor is it any joke getting in that enormous quantity of anchor chain. In the midst of all the noise and bustle Mary Avon appears on deck to see what is going on, and she is immediately followed by young Smith.

"Why don't you help them?" she says, laughing.

"So I would, if I knew what to do," he says, good-naturedly. "I'll go and ask Dr. Sutherland."

It was a fatal step. Angus Sutherland suggested, somewhat grimly, that if he liked he might lend them a hand at the windlass. A muscular young Englishman does not like to give in, and for a time he held his own with the best of them; but long before the starboard anchor had been got up, and the port one hove short, he had had enough of it. He did not volunteer to assist at the throat halyards. To Miss Avon, who was calmly looking on, he observed that it would take him about a fortnight to get his back straight.

"That," said she, finding an excuse for him instantly, "is because you worked too hard at it at first. You should have watched the Islay man. All he does is to call 'Heave!' and to make his shoulders go up as if he were going to do the whole thing himself. But he does not help a bit. I have watched him again and again."

"Your friend Dr. Sutherland," said he, regarding her for an instant as he spoke, "seems to work as hard as any of them."

"He is very fond of it," she said, simply, without any embarrassment; nor did she appear to regard it as singular that Angus Sutherland should have been spoken of specially as her friend.

Angus Sutherland himself comes rapidly aft, loosens the tiller-rope, and jams the helm over. And now the anchor is hove right up; the reefed mainsail and small jib quickly fill out before this fresh breeze; and presently, with a sudden cessation of noise, we are spinning away through the leaden-colored waters. We are not sorry to get away from under the gloom of these giant hills; for the day still

looks squally, and occasionally a scud of rain comes whipping across, scarcely sufficient to wet the decks. And there is more life and animation on board now; a good deal of walking up and down in Ulsters, with inevitable collisions; and of remarks shouted against, or with, the wind; and of joyful pointing toward certain silver gleams of light in the west and south. There is hope in front; behind us nothing but darkness and the threatenings of storm. The Pass of Glencoe has disappeared in rain; the huge mountains on the right are as black as the deeds of murder done in the glen below; Ardgour over there, and Lochaber here, are steeped in gloom. And there is less sadness now in the old refrain of "Lochaber," since there is a prospect of the South shining before us. If Mary Avon is singing to herself about

"Lochaber no more, and Lochaber no more—
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more,"

it is with a light heart.

But then if it is a fine thing to go bowling along with a brisk breeze on our beam, it is very different when we get round Ardshiel, and find the southerly wind veering to meet us dead in the teeth. And there is a good sea running up Loch Linnhe—a heavy gray-green sea that the *White Dove* meets and breaks, with spurts of spray forward, and a line of hissing foam in our wake. The zigzag beating takes us alternately to Ardgour and Appin, until we can see here and there the cheerful patches of yellow corn at the foot of the giant and gloomy hills; then "'Bout ship" again, and away we go on the heaving and rushing gray-green sea.

And is Mary Avon's oldest friend—the woman who is the stanchest of champions—being at last driven to look askance at the girl? Is it fair that the young lady should be so studiously silent when our faithful doctor is by, and instantly begin to talk again when he goes forward to help at the jib or foresail sheets? And when he asks her, as in former days, to take the tiller, she somewhat coldly declines the offer he has so timidly and respectfully made. But as for Mr. Smith, that is a very different matter. It is he whom she allows to go below for some wrapper for her neck. It is he who stands by, ready to shove over the top of the companion when she crouches to avoid a passing shower of rain. It is he with whom she jokes and talks—when the Laird does not monopolize her.

"I would have believed it of any girl in the world rather than of her," says her hostess, to another person, when these two happen to be alone in the saloon below. "I don't believe it yet. It is impossible. Of course a girl who is left as penniless as she is might be pardoned for looking round and being friendly with rich people who are well inclined toward her; but I don't believe—I say it is impossible—that she should have thrown Angus over just because she saw a chance of marrying the Laird's nephew. Why, there never was a girl we have ever known so independent as she is!—not any one half as proud and as fearless. She looks upon going to London and earning her own living as nothing at all. She is the very last girl in the world to speculate on making a good match—she has too much pride; she would not speak another word to Howard Smith if such a monstrous thing were suggested to her."

"Very well," says the meek listener. The possibility was not of his suggesting, assuredly: he knows better.

Then the Admiral-in-chief of the *White Dove* sits silent and puzzled for a time.

"And yet her treatment of poor Angus is most unfair. He is deeply hurt by it—he told me so this morning—"

"If he is so fearfully sensitive that he can not go yachting and enjoy his holiday because a girl does not pay him attention—"

"Why, what do you suppose he came back here for?" she says, warmly. "To go sailing in the *White Dove*? No, not if twenty *White Doves* were waiting for him! He knows too well the value of his time to stay away so long from London if it were merely to take the tiller of a yacht. He came back here, at great personal sacrifice, because Mary was on board."

"Has he told you so?"

"He has not; but one has eyes."

"Then suppose she has changed her mind: how can you help it?"

She says nothing for a second. She is preparing the table for Master Fred: perhaps she tosses the novels on to the couch with an impatience they do not at all deserve. But at length she says:

"Well, I never thought Mary would have been so fickle as to go chopping and

changing about within the course of a few weeks. However, I won't accuse her of being mercenary; I will not believe that. Howard Smith is a most gentlemanly young man—good-looking, too, and pleasant tempered. I can imagine any girl liking him."

Here a volume of poems is pitched on to the top of the draught-board as if it had done her some personal injury.

"And in any case she might be more civil to a very old friend of ours," she adds.

Further discourse on this matter is impossible; for our Friedrich d'or comes in to prepare for luncheon. But why the charge of incivility? When we are once more assembled together, the girl is quite the reverse of uncivil toward him. She shows him—when she is forced to speak to him—an almost painful courtesy; and she turns her eyes down as if she were afraid to speak to him. This is no flaunting coquette, proud of her willful caprice.

And as for poor Angus, he does his best to propitiate her. They begin talking about the picturesqueness of various cities. Knowing that Miss Avon has lived the most of her life, if she was not actually born, in London, he strikes boldly for London. What is there in Venice, what is there in the world, like London in moonlight—with the splendid sweep of her river, and the long lines of gas lamps, and the noble bridges? But she is all for Edinburgh: if Edinburgh had but the Moldau running through that valley, and the bridges of Prague to span it, what city in Europe could compare with it? And the Laird is so delighted with her approval of the Scotch capital that he forgets for the moment his Glaswegian antipathy to the rival city, and enlarges no less on the picturesqueness of it than on its wealth of historical traditions. There is not a stain of blood on any floor that he does not believe in. Then the Sanctuary of Holyrood: what stories has he not to tell about that famous refuge?

"I believe the mysterious influence of that sanctuary has gone out and charmed all the country about Edinburgh," said our young doctor. "I suppose you know that there are several plants, poisonous elsewhere, that are quite harmless in the neighborhood of Edinburgh. You remember I told you, Miss Avon, that evening we went out to Arthur's Seat?"

It was well done, Queen Titania must have thought, to expose this graceless flirt before her new friends. So she had been walking out to Arthur's Seat with him, in the summer afternoons?

"Y—yes," says the girl.

"Ay, that is a most curious thing," says the Laird, not noticing her downcast looks and flushed cheeks. "But what were they, did ye say?"

"Umbelliferous plants," replies Angus Sutherland, in quite a matter-of-fact manner. "The *Œnanthe crocata* is one of them, I remember; and I think the *Cicuta virosa*, that is the water-hemlock."

"I would jist like to know," says the Laird, somewhat pompously, "whether that does not hold good about the neighborhood of Glesca also. There's nothing so particular healthy about the climate of Edinburgh, as far as ever I heard tell of. Quite the reverse—quite the reverse. East winds, fogs—no wonder the people are shilpit-looking creatures as a general rule—like a lot o' Paisley weavers. But the ceety is a fine ceety, I will admit that; and many's the time I've said to Tom Galbraith that he could get no finer thing to paint than the view of the High Street at night from Prince's Street—especially on a moonlight night. A fine ceety: but the people themselves!"—here the Laird shook his head. "And their manner o' speech is most vexsome—a long, sing-song kind o' yaumering, as if they had not sufficient manliness to say outright what they meant. If we are to have a Scotch accent, I prefer the accent—the very slight accent—ye hear about Glesca. I would like to hear what Miss Avon has to say upon that point."

"I am not a very good judge, sir," says Miss Avon, prudently.

Then on deck. The leaden-black waves are breaking in white foam along the shores of Kingairloch and the opposite rocks of Eilean-na-Shuna; and we are still laboriously beating against the southerly wind; but those silver-yellow gleams in the south have increased over the softly purple hills of Morvern and Duart. Black as night are the vast ranges of mountains in the north; but they are far behind us; we have now no longer any fear of a white shaft of lightning falling from the gloom overhead.

The decks are dry now; camp-stools are in requisition; there is to be a consultation about our future plans, after the *White Dove* has been beached for a couple of days.

The Laird admits that, if it had been three days or four days, he would like to run through to Glasgow and to Strathgovan, just to see how they were getting on with the gas lamps in the Mitherdrum Road; but, as it is, he will write for a detailed report; hence he is free to go wherever we wish. Miss Avon, interrogated, answers that she thinks she must leave us and set out for London; whereupon she is bidden to hold her tongue, and not talk foolishness. Our doctor, also interrogated, looks down on the sitting parliament—he is standing at the tiller—and laughs.

"Don't be too sure of getting to Castle Osprey to-night," he says, "whatever your plans may be. The breeze is falling off a bit. But you may put me down as willing to go anywhere with you, if you will let me come."

This decision seemed greatly to delight his hostess. She said we could not do without him. She was herself ready to go anywhere now—eagerly embraced the Youth's suggestion that there were, according to John of Skye's account, vast numbers of seals in the bays on the western shores of Knapdale; and at once assured the Laird, who said he particularly wanted a seal-skin or two and some skarts' feathers for a young lady, that he should not be disappointed. Knapdale, then, it was to be.

But in the mean time? Dinner found us in a dead calm. After dinner, when we came on deck, the sun had gone down; and in the pale, tender blue-gray of the twilight the golden star of Lismore Light-house was already shining. Then we had our warning lights put up—the port red light shedding a soft crimson glow on the bow of the dingey, the starboard green light touching with a cold, wan color the iron shrouds. To crown all, as we were watching the dark shadows of Lismore Island, a thin, white, vivid line, like the edge of a shilling, appeared over the low hill; and then the full moon rose into the partially clouded sky. It was a beautiful night.

But we gave up all hope of reaching Castle Osprey. The breeze had quite gone; the calm sea slowly rolled. We went below—to books, draughts, and what not—Angus Sutherland alone remaining on deck, having his pipe for his companion.

It was about an hour afterward that we were startled by sounds on deck; and presently we knew that the *White Dove* was again flying through the water. The women took some little time to get their shawls and things ready: had they known what was awaiting them, they would have been more alert.

For no sooner were we on deck than we perceived that the *White Dove* was tearing through the water without the slightest landmark or light to guide her. The breeze that had sprung up had swept before it a bank of sea-fog—a most unusual thing in these windy and changeable latitudes; and so dense was this fog that the land on all sides of us had disappeared, while it was quite impossible to say where Lismore Light-house was. Angus Sutherland had promptly surrendered the helm to John of Skye, and had gone forward. The men on the look-out at the bow were themselves invisible.

"Oh, it iss all right, mem," called out John of Skye, through the dense fog, in answer to a question. "I know the lay o' the land very well, though I do not see it. And I will keep her down to Duart, bekass of the tide." And then he called out,

"Hector, do you not see any land yet?"

"*Cha n'eil!*" calls out Hector, in reply, in his native tongue.

"We'll put a tack on her now. Ready about, boys!"

"*Ready about!*"

Round slews her head, with blocks and sails clattering and flapping; there is a scuffle of making fast the lee sheets; then once more the *White Dove* goes plunging into the unknown. The non-experts see nothing at all but the fog; they have not the least idea whether Lismore Light-house—which is a solid object to run against—is on port or starboard bow, or right astern, for the matter of that. They are huddled in a group about the top of the companion. They can only listen and wait.

John of Skye's voice rings out again:

"Hector, can you not mek out the land yet?"

"*Cha n'eil!*"

"What does he say?" the Laird asks, almost in a whisper: he is afraid to distract attention at such a time.

"He says 'No,'" Angus Sutherland answers. "He can not make out the land. It is very thick; and there are bad rocks between Lismore and Duart. I think I will climb up to the cross-trees, and have a look round."

What was this? A girl's hand laid for

an instant on his arm; a girl's voice—low, quick, beseeching—saying, "*Oh no!*"

It was the trifle of a moment.

"There is not the least danger," says he, lightly. "Sometimes you can see better at the cross-trees."

Then the dim figure is seen going up the shrouds; but he is not quite up at the cross-trees when the voice of John of Skye is heard again:

"Mr. Sutherland!"

"All right, John!" and the dusky figure comes stumbling down and across the loose sheets on deck.

"If ye please, sir," says John of Skye; and the well-known formula means that Angus Sutherland is to take the helm. Captain John goes forward to the bow. The only sound around us is the surging of the unseen waves.

"I hope you are not frightened, Miss Avon," says Mr. Smith, quite cheerfully; though he is probably listening, like the rest of us, for the sullen roar of breakers in the dark.

"No, I am bewildered—I don't know what it is all about."

"You need not be afraid," Angus Sutherland says to her, abruptly—for he will not have the Youth interfere in such matters—"with Captain John on board. He sees better in a fog than most men in daylight."

"We are in the safe-keeping of One greater than any Captain John," says the Laird, simply and gravely: he is not in any alarm.

Then a call from the bow:

"Helm hard down, sir!"

"Hard down it is, John!"

Then the rattle again of sheets and sails; and as she swings round again on the other tack, what is that vague, impalpable shadow one sees—or fancies one sees—on the starboard bow?

"Is that the land, John?" Angus Sutherland asks, as the skipper comes aft.

"Oh, ay," says he, with a chuckle. "I wass thinking to myself it wass the loom of Duart I sah once or twice. And I wass saying to Hector if it wass his sweetheart he will look for, he will see better in the night."

Then by-and-by this other object, to which all attention is summoned: the fog grows thinner and thinner; some one catches sight of a pale glimmering light on our port quarter, and we know that we have left Lismore Light-house in our wake. And still the fog grows thinner, until it is suffused with a pale blue radiance; then suddenly we sail out into the beautiful moonlight, with the hills along the horizon all black under the clear and solemn skies.

It is a pleasant sail into the smooth harbor on this enchanted night: the far windows of Castle Osprey are all aglow; the mariners are to rest for a while from the travail of the sea. And as we go up the moon-lit road, the Laird is jocular enough, and asks Mary Avon, who is his companion, whether she was prepared to sing "Lochaber no more" when we were going blindly through the mist. But our young doctor remembers that hour or so of mist for another reason. There was something in the sound of the girl's voice he can not forget. The touch of her hand was slight, but his arm has not even yet parted with the thrill of it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HIS LORDSHIP.

Miss Avon is seated in the garden in front of Castle Osprey, under the shade of a drooping ash. Her book lies neglected beside her on the iron seat; she is idly looking abroad on the sea and the mountains, now all aglow in the warm light of the afternoon.

There is a clanging of a gate below. Presently up the steep gravel-path comes a tall and handsome young fellow, in full shooting accoutrement, with his gun over his shoulder. Her face instantly loses its dreamy expression. She welcomes him with a cheerful "Good-evening!" and asks what sport he has had. For answer he comes across the greensward, places his gun against the trunk of the ash, takes a seat beside her, and puts his hands round one knee.

"It is a long story," says the Youth. "Will it bore you to hear it? I've seen how the women in a country house dread the beginning of the talk at dinner about the day's shooting, and yet give themselves up, like the martyrs and angels they are; and—and it is very different from hunting, don't you know, for there the women can talk as much as anybody."

"Oh, but I should like to hear, really," says she. "It was so kind of a stranger on board a steamer to offer you a day's shooting!"

"Well, it was," says he; "and the place has been shot over only once—on the 12th. Very well; you shall hear the whole story. I met the keeper by appointment down at the quay. I don't know what sort of a fellow he is—Highlander or Lowlander; I am not such a swell at those things as my uncle is—but I should have said he talked a most promising mixture of Devonshire, Yorkshire, and Westmoreland—"

"What was his name?"

"I don't know," says the other, leisurely. "I called him Donald on chance; and he took to it well enough. I confess I thought it rather odd he had only one dog with him—an old retriever; but then, don't you know, the moor had been shot over only once; and I thought we might get along. As we walked along to the hill, Donald says, 'Dinna tha mind, sir, if a blackcock gets up; knock un ower, knock un ower, sir.'"

At this point Miss Avon most unfairly bursts out laughing.

"Why," she says, "what sort of countryman was he if he talked like that? That is how they speak in plays about the colliery districts."

"Oh, it's all the same," says the young man, quite unabashed. "I gave him my bag to carry, and put eight or ten cartridges in my pockets. 'A few mower, sir—a few mower, sir,' says Donald, and crams my pockets full. Then he would have me put cartridges in my gun even before we left the road; and as soon as we began to ascend the hill, I saw he was on the outlook for a straggler or two, or perhaps a hare. But he warned me that the shooting had been very bad in these districts this year, and that on the 12th the rain was so persistent that scarcely anybody went out. Where could we have been on the 12th?—surely there was no such rain with us?"

"But when you are away from the hills you miss the rain," remarks this profound meteorologist.

"Ah! perhaps so. However, Donald said: 'His lordship went hout for an hour, and got a brace and a 'alf. His lordship is no keen for a big bag, ye ken; but is just satisfied if he can get a brace or a couple of brace afore luncheon. It is the exerceez he likes.' I then discovered that Lord —— had had this moor as part of his shooting last year; and I assured Donald I did not hunger after slaughter. So we climbed higher and higher. I found Donald a most instructive companion. He was very great on the ownership of the land about here, and the old families, don't you know, and all that kind of thing. I heard a lot about the MacDougalls, and how they had all their possessions confiscated in 1745; and how, when the government pardoned them, and ordered the land to be restored, the Campbells and Breadalbane, into whose hands it had fallen, kept all the best bits for themselves. I asked Donald why they did not complain. He only grinned. I suppose they were afraid to make a row. Then there was one MacDougall an admiral or captain, don't you know; and he sent a boat to rescue some shipwrecked men, and the boat was swamped. Then he would send another, and that was swamped too. The government, Donald informed me, wanted to hang him for his philanthropy; but he had influential friends, and he was let off on the payment of a large sum of money—I suppose out of what the Dukes of Argyll and Breadalbane had left him."

The Youth calmly shifted his hands to the other knee.

"You see, Miss Avon, this was all very interesting; but I had to ask Donald where the birds were. 'I'll let loose the doag now,' says he. Well, he did so. You would have thought he had let loose a sky-rocket! It was off and away—up hill and down dale—and all his whistling wasn't of the slightest use. 'He's a bit wild,' Donald had to admit; 'but if I had kent you were a-goin' shootin' earlier in the morning, I would have given him a run or two to take the freshness hoff. But on a day like this, sir, there's no scent; we will just have to walk them up; they'll lie as close as a water-hen.' So we left the dog to look after himself, and on we pounded. Do you see that long ridge of rugged hill?"

He pointed to the coast-line beyond the bay.

"Yes."

"We had to climb that, to start with; and not even a glimpse of a rabbit all the way up. ''Ave a care, sir,' says Donald; and I took down my gun from my shoulder, expecting to walk into a whole covey at least. 'His lordship shot a brace and a 'alf of grouse on this wery knoll the last day he shot over the moor last year.' And now there was less talking, don't you know; and we went cautiously through the heather, working every bit of it, until

we got right to the end of the knoll. 'It's fine heather,' says Donald; 'bees would dae well here.' So on we went; and Donald's information began again. He pointed out a house on some distant island where Alexander III. was buried. 'But where are the birds?' I asked of him at last. 'Oh,' says he, 'his lordship was never greedy after the shootin'. A brace or two afore luncheon was all he wanted. He bain't none o' your greedy ones, he bain't. His lordship shot a hare on this very side last year—a fine long shot.' We went on again: you know what sort of morning it was, Miss Avon?"

"It was hot enough, even in the shelter of the trees."

"Up there it was dreadful: not a breath of wind: the sun blistering. And still we ploughed through that knee-deep heather, with the retriever sometimes coming within a mile of us; and Donald back to his old families. It was the MacDonnells now; he said they had no right to that name; their proper name was MacAlister —Mack Mick Alister, I think he said. 'But where the dickens are the birds?' I said. 'If we get a brace afore luncheon, we'll do fine,' said he. And then he added, 'There's a braw cold well down there that his lordship aye stopped at.' The hint was enough; we had our dram. Then we went on, and on, and on, and on, until I struck work, and sat down, and waited for the luncheon basket."

"We were so afraid Fred would be late," she said; "the men are all so busy down at the yacht."

"What did it matter?" the Youth said, resignedly. "I was being instructed. He had got further back still now, to the Druids, don't you know, and the antiquity of the Gaelic language. 'What was the river that ran by Rome?' 'The Tiber,' I said. 'And what,' he asked, 'was *Tober* in Gaelic but a spring or fountain?' And the Tamar in Devonshire was the same thing. And the various Usks—*uska*, it seems, is the Gaelic for water. Well, I'm hanged if I know what that man did *not* talk about!"

"But surely such a keeper must be invaluable," remarks the young lady, innocently.

"Perhaps. I confess I got a little bit tired of it; but no doubt the poor fellow was doing his best to make up for the want of birds. However, we started again after luncheon. And now we came to place after place where his lordship had performed the most wonderful feats last year. And, mind you, the dog wasn't ranging so wild now; if there had been the ghost of a shadow of a feather in the whole district, we must have seen it. Then we came to another well where his lordship used to stop for a drink. Then we arrived at a crest where no one who had ever shot on the moor had ever failed to get a brace or two. A brace or two! What we flushed was a covey of sheep that flew like mad things down the hill. Well, Donald gave in at last. He could not find words to express his astonishment. His lordship had never come along that highest ridge without getting at least two or three shots. And when I set out for home, he still stuck to it; he would not let me take the cartridges out of my gun; he assured me his lordship never failed to get a snipe or a blackcock on the way home. Confound his lordship!"

"And is that all the story?" says the young lady, with her eyes wide open.

"Yes, it is," says he, with a tragic gloom on the handsome face.

"You have not brought home a single bird?"

"Not a feather!—never saw one."

"Not even a rabbit?"

"Nary rabbit."

"Why, Fred was up here a short time ago wanting a few birds for the yacht."

"Oh, indeed," says he, with a sombre contempt. "Perhaps he will go and ask his lordship for them. In the mean time, I'm going in to dress for dinner. I suppose his lordship would do that too, after having shot his thirty brace."

"You must not, anyway," she says. "There is to be no dressing for dinner today; we are all going down to the yacht after."

"At all events," he says, "I must get my shooting things off. Much good I've done with 'em!"

So he goes into the house, and leaves her alone. But this chat together seems to have brightened her up somewhat; and with a careless and cheerful air she goes over to the flower borders, and begins culling an assortment of various-hued blossoms. The evening is becoming cooler; she is not so much afraid of the sun's glare; it is a pleasant task; and she is singing, or humming, snatches of song of the most heterogeneous character.

"Then fill up a bumper!—what can I do less
Than drink to the health of my bonny Black Bess?"

—this is the point at which she has arrived when she suddenly becomes silent, and for a second her face is suffused with a conscious color. It is our young doctor who has appeared on the gravel-path. She does not rise from her stooping position; but she hurries with her work.

"You are going to decorate the dinner table, I suppose?" he says, somewhat timidly.

"Yes," she answers, without raising her head. The fingers work nimbly enough: why so much hurry?

"You will take some down to the yacht, too?" he says. "Everything is quite ready now for the start to-morrow."

"Oh yes," she says. "And I think I have enough now for the table. I must go in."

"Miss Avon," he says; and she stops, with her eyes downcast. "I wanted to say a word to you. You have once or twice spoken about going away. I wanted to ask you—you won't think it is any rudeness. But if the reason was—if it was the presence of any one that was distasteful to you—"

"Oh, I hope no one will think that!" she answers, quickly; and for one second the soft, black, pathetic eyes meet his. "I am very happy to be amongst such good friends—too happy, I think. I—I must think of other things—"

And here she seems to force this embarrassment away from her; and she says to him, with quite a pleasant air:

"I am so glad to hear that the *White Dove* will sail so much better now. It must be so much more pleasant for you, when you understand all about it."

And then she goes into the house to put the flowers on the table. He, left alone, goes over to the iron seat beneath the ash-tree, and takes up the book she has been reading, and bends his eyes on the page. It is not the book he is thinking about.

MR. WITHERTON'S ROMANCE.

WHAT a pretty, very pretty girl she seemed, as I looked at her, seated in front of me, over on the right side of the car, with her face turned at an angle which gave me the contour of her delicate oval chin and regular brow! How clear and pure her temples were, and how very neatly the hair grew back from them!

A long time did I watch her, that very cold day near Christmas, when we travelled the whole way on the same road, and I found so much to attract in the changes of her face that I noticed nothing else without or within. She was alone, and appeared to be keeping a sharp look-out upon all her fellow-travellers, more from timidity, I think, than from any curiosity as regarded them. Every man who rose to go to the end of the car to get a drink of water, or to leave it for the pleasure of "a little smoke," or to lounge up to the stove from pure restlessness, immediately influenced her expression of countenance. At the first movement he would make she would start, look apprehensive as he rose, alarmed as he advanced toward her seat, terrified as he came close, and relieved in proportion as he lengthened the distance between them. I noticed, as time passed on, with increasing interest, every new alarm, and the expression each elicited depicted upon her speaking countenance, and was almost lost in conjecture as to where could be her destination, what her position in life, and antecedents, when I was suddenly startled by my wife's voice at my side, saying,

"Theodore, what in the world do you see in that girl's face, that you have been watching her so intently for the last hour?"

"My dear," I answered, "she is very pretty. She reminds me most forcibly of you when I first met you at—a—a—Newport."

"I never went to Newport until I had been almost ten years married," said Mrs. Witherton. (My name is Theodore Witherton.)

"Well," I said, "I mean at that time."

"Then why did you not say 'ten years after our marriage?' I don't think that people can be too particular in their statements," said Mrs. W. "If every one observed this rule, fewer quarrels would occur in families, and society also, and less mischief be made."

"Yes, my dear; I was only thinking at the moment of the likeness."

"Likeness?" she said, sharply. "What likeness could any one possibly see between a dark girl with brown hair and eyes, and the long thin face that she has, and a round fair one, with blue eyes and light hair, like mine—at least," in answer to my glance, "like what mine *was*. However, if you are amused or interested in what you have been gazing at, I am quite satisfied."

She was so well satisfied that she turned squarely round, with her face to the window, and four blocks of black and red plaid shawl alone given me for prospect; for my wife was of comfortable dimensions, and quite filled up three-quarters of the seat we mutually occupied, and the whole of the window besides.

Mrs. Witherton had married me many years ago, through the suggestions of mutual friends, and to the great gratification of my parents. There had been so much difficulty in finding anything in the way of business that I could manage, that the effort at last had to be abandoned. I think that, as is often the case in large families, my capacity has been underrated. Until I married Mrs. Witherton I had been under my mother's care, and then my wife had assumed the charge of me, and we have been as happy, I think, as people generally are. Mrs. Witherton was not handsome, but my mother said that beauty was a great snare; and she was, perhaps, not very clever, but I preferred her not being so for many reasons that I would rather not tell. She had a nice little fortune she had inherited, and when my mother told me in our days of courtship to express certain correct views to her touching marriage settlements, she had interrupted me quickly with a beautiful sentiment: "Do you think, Theodore, that I should be afraid to trust my money to a man to whom I am not afraid to trust myself?" Mother told me not to say anything more on the subject, and we found after the marriage that everything had been tied up as tightly as law could tie it. I am compelled to tell you all this, to make you understand my story. Mrs. Witherton, though, always paid my bills, when she thought them reasonable, and also allowed me some pocket-money; and it was natural that I should be deferential to her, for she was a great deal older than I was.

Now I had often heard the men around me talk of romances and adventures, and all that sort of thing, and though I envied them, still I knew that I was married, and therefore never could have any such experience; but those recitals were of intense interest to me, and as long as they would recount them, I would listen, until there happened to me the adventure that I am going to tell you. Since that day I have thought that I have more in me than people imagine. But to go on with my story.

We were due at New York at eight o'clock that night, and the short winter day closed in earlier than usual as we sped on, breasting the most terrible snowstorm ever encountered. I was afraid to look again at that solitary girl; but when, picking up my wife's muff, I took advantage of my position to steal a glance at her, I saw that her face was pressed closely against the window-pane, and that she had timidly stopped the conductor and asked some question, which, on being answered, seemed to alarm her still further, for she cowered down deeper in her seat. I wanted to follow him out to question him, but I dared not leave Mrs. W. on the plea of a small smoke, for she never allowed smoking when travelling—indeed, very seldom at any other time; but after some cogitation I muttered something concerning her trunk strap having been loosened by the porters. Mrs. W. is very strong-minded on most points, but she never could attain any influence over baggage-men, and was therefore peculiarly alive to their delinquencies.

"Go, Theodore," she instantly said, "and see about my trunk. My opinion is that those porters throw the trunks deliberately about, in the hope that some of them will break, and so give them a chance of pillage."

I rose quickly, and sought neither baggage-master nor trunk, but the conductor, and had a short conversation with him.

"That young lady who is travelling alone seems very nervous and timid," I remarked, as politely as I could, for conductors are sometimes of a contrary temperament. "I feel quite anxious about her."

"Oh, those kind get on very well," he answered, carelessly. "They have a way of looking that will soon induce any soft disengaged chap to take care of them, and no harm done, either."

"But is she entirely alone?"

"Yes, I believe so. Lots of them run all around the country at this season on their own hook. Tell you, sir, the American female is some."

I crushed my disgust at the fellow's vulgar slang.

"Do you know to where she is bound? Is her ticket farther than New York?"

He eyed me very unpleasantly.

"You just let that girl alone," he said. "What have you to do with her? You look as if you could hardly take care of yourself."

"My wife is with me," I said, with dignity; "and I thought that if the young lady was alone, and in need of protection, we could offer it to her when we arrived at New York."

"All right, sir," he said, more civilly. "I guess she will need some one to see after her, for she is bound for Baldon, in Maine, and we shall miss the connection to-night. There's an awful storm blowing."

I went back to my wife, with many useless plans chasing each other in my brain for the accomplishment of my purpose. I was compelled, in returning, to pass the place where the poor girl was seated. She looked up, and the terrified expression that had settled upon her face changed to an appealing glance, so appealing that I hesitated; but just then my wife turned toward me with a question.

"Did you see that the strap was properly fastened?" she asked; "and what was the reason that you did not attend to its being correctly done before we started?"

"It is all right," I said. "My dear, the conductor tells me that we shall be very late in arriving. How terrible for those ladies who are alone to get to the city in this storm and darkness!—so long, too, after the train has been due."

She turned a suspicious—a very suspicious—eye upon me.

"I am so very glad," I hastened to say, "that I did not allow you to leave me, and travel alone to New York. I am always more comfortable in my mind when I am near to protect you in time of need." And I really felt so.

"Mr. Witherton," she said, concisely, "I dislike platitudes."

We sped on in silence, the snow was so deep; and at each station that we stopped at we dropped a passenger or two, till but few were left, for we were an accommodation train. At last we passed through Newark; and then the poor girl, who had hesitatingly risen once or twice, and then sat down again, as if afraid of carrying out her intentions, at last sprang up desperately, and made her way to us. She looked once in Mrs. W.'s face, and then turned to *me*.

"When I left Washington this morning," she said, almost inaudibly, "I expected to go right through New York to my home, but the conductor tells me we shall not make the connection with the Eastern train. I am all alone, sir, and much alarmed, for I never have been before in New York, except once, when I passed through without stopping. Will you tell me where I can remain for the night?"

I had known that there existed some strange sympathy between that girl and myself when our eyes had met in passing, and now as she looked me in the face and appealed to me, I felt that I could do and dare a great deal for her sake; but Mrs. Witherton's opinions have always strongly influenced me, and I knew that she was not putting the most favorable construction upon what was passing at that moment. Still, there have been epochs in my life when I have remembered that I am a man and a gentleman, and also an independent one in my views, however my actions may have been curbed by circumstances. And this was one of those moments.

"This lady and myself," said I, motioning toward my wife, "are going to the New York Hotel to-night, and if you so desire, will take charge of you, and will also see that you are comfortably housed, and to-morrow morning will attend to your safely getting to the Eastern train."

"Perhaps you may manage to make it convenient to take her to her home yourself," icily suggested Mrs. Witherton.

"Oh no," cried the girl, innocently; "but if you please, sir, could I see you a moment alone?"

She saw assent in my eyes, and led the way to the rear of the car, and turning away desperately from Mrs. Witherton's looks, I followed her.

"When we get to the city, can you take me to the hotel in the *cars*?" she asked, with great trepidation.

"Certainly I can, in either car or stage. But do you prefer them to a carriage?" I asked.

"Oh, so much!" she said, thankfully; and after a moment's hesitation she added, "I have so little money with me that I fear to incur much expense;" and then she turned away and quietly resumed her old seat.

I returned to my wife's side.

"Was her communication a state secret?" said she.

"Certainly not. She seems afraid of hacks, or drivers, or something, I really do not know what; only she begged me to take her to the hotel in a street car." I felt an invincible repugnance to letting

my wife know the true reason of the request.

We reached the city by ten o'clock, and telling my *protégée* to keep close to us, I gave my arm to Mrs. Witherton, and looked around for a car as soon as we got out of the dépôt to carry us up to our destination. I had just signaled one, and turned to my party to get them in, when I caught sight of my wife stepping into a comfortable carriage.

"Why, my dear," I exclaimed, "I thought you were going with *us*." The driver was waiting, so that I was naturally heedless of my phraseology. "Was it not decided that we should take a car?"

"I really am not quite certain of whom you are speaking, Mr. Witherton, when you say 'we,'" she answered; "but I, for one, do not care to tramp to that vulgar conveyance over my kid boots in snow and slush. You may do as you please."

I "might," certainly, any one "might" who did not care to count the cost; but sage experience had taught me a great deal. However, I could not, and I would not even if I could, have left that lovely young creature alone at night in a strange city; so I turned away and stopped another car, and handed her in.

Seen now in the full light of the brilliant gas jets, as we passed along, she certainly was lovely, with a clearness and freshness of coloring and a brightness in her full hazel eyes and white even teeth. It is true that there was a lack of expression, and an absence of all that would be suggestive of intelligence or quick comprehensiveness; but I confess I only thought of this years afterward. I give an opinion, as I have always considered myself a judge of feminine beauty, although circumstances may not have permitted me to prove my taste.

We reached our destination at my old head-quarters, the New York Hotel, almost as soon as my wife did, whose skirts I saw turning the corner of the second-story staircase as we entered (this was before elevators became a necessity), and then I turned to my companion to learn her wishes.

She was gazing wonderingly and apprehensively around her, evidently thinking of many things I could not fathom, but she gave me no clew just then to her anxieties.

"You need not feel any uneasiness," I said. "This place is almost like a home to me, and I can make any arrangements for you that you desire. Are you afraid of being alone to-night, for if you are I will ask my wife—" But here my courage failed.

"Not at all frightened," she said, "but I should like an inexpensive room somewhere. I would not mind where they put me."

"I will attend to that. And now will you have some supper? Perhaps after your cold journey—"

"No, no, I thank you," she answered, hastily. "I would like to go at once to bed."

I secured her a room, and gallantly went up five pair of stairs to show her the way. At the threshold she stopped.

"I am very much obliged to you," she said. "You have been very kind. Can I depend upon you to arrange that I shall be called at seven to-morrow morning, as I am told the train leaves at eight; and will you settle my bill and repay yourself what I owe you?" Her beautiful dark hair had fallen down and hung around her, and she looked so gentle and lovely that I determined to do my duty by her in spite of—anybody!

"There will be time enough for that," I said, putting her thin little purse back into her hand. "I will come up and call you myself early to-morrow morning, and arrange everything for you. I will also take you to the station, and see you started safely on your journey." She gave me a little bow and a sweet smile. "Indeed, I shall be most happy to do so," I added, with spirit, and then the door closed.

And then I also remembered that I did not even know where Mrs. Witherton had domiciled herself, and so prowled around on the different floors, interviewing the stray chamber-maids I met (with very unsatisfactory results) as to what room had been assigned to a tall, stout lady in an iron-gray Ulster, and at last I descended to the office and found her number.

I tapped at her door, waited a moment to whisper close to the key-hole, "It is only me, my dear," and then walked in. Mrs. Witherton was seated before a comfortable fire, still in her Ulster (for I had forgotten that the keys of her trunk were in my pocket, so she had been unable to get at her dressing wrapper). Her feet were thrust into a pair of knitted Polish boots, generally used for snow-boots (for her

slippers also were in my overcoat at that moment). Her front curls were "put up" for the night (for bangs were at that time *out*, and corkscrews *in*); and though she had a fragrant supper of broiled oysters on toast and a glass of ale on a waiter before her, she did not appear happy.

Now of all Mrs. W.'s moods the satirical was the one I most abhorred. My skin is naturally soft, but it would curl up into goose-flesh under such infliction, and one glance sufficed to show me the nature of her humor at that moment.

"Why," she cried, "where is she—the lovely waif and stray? How did you manage to tear yourself away? I was quite sure that you would so settle matters that she should have a share of our room, and I have been looking around to gauge its capabilities. That was quite a clever arrangement about the street car, and I only wonder that, after she got rid of me, she did not suggest a carriage."

"My dear Maria, the poor child has perhaps never left home before. Consider how you would have felt if at her age—"

"How *I* would have felt? Do you wish to insult me, Mr. Witherton? I suppose you are aware by this time that you married a lady who would hardly be found, at *any* age, roaming around the country on snowy nights, appealing to the protection of any chance man—"

"Oh, my love, how could she tell that there was a snow-storm coming on? And, besides, thousands of women in this country—indeed, everywhere—are compelled to travel alone. She did not appeal to me. I offered your protection—"

"Then I most positively decline," solemnly said Mrs. W.; and there was no use contesting the point, as, according to the manner things had arranged themselves, her complicity was not needed.

I did not dare to ring and request openly that the porter should be notified to rouse me at seven o'clock; so, fearful that I might oversleep myself, I lay awake the whole night, and counted the hours as they struck. Not even a fire broke out to vary the monotony of my vigil, and once, having given incautiously a loud sigh, my wife turned, and sleepily asked what was the matter.

"I have not closed my eyes," I said.

"Conscience," she muttered, and was again asleep before the words had left her lips.

However, at six I slipped out of bed into the dressing-room, luckily without observation, and when accoutred, toiled up the five pair of stairs to my destination, "one of the five hundred," and knocking at the door, was answered by a pleasant voice, which said, "Thank you; yes—all ready." In a few moments her door opened, and she appeared, bonneted and shawled, bag and purse in hand.

"Will you be so kind as to pay my bill, if you please?" she asked, very nervously, "and to take out also what I owe you for car fare?"

"I will bring you up your account, and you can then see if it is all right before you pay," I said. "I suppose you will take some breakfast?"

"Yes, I think so"—hesitatingly.

Down the five pair of stairs I walked again to the office, and there had a brief confidential talk with the sympathetic clerk, giving him a slight sketch of my position at the time.

"You know," I said, "that she could not help herself, for the connection failed; so I persuaded her to come to this hotel with—with my wife and myself, although she seemed rather afraid of incurring too great expense. Now do, that's a good fellow, make her bill as small as you can. You know I shall remain at this house for some time, and you can always make it up—fix it, you know. Anything that Mrs. Witherton won't object to—on our bill. You understand."

"I see, I see," he said. "All right. Let me see: a night's lodging and breakfast—and a hack?"

"Oh no," I cried, hastily. "I will take her in the street cars. They will soon be running, I suppose?"

"Oh yes. Well, then, a night's lodging and a breakfast. Do you think" (he spoke judicially) "that a dollar and a half is too much?"

"Not at all," I answered. "Give me the bill, and I will take it to her."

He handed it over, and again I made the five-story ascent, and found her seated at her door waiting for me.

"Here it is," handing it over. "Look over it, and if you are not satisfied, I can have it altered. They are very obliging in this house."

She looked long and uneasily.

"Say whatever you think," I urged.

"I think it is very, very high," she answered, simply.

"Then give it to me;" and again I made the descent to the office, tiptoeing carefully past my wife's door, although I knew the utter impossibility of her hearing, or, if she heard, detecting, my footstep among the many that passed.

There, just where I left him, stood the patient, sleepy clerk.

"She thinks it is too much," I whispered.

"Too much?" with raised eyebrows.

"Yes! Take off that dollar" (still in a whisper), "and make it fifty cents. All right, you see. Fix it afterward." I tapped my hand on my rather empty pocket, and winked.

"Oh! Ah! Well!" he said. "That will be all right. Have it just as you please." He gave a broad dash through the one dollar, leaving the fifty cents charged; and again I toiled up with my diminished bill, and once more put it in her hand.

She simply and in good faith handed me a silver half dollar, and then we went in a car to the dépôt. I looked in her relieved, satisfied, and pretty face, and really did not regret my sleepless night and early ride. As for the inexorable future to be met upon my return, I simply ignored it. I put her in the train, and charged the conductor to see to her, and then came the last page of my only romance, ready to be closed. She looked in my face with her open, candid eyes.

"You have been more than kind," she said, "and I hardly know what to say, I am so grateful. I was very much alarmed on the cars, for mother, who lives in Baldon, in Maine, you know, did not consider that there might be detention on the road, and only sent me money enough to buy my ticket and leave me two dollars for travelling expenses. I paid fifty cents to get to the dépôt in Washington, and you were kind enough to have my bill made out as cheaply as possible at the hotel. This, too, was the reason that I asked you to take me there in the cars; I was afraid that my money would not last if I had to pay hack hire. I have just a dollar left," she continued, while the clear, lovely color mounted to the roots of her hair, "and I shall not want anything more till I reach home. It is only a very small trifle; but please, sir, won't you accept it for your trouble?"

Thunder-struck, speechless, with the bill lying on my extended hand which I had offered to say good-by, and where she had placed it, I stood for a second, hardly understanding what she meant, when, with, "All hands aboard—you'll be carried off, my good sir," the conductor good-naturedly took me by the shoulders, and I found myself at once standing on the platform—the cars half a mile distant already.

It was some time before I recovered my full senses, and then I turned homeward. Half a dozen times before I reached there I took that dollar bill out of my pocket and incredulously inspected it. Circumstances certainly forbade my attaching any very romantic associations to it, but it yet had a kind of mysterious fascination for me. What was her name? I just remembered that I never had asked it, but had told the clerk at the hotel to leave a blank, and that I would inquire, and then I had forgotten to do so. Who was she? What a strange idea for her to have chosen a dollar bill as a remembrance between us! and what could be the value of our currency in Baldon, that her mother should calculate that a couple of dollars above and beyond the cost of her ticket could defray her casual expenses from Washington to Maine? My mind was not equal to finding out the meaning of it all.

I kept my secret for a week, and then I weakly told it. (I hope you do not think that I am trying to make a pun.) My wife had been a good wife to me, although she may not have been very attractive, so in a moment of confidence I revealed it all. Need I say that my openness was not respected, and that in after-years the very slightest attention that I might have felt that I was compelled to pay to any young or attractive girl would bring that dollar bill down on my devoted head, in many ingenious ways on my wife's part, though resulting in exasperating annoyances to me?

How I came to confess the whole story may require a few explanations—to unmarried people particularly. That hotel clerk was a bachelor, and owing to this, and also to an absurd and almost exploded idea he seemed to entertain that he was bound to attend to the interests of his employer, and not let him be defrauded of his just dues (oblivious of how many unjust ones he may have extorted which would have more than restored the balance), had interpreted the hint I had given him, the morning I had arranged the

girl's bill, into a permission to him to charge the deficit to me. Now I dare say this was all fair, and I had no objection to the obligation, for, as you know, I had the equivalent in my pocket; or even without it I would have been willing to bear the loss, for I had my month's allowance in my purse at the time; so if our weekly bill had borne any itemized charge such as "washing," or "baths," or "district messages," or even "oysters on the half shell," it would, perhaps, have passed unnoticed, or at least without comment; but the thoughtless fellow had fixed up the deficit in this way with one fell swoop of his pen:

18 Dec. Drinks..... $1 50.

Now Mrs. Witherton always slept on the outside of her couch on Sunday night, so that she could secure the weekly bill early Monday morning, although generally timid about robbers; and as her father, her grandfathers on both sides, her only brother, as well as all her immediate kindred, had been leaders in every temperance movement ever instituted, and had always been teetotally teetotal men, she naturally received a severe shock.

"Mr. Witherton," she cried, suddenly awakening me, "what has been your object in treating bar-room loafers to drinks? Do you intend to run for the office of alderman of this city?"

I was so startled at first that I could not collect my senses, but I was perfectly certain that I could positively deny with entire truth this charge. (I had not yet noticed the bill in her hand.) "My dear," I solemnly said, "I have never offered a man a drink, or paid for one for him, in the whole course of my life."

She turned slowly toward me, and situated as I was with a plastered wall on the one side, and no escape except over my wife on the other, I felt the might and majesty of woman. "Mr. Witherton," she again said—and she was wearing at the time her triple-frilled night-cap, and her black-rimmed spectacles to assist her eyes in deciphering the document she held in her hand—"am I to understand that *you*, and *you* alone, imbibed one dollar and fifty cents' worth of drinks on the 18th December? Then, if so, I thank Heaven that there are such places as inebriate asylums."

I too then rose up from my pillow, as the nature of the charge began to dawn upon me. I took the bill from her hand and pretended to inspect it, although I knew but too well all about its nature; and then what could I do but make a clean breast of it, and confess *all*? and I really felt happier when that was done. My story was rather hard to tell. You would understand how difficult if you knew Mrs. Witherton personally; but still my Maria listened composedly, only breaking the silence once, and that was when I came to the part where I had insinuated to the hotel clerk that I was willing to make up any deficiency in his charge on the girl's bill with *my* money. Then she said something unpleasant, condensed into two words. It is true that I have forgiven them, and never even alluded to them since; but I suppose that to complete my story they ought to be recorded. I can not give her emphasis, though, which, after all, was the most objectionable part of their nature. "Your money?" she cried, with a wonderful prolongation of sound, and all the force was strongly laid on the possessive pronoun.

But I too have at last a story to tell, and though the fellows all laugh at it, I do not mind them, for she was just as pretty and nice as any girl they ever saw. They can not doubt the truth of what I say, because I have the dollar bill to show.

I have tried in vain since we parted to learn something of my travelling companion; but not knowing her name, or aught save that she lived in Baldon, and the subject, also, being unpleasant to my wife, I have labored under difficulties impossible to surmount; but one of my reasons for writing this narrative is the hope of its meeting her eye, and, as Jones says, "weaving one more link in the frail chain that binds us." I suppose he means the dollar bill.

A FAREWELL.

THOU goest, and I abide. Like some gray tower
Crumbling to ruin on desolate mountain height,
Death-silent, save for screaming eagle's flight,
My patient day waits Time's corroding power.
While thou, with wings of flame, through Love's vast space,
Like some great planet, traversest all spheres,
I, all in vain, at lonely fount of tears,
Must strive to quench my soul's thirst for thy face.
But, 'mid thy varied splendors sometimes pause,
And stay sometimes thy sweep of radiant wing,
And bid thy voice old songs to memory sing,
For dirges on my broken life's lost cause,
Which thou hast sung, while I stood by thy side,
In those long-buried hours before Love died.

EARLY HISTORY OF BIBLE ILLUSTRATION.

THE use of pictures for the illustration of ideas has a history quite distinct from what is commonly called the history of painting. It is not the intent of this paper to give even an outline sketch of this long history, but only to notice some interesting points in it. It may thus be possible to suggest the importance of studying the art of picture-making with special reference to the illustrative character of the works produced by artists in various ages and among various peoples. It will at least be made plain in this brief article that some new and important parts of the history of the art of picture-making are to be discovered by studying the art with strict regard to the purposes of pictures as means of making ideas visible to the eye, and thus conveying information. For example, it will be seen that a vast deal of religious art in modern times in the illustration of Bible history grew up very much as a written or spoken language grows, from time to time and even from century to century, successive generations of picture-makers and picture-readers using the old ideas and designs of artists as an adopted language, varied to suit the varying characteristics of men, new designs going into the body of the picture language from time to time, and remaining there, to be used by successive generations.

In fact, there are a number of pictures which have impressed ideas of Bible story on the minds of millions of men whose origin is almost as difficult to determine as it is to say who first designed the form of a Greek amphora, or krater, or other vase of common use. Bible pictures which are attributed to eminent artists of the sixteenth century are found, when we study this history of illustration, to be older designs, which had been long before adopted in what might almost be called an alphabet of Scripture illustration.

The value of a picture as an illustration depends on its intelligibility to the mind for which it is made. No considerations known to that peculiar fungous growth on modern art called art criticism have any value in our history. The questions arising in the study are questions wholly of fact, and never of taste. Picture history in this way becomes essentially a part of the history of the race, and the study of men's ways of expressing or receiving ideas by pictures is the pursuit of a science allied to philology.

When the missionaries in China published an illustrated edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* for Chinese use, they represented Christian as a Chinaman, with Chinese dress and pigtail. Why? Because they were illustrating an idea, and they wished to make it intelligible. They were not illustrating an event or the life of a person. No rule of art controlled them except the rule of so making the picture as best to accomplish the object. Intelligibility is essential to illustration. Truth is not always intelligible.

In a similar case Albert Dürer, that mighty illustrator, who never made a blunder in his art, when he published a *Life of the Virgin* in a series of woodcuts, represented the birth of the Virgin as if it had occurred in a Nuremberg house of his own day. Why? Because he was not representing a scene the surroundings of which he imagined. But he was relating to the religious mind of Germany a grand fact in history connected with the coming of the Lord among men, and this picture was intended to show, not an occurrence, but a truth, that His mother, she who was blessed among women, from whom He received His human nature, was herself a woman, of the same flesh and blood with the women of Nuremberg, born like any Bavarian child to humanity with ordinary human surroundings. Critics call the modern accessories of this picture anachronisms. There is no anachronism in them. The picture would teach us the same lesson to-day that it taught the people of German Europe (and of Italy, when Marc Antonio copied it there), if our habit of religious thought were like theirs, and our domestic life the same.

No one can mistake the intent of an Egyptian illustration. A contemporary Egyptian could not mistake it; a Persian of the invading army could not mistake it; no one can now fail to understand it. It was almost or quite destitute of what we call accessories. The artist painted a story, and did not attempt to paint anything but the story. The outline form of everything was carefully drawn. It is notable that there is so much possible expression in outline drawing. You can

not misunderstand what every person in an Egyptian drawing is doing. The merest child sees which are dead and which are living men in it. In short, the Egyptian illustration was truthful, although it was simple, and the Egyptian artist knew how to express an idea with the fewest lines and with absolute simplicity. Was not this a wonderful art, practiced four thousand years ago, which has thus preserved a story? Mark its greatness. The language of old Egypt, the ancient Coptic, is almost a lost language. If a dead Egyptian could rise and tell his story, there is no scholar in the world to-day who could understand more than here and there a word, if, indeed, the pronunciation would permit so much as that. And yet so skillful were his contemporary painters and artists, such exceeding power was theirs in using the language of illustration, that every event in the home life and the public life of the man was made legible, so that for age after age Greek, Latin, German, French, English-speaking men and women—nay, even children of whatever race and age, speaking and reading whatever tongue—could read and understand the stories of that life as well as the contemporary neighbors and friends of the Egyptian himself.

Beyond this it is impossible that the art of conveying ideas by pictures should ever go. It is very much the fashion in some of the modern schools to tell inquirers that there is nothing in Egyptian art worth studying, that it is barbarous stuff. Does not such teaching indicate a very superficial knowledge of art, in view of the fact that Egyptian pictures serve the purpose for which most pictures are made, and certainly the purpose for which they were made, during four thousand years, and are likely to serve the purpose among all generations of men, till the faith of the old artists becomes vision, and they return in the resurrection to see their work?

I have dwelt on this subject of Egyptian art because it serves to show the student the distinction between the history of illustration and the history of painting and picture-making as ordinarily pursued.

There are remarkable similarities between the early history of illustration among men and the history of what is commonly called the new birth of art—the Renaissance, dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries of our era. The illuminations of manuscripts in the Middle Ages had many characteristics in common with Egyptian illustrations. These illuminated pictures in many cases were very simple, and intelligible even to children. A single thought, a single incident, was represented, and it was told with exceeding truthfulness. Now and then, among these delicate little pictures, a human face, the work of some unknown artist, is full of expression, winning the eye and soul of him who sees it shining on the page. With exceeding patience and very tender love, those artists, from year to year and age to age, painted, for the few who possessed books, faces of saints which gleam out of their frames of gold and flowers and arabesques. The saint does but one act, prays, meditates, sings, gives alms, looks into heaven in rapture. There is one clear expression of the countenance, and this is sometimes so truthful—made truthful by the long contemplation and labor of the artist—that you think that face could never have on it the expression of any other emotion. So the pictures of those times, many of them, strange old flat pictures, became embodiments of the ideal of characters, powerful illustrations of the one truth they were designed to teach, and their possessors must have grown to loving them devoutly. Was it out of this love of a man for a picture, or rather for the character of the saint shown in the picture, and his desire to give it to other men for their comfort, that the invention of an art came by which copies of a picture could be reproduced—the art we now call wood-engraving?

It is not altogether certain what was the origin of this art. Playing-cards may have been printed from wood blocks before the pictures of saints, though some of the German authorities believe that the saints were made before the cards. The Greeks, and the Phœnicians before the Greeks, and the Egyptians for ages, had engraved legends and images on metal and stone so that the design could be reproduced in wax or other soft substances. This, however, was rather the art of moulding or casting from a mould for temporary purposes than of reproducing copies of a thought for use. As the art of writing seems to have been a part of or a derivation from the art of making pictures, so the art of printing in the modern age was a part of or a derivation from the art of reproducing pictures. Soon after men

made pictures, they made alphabets. Soon after men reproduced pictures by printing, they also printed books. And the two arts went hand in hand. Illustrated books were common from the beginning of the days of printed books.

A picture of St. Christopher, found pasted on the inside of an old manuscript cover, was long regarded as the oldest known wood-engraving. It bears an engraved legend, and the date 1423. (Ill. 1.) Other engravings are pressed by various author-



1. THE ST. CHRISTOPHER OF 1423, REDUCED FROM OTTLEY'S FAC-SIMILE.

ities as of earlier origin. It is by no means easy to give up the St. Christopher. It is natural and pleasant to think of some old recluse, whose eyes had grown dim with long life passed in copying beloved manuscripts full of the strange and grand story of the Christ-bearer, who had in his cell a picture of his favorite saint, which he had seen every morning for a half century, and seeing, had been refreshed and encouraged, who desired to give to others the same consolation he possessed as the later years of his life grew heavy. It was a fine, a glorious old legend, that of the giant saint. Every one knows it. He sought service of the most powerful monarch, going from one to another as he discovered that one feared another, serving Satan last, until he learned that Satan feared Christ. Then he sought Christ, as Lord of all lords, but long in vain, till, a holy man advising him, he took up his abode by the ford of a wild river, and carried over the flood all the weak and sick and little children, thus serving, and so hoping to see, his Master. And one tempestuous night a child's voice roused him, begging his help to cross ; and he found the child the heaviest load he had ever borne. And when safe over, the child said, "You who have carried over the little ones and the weak and the sick, seeking Christ, have now carried the world itself with Me, who hold it, for I am Christ, and I accept thy service." In that age of much blind faith in which the monk lived, men believed that he who saw a picture of St. Christopher in the morning was safe that day from flood and tempest and the sudden death (*improvisa morte*) from which in the Litany they prayed to be delivered. And the one great thought of the picture in the cell of the old man was the giant strength carrying over the flood the child-Christ, who bore in His hand the world He had redeemed. No wonder if the old man, desirous that other old men should have opportunity to look at the same picture, copied its lines of expression, so that they could be easily filled out with color, then drew the lines on a pear block, and cut away the other parts of the wood, and took impressions of the lines on sheets of paper, and so invented wood-engraving.

This is a pleasanter view of the invention than the other, which is perhaps more likely to be true: that inasmuch as this was a mechanical invention, it originated, as most such inventions do, in the demand for pictures, and the evident opportunity to make money by producing copies of them. Traders had sold cards printed from wood blocks, and finding that religious prints would sell, made them because it was profitable. In any case the early use of the art was very largely for religious illustrations.

All the early drawings on wood were of Egyptian simplicity. It must be remembered that up to the date of wood-engraving pictures in black lines were not very common. We are so accustomed to this class of pictures that we can hardly imagine any difficulty in understanding them. But people who have never seen pictures except in colors are by no means sure even to know the meaning of a simple black and white picture.

The majority of the early wood-cuts, if not all of them, were intended only as skeletons to be colored by hand. The

lines were indications for the colorist. When cuts were used in books, it was expected they would be colored. Probably the publisher sometimes had them colored before selling the book, and sometimes in Germany and Italy worked with great reputations late in the sixteenth century, painting books as well as manuscripts.

Shortly after printed books came to be made, illustrative prints came into use, and



2. THE QUESTION—SCENE IN COURT, FROM "BAMBERG PENAL CODE," MAYENCE, 1531, AND OTHER EDITIONS.

sold the book with the cuts in black, in which case the purchaser was expected to employ a colorist or color them himself. Black and white pictures became familiar to fifteenth-century eyes from the neglect of purchasers of prints and of books to have them colored. How long after the invention of wood-engraving the custom of making prints to be colored continued invariable is a subject of some doubt. In rare instances we have fifteenth-century wood-cuts executed with so much light and shade, so much of what engravers technically call color, that they may be supposed to have been issued as complete pictures. But there are very few prints down to the time of Dürer which were not intended for color. The illuminators then arose the great characteristic of modern illustration, the union of explanatory pictures with history, philosophy, theology, medicine, law, romance, poetry—any and every subject of book-making. The first book printed with movable type and illustrated with wood-cuts was a book of fables in German rhyme, published by Pfister at Bamberg in 1461. In a few years the number of illustrated books was large, and although we have now so many pictured books, it is probable that in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the proportion of illustrated books was much larger than now. There was a rage for illustration. Sermons, ponderous theological controversies, ancient classics, even the statute laws and books of

practice in criminal proceedings, were fully illustrated. In some books we have pictures of men committing crimes, illustrating every form of felony and misdemeanor; pictures of arrests, imprisonments, trials in court, tortures allowed by law, methods of applying "the question" (Ill. 2), instruments of torture, and modes of punishment in great variety, including numerous methods of capital punishment.

Many writers on the history of engraving have treated the fifteenth-century artists on wood with great contempt, regarding the major part of wood illustration in the early period as rather a mass of curious and grotesque work than an important class in the history of art. This error has been in the main due to two failures in appreciation. They have failed to consider the purposes of the illustrations, and their adaptation to the purposes. It is a common error of critics to treat works of art as if made for them. Such critics measure works by their own powers of understanding, always more or less feeble. For the age and the people, the fifteenth-century works were at least as powerful as those of the nineteenth century. And this is not all. They were in some respects the most powerful works of all art history. We shall see evidence of this hereafter. Regarded as skeletons to be colored, they are wonderful works of art. The early wood-engravings were simple. The thoughts in pictures were generally very clear, and sometimes we may call them one-idea pictures. In general, they expressed one idea, with few accessories. When color was added by contemporary artists, they were still the old flat pictures of the time, but often marvellously effective pictures. And those old artists, with their heavy black lines, coarse, Gothic, grotesque, whatever people called them, found, nevertheless, the true skeleton, the very bones of a thought, a truth, a design, with a skill of perception rarely since equalled, never since surpassed. Innumerable other artists of later years have clothed and reclothed these old skeletons with garments of various sorts to suit various tastes, while the frame of the thought has remained always the same.

The history of engraving has been too much studied by collections of prints, to the neglect of studying the use of prints as illustrations of printed thought. One great use of early wood-engraving was in the translation of printed ideas into picture ideas. An engraving made to illustrate a book should always be examined with the book it was made for. By neglecting this, writers on the history of art have failed to discover a remarkable fact—that a great portion of the body of artistic design, illustrating history and illustrating familiar old thought and story, was a growth of generations, the original designs dating far back, later artists simply redrawing and not materially changing them. A library of early illustrated books reveals this fact.

We have no space to exhibit the truth of the statement in reference to general illustration, but we shall have no difficulty in showing its truth with reference to Bible illustration, and from the examples we shall give of this the student may judge of its correctness with reference to a great deal of general picture illustrations.

The purpose of making printed books to resemble manuscripts continued long after printed books had become comparatively common. Not only were the illustrative pictures intended for color, but ornaments of pages were long reserved for the hand of the painter.

Ornamental letters were engraved for some books, which could be colored as in manuscripts, while in others the place for a large initial letter was left blank, or a small letter in the centre of the blank instructed the painter with what letter he was to fill the space. Ornamental devices, borders, head and tail pieces, were also introduced, at first intended for color, afterward left uncolored, when black and white pictures had become familiar. The earliest instance of an engraved ornamental border which I find printed is a vine (vignette) on the first page of text in a folio Durandus (*Rationale Div. Off.*), published at Ulm in 1475. This and the curious initial letters in the volume were intended to be, and in my copy are, colored. As, however, the eyes of people became familiar with black and white pictures, ornamental or illustrative, color was omitted, and artists used more of what is technically called color in their drawings on wood.

Still the characteristic of fifteenth-century wood illustration remained very much the same—the expression of one idea, and the intensification of the one idea by whatever accessories were placed around it. It is probably to this characteristic that we must attribute the subse-

quent use of these ideas in art. So clear and strong was the central idea in some pictures that few artists of later ages regarded it as worth their while to invent any new and unknown form of expressing it. Good old illustrative pictures were good enough. Ruth gleaning in the field of Boaz was a scene in history. An early artist designed a grouping of the scene representing his idea of it, and illustrators for a century used this design, varied the attitudes, clothing, surrounding scenery, reversed the group, but steadily retained the original idea as the prominent idea of the picture.

The frequent making of a picture to illustrate an abstract idea instead of an actual scene led to a common custom of using the same picture again and again in a book or in various books to illustrate different events. Thus, in lives of the saints, a picture of a miracle performed by one saint would serve equally to illustrate a similar miracle by another, and the death scene of one, whether martyr or not, was a good illustration of the death of another. A battle picture was made only the abstract idea of a battle, and cannon thus appeared in Greek and Roman history. But the battle picture thus served for any and every battle. Heads did not profess to be portraits, but were rather used, like the Egyptian determinatives, to suggest in connection with persons named in history that this was a man or that a woman, and thus the same head served for any man. But later publishers evinced a looseness in this use of cuts, desiring probably to ornament, and thus make attractive, their books, so that many cuts were crowded into books with small regard to illustrative value. And this is the only method of explaining a fearful characteristic of some early sixteenth-century books, the frequent use in religious and other books of ornamental cuts not only disconnected in their subjects from the subject of the book, but sometimes of the most objectionable character. It is true that shrines, like that of the kings at Cologne, were ornamented with engraved gems representing indecent stories from ancient mythology. But it was the art value of the gem which seemed in the minds of men to excuse or overpower the bad character of the representation, and this custom does not fully account for the placing of similar representations on new bronze doors of churches, nor for such books as a fine folio of the controversial *Annotationes* of the Jesuit Lopis on the New Testament of Erasmus, published at Paris in 1522, with an ornamental title-page covered with indecencies of the worst class. Initial letters of this sort abound in Bibles and religious books, while border ornaments of pages are frequently such as could never have been seen by decent men without blushes, however different was the character of the age from our own. In this respect, the ornamental typography of the early sixteenth century exhibits a state of public taste without a parallel in ancient or modern times, and which we are unable in any manner to explain.



3. INTERCHANGEABLE WOOD-CUTS, FROM GERMAN TERENCE, STRASBURG, 1499.

Toward the end of the fifteenth century the Alsacian printers adopted a curious modification of the one-idea style of wood-cut illustration. Figures of men, women, trees, houses, bits of landscape, etc., were engraved on separate blocks, which were variously grouped to form different pictures. (See Ill. 3.) This idea might do for children's books in our day. It was continued by later publishers. We often meet with cuts from older books varied by placing other cuts at the sides, thus adding a figure to a landscape, showing a visitor approaching a seated person, or introducing a new actor in the scene.

It is quite evident that printers accumulated and preserved old wood blocks, bought them from one another, and made such use of them from time to time as they could, not always with strict regard to their accurate service of the new purpose.

We have no space to trace the rise and progress of the art of illustration by wood-engraving in Italy. We shall hereafter see how much of the alphabet of design (if we may so call it) Italy derived from Germany in the matter of Bible illustration. The Italian artist on wood was from the beginning more realistic than the German. The Italians drew the human form like a race of artists accustomed to see statuary. Forms, in the merest outline, are in early Italian wood-cuts generally very graceful, and approach that idea of beauty which we admire. But the Italians did not make a wood-cut a complete picture which needed no color until they learned the art from Dürer. It is important to note in the history of the art that the style of Italian drawing for illustrations was as distinct from the German as was the alphabet of written language. They made neither letters nor pictures alike. It must always be borne in mind in studying art that schools of art, so called, are in many cases the consequence of a diversity in the understanding of people in different countries and different periods. The early French wood-engravers seem to have made up a language of mixed German and Italian, which received the influence of the Dürer school in the beginning of the sixteenth century, but never reached any great perfection for illustrative art. It surpassed all others in substituting beautiful work on wood for illuminated letters and page ornaments, and the early French books are rich in exquisite ornamentations.

Albert Dürer was a young man in the studio of Michael Wohlgemuth, an old artist on canvas and wood. The young man seems to have conceived the idea, for the first time, of using the art of wood-engraving for the fac-simile reproduction of his drawings. It was not far from 1490 that the Nuremberg boy began to look about him and think of making pictures. Before this time artists had drawn vastly more graceful, more elaborate, and more beautiful monochrome work than wood-engraving had preserved. But no artist seems to have thought it possible to use the art in reproducing finished drawings.

It was not the demand of an age, the greed of gain, nor any other worldly influence which led the boy Dürer to become the great art teacher of the ages. He was the gift of God to the human race. No one who has studied the history of the art of illustrating thought by picture can hesitate to acknowledge that the advent of Dürer was so great an event in the history of human education, so great an event for his own age and for us and our age, that his life and labors rank among the great gifts of God to man.

He taught the illustrator how to tell truth with power, beauty, strength, how to make one picture in black and white a poem, a volume. The whole art of picture-making, especially the illustration of books, under his mighty influence extending from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, became a language intelligible to men, women, and children of every nation. The wood-cut which before this had been the poor aid to understand a printed thought, or a guide to the colorist who was to make a picture, became a narrator of stories, a preacher of sermons. It was not necessary for him to write over a figure, "This is the Holy Virgin," for the divine grace of the figure was visible and legible to the very babes of Germany in every picture of her that he drew on wood. His black and white pictures needed no colorist to complete them. The attempt of any colorist to put color on one of Dürer's cuts is to destroy it. His are the first wood-cuts of which this is true, and herein lies, in great measure, the distinction between works before and those after Dürer. Among our collections of Dürer's work on wood we have a few instances of contemporary attempts at coloring, all of which show how the colorist was puzzled in his attempt. He was familiar with col-

oring the old skeleton cuts, but now he was compelled to cover and conceal the artist's thought, and, in fact, make a new picture.

The transition period from the old style to the new style of art may be dated from 1490 to 1530. Among the more influential artists of Germany who drew on wood were some of whose names even we are in doubt. There is uncertainty about such names as Wechtlin and Baldung and Gamberlein and the artists who engraved one of the first picture-books of the Passion, published in several editions at Strasburg about 1507. In the works of all these the transition is visible, and they must be studied in a thorough examination of the history. The artist who engraved the Passion cuts referred to worked also for the publishers of law-books at Strasburg, and produced remarkable illustrations, showing the strangest intermingling of the old style with the new. Picture-books became very popular at this time, and were produced as never before. Burgmair, Schauffelin, Cranac, Beham, Aldegrever, worked for publishers, illustrating books of every class, and also making picture-books, in distinction from readable books with illustrations.

It would seem as if the artists of the early sixteenth century regarded illustration as a language which their predecessors had invented, and to which every acceptable addition in the way of design was a free contribution for public benefit. If not the artists, assuredly the publishers thus regarded it. And from the constant reproduction by contemporary artists on wood of the designs of one another without complaint, it can hardly be doubted that the artist idea of the age was that a thought expressed in picture and published was sent out on a mission, to be thenceforth part and parcel of the great language of illustration. So it came about that the great body of Bible illustration grew up from generation to generation. The earliest artists in the fifteenth century had commenced with their skeleton designs, which received color from the hands of painters. These designs, so far as they proved popular and acceptable to the reading world, became permanent in succeeding editions of the Bible. Those which did not prove popular were dropped, and not reproduced. From time to time artists added new designs, out of which, again, those which served the purposes of the age were adopted into the increasing alphabet of Bible interpretation by picture, and thus from 1470 to 1530 grew up what might be called a settled translation of Bible truths into picture language. From 1530 onward these pictures went into hundreds, perhaps thousands, of illustrated Bibles in all the languages of Europe—the same old pictures, redrawn, clothed in new dress, rudely copied by poor woodcutters, skillfully and gracefully reproduced by able artists, but always the same designs, the same idea, the same illustration of the printed Word.

There is no more interesting and instructive chapter in the history of art than that which, if written out, would show the influence which the fifteenth century thus exercised on all later times in teaching Bible history by picture. No one can doubt that impressions of historical or other truths given by pictures are apt to be more lasting than any others. Children especially retain through life the ideas of events which they have gotten from pictures. The effect of a picture on the mind is subtle. Many pictures have left impressions on our minds, though we have no knowledge of having seen the pictures. A walk through a room or gallery in which a picture hangs will sometimes leave on the mind the idea of the picture, which will come up in after-years as an original conception instead of a memory.

Bible pictures were the subject of block books and of numerous religious books after the invention of printing. How far the ideas of fifteenth-century artists which are now extant were original with them in making Bible pictures we are unable to say. But in what we possess of earlier art, in illuminations and other relics, we find very little that was reproduced in print, and in the absence of other evidence we are justified in treating fifteenth-century printed pictures as very generally original conceptions. The work given to an artist, when he was first required to illustrate a Bible—to make a hundred or more pictures to accompany printed copies of the book—was certainly a grand work. The artist to whom this great task was first assigned by a publisher had the most remarkable commission ever given to one of his profession. He was ordered to make a commentary, to produce such explanations and illustrations of the sacred history as should make its truths intelli-



4. THE GRIEF OF HANNAH, REDUCED FROM COLOGNE BIBLE, 1470–75.

gible to old and young, learned and unlearned. He needed the wisdom of a learned churchman, combined with vivid imagination—the imagination to conceive and design scenes, the wisdom to avoid teaching erroneous doctrine in his picture translations and commentaries.

Who was the artist?

In tracing the genealogy of the large body of Bible illustration used in the later centuries, I find the birth-place of many of the pictures to have been at Cologne, about the year 1475. Earlier than this I can not find them, but it is possible that further research in Europe may show that they were not original in the Cologne Bible of 1470–75. I shall be sorry if it turn out that my veneration for the artist of that Bible as an originator of many Bible pictures is erroneously bestowed. But it is necessary to say just here that America has no large collections of early printed books, and that the imperfections of this sketch are due to the fact that I am dependent on my own small library of early printed illustration for reference and authorities.

A magnificent folio Bible (a translation into local German) was published at Cologne about 1470–75. The year is not certain. Some date it 1475–80. For various reasons I think it earlier than 1475. This Bible contains upward of a hundred woodcuts, intended to be colored by hand. They are of uniform size, and such uniform style and execution that they seem to be the work of one man. There is no artist's name or mark on any of them, but a flying duck which is introduced in many may be intended as his device. He also seems to have been fond of placing a swan in water in some part of his picture.



5. THE GRIEF OF HANNAH, FROM ITALIAN BIBLE, VENICE, 1525.

Before this Bible appeared other Bibles had been published with initial letters containing ornamental work and some wood-cut illustration. But the Cologne Bible is the first which I possess of the long series of fully illustrated Bibles. The illustrations No. 4 and 10 are facsimile reproductions in reduced

size of two of these cuts. If the reader will open his Bible at the first chapter of the First Book of Samuel, and read the account of Elkanah and his two wives, Peninnah and Hannah, and then look at No. 4, from the Cologne Bible, it will be seen what the artist did. No such scene as this is described in the text. It is a pure imagination, the creation of an artist's mind. He wished to show the grief of the childless wife Hannah—a grief exquisitely told in the sacred story. He imagined and sketched a family scene in a small room, the man and his favored wife sitting behind a table on which were two doves, the prescribed temple offering of a woman for the gift of a child, the childless wife standing sorrowful, looking at the doves, and grieving that she had no right to make such an offering. The doves are the central idea of the picture. He doubtless painted the picture in color first, then drew the skeleton on a wood block. This picture was published before 1480. The reader will understand what I mean by the history of illustration and the power of fifteenth-century illustration when I tell him that for two hundred years of art and artists in the civilized world this was the recognized illustration of the story of the grief of Hannah, repeated in thousands of prints, in countless illustrated Bibles of Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, all the Christian world, and transferred to numerous Bible picture-books which were scattered over the world for the children and adults of a long succession of generations. I here reproduce in fac-simile a few out of scores of repetitions of this picture. In a large collection of wood-cuts, and a considerable collection of Bibles and Bible picture-books, including the works of all the celebrated artists on wood, down to the decadence of the art of wood-engraving in the seventeenth century, I am unable to find that the story of Hannah and her husband was ever illustrated by any other design than this of 1470–75. At a late period I find a design representing Hannah with Eli praying in the temple sometimes used instead of this as an illustration in the first chapter of the First Book of Samuel. The same is true of so many of the designs in the Cologne Bible that the history of modern Bible illustration commences with this artist.



7. THE GRIEF OF HANNAH, FROM SACON'S BIBLE, LYONS, 1521.



6. THE GRIEF OF HANNAH, FROM SACON'S BIBLE, LYONS, 1516.

In 1483 Antony Koburger, the great Nuremberg printer, published a superb edition of the Bible. To adorn and make it useful, he sent to Cologne and procured the original wood blocks which had been used in the Cologne Bible, and with these illustrated his great Bible, which we know as the ninth German Bible. For, as early as this, nine editions of the Bible in German had appeared, and many other editions in various dialects and languages of Northern Europe. Nuremberg in and after 1483 was the home of Albert Dürer,



8. THE GRIEF OF HANNAH, FROM THE "ICONES," ETC., CALLED HOLBEIN'S, LYONS, 1538.

and the locality of that school of art from which so many influential artists graduated within the next thirty years. The great Bible of Koburger had its influence on these young and old men. We shall see something of this hereafter. It can not be doubted that Dürer discussed its illustrations in his studio with his pupils when he grew to have a studio and pupils. Possibly they sometimes colored these old prints. For it will be borne in mind that these designs, when well colored, were very different-looking pictures from the rude black and white outlines. In my copy of Koburger's Bible they are colored without much care, but Hannah in a purple and Peninnah in a crimson dress look much less grotesque than here. When they made copies of these designs, later artists doubtless generally used the early colored pictures, and in the sixteenth century the artist endeavored to make in black and white a complete picture conveying the idea of a colored original.

But we need not waste time in conjecturing the influence of these cuts in Dürer's studio or elsewhere, so much of plain fact concerning them may be shown.

By the original edition of Cologne, and the Nuremberg edition of Koburger, these illustrations of Bible story became familiar to many of the artists of Germany, and also of Italy, who drew on them freely for ideas. They became, in truth, a mine from which to take illustrations of Bibles. The original idea of the Cologne artist was sometimes reproduced in its simple force, sometimes made the central idea around which the later artist grouped other ideas. Artists and publishers who had never seen the originals copied from copies. Thus their influence became as wide as the world of books.

The Bible was translated into Italian, and many editions were published in the fifteenth century, of which a few were illustrated with wood-cuts. The first edition with cuts was that of Giovanni Rosso, Venice, 1487. This was the translation commonly known as Mallermi's, though probably he was only the editor. In 1490, at Venice, appeared another edition of this translation, from the Giunta press, with cuts. Zani says of these cuts that they were engraved after the designs of Bellini and Bonconsigli, or Sandro Boticelli. They were used, according to Brunet, in "many other editions of this version," notably in the edition of Barth. de Zanni, Venice, 1507, also in a Latin Bible of 1498, and many others. I do not possess any of these editions, nor can I find either of them in an American library. But Sacon, a Venice printer, published a Bible in 1506, which, I believe, contained copies of these cuts attributed to Bellini and Bo-



9. THE GRIEF OF HANNAH, FROM BIBLE, ANTWERP, 1657.

ticelli, and subsequently removed to Lyons, where he published several illustrated Bibles containing the same designs. As these Lyons Bibles contain many of the Cologne designs, it is probable the earlier Italian Bibles contained the same.

The earliest illustrated copy of the Mallermi Italian Bible in my library is a Venice edition by Elizabeth Rusconi, 1525, which contains a large number of cuts, apparently of a much earlier period. These are probably largely the same with the cuts in contemporary and earlier Bibles. Among them are a number of the designs from the Cologne Bible, reproduced with very little addition. (See example Ill. 5.) After this date I have them in a succession of Italian Bibles, showing abundantly their constant use in Italian illustration and education. Thus the Cologne artist's ideas went into Italian art, and taught the childhood and youth of the great artists of the cinque-cento period, as well as the priests and people of Italy. From this date onward I find them in Italian Bibles for a century. We will not pause to trace their influence on other Italian art, but follow them to other parts of the world.

Lyons, in France, became early in the sixteenth century remarkable for the printing of Bibles and Bible picture-books. Numerous editions issued from the Lyons presses in Latin and in French.

Antony Koburger, who had printed the great Bible of 1483 in Nuremberg, lived to be an old man, and a great diffuser of Bibles. The printer from Venice, Sacon, before named, removed to Lyons, where he published several Bibles. In 1516, at the expense of Koburger, he published a Latin Bible containing a large number of wood-cuts, which it is probable he brought with him from Venice. Among these many are simple reproductions of the Cologne designs. The fac-simile (Ill. 6) is a specimen of one of these. They were close copies of the same cuts in the Italian Bibles of the period. (Compare Ills. 5 and 6, and Ills. 11 and 12.) Koburger again employed Sacon to print a Latin Bible at Lyons in 1521. But now some of the illustrations are of the new era, created by Dürer, and of a higher class of artistic execution. Two of these cuts are signed by Hans Springinklee, and probably many of those unsigned are by him. We know little of this artist, except that he lived in the house of Albert Dürer at Nuremberg, and was his pupil. It is likely that Koburger employed him at Nuremberg to draw the pictures on the wood, and they were there engraved, and sent to the printer in Lyons to be used. Possibly Dürer inspected the work. Sacon also used in this Bible of 1521 some of his old cuts, evidently Italian work, and others of a common class of German work,



10. ILLUSTRATION OF EXODUS I., FROM COLOGNE BIBLE, 1470–75.



11. ILLUSTRATION OF EXODUS I., FROM ITALIAN BIBLE, VENICE, 1525.

which had also been used in other books. Of the better cuts, those in the style of the Dürer school, many are mere reproductions of the designs of the Cologne artist, with which, of course, Springinklee, living with Dürer in Nuremberg, was familiar, from Koburger's great Nuremberg Bible of 1483. These designs had become a recognized authority for Bible history in Germany as well as Italy, and now came into France, brought by Sacon from Venice and Koburger from Nuremberg. We reproduce one, probably by Springinklee (Ill. 7). After this the Cologne designs appear and re-appear in a succession of Lyons Bibles. We find them in Mareschal's Bible of 1525, in Crespin's Bible of 1529, and in many others. They were used in Paris editions, and, in short, French art adopted them everywhere.

Just about this time, in 1523, at Halberstadt, was published a magnificent Bible in a German dialect, and the publisher obtained—no one knows how—the original Cologne blocks, which he used for its illustration. Brunet says the Halberstadt Bible is a reimpression of a Lübeck Bible of 1494. I have not seen this Lübeck Bible, but possibly the cuts are in it; and if so, they would seem to have gone from Nuremberg to Lübeck between 1483 and 1494, and thence to Halberstadt. The reader will note in passing how great is the very common error of supposing that the Bible was a scarce book before the Reformation, and that translations into modern languages are of late origin. We know on the best authority (that of the compiler of the catalogue of Bibles in the Caxton Exhibition at London in 1877) that before the discovery of America in 1492, nearly one thousand editions of the Bible, or of parts of it, had been published in Europe. Before 1530 this number must have been very greatly multiplied. Translations into nearly all the languages and many of the local dialects of Europe were abundant.

After the Halberstadt Bible the Cologne artist's original blocks disappear, so far as I know. Almost fifty years had passed since the Cologne Bible was published. If the cuts were the work of his youth, he may have been still living; but it is more likely that he was now dead, and his drawings and the wood on which they were engraved perhaps followed him to dust. But his work on earth was not ended—will not end till the world ends. Throughout Europe, men, women, and children, artists and artisans, rich and poor, were receiving instruction in Bible history from him. The Three Kings, whose gorgeous shrine is at Cologne, had brought frankincense and myrrh and golden gifts to the birth-place of the Lord. This artist, living and dying unknown to fame, and nameless now among the worthies of Cologne, gave greater gifts, the fragrance of which is more precious than that of spices, their glory more brilliant than gold, the memory of which will be precious so long as men believe the Bible to be the Word of God.

Many of his designs continued for two



12. ILLUSTRATION OF EXODUS I., FROM SACON'S BIBLE, LYONS, 1516.

hundred years to be the instructors of the people. It is next to impossible that any great theologian, Roman or Protestant, any artist, any reading man, or any child, who saw picture-books in the sixteenth century, could have been uninfluenced in youth or in older years by these pictures. Some of them went to England as soon as pictures went into English Bibles. (See Ill. 15.) They were in splendid folios for the learned, side by side with the text; they went into smaller Bibles for cheaper sale, and it is rare to find an old illustrated Bible of any sort that does not exhibit their influence. Down to our own time their effect is visible.

I have not space to enumerate the Bibles in which I have found more or less reproductions of the original Cologne ideas, and there must be hundreds of editions I have never seen which contain them.

But inasmuch as the Lyons picture-books to which we have referred had, perhaps, greater popular influence than illustrated Bibles of the day, and as these books are widely claimed as the work of Hans Holbein (born 1498), it will not be amiss to speak briefly of them. If the learned writers on the history of engraving had studied the history of illustration by pictures with illustrated books before them, instead of studying the history of wood-engraving with collections of wood-cuts before them, it is possible that the name of Holbein would not be now connected with the Lyons picture-book known as the "Icones."

The idea of a Bible picture-book—a book of pictures with short descriptive legends—was as old as the block books. At the beginning of the sixteenth century New Testament picture-books were chiefly in favor. The passion of Christ was the subject of several remarkable books of this class, published at Strasburg. All these were of small importance compared with the two works of Dürer, *The Great Passion* and *The Little Passion*, published about 1510–11. A considerable portion of later New Testament illustration had its origin in these works. Dürer's designs went largely into the body of art. But Dürer confined himself chiefly to New Testament subjects, and we will content ourselves at present with following the Old Testament pictures of the Cologne Bible.

Old Testament illustration had not been a favorite subject of picture-books. Hans Sebald Beham was an artist educated in the Nuremberg school of Dürer. He belongs to the class known as Little Masters, from the small size of most of his works on copper and on wood. In 1536, Egenolph, publisher at Frankfort, issued a little book containing sixty-three woodcuts by Hans Sebald Beham of Nuremberg, entitled *Biblische Historien*. Its wide popularity is attested by subsequent editions. I hesitate to speak of the first edition, because I possess only an imperfect copy of the third. In this are numerous reproductions of the Cologne designs; but whether these were in the first edition, and therefore preceded the Lyons book of 1538, hereafter to be mentioned, I can not say. Some of the cuts are almost identical in the two books, and European readers having opportunity will be interested in looking at the first edition, and determining which artist copied from the other.



13. ILLUSTRATION OF EXODUS I., FROM SACON'S BIBLE, LYONS, 1521.

It is possible that the success of Beham's Old Testament picture-book led a Lyons publisher to try the same experiment. The material was abundant in Lyons, for the publishers of Bibles had ample stock of wood blocks. But a sagacious bookmaker understood the desirableness of



14. ILLUSTRATION OF EXODUS I., FROM THE "ICONES," ETC., CALLED HOLBEIN'S, LYONS, 1538.

making something fresher than these. It does not seem to have been thought necessary to make new designs, or give new illustrations of well-known scenes; but inasmuch as Dürer's *Little Passion* was the leading New Testament picture-book, and Beham's *Bible History* was a popular Old Testament book, it was necessary to make a new set of drawings, and it seems to have been thought an enterprising idea to advertise them in connection with the name of some well-known artist. Dürer was dead. To employ the greatest living artist of Northern Europe, Holbein, for a new set of original Bible pictures was doubtless beyond the means of the Lyons publishers. Besides, the old pictures were popular, and would probably sell better in a cheap book for the people than any new designs, however able and artistic.

Among the Lyons publishers, none was more enterprising than Frellon, while in all Northern Europe no artist living in 1538 was so celebrated as Hans Holbein. Holbein was then a resident in England, but from time to time called home (to Basle) by the magistrates, who claimed him as their property. In 1538 appeared at Lyons a small book of wood-cuts with brief legends, being a series of Old Testament pictures. "Melchior et Gaspar Treschel fratres" append their names at the end of the book as printers or publishers. Later editions, however, have the name of Frellon as publisher, from which it would appear that he became proprietor of the book after the first edition, or that there was some reason for suppressing his name as proprietor of the first.

This Bible series was entitled "*Icones Historiarum Veteris Testamenti*," etc. The first edition contained ninety cuts. No artist's signature appears, and no author's name is given in the book. The cuts were of a size a trifle larger than the facsimile copies (Ills. 8, 14).

A Latin poem introduced the book, in which one Borbonius lauds Holbein as the first artist of the age and of all ages, and declares these wood-cuts to be the work of "such an artist"—*tanti artificis*—and subsequently calls them the work *Hansi*—of Hans. To this poem were added two lines, in Greek and in Latin, in which Borbonius calls the pictures the work, in Greek Ὁλβαίνου χειρός, and in Latin *Holbinæ manus*, which may be correctly translated "of a Holbeinish hand," or "of a hand like Holbein's."

The contemporary appearance of a series of wood-cuts representing a "Dance of Death" (so called), the fact that Holbein once painted a "Dance of Death," and this use of Holbein's name by the poet and the publisher of the "Icones," have led



15. ILLUSTRATION OF EXODUS I., FROM THE ENGLISH BIBLE CALLED CRANMER'S, 1539–40, ETC.

to the idea that Holbein was the designer of the pictures. Much has been written on the subject. It is a curious fact that biographers of Holbein have so strenuously claimed for him a rank among artists on wood that they have overlooked the very inferior character of much of the work which they insist on assigning to him. It is still more strange that they claim for him cuts in so many styles, and with such diverse characteristics, that no one can recognize a work as what Borbonius would call Holbeinish in style. There is no one known style of his work on wood.

It is also remarkable that while many eminent writers have sought diligently, but in vain, to find a Basle edition of these prints, which they believe to have been published about 1530, and a vast deal of learned argument to show that Holbein designed the cuts has been published, accompanied by fac-simile editions of the entire work, with numerous reproductions of single cuts, with careful tracing out of Holbein's whereabouts in 1530 and 1538, no student of art nor biographer of Holbein has looked for the designs of these cuts where they are in large numbers to be found—in Lyons, Venice, Nuremberg, and Cologne Bibles all along from 1475 down to 1530. Whoever was the artist of the "Icones," he preferred copying to designing. He dressed old ideas in new and sometimes (but not always) more beautiful garments.

The "Icones," by whomever drawn, are in the main only a selection of popular Bible pictures out of the great body of illustration which had now become familiar to the world. They were not the original work of any artist working for this book, but copies of old designs by a skillful workman for a shrewd book-publisher. Many of them are the designs of the Cologne artist of 1470–75, which had been reproduced for numerous Bibles at Lyons and elsewhere during the previous fifty years. If after this the admirers of Holbein still insist that he was the artist of the "Icones," they must be content to let him take rank among copyists.

Two examples must suffice in this article as illustrations of many. The Cologne artist made a picture to illustrate the first chapter of Exodus. In it he represented three distinct scenes: (1) on the left the placing of Joseph's body in a sarcophagus —described in the last verse of Genesis; (2) in the middle, Pharaoh commanding the Hebrew midwives to destroy the Hebrew male children; (3) on the right, Hebrew women throwing children from a bridge into the river. This curious intermingling of subjects became the recognized idea for Bible illustration of this chapter, and was in favor for a hundred years. In the succession of illustrations Nos. 10 to 15 the reader will see the original design and its reproduction in various Bibles and in the "Icones." The old idea remained unchanged in all. The picture as drawn by the artist of the "Icones" is the prettiest, the bridge scene receding far away, but the design is the composite design of 1475, without the change or addition of a thought.

I have selected this picture from the Cologne Bible to reproduce, not because of its showing the artist's ability, but because its composite character leaves no possible explanation of later pictures grouping the same three scenes together except that they are copies of this design.

The same is true of the picture of Hannah before the doves (Ill. 4). This scene, not being described in the Bible, is imaginary, and the picture appearing in later Bibles can only be a copy. Another reason for selecting the picture of Hannah is that the cut, as it appears in the "Icones" (Ill. 8), has been a favorite for reproduction by modern writers as an example of the exquisite thought of Holbein in designing these Bible cuts. It is of this cut in the "Icones" that Dr. Woltmann, in his superb and exhaustive work on Holbein, remarks: "Elkanah is sitting in a simple apartment by his wife Peninnah, the pair of doves on the table before them indicating the sacrifice which they often presented in the temple when Peninnah blessed her husband with children. Hannah, however, his second wife, who was not thus blessed, is standing, bent down and weeping, before them. Coldly by Peninnah, but with deep sympathy by her husband, the inquiry is made, 'Hannah, why weepest thou?' How feeling and touching is the scene, with all its simplicity!" The words precisely describe the scene in the original Cologne picture of 1475. The very expression and position of the hands of Elkanah and his first wife are retained, and in all the pictures, in all the Bibles and in the "Icones," it is amusing to see that the original rude legs of the table change only into a heavier piece of furni-

ture, the legs always parting, and never made straight. (See Ills. 4 to 9.)

A curious error in one of the "Icones" is conclusive evidence that whoever made them copied directly from one of the Lyons Bibles, and probably from one of Sacon's. The Cologne Bible of 1470–75 had illustrated an incident recorded in the second chapter of the Third (we call it the First) Book of Kings, namely, an appeal of Bathsheba to Solomon after David's death. The cut represented Solomon enthroned, Bathsheba kneeling before him, and in the distance the funeral of David. The names *Salomon* and *Bersabea* over their heads, and *David* over the body in the sarcophagus, leave no doubt as to the scene. This cut was placed between the first and second chapters of the Third Book of Kings. The design was used by later Bible illustrators, and somehow came to be placed at the head of the first chapter. In Sacon's Bibles of 1516 and 1521 it so stands, near the top of the column on a page, and above it is printed the summary or contents of that first chapter, commencing with the words, *De Senio David et Abisac*, etc. The artist of the "Icones," in turning over the Bible to choose prints which he would copy for his employer, seems to have thought this suited to his purpose, and glancing at this head line of the chapter, supposed the print to represent Abishag the Shunamite presented to David. He accordingly copied the design in his own style, made the young Solomon of the Bible prints a feeble old man, labelled the block "The beautiful girl Abishag is given to David," etc., and it so appears in the "Icones." But, showing that he had no original idea in his work, he retained the funeral of David in the distance, because that was in the picture he was copying.

The internal evidence thus afforded by a single print of the "Icones" is quite sufficient to convince us that the great artist of the period, Hans Holbein, could not have been this careless copyist. The fact that the designs of a portion of the prints are found in Bibles printed long before Holbein was born sets at rest the theory of some writers that his original sketches of the "Icones" were drawings in distemper.

The "Icones" were executed in a style suited to the taste of more southern parts of Europe, and gave new power and increased circulation to the Bible illustrations of the Cologne artist and of his successors. For it must be remembered that in each successive year new designs had been added to the body of Bible pictures. We have not undertaken in this paper to trace any other than the Cologne designs to their source. Many others of the "Icones," not from the Cologne designs, I find in a succession of Bibles preceding the Lyons publication. It may be found that others originated with the contemporaries of the Cologne artist, or earlier.

The "Icones" were published and republished, copied and recopied. Their special importance in this history is in the fact that they gathered up a certain portion of the Bible illustration of the day, and presented it in a style of drawing so acceptable to the sixteenth century that a fresh impulse was given to the old material. Again, these designs went into Bibles. Froschover, at Zürich, in 1545, published a magnificent Bible in which he used the "Icones" pictures, with a vast quantity of others from old sources, and many which seem to be drawings by the "Icones" artist. French Bibles appeared with these cuts, redrawn by artists of the then rising French school. At Lyons, Bibles continued to appear with these and many other of the old designs which the "Icones" had not included. Italy again received the old designs in the new dress, and Italian Bibles contained them. The old cuts in the styles preceding the "Icones" were also used in new Bibles.

Until the decadence of the art of wood-engraving the same old designs in great number were in constant use in Bibles and picture-books, always including more or less of the Cologne designs of 1470–75. Later in the sixteenth century artists of eminence illustrated Bibles, and gathered their prints in small Bible picture-books, using new and original designs, in which we can trace very little influence from the old masters of illustration. The power of the older is illustrated by the fact that the new had only local circulation, and rarely seem to have entered into the body of popular illustration when they attempted scenes already pictured by the old masters. Jost Amman, Hans Brosamer, and others illustrated various editions of Luther's Bible. In Cologne, Dietenberg's Bible was illustrated with beautiful little cuts, in which I find no trace of any memory of the first Cologne Bible artist. But his designs went into England with the wood-

cuts which were used to illustrate early English translations of the Bible (Ill. 15), and in Holland as late as 1657, when Von Sichem's illustrations crowded the great Antwerp Bible, and were issued in picture-books (Ill. 9), we still find Elkanah and Hannah on the two sides of the little table, with the doves between them, as the Cologne artist placed them two hundred years before.

Perhaps no grander illustration exists of the power of an artist's thought, and the responsibility which accompanies that power. To have made a single picture of a Bible story which instructs a few persons is a work of some force. But to tell one, two, or twenty Bible stories by pictures to millions of men, women, and children of all nations in succeeding generations, century after century, is to do what few, if any, of the greatest commentators and theologians have done by the alphabet and type.

AN EASTER CARD.

"WHAT can a girl do in our day!" exclaimed Agnes Clement, petulantly.

The speaker rested her elbows on the table and gazed at the lamp.

Opposite was sister Anne, calm, matronly, self-satisfied, mending baby's pinafore.

"Plenty of occupation may be found in your profession, if you would seek it," replied sister Anne, biting off her thread, and forming a new knot. "Painting china, designing wood-cuts, even coloring photographs."

Agnes raised her head, with flashing eyes.

"Oh, why do you not add taking in washing, or scrubbing down the stairs?" she cried, with scorn and anger.

"That is the difficulty," continued sister Anne, with unruffled composure. "You are impatient, and despise the beginning. One can not spring into a full-fledged artist at one bound. Pray, how did the great European artists commence, about whom you are so fond of reading? Very modestly, I promise you."

Agnes made no immediate response. Instead, she ruffled her blonde hair with her hands, and stared moodily at the lamp. The room was plain, and the noise of the street below was audible in the tinkling of a car bell, the rattle of carts on the pavement, the distant strains of a wheezy organ, blending with the footsteps of late customers to the shops. Located on one of the wide business avenues of the city of New York, this modest home of a clerk with a slender salary held dissimilar elements united by close relationship. The very lamp on the table possessed a different significance to the two women seated beside it. To sister Anne, comely, thrifty, and practical, good wife and mother, it was the humble beacon of welcome to the absent husband. To Agnes, imbittered by hard study, overwork, the failures of youthful rashness in unfulfilled dreams, it meant a dull yellow flame, fed by kerosene oil, and burning monotonously in an ugly room, faintly redolent of cabbage and onions. Such a chamber has often been the cage of genius.

"I could not obtain any of the work you propose, if I tried," resumed the young artist. "There are more applicants than labor in all fields and in every land."

"True," sighed sister Anne, mindful that a week of illness would replace her husband at the store by a dozen eager competitors in need of bread.

A key was inserted in a neighboring door, and the object of her solicitude entered, bringing a gust of keen winter air with him. The husband of sister Anne was a brisk little man, with shrewd blue eyes, flaxen hair, and a spot of red on either cheek-bone. He greeted his family cheerfully while unwinding a silk handkerchief from his throat.

"I've got something for you in my pocket, Aggy," he said to his sister-in-law. "The very thing for you."

She looked at him with a faint smile.

"Yes, I came on it quite by accident, I may say—riding up town in the car," he pursued, with animation.

Then he unfolded a newspaper, and placed his finger on a paragraph. The trio read together the following advertisement:

PREMIUM offered of $100 for best design of Easter card for the approaching season. Competitors are requested to present their applications to
LANG AND CO.

Sister Anne read over the shoulder of her husband.

"What a chance for you, Agnes!" she said. "I am confident you would win the prize. One hundred dollars, too!"

"Lang and Co. are the great lithographers, you know," supplemented the hus-

band. "I saw it by the merest chance in a column of advertisements. Nothing like reading the papers."

Agnes studied the paragraph, and made no comment. She grew pale, and her eyes darkened ominously. One would have inferred that she had received some affront, but restrained her indignation. Finally she rose, and took the journal in her hand.

"Thank you, and good-night," she said, dryly.

"Is she offended?" demanded the little man, puzzled.

"She is very silly," said sister Anne, rather tartly, as she poured a cup of tea and placed some delicate cakes before him.

Agnes went to her room, locked the door, knelt beside the bed, and burst into tears. A prize given by a lithographer was offered to her competition! She had dreamed of fame and artistic excellence! Instead of the mountain-peak where she had longed to plant her standard, the slough of the valley of poverty was destined to ingulf her. Oh, the scorching tears of discouragement and humiliation which fell from her eyes! At length she rose and lighted the gas jet, in order to again read the detested advertisement. Her room was cold and bare, partaking of the characteristics of a studio rather than the abode of a woman. In one corner the iron bedstead was concealed by a screen, with a tiny mirror suspended near it; opposite, a stove reached with its rusty pipe to a shelf holding several plaster busts. The windows opened on a glass-covered piazza, the sanctuary of the easel. Here the artist indulged in reveries, or wrought with pencil and brush, forgetful of the hour of the noonday meal, and obliyious of the vicinity of a laundress, who employed the next glass-covered piazza for the purpose of drying linen—a practical industry which brought in far more satisfactory returns, in payment, than did the color box of Agnes Clement. The latter sought the spot now, and seated herself on the sole chair it boasted, mechanically. A large canvas was propped against the wall, representing a life-size Beatrice in Paradise beckoning to a shadowy Dante. Agnes had concentrated the labor, ambition, and hopes of a year's application in this bold attempt, had entered the lists valiantly for exhibition in the National Academy of Design, and suffered the cruel blow of rejection. Beyond was an Ophelia with yellow hair, who had shared a similar fate the previous year. These lovely heroines languished in the obscurity of the glass piazza, without ever having met the approving smile of an appreciative public. Oh, the cold selfishness of the world, and the willful blindness of hanging committees and art critics! For the first time Agnes found the smile of Beatrice insipid, and her gaze vacant. A doubt chilled her heart. Quickly she turned the picture to the wall, and sought the casement, gazing forth into the night rather than longer contemplate her own work.

The piazza, located in the rear of the noisy avenue, overlooked the houses of the next street. These residences were aristocratic in proportion as their neighbors were humble. A high brick wall, bordered by a vine of wistaria, inclosed stable and garden of the mansion opposite, while brilliant lights within revealed a conservatory to the observer. The light came through curtains of silk and lace in a more remote drawing-room, where the chandelier was visible, like a great golden cone, and slanted across the conservatory, resting here on a frond of quivering fern, and there on a mass of gorgeous blossoms. At the same time the rippling melody of a piano, touched by a skillful hand, reached the ear of this lonely spectator, who looked down on all this luxury, gayety, and life not so much with a sting of envy as a crushing, overwhelming sense of personal failure.

The night was clear, stars sparkled in the sky above, and the radiance of a full moon began to illuminate the city roofs.

A girl entered the conservatory, approached a sash, and opened it, leaning out to discover the moon. She wore a pink dress, with soft white lace on neck and arms; a jewel flashed in her hair. Turning aside from the window, her sleeve caught in the branch of a flowering plant, she overturned it, and it fell outside the window with a crash of broken pottery. The girl uttered a little cry of dismay, glanced down on the wreck she had occasioned a moment, then withdrew her head, and closed the sash. The plant, an offshoot of the conservatory's wealth of bloom and fragrance, remained on the ledge where it had fallen.

Now the silk curtains separated, and a gentleman joined her. He was a tall and slender young man in evening dress, with a flower in his button-hole, and he tossed aside a cigarette as he approached.

"There is one for whom life is fortunate," mused the artist. "How readily I can picture him attaining maturity, smiling and good-humored, and growing old in that charming home, surrounded by friends!"

The girl had clasped her hands on the young man's arm, and gazed up into his face. He responded to this thoughtful scrutiny by touching her hair lightly, caressingly, with his lips, and then speaking, with a careless laugh.

"Well, I have consented to go to Minnesota for the winter, May. Such nonsense as it is! I should prefer Paris or Italy. A mere trifle of a cough, and all the doctors looking so wise and glum. They rejoice to secure a 'case,' I suppose."

May disengaged her hands from his arm, and plucked a camellia. Her face was as untroubled as his own.

"I shall return in the spring for our wedding, dearest," he continued. "What a weather-roughened giant you will have for a bridegroom!"

"Henry, take me with you," she pleaded, softly. "Do not go away all alone, dear. Let us be married to-morrow."

"Without the Worth trousseau, *ma mignonne*, and a great reception?" he questioned, half mockingly.

"You should be gallant, and say something about beauty unadorned," said May, tossing the camellia at him.

Then the brilliant eyes of the young man clouded, the rich color in his cheek paled with the emotion which made his lip tremble.

"My noble girl! my good little wife!" he whispered, folding her closely in his embrace.

Agnes Clement witnessed this scene without divining all its significance, and a tender smile dawned on her own face. The homely devotion of sister Anne to her husband in her cabbage-scented dominions did not touch her. The meeting of the two young people in the conservatory moved her profoundly. Was not her artistic taste gratified by their beauty, the light shed through the silk curtains behind them, the rosy shimmer of the girl's draperies, and the shadow of exotic plants meeting above their heads? She remained there motionless long after the pair had disappeared, her eyes fixed on the fallen plant, which still rested on the ledge. The stone-work blanched, in contrast, the delicate white blossoms to snow, and the moonbeams touched each petal with a silvery lustre, until the spray resembled the lilies of the Medici chapel in the Church of S.S. Annunziata at Florence. The plant had been cast out into the frosty night, to die and be forgotten in the cold purity of the moonlight, and beneath the cruel brilliancy of the distant stars. If she could have rescued it from such a death by stretching forth her hand, she would have done so; but she was powerless to avert evil. Slowly she returned to her room, extinguished the gas, and sought forgetfulness in sleep. The journal containing the advertisement of Lang and Co. remained on the floor, where she had thrown it down at an earlier hour.

Next morning her first thought was of the neglected plant. Had it survived the night? What had become of it? She hastened to her post of observation of the previous evening. The conservatory sparkled in the morning light, and the plant remained on the cornice ledge. Yes, it had perished during the night, cast forth from its home in the balmy hothouse. Already the leaves were shrivelled and blackened, the spray of blossoms drooped wan and ghostly in the dawn, retaining the rose tints of a shell. As Agnes looked at it, the early sunshine, which smote the sparkling colors from the glass dome, like the prism of a crystal, also touched the dead flowers with warm, golden rays. Thus the flower soul might be absorbed in sunshine and wafted on, she thought.

Suddenly the artist put her hand to her forehead as if preoccupied with thought, her eyes dilated, and a smile imparted a warm glow to her usually pale face.

At breakfast she was silent, replying vaguely to the conversation of her brother-in-law. Afterward she went out, and was absent two hours. Returning, she shut herself in the studio, and spread about her recent purchases—sheets of paper, new brushes, and a box of water-colors. Then she began to work, and as she labored a soft, crooning song welled up to her lips unconsciously.

One Saturday evening, when the little clerk had returned home at an early hour, and was warming his feet luxuriously in slippers before the fire, he was surprised by the hasty entrance of Agnes. The artist's aspect was animated, and she held a sheet of paper in her hand.

"Humphrey, I have decided to compete

for the prize of the Easter card," she said, quietly. "Tell me if you like my design."

Husband and wife hastened to inspect the proffered sketch. They saw an uprooted plant caught on a stone parapet, the blossoms still tinged with rose even in death. Above slanted a shower of golden sunbeams, and on this luminous pathway were inscribed the words,

I am the Resurrection,
And the Life.

"Surely you have never done any work like this, dear," said sister Anne, kissing the artist affectionately. "I know you consider me no judge of art, but it reminds me of the studies you used to make when a girl at home. Do you remember gathering the leaves and wild flowers in the hedges, and painting them just as you held them in your left hand?"

"I burned all that rubbish when I began life seriously," replied Agnes, with a curling lip. "Flower-painting is all very well for school-girls."

Humphrey continued to study the design attentively. "I suppose the uprooted plant signifies the human body after death, and the sunshine Christ in resurrection. The flower will bloom again," he said, slowly.

"Yes," replied Agnes. Then she added, in a musing tone, unmindful that her companions would not understand her words: "It is the sole commemoration of the poor plant cast out in the cold. *Nobody else missed it!* The conservatory is so full."

"You will win the prize," affirmed sister Anne, the practical.

"If I do, I shall buy baby a new cap and muff," said Agnes, merrily.

A month later the little clerk brought home a letter. "I was tempted to open it, because it bears the stamp of Lang and Co.," he exclaimed.

Agnes took the missive, her fingers trembled, and the color rushed to her cheeks. "Accepted," she said, after a pause.

"We were sure of it," responded sister Anne and Humphrey in unison.

"Have you seen the favorite Easter card of the season, ladies?" inquired the clerk of a fashionable store.

With these words he displayed the design of Agnes Clement to a bevy of young ladies.

"How pretty!" exclaimed one.

"The most charming means of atoning for the delinquencies of the past year in letter-writing," said another.

"I will send one to May and Harry, girls," added a third. "They must not consider themselves forgotten, so far away, and the Easter card will remind them—"

"Of spring bonnets trimmed with violets and roses," interrupted the first speaker, laughing. "The banishment must be poky enough, even if they are still bride and bridegroom. I do not believe Harry's lungs were really affected after a cold: his parents are so fussy, you know, because he is an only child."

On Easter-eve the snow of a late and severe winter still lingered about a little town of the far West, noted for the purity of a dry atmosphere.

The young wife, May Hartwell, put aside the book she had been reading aloud, for her listener had fallen asleep. Her fair face was unclouded by anxiety or trouble. She smiled as she looked at her husband. She had developed the qualities of good wife and nurse, thus tested by experience, although her patient gave her little trouble, except to amuse him. Suffering had not marred him; no painful cough racked his frame. He was fatigued, listless, and preferred the sofa, where he rested while making plans for the future. Now he slept, with the light touching his graceful head, the rich Persian colors of his dressing-gown, and the gray fur of the rug spread over him. Certainly he was a trifle delicate, and it was wise to cure symptoms of illness in time. Had she not added her solicitations to those of his family by hastening her marriage in order to take care of him?

She left her seat, and went out noiselessly. It was the hour when letters were distributed in the hotel. At the stairway she paused, and looked down into the lower hall. Half an hour earlier the doctor—a cheerful presence in the lives of the two young strangers—had called, bringing with him a friend, quite by accident, as he happened to be in town. This friend, an older physician, had conversed chiefly with May, and about the East. She now perceived the latter standing beside the great stove in the hall, warming his hands, and while she hesitated about descending the staircase in consequence, he was joined by the

other physician. The illness of the landlady's baby explained their detention in the house.

"Well, what do you think of the young man above-stairs?" inquired the resident doctor, in a low tone.

"Quick consumption, as you say. He may last a fortnight, and he may be gone to-morrow," was the grave response.

May drew back, shocked and grieved, and returned to her rooms. Who was the young man above-stairs? She did not know. To-morrow she would ask the kind doctor about him. Perhaps he was poor and alone. Harry still slept, and she resumed her seat. Then, with her dimpled chin resting on her hand, she suffered thought to bear her back to her distant home, the bevy of young friends who had remembered her in the shop the Easter season. The clock struck eleven. Decidedly her invalid should be in bed, but she was reluctant to disturb his refreshing slumber. Again she rested her dimpled chin in her palm; her own eyelids closed.

A sensation of cold and fear awakened her. "Harry! Where are you, dear?" she said, bewildered by sleep and fright.

The lamp was burning low; the clock struck one; and the luminous whiteness of the outside world, where all nature was veiled in snow, invaded the silent room. May approached the sofa. Harry still slept. His face was pale, and the features appeared sharper, pinched, as if the cold of the night had chilled them. Midnight had sounded, and it was already Easter-day. May knelt beside the couch, and softly chafed the cold hand, as a gentle means of awakening him. Then he opened his eyes and looked at her. There was something so profound, steadfast, and strange in this gaze that her heart ceased to beat; words of endearment remained frozen on her lips. Suddenly an awful change swept over the young man's face; terror dilated his beautiful dark eyes; a quivering light irradiated his pinched features.

"May!" he gasped, threw his arms about her neck, and leaned his head on her shoulder.

Silence succeeded. The lamp waned; the white arctic light invaded more boldly the chamber. What had happened? What dreaded presence and power was here? The head on May's shoulder became heavy, inert: her lover, bridegroom, husband, was dead. Stunned and crushed by the overwhelming blow, she did not yet recognize the truth in its full significance.

A lifetime of anguish may be compressed into twenty-four hours. Thus the young wife occasioned more anxiety to those about her than her dead in the following days, after her discovery on Easter morning, stretched insensible beside the sofa. Plunged in the depths of despair or maddened by grief, she crouched beside the bed, silent and frozen, or threw herself prone upon the floor, tearing her hair. She demanded of the kind doctor, with haggard eyes, if the young man above-stairs had been her own husband, and he endeavored to soothe without understanding her. She besought the inanimate clay to forgive her for sleeping. "I did not know we should have only a few moments more together before our life would end," she moaned. Then she demanded quickly of her companions, the earth, the sky:

"Where has he gone? How shall I ever find him again?"

Words of consolation and resignation fell on deaf ears. The landlady and the women wept in helpless sympathy, but May shed no tears. The doctor alone retained his usual composure. How often had he witnessed similar scenes! Telegrams were sent and received, friends were hastening to the aid of the living, and to obtain a last glimpse of the dead; all those silent and professional duties were transpiring about her, of which she took no heed. She clung desperately to her post beside the bed, and remained there, dry-eyed, wild, launching those reckless reproaches at God and man which frequently mark the passionate ebullitions of a first grief. If there was a merciful Saviour, who heals all wounds of the soul, as the clergyman said, He had forgotten her! If there was a God, He had only robbed her! Why could not another have been snatched away by the angel of death? Then silence would ensue, dreary, immobile, rigid, the young watcher sitting with clasped hands, and her face of the same blue pallor as the marble face on the pillow.

The landlady detained the doctor outside the door.

"She has not slept or tasted food for twenty-four hours," she whispered. "Her brain will turn. The shock was too great for her, and she has the look of a madwoman already."

The doctor held a letter. An idea came to him. The letter had just arrived by the post, and could not concern the recent bereavement. He entered the chamber of death, approached May, and presented the letter, saying, in natural tones: "This letter has just come. You will be kind enough to open it."

Surprised, she raised her head, received and mechanically tore open the envelope. An Easter card was disclosed. An uprooted plant drooped on a stone parapet, with rays of sunshine slanting down in a golden tide, and in these rays the words were traced,

I am the Resurrection,
And the Life.

May read the card, and turned it over in her hand. The doctor paused behind her; the landlady stood in the doorway. Then a sound became audible in the room, a tumultuous sobbing, and the widow fell on her knees, clasping one of the dead hands, and covering it with tears and kisses.

"I am the resurrection and the life," she repeated, tremulously. "Oh, beloved, I shall find you again!"

The Easter card had fallen on the floor. The doctor raised it, and placed it on the foot of the bed.

When the winter of another year brought its snows and clear star-lit nights, Agnes Clement still wrought in her studio, the glass-covered piazza. The place was changed. Flowers now bloomed everywhere, with the difference between the piazza and the conservatory that the artist had painted them. Roses swayed lightly on their stalks in the sketches on the wall; violets and daisies were scattered in profusion over boxes and fans; fairies peeped from blossoms on ornamented cards; portrait heads smiled from the centre of dishes garlanded in ivy and ferns. A glance into the domain of sister Anne would also have revealed little additional luxuries and comforts unattainable with the modest salary of Humphrey. Agnes had learned to love her task, and dealt tenderly with the flowers; hence her success. Occasionally her attention strayed to a distant corner consecrated to Beatrice in Paradise and Ophelia, and at such moments she sighed.

Opposite, the superb conservatory still bloomed in the sunshine, and here appeared occasionally a pale young lady in deep mourning, whose grave face seemed to have forgotten how to smile. The artist recognized her as the girl in the pink dress and jewels, and associated her garb with the absence of the brilliant young man. That was all. Between them was a gulf, and thought did not span it. Had Agnes penetrated the spacious mansion of her neighbor, she would have seen in May's chamber, placed where her eyes beheld it as the first object in awakening, an Easter card, framed in ebony, and veiled with crape. Sir Arthur Helps has written, "We are all so intertwined that the same wave beats on every shore."

NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

SINCE the close of our late war the great ambition of our country has been to arrest the growth of its debt, to diminish the charge of interest, and thus reduce the pressure of taxes. In this field of action it has met with eminent success. It has reduced its debt nearly one-third, its interest one-half, and repealed most of its war taxes, until at this time its revenue from ale, spirits, and tobacco suffices to meet the pensions and interest due to the late war, and its credit is such that, if it shall be sustained by wise legislation, it will reduce its interest several millions more.

The annual surplus of its internal revenue will, in such case, wipe out the principal and interest of its debt before the close of the century, and leave the proceeds of its customs and land from this date free for other current expenditures. The national expenses of Canada, without a war, have risen to six dollars per head; those of Great Britain reach twice that sum; those of our own country, for everything but the principal of our debt, have fallen from eleven dollars to five dollars per head. While, however, we have arrived at this result by great frugality, we have relied for our navy upon ships built during the hurry and pressure of the late war. But ships, like machinery, wear out. The life of a wooden ship rarely exceeds thirteen years, and that time has expired since we built ships for cruisers, and to recover our Southern fortresses. Our ships, often hurried from the stocks, and

* Report of J. W. King, of the United States Engineers, on European ships of war.

Reports on Naval Affairs from the London *Times*.

Monthly Reports of the United States Bureau of Statistics.

built of inferior materials, have gone to decay, the models have become obsolete, while the size of cannon and the strength of armor have been augmented. New discoveries have been made which have lowered the cost of iron and steel, and the latter has come in to replace the former with a stronger and more buoyant material; so that to-day, while Europe is inaugurating new navies, and has launched more than a million tons of ships cuirassed with either iron or steel, we find our country with a navy composed of wooden steamers and sailing ships of ancient patterns, and now in their dotage, with a few iron-clads, most useful in their day, but unable to go to sea without a wet-nurse, and protected by plates two to four inches in thickness fastened to decaying wood, and entirely unfit to meet the iron-clad navies of Europe. The iron-clads of Europe are armored with plates ten to twenty inches in thickness. They mount cannon ranging from six to one hundred tons in weight, throw projectiles weighing two hundred to two thousand pounds each, and concentrate in one blow at one point the force of a whole broadside of such ships as Nelson commanded at Trafalgar. We have educated a fine corps of officers, who have gained much experience in the late war, but we ask too much of them when we call upon them to sustain the Stars and Stripes against the flags of Europe with ships unfit to cross the ocean, and suited only to coast defense.

With the exception of a few iron-clads designed for shoal water only, and to resist cannon of the old calibre, we have nothing but a few sloops and frigates, unarmored, and with half the speed of the war ships of Europe, with which to encounter her modern navies, or even those of Italy, Holland, Spain, and South America. But Europe has, in addition to its navies, at least eight hundred fast steamships, making fourteen to sixteen knots per hour, sustained in great part by subsidies, and designed for service in war as well as peace. To meet them we have not one-fiftieth of that number. In our parsimony we have preferred to patch the old rather than create the new.

We have nearly if not quite as many miles of railway as Europe, and nearly as much commerce; but while she has built more than a million tons of iron-clads, we have not one fit to cross the ocean, or to encounter one of the second-class ships of England. We have in our navy but ninety-five ships propelled by steam, with twenty-three sailing ships, which are now of no account, and should be either sold or converted into school-ships. Of first-rate steam-ships of wood, none of which exceed 5000 tons, we have but four; of second-class steam-ships of wood, and less than 3000 tons, we have but four; of third and fourth class wooden steam-ships, below 1100 tons, we have but fifty-eight; and of iron-clads of old patterns and inferior strength, ranging from 500 to 2500 tons, but twenty-four—ninety in all, mostly unavailable.

Of this fleet but four ships, the *Trenton*, *Vandalia*, *Essex*, and *Adams*, can make continuously twelve knots an hour. The other unarmored frigates can not average eight continuously. Our iron-clads can not average seven, while both the armored and unarmored ships of England, of the largest class, average at least thirteen. How are our ships to contend with foreign navies whose ships move at nearly twice their speed? In constructing a new navy we must have engineers and constructors equal to those of England. A reporter may compose an excellent article for a journal, and a veteran captain may carry his ship safely through a storm or a combat, but it does not follow that either is competent to build such a ship of war as Steers or McKay would produce. During the past fifteen years we have condemned nearly a hundred marine engines, and sent the materials of which they were composed to the scrap heap; we have sold engines that cost twenty cents a pound for a single cent a pound; we have expended money enough to create a respectable navy, and may well hope that in the near future, during the quiet days of peace, our funds may be more judiciously expended, so that we may be ready in season for the coming exigencies of war. At the present moment the several navies of England, France, Italy, Germany, Holland, and even Turkey, are strong enough to sweep our shipping from the deep before we could be ready to defend it or retaliate. In the last thirteen years we have added but thirteen new vessels, or less than 2000 tons a year, to our navy, costing less than half a million of dollars yearly, and all unarmored; England, in the same time, has built on an average 20,000 tons a year, half in armored frigates equipped with rifled guns, while we use

the inferior smooth-bore. She has expended nearly ten millions of dollars on new tonnage for her navy yearly, while we have expended less than a million a year for the same purpose, although our commerce is nearly if not quite equal to her own, and in the last three years has built or begun twenty-three new steamships. The questions now arise: What shall be done? Do we need a navy to protect our coast and commerce? What does history teach us on this subject? Does it tell us, like the snail, to ensconce ourselves in our own shells? How much property have we exposed on the deep? We are and have been a maritime nation; we face two oceans, and if we would insure the safety of our commerce and of our vast possessions, we should predominate in both.

Within a few years after our Revolution we had become the common carriers of the sea. When France ventured to seize our ships, we were not ready to protect them. John Adams appealed to the country, built six frigates, and commenced six ships of the line. Had he been permitted to invest but $10,000,000 in a navy, he might have launched twenty frigates like the *Constitution* and twenty ships of the line, and thus averted the Berlin and Milan decrees, the Orders in Council, the Embargo, and the war which followed. We might thus have avoided the confiscation of our merchantmen, the impressment of our seamen, and the loss and expenditure of more than $200,000,000 if we compound the interest to the present time. England bows to power, and with such a fleet at our piers she would never have ventured to insult our flag, or forbid us to enter the ports of Europe. But Jefferson sold the frames of our ships of the line, and left nothing to intimidate France or England but a few frigates, which won immortal fame, demonstrating what such a navy as our commerce and revenue justified might have accomplished. We built a few large ships during our war with England. Under Jackson and his successors we extinguished our debt, and divided a surplus large enough to have built a navy; and when the late insurrection began, our commerce whitened every sea, but our nation had nothing to guard it but a few ancient steamers and sailing vessels scattered over the face of the globe, and no iron-clads, although their value had been tested by Stevens at home, and on the Black Sea in the Russian war against France, England, and Turkey.

Had we gradually invested but $30,000,000 in a respectable navy, had we, like England and France, built a fleet of steam-ships by granting subsidies to lines of fast packets to Europe, Asia, and South America, should we not have saved Norfolk, Wilmington, Savannah, Pensacola, New Orleans, and Galveston, and finished the war in less than two years, saving oceans of blood and treasure?

Our country would not then have been obliged to blockade its own ports by sinking its whale ships, or to cruise against the fast blockade-runners of England with sailing craft, or with war ships without speed and in the last stages of senility. Again, we were obliged in the tumult of the war, when gold had risen to a premium, and when the Southern forests of live-oak, pine, and cedar were inaccessible, and before our furnaces and rolling-mills were complete, to build again an inferior class of vessels, and to throw away a large part of our expenditure; and were we to-day to be involved in another war, are we prepared for the contingency?

The question then recurs, Shall we recover the maritime power we have lost —shall we attempt to revive our navy? Yes, for two reasons: first, to protect our commerce, now rapidly increasing; second, to defend our maritime cities, and the goods and chattels they contain.

As respects our commerce, it is again advancing. During the year 1877 the arrivals and clearances in our foreign and coastwise commerce, according to the Bureau of Statistics, exceeded 88,000,000 tons, and were quite equal to the arrivals and clearances in the ports of Great Britain and Ireland. In our foreign commerce the foreign flag predominated, but in our coastwise trade, which now reaches to California, and exceeds the foreign trade of England, the shipping was entirely American, so that more than 69,000,000 tons of it, including repeated voyages, were our own. Assuming the value of our shipping to be forty dollars per ton, and the average value of the cargo per ton to equal that of the vessel, the aggregate of American property exposed on the oceans in each year reaches $5,572,000,000; and if we add for American property in foreign bottoms but $500,000,000, the whole property thus exposed exceeds $6,000,000,000.

To protect this vast amount of property, in which the whole country is interested, and more especially the West and South, which furnish or consume most of our cargoes, we have expended yearly on our decrepit navy, including repairs, wages, and salaries, some $17,000,000, or for the insurance of such property against piracy and war less than three-tenths of one per cent. per annum.

Again, we have in our sea-board cities property exceeding $4,000,000,000, according to the assessor's valuation, exposed to foreign iron-clads, some of which can throw Palliser shells of great size more than four miles, while our ships of war and our fortresses are insufficient to protect the property. The property thus exposed on the water and the land must exceed $10,000,000,000 annually, and the amount we expend on our navy for its insurance is but a sixth of one per cent.

As now applied, this is inadequate for the purpose, and our nation, with its vast commerce and revenue, can well afford a sufficient premium. The question then arises, How can such premium of insurance be best used? The answer is, In the creation and maintenance of an efficient navy, the Fire Department of the sea. Our vast commerce grows from year to year; we are constantly discovering new articles for export to Europe in petroleum, provisions, and fruits. In cotton and breadstuffs we challenge competition. This commerce must be made secure; we must build up our navy; and we may be guided by the experience of France, England, and Germany. The first armored vessel was designed by Louis Napoleon in the Crimean war. Her success led to the building of the *Gloire*, and armored the *Merrimac*. It led to the construction of our first Monitor. After the memorable combat at Hampton Roads, in which the *Merrimac* sunk or disabled three wooden frigates, and was herself vanquished by the little *Monitor*, we built many Monitors suitable for service on our coasts, and used them effectually against the light cannon of the South. Their value was shown in the second attack on Fort Fisher. They destroyed its fortifications, and proved impervious to the shot and shell, which glanced from their sides as pebbles from the backs of tortoises, or hailstones from slated roofs. Again their value was tested in the naval fight at Lissa, where the *Re d'Italia* was sunk by a ram, and another iron-clad destroyed by a shell which struck an unarmored part. Since that battle there has been a constant rivalry between the founders of cannon and the builders of iron-clads; the plates progress in thickness as the cannon increase in calibre, the cannon increasing in weight to eighteen, thirty-eight, eighty, and one hundred tons, while the plates, originally but four inches, rise successively to eight, twelve, sixteen, and even twenty-four inches in thickness. The power of the gun has kept pace with the resistance of the armor. In the last twenty years England alone has discarded several hundred old sailing ships and steamers, and while lessening the number of her vessels, has built up a formidable navy of more than 900,000 tons, of which more than 300,000 tons are iron-clads, armed with cannon ranging from four to eighty tons in weight. Several of these ships range from 6000 to 10,000 tons, and have cost from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 each. Some of them are armed with turrets, others with fortresses surrounding their machinery and cannon. Some of these turrets and fortresses are defended by plates of twenty inches in thickness. But few of these iron-clads have armored ends, although nearly all of them have water-tight compartments, and most of them attain a speed of fourteen knots an hour. A few of the largest of these steamers have proved failures, and most of them draw twenty-six feet. Several built in Russia, and there known as the Popoffs, or circular ships, have been found too weak to sustain their heavy cannon, and been stricken from the navy list.

Of late public opinion has favored the construction of lighter ships, dispensing with turrets and fortresses, but mounting heavy cannon. Several of these light vessels, built in England for cruisers and dispatch vessels, have attained to a speed of seventeen miles per hour. Among the fastest frigates of England were the *Inconstant*, *Shah*, and *Raleigh*, measuring 4000 tons each, and costing each rather more than $1,000,000. But of late these vessels have been considered too costly for ordinary purposes. During the past four years great progress has been made in the manufacture of steel by the Bessemer or Siemens process; its cost has been reduced more than one-half, or to less than a cent per pound. Compressed steel has more strength and buoyancy than iron,

and the compressed Lodore steel from South Wales has been found suitable for ship-building, and no less than twelve steel frigates of 3000 tons, more or less, are now on the stocks, or have been lately launched, in England. The *Iris*, one of these just completed at Pembroke, has proved a great success. Her speed on the first trial exceeded seventeen miles per hour; and besides her complement of stores and men, she takes 700 tons of coal. Her length over all is 330 feet, her width 46 feet, her tonnage 3100 tons, and her displacement 3700 tons, her cost but $450,000. She carries, however, no armor, although she has a heavy armament. Her sister ship, the *Mercury*, lately launched, will carry a still heavier armament. These are model frigates, and well deserve the attention of America.

The armored vessels of the world outside of the United States are thus distributed:

	Iron-clads.	Tonnage.
Great Britain has	59	317,000
France	53	184,000
Russia	29	89,000
Turkey	24	65,000
Germany	13	60,000
Italy	16	55,000
Holland	17	23,000
Austria, South America, Japan	43	224,000
Total	254	1,017,000

Italy has been building the two largest iron-clads yet constructed, viz., the *Duilio* and the *Dandolo*, vessels of 10,000 tons each, mounting in turrets four cannon of 100 tons, and throwing projectiles of 2000 pounds. These guns are easily lifted and guided by hydraulic power. England has built for China, in direct contrast to these giants of the sea, four gun-boats of 400 tons each, carrying a single gun of forty tons, planted in the bow, and aimed by the helm. Although these boats are not armored, they are formidable adversaries, carrying such heavy cannon, presenting a small mark to the adversary, and capable of running into shoal water.

It is doubtless a favorable moment for the United States to profit by the experience of Europe in renovating its navy. France, it is true, has done little for a few years past, and the circular ships of Russia have not been successful, but we may learn something from her failure in giving an extreme breadth of beam. France has not recently originated any new ideas, and other nations have copied more or less from England; but England has built a variety of vessels, from the last of which we may easily obtain a model. Sixteen years since her navy comprised 935 vessels, chiefly old sailing vessels; it is now reduced to 231 steam-ships, one-fourth of which are iron-clads, besides which she has in her mercantile service 412 steam-packets, ranging from 1200 to 5000 tons, and having a speed of twelve to fifteen miles per hour. Within a few years England has condemned 113 of the ships in her navy, of which 89 have been sold; she has thus weeded out those ships which were obsolete and inefficient, or unworthy of repairs. It is our policy to do the same, and thus dispose of two-thirds of the vessels which encumber our navy list, thus parting with many thirsty sponges, absorbents of funds, unworthy of repairs, and of no value for service.

But how are we to replace them? We require a fleet of at least sixty armored ships to hold our own upon the deep. But how are we to provide them? During the first century of our existence we have given to the world many inventions and improvements; among other things, we have given to it the steam-ship itself, the telegraph, the Dahlgren gun, the Monitor, the turret, the torpedo, and many other valuable discoveries. As respects the armored ship, we have been held back in the race of improvement by the debts and taxes attendant on a war, due in part to England. We may, therefore, not hesitate to appropriate any improvement she may have made while our career has thus been interrupted. The first essential for a navy which we require is speed. By it our fathers won their laurels on the deep in their repeated conflicts with England. In our commercial rivalry with England our packets constantly outsailed those of England, and our merchantmen would overtake and sail around East Indiamen on their way to India while waiting for their letters.

By surpassing speed our ships could break and force blockades, rapidly cross the sea, overtake or capture the ships of the adversary, and choose their own position in battle. The strength and buoyancy of steel, and its present cheapness, adapt it to our purposes; it must be the material for our new navy. Steel is superseding iron. In the rivalry between guns and plates of iron, the gun has been

the victor, and guns weighing thirty-eight tons, throwing shells weighing nearly half a ton, have already been set afloat, and some of them in gun-boats.

Instead of embarking $2,500,000 in one venture in a gigantic iron-clad, England is now constructing vessels of one-fifth that cost, and arming them with heavy cannon.

The steel-clad *Iris*, to which we have already referred, is such a vessel. She combines a fine model with steel walls, and the compound engine, which saves forty per cent. in the coal consumed; she thus with great economy combines speed with a heavy armament, and sufficient space for men, stores, and fuel. Let us, after choosing such a model as the *Iris*, build our first steel-clad upon the lines and in the moulds of the *Iris*, and, if possible, make our contracts with those who built her. We should thus obtain a ship 300 feet in length between perpendiculars, 46 feet wide, combining a speed of seventeen miles an hour with a draught of but twenty feet. Let this be the basis for our steel-clads. But how is such a ship to be armored without impairing her speed? and how can she be qualified to meet the iron-clads of Europe? The *Iris* carries 700 tons of coal, but she is rigged as a bark, is fast under canvas, and economizes fuel by the use of a compound engine; and to give her armor, we may dispense with 200 tons of fuel, as she will rely principally on her sails, except when pursuing or eluding her enemy, or when going into action. Thus saving 200 tons of dead-weight, we may apply to her bow and her stern 200 tons of steel armor of four inches in thickness, extending back from her bow and forward from her stern fifty to sixty feet, and covering the curved portion of her stem and stern. Thus may we protect her both forward and aft by a belt of steel armor four feet above and four feet below her load-line.* The *Iris* is armed with ten cannon of six tons each, and the weight of these for each broadside is thirty tons. Let us dispense with six of them, and substitute for these one gun of thirty-eight tons on a platform near the armored bow, and another of eighteen tons near the armored stern. As these guns are to revolve, we thus double the weight of a broadside, and greatly increase its effect, and when she attacks or retires she will present a sharp bow, or run to the foe covered with steel, which by its strength and curvature will deflect the shells of its largest adversary at the distance it may choose for its encounter. Let us add to this ship a beak of steel which, when driven at a speed of seventeen miles per hour, will sink any adversary. To this armament we may add two light Gatling guns to keep off boats or boarders. We may thus increase the armament of the frigate without adding more than twenty tons to the dead-weight, and this may be saved either in whole or in part in the weight of crew stores and water by reducing the number of her guns, as her large guns may be worked by hydraulic power. But it may well be asked how are her sides to be armored. England, by adopting the turret system, or by building a fortress in the centre of her iron-clads, has secured the machinery, but has left both bow and stern exposed to the enemy; and in the naval engagement at Lissa one vessel thus undefended at the bow was sent to the bottom by the shell of her adversary. Can we add armor to the ship without affecting her speed? Let us profit by an experiment recently made in England, by which it has been determined that a coal-bunker filled with coal a few feet in width is impervious to the largest shell in use. Let such bunker be constructed on each side of the ship, eight feet wide, and four feet above and four feet below the load-line of the ship, extending from the armor of the bow to the armor of the stern; let it cross the ship at the point where it reaches the armor; let it be made of half-inch plates of steel, and divided into two compartments; and let one of these compartments be kept full as a safeguard and reserve for any encounter. We have thus armored the ship, doubled her armament, and preserved her speed. The *Iris* has cost $450,000, and it is safe to estimate that the changes we propose would not increase her cost to more than $600,000. With $5,000,000 a year for four years to come, we might build twenty such steel-clad frigates, twenty more of two-thirds their size, or 2000 tons each, and twenty gun-boats like those sent from England to China. Let us add to them twenty torpedo vessels like those of England and France, making twenty miles an hour, and we shall have made a good beginning for our new navy, and

* The stem and rudder of the *Huascar* iron-clad were not armored. This led to her capture.

have made a reasonable provision for the exigencies of the future.

In the memorable conflict between the *Merrimac* and our squadron, and its subsequent combat with the *Monitor*, it was found that our ball and shell, even from our largest cannon, fired at a short distance, made no impression on her sloping roof and sides, although protected by railway bars alone. In the steel-clad we have pictured, choosing her own position, and advancing or retiring with ends well steeled, and pointed either at or from the foe, its shells, especially when fired at the distance of one or two thousand yards, would either miss the small mark presented, or, striking obliquely, glance harmlessly from its side. In the steel-clad we advocate, no upper or covered deck is proposed. It would be fought, as the *Kearsarge* was fought, from an open deck, nearly as safe from shells, splinters, and fragments of shells as a covered deck. With a single deck the steel-clad would present less surface to the adversary.

As the thirty-eight-ton gun can penetrate an armor twenty inches thick, no frigate could sustain for its entire length a steel or iron armor sufficient to resist the projectiles thrown by such a gun, and if the largest class of guns is used, they must require for their support vessels of immense size and cost, drawing more than twenty-five feet of water, and consequently unable to enter our Atlantic ports. Cannon of sixteen inches calibre, weighing 100 tons, and throwing projectiles of a ton's weight, are more appropriate for fortresses on the land than for fortresses on the restless ocean; they can be aimed and fired more easily, oftener, and with more precision from the land than from the water. Their cost, also, increases rapidly with their size, as will appear from the following table of weight, sizes, and cost, compiled from the London *Times:*

Weight of Rifled Guns.	Weight of Projectiles.	Calibre.	Cost of Guns Per Ton.
12½ tons.	232 pounds.	9 inches.	£70
18 "	373 "	10 "	80
38 "	800 "	12½ "	98
80 "	1700 "	14½ "	136

A gun of thirty-eight tons, with 12½-inch bore, rifled, throwing a shell of 800 pounds, has been successfully cast at Alger's Furnace, in South Boston. It is quite desirable that the fortresses which defend our chief ports on either ocean should be armed with the largest cannon above specified. These guns are of more value on the land than on the water; their foundations are more reliable on the land, where deliberate aim can be taken, and ships kept at a distance.

TORPEDO BOATS.

No navy is now complete without modern torpedo boats. However large or invulnerable may be its iron-clad, however powerful may be its armament, or costly its construction, it may be suddenly wrecked or sunk by a small torpedo, which may open a chasm in its side more terrible than the effects of the largest projectiles.

The torpedo boats are no substitutes for a navy. They can not cruise on the open sea, or pursue or capture the ships of the enemy, or destroy his commerce, but can supplement the force of the steel-clad ship, and render it important assistance. During the past two years England has been building thirty torpedo boats from forty-five to eighty-five feet in length, and seven to eleven feet beam, each furnished with a small engine and propeller, and endowed with the speed of eighteen to twenty miles per hour. In a fair day such boats can not accomplish much, but in a dark night, or amid the smoke of battle, such a boat, stealing like a gray lizard over the sea, with its torpedo in advance, may suddenly assail the largest iron-clad, and send it at once to the bottom.

A few months since such a boat, with a torpedo attached to a spar projecting from its bow, was sent to attack an old ship called the *Bayonnais*, set afloat and left by its crew in the open sea on the coast of France. The boat was manned by a crew of three men, one at the engine, another at the helm, a third guiding the torpedo. It followed the ship for several miles with a speed of nineteen miles per hour, watched by a large company in other steamers. Its torpedo was fired at the ship's side, and in less than three minutes she had sunk to the bottom. The experiment was again tried upon another vessel, with similar results, and on both occasions the boat retired uninjured.

The efficacy of such torpedoes has been well tested on our own coast at least seven times in the late war, and repeatedly since that time on the coast of Turkey.

We have thus far experimented with much cost and little profit on larger torpedo vessels. Let not our pride prevent us from adopting the models successfully introduced by Europe.

THE MILITIA OF THE SEAS.

On land we rely not only upon our small army for protection, but also on our militia and volunteers. These at times supplement our army when our regular troops are on the frontier, or not easily accessible. We require such aid on the deep from commercial vessels, mail carriers in time of peace, built by private enterprise, sustained in great part by commerce and postages, but invaluable as a subsidiary force in time of war. England and France and Austria, by judicious grants for the carriage of the mail in the shape of subsidies, have thus built up and maintained a force of at least eight hundred steam-frigates, whose speed equals or surpasses that of the crack ships of our navy. Although their packet-ships have thus increased in number and speed, they still pay out to their more important lines as mail money more than $8,000,000 annually, and recoup most of it from postages. Several of their important lines running to the East and West Indies could not have made dividends or increased their ships without the aid of subsidies. Thus England created the Cunard Line, which began with four small steamers of 1200 tons, and gradually increased them to more than fifty of much larger size, throwing out branches to Glasgow, Dublin, Havre, Genoa, and Messina, all feeders to the main line, until it has now a fleet of fifty first-class steam-ships, created from the profits of the enterprise. It requires no subsidies, and is so well established that it brings us the shawls of Paisley, the silks of Lyons, the linen of Belfast, the figs, grapes, and oranges of Smyrna, Palermo, and Malaga, in better condition, and more expeditiously and cheaply, than we can bring them in our own barks by the direct routes to Boston and New York.

When war between England and America was imminent, they were armed, and employed to convey troops and military stores to Halifax and Quebec. In the Crimean war they took troops and guns to the Euxine, and subsequently troops to Africa. These steam-ships constitute formidable navies for England, France, and Austria. If Congress has made some improvident grants of land and money to railway companies, and if some of them have been obtained by undue influence, and have excited jealousy and ill-will, such improvidence should not deter Congress from giving proper countenance to our commercial marine. While sailing ships of wood were in vogue, we took the lead upon the ocean. Our packets in model and speed surpassed those of all other nations. But at length steam and iron came into use. The coal and iron mines of England were opened on navigable waters, and were easily accessible. England saw and profited by her opportunity, and gave liberal subsidies to her great lines of steam-ships to America, Asia, and the West Indies, and commerce has followed the mail routes. When the North American line, aided by many lateral branches, was able to sustain itself, she discontinued the subsidies to that line, but still continues them to the other important lines. England has encouraged builders outside of her navy-yards by contracts, and has thus secured orders from other nations. Again, she has pushed her success, and taken many of our vessels under her flag when we gave them no convoys and no protection, while we have refused to take back the ships which sought under another flag the protection we could not give. And thus has the marine of England, with commerce less than our own, risen from 5,000,000 to nearly 9,000,000 tons, if we include private and public ships, while ours has declined to less than 5,000,000, and we have contributed to its decline by onerous duties and a false currency.

At length our navigation has begun to revive. We have less than one-fourth of our foreign trade under our own flag, but we retain a magnificent coasting trade, now fast increasing both in steamers and sailing ships, which exceeds in its arrivals and clearances the foreign trade of England. Of this, as well as of our manufactures, England would fain deprive us; but with wise legislation on our part, and with reasonable protection to our vessels, now escaping from the burden of the war, we may soon defy the rivalry of Europe.

MARINERS.

But neither steel-clad steam-ships nor unarmored frigates suffice for a navy; it demands brave and efficient seamen. In

past times the Banks of Newfoundland and the stormy Gulf of St. Lawrence have nursed and trained our seamen. While we imposed duties on foreign fish, we not only trained our adventurous boys and young men in our fishing fleets, but the youth of the Provinces enlisted with us also, for the fish they caught from the decks of our vessels were worth two dollars per barrel more than those caught from a British vessel subject to duties. The most spirited young men of the Provinces became American seamen, and usually settled, with their wives, at Gloucester and East Boston; but the Treaty of Washington, when it laid at the feet of England several millions in duties on fish, deprived us of this privilege by making our vessels less attractive, and now we must look for new schools for our mariners, or man our ships with motley crews of foreigners devoid of that national spirit which in past times won our laurels on the ocean.

England, to keep up her complement of seamen, requires annually a fresh supply of 16,000 mariners to meet the waste of seamen by storm, sickness, and desertion. She draws them in part from apprenticeships, in part from Norway and Sweden and other nations. They keep good her force of 120,000 seamen, two-thirds of whom are foreigners inferior to the men who served under Nelson. She mans her public ships, however, with native Englishmen in the prime of life, and fresh from her training-ships. She requires for her navy 18,000 men, and draws of these 3000 annually from her school-ships to make good the waste. She has stationed in her various ports 179 training-ships. There lads of sixteen, of good physique and morals, are received annually, and after two years' discipline are transferred to the navy, and required to serve three years, with light pay. Then they are discharged, with three months' pay in their pockets. They thus become able seamen. If they re-enlist, they are soon made warrant-officers, and if they afterward enter the merchant service, may become mates and masters. For each of these lads England pays to her training-ships twenty-five pounds sterling, and thus defrays most of the cost of their education. As respects this training we have taken a leaf from the book of England, and have already six such ships, with 600 lads in training, and nearly that number of seamen have entered our navy from these schools. They are superior to the crews in our merchantmen. In our coastwise service steam replaces canvas. Our tri-masts carry no square sails, and our barks no yards except on a single mast; our seamen consequently rarely go aloft to reef or take in canvas. They are consequently less efficient than our mariners were before steam and improved rigging had reduced the number and lessened the skill of our seamen. In place of six or eight men to the hundred tons, two or less are the modern complement. With reduced numbers we should command the best, to insure the recovery of our shipping.

OFFICERS OF THE NAVY.

We have good materials and an admirable school for our officers at Annapolis. But it is a question whether they are as well versed in seamanship as in the earlier days of our navy, when we took our officers from the merchantmen, and brought such men as Decatur, Preble, Bainbridge, Hull, Stewart, Perry, and McDonough to the front. We require accomplished officers well versed in seamanship. It is not a holiday duty to which they are invited or should be trained at the expense of the country. They have something more to do than to make excursions at Genoa or Naples, or to entertain ladies at Marseilles or Cadiz. In former times the midshipmen, mates, or lieutenants, both in the British and American service, had charge of the watch on the forward deck, or were sent to the mast-head as officer of the top, and could decline no duty that was essential to the efficiency or safety of the ship. In the English service young officers are kept busy on surveys and soundings. In this province we have something yet to learn from England and other nations, for we must not allow them to surpass us either in seamanship or efficiency. "Excelsior" should be our motto.

Let our steel-clad ships be worthy of our officers, and our officers be worthy of their ships, and we shall recover our position on the ocean.

In a recent report to Congress on a subsidy to Roach's line of steam-ships to Brazil, it is stated by the committee that more than ten millions of dollars are paid annually by European states as subsidies to mail lines of steam-ships, in addition to a large amount in postage.

In a minority report, Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, a member of the same committee, opposed a subsidy. It was admitted that

the establishment of a line of steam-ships to Brazil, aided by the abolition of duties on coffee, had increased our imports and exports in Brazilian trade between 1860 and 1876 from $20,000,000 to $51,000,000; but he alleged that the imports greatly exceeded the exports. But was not this gentleman aware that Illinois pays Brazil for her coffee with breadstuffs and provisions? She sends her corn, wheat, and pork to England, and with the credit she gets in London, and moderate cargoes of fish, flour, and lumber, we buy the coffee of Brazil. By the triangular voyage we exchange our own products for those of Brazil with profit to all parties. Again, Mr. Cannon says that while we have increased our commerce with Cuba chiefly in our own vessels to $80,000,000, our imports exceed our exports. But was he not aware that our vessels to Cuba are well laden with fish, lumber, and produce, and bills drawn against Western produce shipped to England, so that we thus buy our sugar as well as coffee with our own produce?

Again, he complains that, while our commerce with China and Japan through California has greatly increased since our steam lines were established, our imports from the Orient exceed our exports of produce; but he does not include our exports of silver, a product of our mines, a profitable export not required at home, but wanted in Asia, which balances the account. Has he not discovered that our exports now exceed our imports by $300,000,000 yearly; that most of our ships return from Europe in ballast, and that we need imports to keep down outward freight on breadstuffs, and give better returns to our farmers?

MARY ANERLEY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CORDIAL ENJOYMENT.

THE poise of this great enterprise was hanging largely in the sky, from which come all things, and to which resolved they are referred again. The sky, to hold an equal balance, or to decline all troublesome responsibility about it, went away, or (to put it more politely) retired from the scene. Even as nine men out of ten, when a handsome fight is toward, would rather have no opinion on the merits, but abide in their breeches, and there keep their hands till the fist of the victor is opened, so at this period the upper firmament nodded a strict neutrality. And yet, on the whole, it must have indulged a sneaking proclivity toward free trade; otherwise, why should it have been as follows?

November now was far advanced; and none but sanguine Britons hoped, at least in this part of the world, to know (except from memory and predictions of the almanac) whether the sun were round or square, until next Easter-day should come. It was not quite impossible that he might appear at Candlemas, when he is supposed to give a dance, though hitherto a strictly private one; but even so, this premature frisk of his were undesirable, if faith in ancient rhyme be any. But putting him out of the question, as he had already put himself, the things that were below him, and, from length of practice, manage well to shape their course without him, were moving now and managing themselves with moderation.

The tone of the clouds was very mild, and so was the color of the sea. A comely fog involved the day, and a decent mist restrained the night from ostentatious waste of stars. It was not such very bad weather; but a captious man might find fault with it, and only a thoroughly cheerful one could enlarge upon its merits. Plainly enough these might be found by anybody having any core of rest inside him, or any gift of turning over upon a rigidly neutral side, and considerably outgazing the color of his eyes.

Commander Nettlebones was not of poetic, philosophic, or vague mind. "What a —— fog!" he exclaimed in the morning; and he used the same words in the afternoon, through a speaking-trumpet, as the two other cutters ranged up within hail. This they did very carefully, at the appointed rendezvous, toward the fall of the afternoon, and hauled their wind under easy sail, shivering in the southwestern breeze.

"Not half so bad as it was," returned Bowler, being of a cheerful mind. "It is lifting every minute, sir. Have you had sight of anything?"

"Not a blessed stick, except a fishing-boat. What makes you ask, lieutenant?"

"Why, sir, as we rounded in, it lifted for a moment, and I saw a craft some two leagues out, standing straight in for us."

"The devil you did! What was she like? and where away, lieutenant?"

"A heavy lugger, under all sail, about E.N.E. as near as may be. She is standing for Robin Hood's Bay, I believe. In an hour's time she will be upon us, if the weather keeps so thick."

"She may have seen you, and sheered off. Stand straight for her, as nigh as you can guess. The fog is lifting, as you say. If you sight her, signal instantly. Lieutenant Donovan, have you heard Bowler's news?"

"Sure an' if it wasn't for the fog, I would. Every word of it come to me, as clear as seeing."

"Very well. Carry on a little to the south, half a league or so, and then stand out, but keep within sound of signal. I shall bear up presently. It is clearing every minute, and we must nab them."

The fog began to rise in loops and alleys, with the upward pressure of the evening breeze, which freshened from the land in lines and patches, according to the run of cliff. Here the water darkened with the ruffle of the wind, and there it lay quiet, with a glassy shine, or gentle shadows of variety. Soon the three cruisers saw one another clearly; and then they all sighted an approaching sail.

This was a full-bowed vessel, of quaint rig, heavy sheer, and extraordinary build —a foreigner clearly, and an ancient one. She differed from a lugger as widely as a lugger differs from a schooner, and her broad spread of canvas combined the features of square and of fore-and-aft tackle. But whatever her build or rig might be, she was going through the water at a strapping pace, heavily laden as she was, with her long yards creaking, and her broad frame croaking, and her deep bows driving up the fountains of the sea. Her enormous mainsail upon the mizzenmast —or mainmast, for she only carried two —was hung obliquely, yet not as a lugger's, slung at one-third of its length, but bent to a long yard hanging fore and aft, with a long fore-end sloping down to midship. This great sail gave her vast power, when close hauled; and she carried a square sail on the foremast, and a square sail on either topmast.

"Lord, have mercy! She could run us all down if she tried!" exclaimed Commander Nettlebones; "and what are my pop-guns against such beam?"

For a while the bilander seemed to mean to try it, for she carried on toward the central cruiser as if she had not seen one of them. Then, beautifully handled, she brought to, and was scudding before the wind in another minute, leading them all a brave stern-chase out to sea.

"It must be that dare-devil Lyth himself," Nettlebones said, as the *Swordfish* strained, with all canvas set, but no gain made; "no other fellow in all the world would dare to beard us in this style. I'd lay ten guineas that Donovan's guns won't go off, if he tries them. Ah, I thought so —a fizz, and a stink—trust an Irishman."

For this gallant lieutenant, slanting toward the bows of the flying bilander, which he had no hope of fore-reaching, trained his long swivel-gun upon her, and let go—or rather tried to let go—at her. But his powder was wet, or else there was some stoppage; for the only result was a spurt of smoke inward, and a powdery eruption on his own red cheeks.

"I wish I could have heard him swear," grumbled Nettlebones; "that would have been worth something. But Bowler is further out. Bowler will cross her bows, and he is not a fool. Don't be in a hurry, my fine Bob Lyth. You are not clear yet, though you crack on like a trooper. Well done, Bowler, you have headed him! By Jove, I don't understand these tactics. Stand by there! She is running back again."

To the great amazement of all on board the cruisers, except perhaps one or two, the great Dutch vessel, which might haply have escaped by standing on her present course, spun round like a top, and bore in again among her three pursuers. She had the heels of all of them before the wind, and might have run down any intercepter, but seemed not to know it, or to lose all nerve. "Thank the Lord in heaven, all rogues are fools! She may double as she will, but she is ours now. Signal *Albatross* and *Kestrel* to stand in."

In a few minutes all four were standing for the bay; the Dutch vessel leading with all sail set, the cruisers following warily, and spreading, to head her from the north or south. It was plain that they had her well in the toils; she must either surrender or run ashore; close haul-

ed as she was, she could not run them down, even if she would dream of such an outrage.

So far from showing any sign of rudeness was the smuggling vessel, that she would not even plead want of light as excuse for want of courtesy. For running past the royal cutters, who took much longer to come about, she saluted each of them with deep respect for the swallow-tail of his Majesty. And then she bore on, like the admiral's ship, with signal for all to follow her.

"Such cursed impudence never did I see," cried every one of the revenue skippers, as they all were compelled to obey her. "Surrender she must, or else run upon the rocks. Does the fool know what he is driving at?"

The fool, who was Master James Brown of Grimsby, knew very well what he was about. Every shoal, and sounding, and rocky gut, was thoroughly familiar to him, and the spread of faint light on the waves and alongshore told him all his bearings. The loud cackle of laughter, which Grimsby men (at the cost of the rest of the world) enjoy, was carried by the wind to the ears of Nettlebones.

The latter set fast his teeth, and ground them; for now in the rising of the large full moon he perceived that the beach of the cove was black with figures gathering rapidly. "I see the villain's game; it is all clear now," he shouted, as he slammed his spy-glass. "He means to run in where we dare not follow: and he knows that Carroway is out of hail. The hull may go smash for the sake of the cargo; and his flat-bottomed tub can run where we can not. I dare not carry after him —court-martial if I do: that is where those fellows beat us always. But, by the Lord Harry, he shall not prevail! Guns are no good—the rogue knows that. We will land round the point, and nab him."

By this time the moon was beginning to open the clouds, and strew the waves with light; and the vapors, which had lain across the day, defying all power of sun ray, were gracefully yielding, and departing softly, at the insinuating whisper of the gliding night. Between the busy rolling of the distant waves, and the shining prominence of forward cliffs, a quiet space was left for ships to sail in, and for men to show activity in shooting one another. And some of these were hurrying to do so, if they could.

"There is little chance of hitting them in this bad light; but let them have it, Jakins; and a guinea for you, if you can only bring that big mainsail down."

The gunner was yearning for this, and the bellow of his piece responded to the captain's words. But the shot only threw up a long path of fountains, and the bilander ploughed on as merrily as before.

"Hard aport! By the Lord, I felt her touch! Go about! So, so—easy! Now lie to, for *Kestrel* and *Albatross* to join. My certy! but that was a narrow shave. How the beggar would have laughed if we had grounded! Give them another shot. It will do the gun good; she wants a little exercise."

Nothing loath was master gunner, as the other bow-gun came into bearing, to make a little more noise in the world, and possibly produce a greater effect. And therein he must have had a grand success, and established a noble reputation, by carrying off a great Grimsby head, if he only had attended to a little matter. Gunner Jakins was a celebrated shot, and the miss he had made stirred him up to shoot again. If the other gun was crooked, this one should be straight; and dark as it was inshore, he got a patch of white ground to sight by. The bilander was a good sizable object, and not to hit her anywhere would be too bad. He considered these things carefully, and cocked both eyes, with a twinkling ambiguity between them; then trusting mainly to the left one, as an ancient gunner for the most part does, he watched the due moment, and fired. The smoke curled over the sea, and so did the Dutchman's maintopsail, for the mast beneath it was cut clean through. Some of the crew were frightened, as may be the bravest man when for the first time shot at; but James Brown rubbed his horny hands.

"Now this is a good judgment for that younker Robin Lyth," he shouted aloud, with the glory of a man who has verified his own opinions. "He puts all the danger upon his elders, and tells them there is none of it. A' might just as well have been my head, if a wave hadn't lifted the muzzle when that straight-eyed chap let fire. Bear a hand, boys, and cut away the wreck. He hathn't got never another shot to send. He hath saved us trouble o' shortening that there canvas. We don't need too much way on her."

This was true enough, as all hands

knew; for the craft was bound to take the beach, without going to pieces yet awhile. Jem Brown stood at the wheel himself, and carried her in with consummate skill.

"It goeth to my heart to throw away good stuff," he grumbled at almost every creak. "Two hunder pound I would 'a paid myself for this here piece of timber. Steady as a light-house, and as handy as a mop; but what do they young fellows care? There, now, my lads, hold your legs a moment; and now make your best of that."

With a crash, and a grating, and a long sad grind, the nuptial ark of the wealthy Dutchman cast herself into her last bed and berth.

"I done it right well," said the Grimsby man.

The poor old bilander had made herself such a hole in the shingle that she rolled no more, but only lifted at the stern and groaned, as the quiet waves swept under her. The beach was swarming with men, who gave her a cheer, and flung their hats up; and in two or three minutes as many gangways of timber and rope were rigged to her hawse-holes, or fore-chains, or almost anywhere. And then the rolling of puncheons began, and the hoisting of bales, and the thump and the creak, and the laughter, and the swearing.

"Now be you partiklar, uncommon partiklar; never start a stave nor fray a bale. Powerful precious stuff this time. Gold every bit of it, if it are a penny. They blessed coast-riders will be on us round the point. But never you hurry, lads, the more for that. Better a'most to let 'em have it, than damage a drop or a thread of such goods."

"All right, Cappen Brown. Don't you be so wonnerful unaisy. Not the first time we have handled such stuff."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Brown, as he lit a short pipe and began to puff. "I've a-run some afore, but never none so precious."

Then the men of the coast and the sailors worked with a will, by the broad light of the moon, which showed their brawny arms and panting chests, with the hoisting, and the heaving, and the rolling. In less than an hour three-fourths of the cargo was landed, and some already stowed inland, where no Preventive eye could penetrate. Then Captain Brown put away his pipe, and was busy, in a dark empty part of the hold, with some barrels of his own, which he covered with a sail-cloth.

Presently the tramp of marching men was heard in a lane on the north side of the cove, and then the like sound echoed from the south. "Now never you hurry," said the Grimsby man. The others, however, could not attain such standard of equanimity. They fell into sudden confusion, and babble of tongues, and hesitation—everybody longing to be off, but nobody liking to run without something good. And to get away with anything at all substantial, even in the dark, was difficult, because there were cliffs in front, and the flanks would be stopped by men with cutlasses.

"Ston' you still," cried Captain Brown; "never you budge, ne'er a one of ye. I stands upon my legitimacy; and I answer for the consekence. I takes all responsibility."

Like all honest Britons, they loved long words, and they knew that if the worst came to the worst, a mere broken head or two would make all straight; so they huddled together in the moonlight waiting, and no one desired to be the outside man. And while they were striving for precedence toward the middle, the coast-guards from either side marched upon them, according to their very best drill and in high discipline, to knock down almost any man with the pommel of the sword.

But the smugglers also showed high discipline under the commanding voice of Captain Brown.

"Every man ston' with his hands to his sides, and ask of they sojjers for a pinch of bacca."

This made them laugh, till Captain Nettlebones strode up.

"In the name of his Majesty, surrender, all you fellows. You are fairly caught in the very act of landing a large run of goods contraband. It is high time to make an example of you. Where is your skipper, lads? Robin Lyth, come forth."

"May it please your good honor and his Majesty's commission," said Brown, in his full, round voice, as he walked down the broadest of the gangways leisurely, "my name is not Robin Lyth, but James Brown, a family man of Grimsby, and an honest trader upon the high seas. My cargo is medical water and rags, mainly for the use of the revenue men, by reason they han't had their new uniforms this twelve months."

Several of the enemy began to giggle, for their winter supply of clothes had failed, through some lapse of the department. But Nettlebones marched up, and collared Captain Brown, and said, "You are my prisoner, sir. Surrender, Robin Lyth, this moment." Brown made no resistance, but respectfully touched his hat, and thought.

"I were trying to call upon my memory," he said, as the revenue officer led him aside, and promised him that he should get off easily if he would only give up his chief. "I am not going to deny, your honor, that I have heard tell of that name 'Robin Lyth.' But my memory never do come in a moment. Now were he a man in the contraband line?"

"Brown, you want to provoke me. It will only be ten times worse for you. Now give him up like an honest fellow, and I will do my best for you. I might even let a few tubs slip by."

"Sir, I am a stranger round these parts; and the lingo is beyond me. Tubs is a bucket as the women use for washing. Never I heared of any other sort of tubs. But my mate he knoweth more of Yorkshire talk. Jack, here his honor is a-speaking about tubs; ever you hear of tubs, Jack?"

"Make the villain fast to yonder mooring-post," shouted Nettlebones, losing his temper; "and one of you stand by him, with a hanger ready. Now, Master Brown, we'll see what tubs are, if you please; and what sort of rags you land at night. One chance more for you—will you give up Robin Lyth?"

"Yes, sir, that I will, without two thoughts about 'un. Only too happy, as the young women say, to give 'un up, quick stick—so soon as ever I ha' got 'un."

"If ever there was a contumacious rogue! Roll up a couple of those puncheons, Mr. Avery; and now light half a dozen links. Have you got your spigot-heels—and rummers? Very good; Lieutenant Donovan, Mr. Avery, and Senior Volunteer Brett, oblige me by standing by to verify. Gentlemen, we will endeavor to hold what is judicially called an assay—a proof of the purity of substances. The brand on these casks is of the very highest order—the renowned Mynheer Van Dunck himself. Donovan, you shall be our foreman; I have heard you say that you understood ardent spirits from your birth."

"Faix, and I quite forget, commander, whether I was weaned on or off of them. But the foine judge me father was come down till me—honey, don't be narvous; slope it well, then—a little thick, is it? All the richer for that same, me boy. Commander, here's the good health of his Majesty— Oh Lord!"

Mr. Corkoran Donovan fell down upon the shingle, and rolled and bellowed: "Sure me inside's out! 'Tis poisoned I am, every mortial bit o' me. A docthor, a docthor, and a praste, to kill me! That ever I should live to die like this! Ochone, ochone, every bit of me; to be brought forth upon good whiskey, and go out of the world upon docthor's stuff!"

"Most folk does that, when they ought to turn ends t'otherwise." James Brown of Grimsby could see how things were going, though his power to aid was restricted by a double turn of rope around him; but a kind hand had given him a pipe, and his manner was to take things easily. "Commander, or captain, or whatever you be, with your king's clothes, constructing a hole in they flints, never you fear, sir. 'Tis medical water, and your own wife wouldn't know you to-morrow. Your complexion will be like a hangel's."

"You d——d rogue," cried Nettlebones, striding up, with his sword flashing in the link-lights, "if ever I had a mind to cut any man down—"

"Well, sir, do it, then, upon a roped man, if the honor of the British navy calleth for it. My will is made, and my widow will have action; and the executioner of my will is a Grimsby man, with a pile of money made in the line of salt fish, and such like."

"Brown, you are a brave man. I would scorn to harm you. Now, upon your honor, are all your puncheons filled with that stuff, and nothing else?"

"Upon my word of honor, sir, they are. Some a little weaker, some with more bilge-water in it, or a trifle of a dash from the midden. The main of it, however, in the very same condition as a' bubbleth out of what they call the spawses. Why, captain, you must 'a lived long enough to know, partiklar if gifted with a family, that no sort of spirit as were ever stilled will fetch so much money by the gallon, duty paid, as the doctor's stuff doth by the phial-bottle."

"That is true enough; but no lies, Brown, particularly when upon your honor! If you were importing doctor's stuff, why did you lead us such a dance, and stand fire?"

"Well, your honor, you must promise not to be offended, if I tell you of a little mistake we made. We heared a sight of talk about some pirate craft as hoisteth his Majesty's flag upon their villainy. And when first you come up, in the dusk of the night—"

"You are the most impudent rogue I ever saw. Show your bills of lading, sir. You know his Majesty's revenue cruisers as well as I know your smuggling tub."

"Ship's papers are aboard of her, all correct, sir. Keys at your service, if you please to feel my pocket, objecting to let my hands loose."

"Very well, I must go on board of her, and test a few of your puncheons and bales, Master Brown. Locker in the master's own cabin, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, plain as can be, on the starboard side, just behind the cabin door. Only your honor must be smart about it; the time-fuse can't 'a got three inches left."

"Time-fuse? What do you mean, you Grimsby villain?"

"Nothing, commander, but to keep you out of mischief. When we were compelled to beach the old craft, for fear of them scoundrelly pirates, it came into my head what a pity it would be to have her used illegal; for she do outsail a'most everything, as your honor can bear witness. So I just laid a half-hour fuse to three big powder barrels as is down there in the hold; and I expect to see a blow-up almost every moment. But your honor might be in time yet, with a run, and good luck to your foot, you might—"

"Back, lads! back every one of you this moment!" The first concern of Nettlebones was rightly for his men. "Under the cliff here. Keep well back. Push out those smuggler fellows into the middle. Let them have the benefit of their own inventions, and this impudent Brown the foremost. They have laid a train to their powder barrels, and the lugger will blow up any moment."

"No fear for me, commander," James Brown shouted through the hurry and jostle of a hundred runaways. "More fear for that poor man as lieth there a-lurching. She won't hit me when she bloweth up, no more than your honor could. But surely your duty demandeth of you to board the old bilander, and take samples."

"Sample enough of you, my friend. But I haven't quite done with you yet. Simpson, here, bear a hand with poor Lieutenant Donovan."

Nettlebones set a good example by lifting the prostrate Irishman; and they bore him into safety, and drew up there; while the beachmen, forbidden the shelter at point of cutlass, made off right and left; and then, with a crash that shook the strand and drove back the water in a white turmoil, the *Crown of Gold* flew into a fount of timbers, splinters, shreds, smoke, fire, and dust.

"Gentlemen, you may come out of your holes," the Grimsby man shouted from his mooring-post, as the echoes ran along the cliffs, and rolled to and fro in the distance. "My old woman will miss a piece of my pigtail, but she hathn't hurt her old skipper else. She blowed up handsome, and no mistake! No more danger, gentlemen, and plenty of stuff to pick up afore next pay-day."

"What shall we do with that insolent hound?" Nettlebones asked poor Donovan, who was groaning in slow convalescence. "We have caught him in nothing. We can not commit him; we can not even duck him legally."

"Be jabers, let him drink his health in his own potheen."

"Capital! Bravo for old Ireland, my friend! You shall see it done, and handsomely. Brown, you recommend these waters, so you shall have a dose of them."

A piece of old truncate kelp was found, as good a drinking horn as need be; and with this Captain Brown was forced to swallow half a bucketful of his own "medical water"; and they left him fast at his moorings, to reflect upon this form of importation.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BEARDED IN HIS DEN.

"WHAT do you think of it by this time, Bowler?" Commander Nettlebones asked his second, who had been left in command afloat, and to whom they rowed back in a wrathful mood, with a good deal of impression that the fault was his. "You

have been taking it easily out here. What do you think of the whole of it?"

"I have simply obeyed your orders, sir; and if I am to be blamed for that, I had better offer no opinion."

"No, no, I am finding no fault with you. Don't be so tetchy, Bowler. I seek your opinion, and you are bound to give it."

"Well, then, sir, my opinion is that they have made fools of the lot of us, excepting, of course, my superior officer."

"You think so, Bowler? Well, and so do I—and myself the biggest fool of any. They have charged our centre with a dummy cargo, while they run the real stuff far on either flank. Is that your opinion?"

"To a nicety, that is my opinion, now that you put it so clearly, sir."

"The trick is a clumsy one, and never should succeed. Carroway ought to catch one lot, if he has a haporth of sense in him. What is the time now; and how is the wind?"

"I hear a church clock striking twelve; and by the moon it must be that. The wind is still from the shore, but veering, and I felt a flaw from the east just now."

"If the wind works round, our turn will come. Is Donovan fit for duty yet?"

"Ten times fit, sir—to use his own expression. He is burning to have at somebody. His eyes work about like the binnacle's card."

"Then board him, and order him to make all sail for Burlington, and see what old Carroway is up to. You be off for Whitby, and as far as Teesmouth, looking into every cove you pass. I shall stand off and on from this to Scarborough, and as far as Filey. Short measures, mind, if you come across them. If I nab that fellow Lyth, I shall go near to hanging him as a felon outlaw. His trick is a little too outrageous."

"No fear, commander. If it is as we suppose, it is high time to make a strong example."

Hours had been lost, as the captains of the cruisers knew too well by this time. Robin Lyth's stratagem had duped them all, while the contraband cargoes might be landed safely, at either extremity of their beat. By the aid of the fishing-boats, he had learned their manœuvres clearly, and outmanœuvred them.

Now it would have been better for him, perhaps, to have been content with a lesser triumph, and to run his own schooner, the *Glimpse*, further south, toward Hornsea, or even Aldbrough. Nothing, however, would satisfy him but to land his fine cargo at Carroway's own door—a piece of downright insolence, for which he paid out most bitterly. A man of his courage and lofty fame should have been above such vindictive feelings. But, as it was, he cherished and, alas! indulged a certain small grudge against the bold lieutenant, scarcely so much for endeavoring to shoot him, as for entrapping him at Byrsa Cottage, during the very sweetest moment of his life. "You broke in disgracefully," said the smuggler to himself, "upon my privacy when it should have been most sacred. The least thing I can do is to return your visit, and pay my respects to Mrs. Carroway and your interesting family."

Little expecting such a courtesy as this, the vigilant officer was hurrying about, here, there, and almost everywhere (except in the right direction), at one time by pinnace, at another upon horseback, or on his unwearied though unequal feet. He carried his sword in one hand, and his spy-glass in the other, and at every fog he swore so hard that he seemed to turn it yellow. With his heart worn almost into holes, as an overmangled quilt is, by burdensome roll of perpetual lies, he condemned, with a round mouth, smugglers, cutters, the coast-guard and the coast itself, the weather, and, with a deeper depth of condemnation, the farmers, landladies, and fishermen. For all of these verily seemed to be in league to play him the game which school-boys play with a gentle-faced new-comer—the game of "send the fool further."

John Gristhorp, of the "Ship Inn," at Filey, had turned out his visitors, barred his door, and was counting his money by the fireside, with his wife grumbling at him for such late hours as half past ten of the clock in the bar, that night when the poor bilander ended her long career as aforesaid. Then a thundering knock at the door just fastened made him upset a little pyramid of pence, and catch up the iron candlestick.

"None of your roistering here!" cried the lady. "John, you know better than to let them in, I hope."

"Copper coomth by daa, goold coomth t'naight-time," the sturdy publican an-

swered, though resolved to learn who it was before unbarriug.

"In the name of the King, undo this door," a deep stern voice resounded, "or by royal command we make splinters of it."

"It is that horrible Carroway again," whispered Mrs. Gristhorp. "Much gold comes of him, I doubt. Let him in if you dare, John."

"'Keep ma oot, if ye de-arr,' saith he. Ah'll awand here's the tail o' it."

While Gristhorp, in wholesome fealty to his wife, was doubting, the door flew open, and in marched Carroway and all his men, or at least all save one of his present following. He had ordered his pinnace to meet him here, himself having ridden from Scarborough, and the pinnace had brought the jolly-boat in tow, according to his directions. The men had landed with the jolly-boat, which was handier for beach work, leaving one of their number to mind the larger craft while they should refresh themselves. They were nine in all, and Carroway himself the tenth, all sturdy fellows, and for the main of it tolerably honest; Cadman, Ellis, and Dick Hackerbody, and one more man from Bridlington, the rest a re-enforcement from Spurn Head, called up for occasion.

"Landlord, produce your best, and quickly," the officer said, as he threw himself into the arm-chair of state, being thoroughly tired. "In one hour's time we must be off. Therefore, John, bring nothing tough, for our stomachs are better than our teeth. A shilling per head is his Majesty's price, and half a crown for officers. Now a gallon of ale, to begin with."

Gristhorp, being a prudent man, brought the very toughest parts of his larder forth, with his wife giving nudge to his elbow. All, and especially Carroway, too hungry for nice criticism, fell to, by the light of three tallow candles, and were just getting into the heart of it, when the rattle of horseshoes on the pitch-stones shook the long low window, and a little boy came staggering in, with scanty breath, and dazzled eyes, and a long face pale with hurrying so.

"Why, Tom, my boy!" the lieutenant cried, jumping up so suddenly that he overturned the little table at which he was feeding by himself, to preserve the proper discipline. "Tom, my darling, what has brought you here? Anything wrong with your mother?"

"Nobody wouldn't come, but me," Carroway's eldest son began to gasp, with his mouth full of crying; "and I borrowed Butcher Hewson's pony, and he's going to charge five shillings for it."

"Never mind that. We shall not have to pay it. But what is it all about, my son?"

"About the men that are landing the things, just opposite our front door, father. They have got seven carts, and a wagon with three horses, and one of the horses is three colors; and ever so many ponies, more than you could count."

"Well, then, may I be forever"—here the lieutenant used an expression which not only was in breach of the third commandment, but might lead his son to think less of the fifth—"if it isn't more than I can bear! To be running a cargo at my own hall door!" He had a passage large enough to hang three hats in, which the lady of the house always called "the hall." "Very well, very good, very fine indeed! You sons of"—an animal that is not yet accounted the mother of the human race—"have you done guzzling and swizzling?"

The men who were new to his orders jumped up, for they liked his expressions, by way of a change; but the Bridlington squad stuck to their trenchers. "Ready in five minutes, sir," said Cadman, with a glance neither loving nor respectful.

"If ever there was an old hog for the trough, the name of him is John Cadman. In ten minutes, lads, we must all be afloat."

"One more against you," muttered Cadman; and a shrewd quiet man from Spurn Head, Adam Andrews, heard him, and took heed of him.

While the men of the coast-guard were hurrying down to make ready the jolly-boat and hail the pinnace, Carroway stopped to pay the score, and to give his son some beer and meat. The thirsty little fellow drained his cup, and filled his mouth and both hands with food, while the landlady picked out the best bits for him.

"Don't talk, my son—don't try to talk," said Carroway, looking proudly at him, while the boy was struggling to tell his adventures, without loss of feeding-time; "you are a chip of the old block, Tom, for victualling, and for riding too. Kind

madam, you never saw such a boy before. Mark my words, he will do more in the world than ever his father did, and his father was pretty well known in his time, in the Royal Navy, ma'am. To have stuck to his horse all that way in the dark was wonderful, perfectly wonderful. And the horse blows more than the rider, ma'am, which is quite beyond my experience. Now, Tom, ride home very carefully and slowly, if you feel quite equal to it. The Lord has watched over you, and He will continue, as He does with brave folk that do their duty. Half a crown you shall have, all for yourself, and the sixpenny boat that you longed for in the shops. Keep out of the way of the smugglers, Tom; don't let them even clap eyes on you. Kiss me, my son; I am proud of you."

Little Tom long remembered this; and his mother cried over it hundreds of times.

Although it was getting on for midnight now, Master Gristhorp and his wife came out into the road before their house, to see the departure of their guests. And this they could do well, because the moon had cleared all the fog away, and was standing in a good part of the sky for throwing clear light upon Filey. Along the uncovered ridge of shore, which served for a road, and was better than a road, the boy and the pony grew smaller; while upon the silvery sea the same thing happened to the pinnace, with her white sails bending, and her six oars glistening.

"The world goeth up, and the world goeth down," said the lady, with her arms akimbo; "and the moon goeth over the whole of us, John; but to my heart I do pity poor folk as canna count the time to have the sniff of their own blankets."

"Margery, I loikes the moon, as young as ever ye da. But I sooner see the snuff of our own taller, a-going out, fra the bed-curtings."

Shaking their heads with concrete wisdom, they managed to bar the door again, and blessing their stars that they did not often want them, took shelter beneath the quiet canopy of bed. And when they heard by-and-by what had happened, it cost them a week apiece to believe it; because with their own eyes they had seen everything so peaceable, and had such a good night afterward.

When a thing is least expected, then it loves to come to pass, and then it is enjoyed the most, whatever good there is of it. After the fog and the slur of the day, to see the sky at all was joyful, although there was but a white moon upon it, and faint stars gliding hazily. And it was a great point for every man to be satisfied as to where he was; because that helps him vastly toward being satisfied to be there. The men in the pinnace could see exactly where they were in this world; and as to the other world, their place was fixed—if discipline be an abiding gift—by the stern precision of their commander in ordering the lot of them to the devil. They carried all sail, and they pulled six oars, and the wind and sea ran after them.

"Ha! I see something!" Carroway cried, after a league or more of swearing. "Dick, the night glass; my eyes are sore. What do you make her out for?"

"Sir, she is the Spurn Head yawl," answered Dick Hackerbody, who was famed for long sight, but could see nothing with a telescope. "I can see the patch of her foresail."

"She is looking for us. We are the wrong way of the moon. Ship oars, lads; bear up for her."

In ten minutes' time the two boats came to speaking distance off Bempton Cliffs, and the windmill, that vexed Willie Anerley so, looked bare and black on the highland. There were only two men in the Spurn Head boat—not half enough to manage her. "Well, what is it?" shouted Carroway.

"Robin Lyth has made his land-fall on Burlington Sands, opposite your honor's door, sir. There was only two of us to stop him, and the man as is deaf and dumb."

"I know it," said Carroway, too wroth to swear. "My boy of eight years old is worth the entire boiling of you. You got into a rabbit-hole, and ran to tell your mammy."

"Captain, I never had no mammy," the other man answered, with his feelings hurt. "I come to tell you, sir; and something, if you please, for your own ear, if agreeable."

"Nothing is agreeable. But let me have it. Hold on; I will come aboard of you."

The lieutenant stepped into the Spurn Head boat with confident activity, and ordered his own to haul off a little, while the stranger bent down to him in the stern, and whispered.

"Now are you quite certain of this?"

asked Carroway, with his grim face glowing in the moonlight. "I have had such a heap of cock and bulls about it. Morcom, are you certain?"

"As certain, sir, as that I stand here, and you sit there, commander. Put me under guard, with a pistol to my ear, and shoot me if it turns out to be a lie."

"The Dovecote, you say? You are quite sure of that, and not the Kirk Cave, or Lyth's Hole?"

"Sir, the Dovecote, and no other. I had it from my own young brother, who has been cheated of his share. And I know it from my own eyes too."

"Then, by the Lord in heaven, Morcom, I shall have my revenge at last; and I shall not stand upon niceties. If I call for the jolly-boat, you step in. I doubt if either of these will enter."

It was more than a fortnight since the lieutenant had received the attentions of a barber, and when he returned to his own boat, and changed her course inshore, he looked most bristly even in the moonlight. The sea and the moon between them gave quite light enough to show how gaunt he was—the aspect of a man who can not thrive without his children to make play, and his wife to do cookery for him.

MADRIGALS.

TO all lovers of olden music and of olden literature the madrigal is full of beautiful, suggestive significance. It points to a period vocal with some of the sweetest poet-singers in the English-speaking tongue. It recalls an era when England sang her own music, and when the English people, gentry and peasant, courtier and plough-boy, princess and dairy-maid, sang and sang well an order of music of such difficulty that only professionals think of attempting it to-day. In the study of this style of musical and poetic composition a delightful glimpse is revealed to us of the taste, sentiment, and the condition of culture attained to by the society of that period, to whom that madrigal music stood for all that was most charming in the union of song and words. History opens her pages, and in them, as in a mirror, we see reflected the features and the faces of those gallant folk, who certainly breathed the air of a fresher amorousness of feeling and sentiment than exists in these more prosaic days. The mirror reflects them as bewigged and powdered, begirt by the stiff ceremonious Elizabethan ruff, brave in the jewelled splendor of court costume, famous citizens of famous London town—"the gay and gallant Essex, the valiant Sidney, the most noble Baron Hunsdown, the beauteous Lady Arabella Stuart, the most virtuous Lady Periam," meeting together, and having to meet in their houses many a madrigal chorus, singing "right gleefully and full merrilie" of the loves and woes of shepherd lads and lassies, of the nymphs and the swains of that pretty pastoral land of Corin and Phillida, Damon, Chloe, Amaryllis, and Daphne—those immortal lovers that never drew mortal breath, but who live on and on, fresh in the bloom of love's first, best bliss, while mortal lovers droop and die; and whose joys and sorrows, yearnings, sighings, and despairings, are set to some of the most charming music ever written. Royalty itself lent the grace of its favor to the growth of the art, Elizabeth not only delighting to listen to a madrigal performance, but doing her utmost to encourage the excellence and perfection of madrigal compositions. Indeed, it is reported that the chaste and vestal queen was never more entertained than when enjoying a fine madrigal performance, pleased by giving ear to the pretty amorous tragedies of Amyritas's griefs or fair Daphne's woes, even going so far as to nod her royal head in time to the melody as it paused and lingered, wandered, ran, and danced along the varying phases of its rhythm.

The madrigal was imported into England from Italy. Of the origin of the word itself there has been much controversy during the past two hundred years. But it is so music-breathing a word, one so softly sonorous, that no etymologist at least is needed to prove it comes from no rugged Teuton or Anglo-Saxon source. In those smooth syllables is proclaimed its Southern parentage, and we must look either to Italy or to Spain for its first appearance. It is said to be derived from *mandra*, a sheep-fold, which would suggest its pastoral character. Other authorities find the origin of the word in the Spanish *madrugar*, signifying to rise in the morning—a theory supported by the fact that madrigals were from the beginning of the serenade order of song. Italians insist that the word finds its origin in the word *madregala*, and was first

merely a song addressed to the Virgin Mary. But to prove this assertion it would be necessary to prove that the word *madre* was exclusively applied to the Virgin Mary, which is hardly a possible supposition, since it stands universally as the Italian word for mother; and also to account for the meaning and significance of the terminal portion of the word, *gala*, since it refers to gayety in dress or ornament, and not to joyfulness in poetry and music.

There seems to be an equally confused testimony of opinion as to whether the word madrigal was first applied to the song or to the verse. But the weight of authority seems to lean toward its coming into notice first as indicating a peculiar order of song, although we find the word madrigal applied to Petrarch's celebrated sonnets in praise of his Laura the golden-haired, and that was early in the fourteenth century, and madrigals as songs attracted no especial attention until the beginning of the sixteenth century. Later the word came to be applied indiscriminately to the particular order of musical composition which bears its name, and also to the madrigal verse or poem. As a poem it differs in character from the sonnet in consisting of a number of free and unequal verses, being confined neither to the regularity of the sonnet, nor to the point and antithesis of an epigram, but the verses need simply embody some delicate, tender thought, the expression of which is tersely yet elegantly rendered, and with the greatest possible simplicity.

The true madrigal, including the verse and the musical art form, did not come into prominent fullness of growth or begin to attract the attention of composers until the beginning of the sixteenth century. Its growth, like that of any other art product, had been gradual, finding its source in a popular art need. At a period when instrumental composition was in its infancy, performers and composers were naturally restricted to vocal productions. The organ was the only instrument of the first order which at that time had attained to any degree of perfection. It is difficult for us in the days when even in the log-hut of the frontier is to be heard the tinkling of the piano, rightly to conceive of the condition of music in the days of Raphael and Shakspeare. Such musical entertainments as concerts, operas, oratorios, or symphonies had not then even been invented, for the music for such performances had not been written. The opera in the fifteenth century made a feeble attempt to struggle into being, but it was only in Lully's time, two centuries later, that it could be counted into the sum of amusements, being then produced in such completeness as to warrant its being called an opera. Neither orchestras nor orchestral music existed, and even the spinet and the harp had not as yet been introduced as household instruments. The voice was the only instrument available by means of which music could be enjoyed either in the home circle or in society, and even for the voice there had as yet been no special music written.

Before the invention of the madrigal a class of distinctly secular music, outside, that is, of the folk-songs, did not exist. Up to the time of the sixteenth century the people's songs were the only songs in existence, all other music being comprised in the sacred compositions of the Church. But limited range as these simple primitive songs of the people gave for the display of vocal skill, or as offering an artistic source of amusement to the more refined circles of the day, they were nevertheless eagerly seized upon by the performers as the sole means at hand of satisfying the ever-craving thirst for a popular music which should give utterance to the amorous, patriotic, and sentimental feelings of the human heart. But the folk-songs being monodic, they could be sung only by one voice, or the several voices of the company must all alike follow the same melody. Musicians, finding the impulse so strong to seek a common source of pleasure in even such crude and inartistic musical sources, strove to impart a higher character to such songs by harmonizing them.

The earliest efforts in this line were in the form of *frottole*, *strambotti*, *canzone*, sonnets, odes, etc., which, like the Spanish *villanellos* and *villottes*, were, for all their artistic beauty and value as musical compositions, still fashioned upon the model of the folk-song. And the madrigal proper did not come to any high order of excellence, or assume the definite shape of a distinct order of musical composition, until the period when the growing skill in counterpoint suggested an entirely new order of musical treatment. This method was the arrangement of short, pregnant phrases and of characteristic motives lend-

ing themselves to the separate strophes of the verse, each phrase as rich in harmony and in contrapuntal beauty as the musician's skill could help him to devise. What gave special distinction to the madrigal were the canon and fugued passages, which, of course, even harmonized folk-songs were incapable of possessing. Most of the madrigals were written for from three to eight voices, intended to be sung by several voices on a part, and without instrumental accompaniment.

The invention of the madrigal marks one of the most important eras in the history of music. In this attempt of the sixteenth century contrapuntist to develop a special order of musical composition of a popular, secular nature, which should at the same time be characterized by the elegance of an artistic art form, is really to be traced the first steps taken to secularize music at all. Hitherto all the energies of the musician, his skill, and all of the ambition of his effort, had been given to Church compositions. Masses, motets, requiems, Te Deums, chants, and chorales had been the only forms of the musical art considered worthy of the true musician's labors, from the days of St. Ambroise to Palestrina. Such popular songs as there were, the *chansons* of the French, the *Volkslieder* of the German, the *canzone* of the Italian, these had sprung up from the great heart of the people, this musical speech of the human emotions bubbling into song as naturally as joy and sorrow seek for utterance in less poetic forms.

But with the introduction of madrigals musicians of the highest order turned their attention to secular compositions. From the time of Palestrina to the Cherubinis and Donizettis of our own day, all musicians have made essays in this form of musical writing. From the fact of the sixteenth and seventeenth century composers devoting some of their best efforts to this form of music, and to the growing desire among both composers and performers to elaborate and develop new orders of secular compositions, the way to the writing of operas, chamber cantatas, airs, songs, ballads, and that vast mass of secular music so popular in these days, was first opened up. Hence the importance and significance of the madrigal. The interest pertaining to it arises not only from its own inherent beauty, but because it served as the true bridge between the sacred composition of the Church and the secular music of our own day.

It was but natural that under the glow of the ardent Italian sky, the madrigal, the song of love and lovers, should have ripened into luxuriant growth. During the sixteenth century the industry and prolific fertility of the graceful Italian composers were, indeed, something amazing. There are no less than five hundred madrigal compositions accredited to one Roman writer. In all of the Italian cities, in Venice, Bologna, Naples, Florence, and Rome, madrigal writers and madrigal versifiers produced what would seem to us an utterly incredible number of songs and of poems, if we did not remember that music and poetry are the natural heritage of those dark-eyed children of the sun, and under whose fervent rays the poetic sensibilities are quickened into the glow of a fluent, responsive utterance. Among the more celebrated of the Italian madrigals are those of Palestrina, Alfonso Ferabosco, Yostoldi, Vesta, and Luca Marenzio, while among the poets Tasso's and Ariosto's madrigals are part of the literature of all time. To the oft-quoted and often translated stanzas of Ariosto's "La Verginella è simil alla rosa" some beautiful madrigal music was written by an early English composer, and became one of the greatest favorites among English performers.

From Italy the madrigal spread into France, Germany, Flanders, and England. In France, however, although somewhat cultivated, it never supplanted the chanson, and Germany remained equally true to the *Lied*. But in Flanders this musical seed fell upon a more genial soil, and the Flemish composers produced some charming compositions.

It was, however, in England that the madrigal developed into its fullest luxuriance of perfection and beauty. When especial excellence is attained in any branch of art, at any one period, or by any one people, we need not seek far for the causes or for the reasons of this excellence. Perfection is not the result of accident, but of necessity. Superiority in any of the branches of the musical, pictorial, or plastic arts is only possible to be attained when the springs which feed the sources of art inspiration draw their life from the people's heart and character.

The unparalleled beauty, delicacy, and grace of the English madrigals are to be

attributed to the fact that the character of the music was admirably suited to the English temperament. Both the verse and the music breathe the freshest, sweetest, tenderest sentiments. Neither demand, nor indeed permit, of tragic or impassioned treatment. The madrigal, on the contrary, is of a pre-eminently merry character—blithe as a lark's carol, as it wings its flight aloft, full of a rippling, dancing measure, joyous as a spring song. It demands a delicate refinement of treatment, and an elegance of style to suit its peculiar characteristics, to bring to their fullest perfection the beauty of the madrigal qualities, its purity of sentiment, its freshness, tenderness, pathos, blithesome gayety, and gleesomeness. It was just the song to be sung by the merry folk of merry old England, by the gay dames and gallant lovers of that gay and gallant period, in those days when the sentiments were seemingly—at least to our overstrained sensibilities—fresher than now, and when the feelings, if not more ardent, were at all events permitted a freer and franker avowal—when, indeed, the social frame-work of things permitted and encouraged the cultivation and expression of the romantic amatory attitude of the lover toward his mistress. The madrigal mirrored both the sentiment, and particularly the amatory color of the sentiment, of that day. There is no emphasis of intensity in either the music or the poems, for it is plainly enough to be seen that Corin and Phillida take their woes very easily. Cupid's fiery shafts are not tipped with the poison of tragic consequences. Corin will swear he will die a thousand deaths if Phillida be not kind; but if the cruel one smile not, there are Daphne and Chloe and all the other charming nymphs ready to be wooed and won. These lovers are more in love with love than with their lovers, and play with the passion, sentimentalizing over it after the fashion of a modern French poet.

The rapid growth of madrigal composition in England was due to the same fact which fostered its development in Italy. Before its introduction there had been no vent for the musical taste except in sacred music or the crude songs of the people. But with the madrigal a new world of musical delight was opened. Here was music written so that several voices might join therein, many of the songs, indeed, allowing of the union of numerous voices—music, too, of so charming and refreshing a character as to attract the most superficial lover of sweet sounds, yet possessing such musical excellence and beauty, and demanding so nice and delicate a skill at the hands of the performers, as to delight and inspire with the enthusiasm of ambition the trained musician. Added to all these attractions, the madrigal singing afforded the society of the day an entirely novel pleasure—that of enjoying what to-day are styled concerts. Madrigal choruses, societies, assemblies, were soon rife all over the land. They sang in the duke's palace, at court, in public halls, in the private circle, in the tavern—the whole land for the space of nearly half a century was vocal with the merry ringing changes of the sweet madrigal music. In other words, the madrigal became the fashion, and the fashion it remained until the accession of James the First, under whose reign music and musical performances languished, he himself caring nothing for the art, and, indeed, discountenancing its cultivation.

The degree of musical culture and the remarkable skill in vocal performance which the people of England displayed during this period are nothing short of phenomenal. The most difficult madrigal music was read at sight; and this not only by trained musicians, but this degree of musical proficiency was quite as much expected from the country gentleman who had a mind to flavor his cake and ale with a song as from the "lord of high degree." To take part in a madrigal chorus or to be a member of a madrigal society was as much the thing of course in those days as it is in our own for young women to take lessons upon the pianoforte, or to cultivate a voice if they have one. But what made the musical proficiency of all classes of society in that sixteenth century the more remarkable was that their musical education was carried on without the aid of instrumental accompaniment. And yet the people of England in those days were in reality better musicians than they are to-day. For in what class of society nowadays could we find amateurs sufficiently well trained to read the contrapuntal difficulties of a madrigal at sight, and to sing them correctly? Yet that was what thousands of English gentlemen and English ladies were capable of doing three centuries ago. But it is to be remembered that at that time peo-

ple were obliged to make their own music, or they had none. In our day it is done for us, and by talent and genius of the highest order.

The first collection of part compositions designed for social recreation was made by William Byrd in 1588. But the word madrigal not having been as yet anglicized, the work was entitled *Psalmes, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie.* In the "Epistle to the Reader," couched in that tone of quaint courtesy and stately friendliness which characterized the attitude of the writer toward the public, when the making of a book was a serious matter, and the preface was sure to bear more or less of the tone of an affectionate appeal, he says:

"Benign Reader, here is offered unto thy courteous acceptance musicke of sundrie sortes to content divers humours. If thou be disposed to pray, here are psalmes; if to be merrie, here are sonnets; if to lament for thy sinnes, here are songs of sadness and pietie."

Among the many quaint and beautiful things in this collection, Byrd set to music part of Sir Edward Dyer's poem in Percy's Reliques: "My mind to me a kingdom is."

Later, during the same year, a Mr. Nicholas Songe edited a collection of Italian madrigals translated into English, the popularity of which soon induced the publication of other Italian madrigals for four, five, or six voices. And madrigal singing soon growing into favor, and the love for it spreading among all classes, English composers finally turned their attention to this new style of musical composition. The first of English madrigal composers whose compositions raised him at once to fame and eminence was Thomas Morley. His first contribution to the vocal part music of the time was entitled "*Canzonets; or, Little Short Songs for Three Voices*, newly published, by Thomas Morley, Bachelor of Musicke, etc., 1593." This collection was dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke, sister of Sir Philip Sidney, of whom the composer says: "If her ladyship shall but vouchsafe them her heavenly voice, it can not but be that they will return so perfumed that the air will be made delightful thereby." These canzonets, which are masterly specimens of three-part vocal writing, are among the very few compositions of the day that are reprinted in modern days. Later he published a set of four-part madrigals and "ballets for five voices."

From Thomas Morley (1593) up to the time of the Stuarts, England produced a most astonishing number of madrigal composers, whose claim to distinction seems to rest equally between their talent as poets and musicians. Something of the degree of the culture and of the scholarship of that golden period may be inferred from the fact that of the innumerable madrigal writers of that day, some of whom produced compositions numbering among the hundreds, almost all wrote their own verse to their own music, the verse itself oftentimes clothed in the nervous, classical language of that era of poets—verse rich in most poetic conceits, and whose felicity of phrase is only to be equalled by the elegance of its form. Among such are to be named John Dowland, whose "Come again, sweet love," is full of such dainty beauty. John Wilbye's compositions place him in the very first rank, and perhaps one must read and hear his "Down in a valley" and "Sweet honey-sucking bees" to learn what a madrigal really is. John Benet's "Oh, sleep, fond fancy," is only surpassed by his "Flow, O my tears," which breathes the very spirit of tender melancholy; and there are few sonnets in the English language to equal Richard Alison's "There is a garden in her face."

Of the other renowned madrigal composers besides those already named are to be mentioned Weelkes, Michael Este, Thomas Bateson, Thomas Ford, and, perhaps more famous than all, Orlando Gibbons. Of all the English madrigal writers John Wilbye and Orlando Gibbons must be placed in the front rank. Their compositions have stood that crucial test of superiority, an undying popularity. To-day their madrigals are still held as models of style, and remain unsurpassed for beauty and elegance of form. Wilbye's compositions perhaps offer a greater variety of range than those of Gibbons, as the former essayed every style, and succeeded in all, passing readily from "grave to gay, from lively to severe." But in Gibbons there is a certain massiveness of structure in the form, a richness, depth, and tender seriousness of expression which place his madrigals beyond those of any other composer, not excepting those even of Palestrina. An English critic thus sums up the qualities of his genius:

"Grandeur is the essential attribute of Gibbons's writings; harmony in its most massive and majestic form is the instrument that he wields; but his compositions are not less distinguished for the skillful texture of their parts than for grandeur of outline. They invite and reward the close attention of the artist, while they impress and delight the unlearned hearer." To modern music-lovers his best-known madrigals are "The Silver Swan" and "Dainty fine bird."

During the reign of Elizabeth there were many collections of madrigals made, but the most famous of them all was the one compiled under the supervision of the Earl of Nottingham, the Lord High Admiral. His lordship offered a premium for the best madrigal composed in honor of the queen. No less than twenty-two candidates appeared, and their compositions were published under the title of the *Triumphs of Oriana*. Wilbye, Weelkes, Morley, and Benet sent contributions, most of them being written for five and six voices. The theme of every madrigal was the same, and the burden of each,

"Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
Long live fair Oriana!"

One of the most interesting features of this brilliant period in the musical history of England is the fact that all of this madrigal music was characterized by the emphasis of a marked individuality. It was essentially English. Perhaps the very insularity of the nation helped to develop a certain freshness, an originality and vigor, not always to be found in the various national Continental compositions, where nearness of contact forbids that isolation so necessary to works of pronounced individuality. Excepting in her contributions to sacred music, England has never surpassed in point of excellence and beauty the songs of these madrigal composers. Since then, in her Church chorales, England's ballads, songs, etc., English composers have produced many beautiful and noble contributions. But at no period has Apollo's lyre been struck with so feeling and impassioned a hand, or been played upon by so inspirational a touch, as in those days, when Shakspeare's Jessica, perhaps moved by the memory of the beautiful madrigal music, could say,

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

During the reign of Charles the First an attempt was made by Henry Lawes and other musicians of the age to revive the art of madrigal singing. But already the musical taste had changed. With the introduction of the lute and harpsichord, and later of the spinet, vocal compositions became less and less the fashion. The madrigal had, however, already served its purpose, and was giving place to other forms of secular composition, to glees, to chamber cantatas, to songs, and the opera. In our own day madrigal concerts in England and in our own country are occasionally given. Sometimes, as has been the case in New York within the past ten years, some lover of that olden music will give a madrigal concert, and the hearers' ears be ravished with its quaint and charming rhythm. But for the most part the choice of modern taste seems to lie with the more modern glees and part songs. Several modern composers have tried their hand at madrigal writing, some, as in the case of Cherubini, Donizetti, and others, merely attempting such compositions as exercises of musical style. But Leslie, of England, and Caryl Florio, of New York, have written many charming madrigals, the music and the words of which will even bear comparison with the classic perfection of Wilbye's or Weelkes's productions.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE generation of New-Yorkers which has emerged from what the Italian song tenderly calls "the first youth" has the advantage, among the other advantages enjoyed by those who are no longer young, of recalling the Ravels at Niblo's Garden. That familiar summer resort of older New York was at the corner of Broadway and Prince Street, the site of the present Metropolitan Hotel. It was a kind of Vauxhall Garden, and the reader of Miss Burney's stories and of other last-century English novels feels entirely at home in the London gardens of that time if he knew Niblo's on a summer evening long ago. There was a broad hard gravelled walk, bordered with little arbors or wooden booths, with a dusky illumination of colored glass lamps—dim and damp little arbors, in fact, where it seemed very possible to get the rheumatism which you did not order as readily as the ice-cream or the sherry-

cobbler that you did. There were pots of flowers and tubs of lemon and orange trees, with other "sombre boscage"; and the whole place had the air of a simple, primitive, cockney pleasure-resort, and the Niblo generation took there a very honest and inexpensive enjoyment, to which sometimes, perhaps, the occupant of an opera orchestra chair at four dollars, and in full evening dress, somewhat ruefully recurs.

But the charms of Niblo's Garden are not exhausted when we have mentioned the leafy tubs and the dusky bowers. These were but the retreats of the *entr'acte*. There was a summer theatre—a theatrical pavilion, so to speak—open upon one side to the garden, in which light and gay plays, or vaudevilles as they were called, were performed. But of all these performances the most popular and fascinating were the pantomimes of the Ravels. Summer after summer and night after night this family or company amused the town of thirty and forty years ago. It was a simple and delightful domestic entertainment. Father and mother and the children strolled out in the pleasant evening, and paying a modest sum, entered the delightful avenue of damp little booths with the dingy colored glass lamps, and sauntered through it to the theatre. To the young eyes it was a kind of fairy scene, and when the curtain rose upon *Vol-au-Vent* or *Jocko*, earth had few more entrancing delights. It is to such early, unconscious moments that very strong and permanent impressions are often due, and it is almost ludicrous to say that it was from the Ravels at Niblo's that the Easy Chair acquired its first fixed conception of the hard and cruel character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

There was a little play or pantomime which turned upon the grief of the Napoleonic conscription in France. It was described in books, and could be read and pondered if the young reader were so inclined. But upon this stage it became life. The boy saw with tearful eyes the very misery of the parting. The ruthless sergeant appeared in his hateful uniform with his tyrannical file of soldiers, and the lover was torn from his sweetheart and marched away to Jena, to Austerlitz, to Moscow. Perhaps this particular conscript in the play returned, and rapturously embraced his dearest girl, and they lived happily ever after. But the young imagination marched with the lover who came no more—hurried, mangled, into an unremembered grave, or stretched dead amid Russian snows.

> "Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
> Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain;
> Bent o'er the babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
> The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
> Gave the sad presage of his future years,
> The child of misery baptized in tears."

This childish impression of Napoleon is confirmed by the *Memoirs of Madame De Rémusat*, recently published by her grandson, and made familiar here in the "Franklin Square Library." This lady was a niece of the Count Vergennes, who was minister of Louis XVI. during our Revolution, and her mother was a family friend of the Empress Josephine. When Madame De Beauharnais became the wife of General Bonaparte, and the First Consul established his court, Madame De Rémusat and her husband lived at the palace. Madame was the confidential friend of Josephine, and her diary was a daguerreotype of the intimate life of Bonaparte. He fascinated her, but she did not trust him; and when he returned for the hundred days she suddenly burned the manuscript lest it should be disclosed. Some years afterward she rewrote the memoir from memory, and it is this copy which is now published. It has the air of perfect authenticity, and there is no reason to doubt that it is substantially a reproduction of the original draft.

The Napoleon of this memoir is the figure that was evoked by the pretty play at Niblo's, and the one which is probably the true portrait. It is exceedingly interesting to compare the private narrative of Madame De Rémusat with the story of Napoleon in his public capacity, as described by Metternich in his memoirs, the early volumes of which are also just published. It is curious to those who remember the Metternich rule in Italy, the Spielberg and the hate of the Austrians, the *maladetti Tedeschi* of the peninsula, and who recall the terrible wish of Browning's "Italian Exile in England," that he might feel Metternich's

> "red wet throat distill
> In blood through my two hands,"

to encounter Metternich's own account of himself and his motives. Joseph Surface was not more profuse in fine sentiments, or more conscious of his conscience. The Austrian Chancellor treats us to his revelations with a fine but rather dry official dignity. He writes in full court dress, and with the air of being, upon the whole, the most important personage of his time, and with a lofty patronage of monarchs of every degree which is intensely amusing. He throws, however, a great deal of side light upon Napoleon, and it is exceedingly entertaining, after following Metternich's own story of the great part he played, and of his extraordinary simplicity and honesty and devotion to principle, to come, at the very beginning of the Rémusat memoirs, upon her remark that Napoleon despised sincerity as the sign of a want of superiority, and that in saying so one day he added, "M. De Metternich comes near to being a statesman—he lies very well."

The coarseness, selfishness, cruelty, and brutality of Napoleon are all portrayed in this book, and the impression is the stronger because there is no intention to belittle him. A more supremely selfish man never lived, and the closer the view of him, the more completely is illusion dispelled. The dreamy, melancholy "man of destiny" business, in the phrase

of the theatre, totally disappears. His reveries were apparently meditations upon such themes as the better way of murdering the Duc d'Enghien. The halo of romance which invested him in some youthful imaginations of the last generation vanishes, and the grotesque and foolish exaggerations of Gilray become almost reasonable as the real littleness of the great Napoleon is unconsciously revealed by Madame De Rémusat.

Metternich thought him equally great as a legislator, an administrator, and a soldier, and of the first rank in all the three departments. But however great, and in whatever way, the inadequacy of his genius is proved by his total overthrow. He had everything at command. Nothing was wanting but the will and the faculty rightly to use his enormous power, and he could have averted his own fate and blessed his country. He did neither. He died impotent, and cursed by nations. Madame De Rémusat's quiet gossiping tale of the imperial interior shows us why. The little forgotten play in the Niblo theatre on those pleasant summer evenings also revealed the secret. The meanest vermin may gnaw away the foundations of the stateliest temple. A cruel, absorbing, and despotic selfishness may bring genius and power and supremacy to naught.

The argument of conservatism is so constantly overthrown that its tenacity is surprising. The progress of civilization is over conservatism, and that progress is constant. Conservatism plants itself upon the established order. That has been tested; the new is untried; and while the old is not altogether satisfactory, who knows that the new will not be infinitely worse? Leave well enough alone, and don't lose the half loaf you have in trying to snatch a whole one, is the exhortation of conservatism. This argument, indeed, in all its forms, is forever disproved. It is brought ridiculously to grief. The Allopath of yesterday is the Homœopath of to-day, and Dr. Lardner crosses the ocean in the steamer which he had just proved could never make the voyage. But conservatism "comes up" bright and smiling, and the new Lardner is ready to prove that the steamer can never sail back again.

The infinite series of discomfitures of its argument is rejected by conservatism as wholly inconclusive and inapplicable, and each new inventor, or projector, or reformer, must, as it were, construct a new alphabet. It would be instructive to cite, if it were possible to fill a library of books with the recital, the illustrations of the dull pertinacity of the conservative argument. It was the perception of it which made John Stuart Mill assert that while all conservatives are not stupid, all stupid people are conservative. Sir William Harcourt, in a late speech, quotes Canning as saying of the most conservative class in England: "The country gentlemen suspected wit meant something against the land, and solid commercial men thought it had a tendency to depreciate consols." But while the fat-witted spirit of dullness is especially conservative, conservatism has not, as it incessantly claims, all precedent upon its side. Antiquity and precedent are all against it. History is the story of the violation of precedents and the disturbance of traditions. Conservatism finds no place to lay its head, because the story of the race is that of endless movement. If the world had been willing to leave well enough alone, the world would have stood still. It is the human impulse not to be content with well enough, but to require the best, and hence mere conservatism or obstruction is constantly worsted.

When Sir Samuel Romilly proposed to abolish the death penalty in England for stealing a pocket-handkerchief, the law officers of the crown said that it would endanger the whole criminal law of England. When the bill abolishing the slave-trade passed the House of Lords, Lord St. Vincent stalked out of the chamber, declaring that he washed his hands of the ruin of the British Empire. At the close of the reign of Charles II., when there were half a million of people in London, there was an angry opposition to street lamps. When Mr. Jefferson heard that New York had explored the route of a canal, he said that it was a very fine project, and might be executed a century hence. Sixty-nine years ago Chancellor Livingston wrote that an iron road to move heavy weights four miles an hour was ingenious, but that the road would be neither so cheap nor convenient as a canal. When Rowland Hill proposed penny postage, Sir Robert Peel strongly condemned it as likely to involve a vast loss of revenue to the country; and it is only within the reign of Queen Victoria that the law has allowed mothers of irreproachable conduct, who from no fault of their own were living apart from their husbands, to have occasional access to their children, with the permission and under the control of the equity judges. Of course this abominable innovation was long and fiercely resisted by conservatism.

The depth and strength of the conservative instinct shows itself in the utter incredulity of prison reform, or of any reform of political administration. Conservatism diligently denounced the proposition of Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan to abolish the patronage of appointment to the civil service in England as ridiculous folly, sentimental statesmanship, and sheer nonsense. The clubs smoked and sneered, and played billiards and sneered, and read French novels and sneered, and shot pigeons and sneered. But while they sneered, the reform was accomplished, and Lord Beaconsfield, the Prime Minister, the Oriental idol of the clubs, is compelled to explain in Parliament his apparent neglect to conform to the ridiculous folly. Conservatism, which loves clubs, is equally sure that all criminal reform is "bosh," or cant

and stuff. It is quite sure that wishy-washy whining and snuffling over gangs of hardened wretches, who despise you for snivelling, is lost time; that thieves are thieves, and murderers murderers, and that's the end of it; and that all the mollycoddling of brutes and wretches is the namby-pamby wisdom of old women and country ministers. When there were two hundred and twenty-three capital offenses in England, Judge Heath said that there was no hope of regenerating a felon in this life. His continued existence would merely diffuse a corrupting influence. It was better for his own sake, as well as that of society, that he should be hanged.

This is the familiar strain of the conservative argument applied to every proposition. But while it was directed at prison reform, Captain Maconochie at Norfolk Island refused to treat the worst criminals as other than hopeful human beings, with the most extraordinary results of peaceful prisons and personal reformation; and Sir Walter Crofton in Ireland pursued the same course, with the same results. These are but further illustrations of the old fact that conservatism steadily insists upon its old argument that the thing can not be done, while it is triumphantly accomplished before its eyes. It is not surprising, therefore, that the project for a female reformatory in New York is very repugnant to this kind of conservatism, and that those who thought Captain Maconochie and Sir Walter Crofton, and long before them John Howard, silly sentimentalists, should regard any change in the established system as a dangerous innovation. The best corrective to the skepticism which denounces the effort to separate the sexes in penal institutions, and to prevent the increase of hereditary pauperism, as hopeless and amiable folly, is a visit to a county jail. Let the people who sneer once see for themselves the interior of such an institution, and its hideous fostering of vice and crime, as it was described in the very striking tale of *Meg*, in the "Library of American Fiction," and they will sneer no more. It is very easy to deride practical philanthropy as sentimentality. But it is no easier than to see that such derision is mere selfishness. The thorough and thoughtful treatment in New York of the vast practical problems of pauperism and crime would be a glory for the State quite as great and enduring as the Erie Canal or the Central Railroad.

Mr. Henry James, Jun., has contributed to the series of "English Men of Letters" a volume upon Hawthorne. Some exception has been taken to the classification of an American author as an English man of letters. But there was no such objection to the volumes upon Scott and Burns, who were Scotchmen, nor to that upon Burke, who was an Irishman. They all lived under the British crown, it is true, and they were British subjects; but the distinctive nationality of the Scotchman and of the Irishman is quite as stoutly asserted as that of the American. Mr. Stedman, who is probably more familiar with Theocritus than any other American, doubtless considers and calls him a Greek poet, although Theocritus lived in Sicily and Egypt. Hawthorne was descended from Englishmen; he lived in what may be called an English community upon American soil; and he wrote in the English language. When he wrote a book about England, he instinctively called it *Our Old Home*, and the distinctively American feeling among his readers doubtless responded. Indeed, the loyalty to the traditional and ideal England, the old England, was quite as strong in the colonies of New England a hundred years ago, and up to the Revolution was as deep and strong, as upon the island of Great Britain. No race is more deeply and strongly loyal in all its feelings than the English:

> "Green fields of England, wheresoe'er
> Across the watery waste we fare,
> Your image in our hearts we bear,
> Green fields of England, everywhere."

So sang the young Oxford scholar Arthur Hugh Clough, drawn by his sympathy and circumstances to the New World, but with his heart always fondly turning to the Old.

The truth is that there are two senses in which the phrase "English men of letters" may be understood. One may describe only those who are born in England, and whose home is there, however they may travel; the other may include all writers of the English race who write in the English language. The last would include Irving and Hawthorne as well as Scott and Burns. English literature and the literature of the English language are not phrases which describe essentially different things, and nobody would deny that Hawthorne is a very brilliant name in the literature of the English language.

It has been objected, also, that Mr. James describes Hawthorne as provincial, and if the word is to be understood as meaning cockney, the objection would be weighty. No man could be less cockney than Hawthorne, but undoubtedly he was a New-Englander in the same sense that Scott was Scotch. The Puritan spirit had a singular fascination for his genius, but because his imagination invested local scenes and familiar objects with undying charm, he was no more local or limited in any narrow or inflexible sense than Homer in treating traditions of familiar places, or Scott in telling the tale of *Rob Roy* or the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*. Just as the spirit of the London life of the last century is reproduced in Fielding, but by a creative genius, so the early Puritanism of New England lives upon Hawthorne's page more perfectly than in any history, not because his genius was in any small sense local, but because, like Fielding's and Scott's, it was creative. We do not forget, of course, that Hawthorne was more romancer than nov-

elist, that is, his stories were more studies of character under peculiar conditions than descriptions of life and manners. Perhaps a romancer is a subjective novelist. Mr. James himself under the form of the novel writes romances. His critical force is the disturbing element of his genius, and if he were as free of it as Hawthorne, he would belong much more truly to the Hawthorne school than to that of the extreme opposite.

Mr. Lathrop, the son-in-law of Mr. Hawthorne, whose admirable little volume upon the author has furnished Mr. James with biographical details, has trenchantly called Mr. James to account for his strong statement of the bareness of American life for the purpose of the story-teller, and he makes a strong counter-statement in a strain of indignant satire. But it seems to us that Mr. James meant to say nothing more than Hawthorne himself had said. Mr. James's words which Mr. Lathrop criticises are these:

"One might enumerate the items of high civilization, as it exists in other countries, which are absent from the texture of American life, until it should become a wonder to know what was left. No state, in the European sense of the word, and barely a specific national name; no sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no church, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service, no country gentlemen; no palaces, nor castles, nor manors, nor old country houses, nor parsonages, nor thatched cottages, nor ivied ruins; no cathedrals, nor abbeys, nor little Norman churches; no great universities nor public schools—no Oxford, nor Eton, nor Harrow; no literature, no novels, no museums, no pictures, no political society, no sporting class—no Epsom nor Ascot!"

In the preface to the *Marble Faun*, Hawthorne says:

"No author, without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance-writers may find congenial and easily handled themes either in the annals of our stalwart republic or in any characteristic and probable events of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers, need ruins to make them grow."

Both writers seem to us to be bewailing a certain lack of romantic material in the conditions of American life, without denying that man, with his passions and interest and relations, whatever the circumstances, is the essential and vital interest of works of the creative imagination.

It is this critical power, which appears very strongly in all that Mr. James writes, which gives value to his estimate of Hawthorne. The critic's own father, the friend of Emerson, and an original philosophical author, with his fine and penetrating humor and shrewd perception, might well have furnished his accomplished son with the intellectual form and pressure of the time in which Hawthorne lived, but by which he seems to have been as little affected as Charles Lamb by the Napoleonic commotion in Europe, or by the new German spirit of which his friend Coleridge was the prophet. Indeed, of the intellectual epoch, forty years ago, known as transcendentalism, which Mr. Emerson has recalled in a recent lecture, and of which he is himself the most memorable and striking illustration, although Hawthorne is the man of creative genius, he was least affected by the transcendental impulse. Even at Brook Farm he was essentially an outsider, an observer or student. "I went to find paradise," he once said, "and I found myself up to my neck in manure." He had the keenest sense of the humorous aspects of reform, and of the foibles and eccentricities of reformers. On the other hand, their earnestness was very pathetic to him, and the glow of their hope and faith very beautiful.

While, therefore, he was a New-Englander of New-Englanders, as Mr. James points out, Hawthorne was always at odds with the New England of the day in which he lived. His Concord neighbor Henry Thoreau, again, was in some points an extreme projection of the dominant New England tendencies of the time. The transcendental protest against artificiality and the return to nature were represented in Thoreau's deliberate renunciation of the social conventions and of government, in his hermit cabin upon the wooded shore of Walden Pond, and his stout assertion that the Indian as a man was much the superior of his civilized successor. Henry Thoreau could tell his farming neighbors much more about their farms, and the birds, beasts, trees, and plants of their native place, than they themselves knew, and he went placidly to jail rather than pay taxes to support a government of which he asked nothing, and which might spend the money in hunting slaves.

To Hawthorne, who believed that his friend Franklin Pierce was a kind of New England martyr to his fidelity to slavery, and who regarded the agitation of the subject as a misty abstraction, so uncompromising and universal a protestant as Thoreau was bewildering. Thoreau had no dissipations of time, or mind, or body; no small-talk; no loose or spare minutes. He was always erect, tense, serious, inquisitive. He was interested and curious about Hawthorne, as he would have been about a new flower or an odd Indian arrow-head that he had unearthed. They boated together sometimes upon the river which Thoreau has put into literature, but they could have had little real society or communion. "He is a cast-iron man," Hawthorne said one day in a kind of humorous despair.

Mr. James was born just too late to recall the time in which these men were figures so conspicuous, and it is mainly a literary view which he takes of Hawthorne. It has been objected, once more, that he treats him as Sainte-Beuve treated his characters, and that Hawthorne is not a subject for such treatment. But why not? Could not Sainte-Beuve have written about Hawthorne had Hawthorne lived in an earlier time? and is it not the very distinc-

tion of Sainte-Beuve that his critical faculty is as universal as it is exquisite? Has any Englishman given us a finer or more thorough or incisive portraiture of Lord Chesterfield, for instance, than Sainte-Beuve? and except so far as Hawthorne's shy and sensitive genius eludes all appreciation, why should it not reveal itself to one of the most sympathetic and subtle of observers? Mr. James is especially such a critic. His book upon Hawthorne is delightful; it is, perhaps, the most complete and satisfactory estimate yet made of him, and certainly every set of Hawthorne's works should be accompanied by this sketch. And if to those who personally knew Hawthorne something still remains unsaid—if, indeed, something, and much, must always be untold of him—it is no dispraise of this charming and appreciative work; it is only that the most perfect picture of the rose can never exhale that balm of perfume which fills with sweetness the fresh June morning.

THE other morning, at a matinée at one of the theatres in New York, there was an unusual sound behind the scenes, and instantly a panic seized the audience, which sprang to its feet in apprehension. There was no smell, no smoke; there was only a noise as of blowing off steam—perhaps a Babcock's extinguisher—but it was enough to arouse a nameless dread, and the pang of a moment was indescribable. There was, however, an immediate revulsion of feeling, and a loud and stern cry, "Sit down! sit down!" rang through the house, and everybody obeyed. It was a singular instance of self-mastery by a crowd. The actors announced that there was no reason whatever for alarm, that there was no fire, and that nothing had happened. The play proceeded, but presently there was another mysterious sound and renewed terror, upon which the manager appeared, and assured the audience that there was really no ground whatever for their fears, and that everything behind the scenes was quiet and as it should be. Again the play proceeded, and presently the curtain fell, and the audience safely departed.

What is the reason of the peculiar panic which overwhelms a crowd in a theatre or a hall? It is the consciousness that they are in a trap. Occasionally there is a terrible catastrophe at a theatre, like that in Brooklyn a few years since. The whole community shudders. There is a loud outcry for greater security in public resorts. The Legislature is invoked, and some of the theatres cut a new door somewhere, or open a sky-light for egress upon neighboring roofs; and after a good deal of eloquence in the press, and solemn exhortations from heads of families that everybody ought to remember that there is always danger everywhere, some shipwreck or Indian massacre turns the current of editorial eloquence and of public sympathy, and theatres and halls go on as before. Whenever there is a real trouble in such a place, however, it is seen to be a trap. But the trap is quite as much in the throng as in the place. The arrangement of a theatre, for instance, the size of the doors, the arrangement of staircases and "exits," absolutely forbid any other than the slowest movement of a quiet and unexcited crowd. But a crowd in a panic instantly chokes every door and avenue of escape, even if they are amply adequate for the departure of a tranquil multitude.

If, however, it is the panic which makes the place a trap, it is the place which makes the panic; that is to say, it is the consciousness that the little narrow doors are the only means of escape which instantly agitates the crowd upon a suggestion of danger. In Sir Thomas More's Utopia, or in Plato's Republic, or in Teufelsdröckh's Weissnichtwo, the panic in theatres would be doubtless avoided by building them with ample entrances upon all sides. The architect who should propose or the authorities which should permit the erection of a theatre walled in by other buildings, and with no escape to the street but through a long narrow hall or throat, would undoubtedly be torn by wild horses as a malefactor compassing the death by torture of his fellow-citizens. Undoubtedly these governments, like that of Sancho Panza in Barataria, are paternal governments, and have not attained the wisdom of individualism, or the statesmanship of the devil-take-the-hindmost. They are not persuaded that everything is better done by individual enterprise than by the common care. The doctrine of individual enterprise, they contend, implies that it is men's interest to do well, and as they always act from interest, they may be trusted to do well. Thus, the argument runs, if a man builds a theatre for profit, he knows that if it does not offer the public every possible assurance of safety, the public will not patronize it, and he will lose money. But men do not always act from interest; they act quite as often from feeling. It is a drayman's interest to take good care of his horse, but he loses his temper, and kicks and beats him to his ruin. It was the interest of slavery to cherish the slaves, but the story of their torture was ghastly and appalling. It is the interest of every owner of a theatre to make it secure in every respect, and to know that the first element of security is the consciousness of an audience of its own safety. But how many owners who recognize this to be their interest act accordingly?

The State, considering the possible peril to human life from the explosion of a powder-house, ordains that all such houses shall be built apart from populous communities. In the same way, and upon similar grounds of caring for the public safety and order, it restrains the free traffic in ardent spirits. It assumes some similar supervision of public buildings, and, in fact, of all building. But it has not yet forbidden the use of halls and theatres

which afford no reasonably safe egress. There are halls in New York, that we have heretofore specified, which would be scenes of frightful calamity should any alarm produce a panic among the audience. But while neither the law nor public opinion prevents the crowding of such halls, even while they are mere traps, it is not to be supposed that the proprietors will add to their expenses. Yet it is none the less a very imperfect civilization which is satisfied to acquiesce in great and useless risks.

Mr. Parnell, who began his American career in the temperate and gentlemanly manner that we described last month, was so irritated by the opposition of the press, and by a kind of forecast of failure, that he came to speak in a tone and spirit which repelled all sympathy, and which were injurious to his cause. His assault on Lord Churchill especially was unpardonable, and it recoiled upon the orator disastrously. Yet repugnant as it was to the good sense of to-day, it was in kind not unlike the famous taunt of O'Connell at Disraeli, when the Irishman appealed to the deep and strong British prejudice against the Hebrews by denouncing Disraeli as "heir at law of the blasphemous thief who died impenitent upon the cross." Such a burst is mere blackguardism, and although Disraeli repaid O'Connell in his own coin, he had the gift of true satire, as when he described Sir Robert Peel, without naming him, as an illustration of sublime mediocrity. But it was a gross offense in O'Connell to appeal to a stupid race prejudice, as it was in Mr. Parnell to taunt Lord Churchill with the ill repute of ancestors.

Undoubtedly the chagrin of Mr. Parnell was due to the discovery that there was no interest whatever in this country in the political aspect of his mission, which was the chief interest of it to him. There is no doubt that the land question is of the most vital importance to Ireland, and that the land law is one of the troubles of the country. Even Mr. Froude, who is not an Irish partisan, but who, on the contrary, is counted as an enemy, deplores the feudal land system which England imposed upon Ireland. Justin McCarthy says that the Irish peasant regards the right to have a bit of land exactly as other people regard the right to live. Michelet called the land the French peasant's mistress. McCarthy says that it is the Irish peasant's life. John Bright has already put into the form of law a method of aiding the peasant to own land by authorizing the state to advance two-thirds of the money, under certain conditions, to tenants who wish to buy their land. For various reasons the law has remained inoperative, and in a late speech in Birmingham Mr. Bright proposes a government commission with power to buy farms when the landlord desires to sell, and to resell them to tenants, advancing three-fourths of the purchase-money, principal and interest to be repaid in thirty-five years. Mr. Parnell would prefer compulsory expropriation.

This is obviously a question which could interest this country only in so far as the famine and the suffering of the people could be traced directly to the land law. But even then the actual suffering and the overwhelming need of immediate relief would absorb popular interest and sympathy. This is what Mr. Parnell discovered, and however legitimate the political agitation which he hoped to advance by his American visit, and which doubtless was his main object, he found himself compelled to address himself to the work of relief. But he could not, of course, abandon altogether his own interest, while the blending of the two questions, and his tart denunciation of other schemes of relief than his own, discredited him in public sympathy as a man unwilling to forget personal and political differences even in the face of immense suffering. The respectable banking house which had agreed to receive the funds collected by him presently withdrew from the engagement, while the *Herald*, the paper which had opposed his political mission in advance, and with which after his arrival he had an angry difference, started a subscription for the starving Irish with the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, which increased rapidly by large and small subscriptions.

It is about thirty-four years ago that there was the last great famine in Ireland. That was attributed in great part to the potato-rot. But the potato-rot was, like a cold which ends in a mortal malady, only a disturbing cause in a diseased system. The disease of Ireland was not the potato-rot then or now. But the famine was terrible. Mr. McCarthy describes it vividly in his admirable *History of Our Own Times*. In some districts the people died in hundreds daily from fever, dysentery, or sheer starvation. Violence naturally increased, and in the midst of the horrible suffering it was necessary to adopt repressive measures. Relief associations were formed all over England. The United States sent war vessels loaded with grain, and in one Irish sea-port the bells rang all day with a mournful joy in honor of the arrival of an American vessel of relief. There was something pathetically grotesque, and suggestive of the French princess who wondered that the starving French peasants did not try living upon chicken broth, when Soyer, the fashionable cook of the London clubs, went over to Dublin, under the patronage of the Lord-Lieutenant, and "inaugurated" a soup-kitchen to show what nutritious soup might be made of the thinnest material.

"Certainly the Ireland of tradition was dissolved in the operation of that famine," says McCarthy. The scourge was not without its blessing, for it began to drive from the country a thoroughly vicious and rotten system, and produced a new Ireland. The completion of the work then begun is the blessing which Mr. Parnell would wring from the present calam-

ity. His hope, as he said in the Hall of Representatives in the Capitol, is that the public opinion of America may be powerful enough to influence a wise settlement of the Irish land question without a drop of blood or a menacing word. With the help of America, said the orator, we can promise that this shall be the last Irish famine.

Editor's Literary Record.

SEVERAL years before his retirement from political life, Prince Metternich partially completed an autobiographical memoir, which he afterward retouched at various times nearly up to the time of his death, and also began to make a collection of notes, correspondence, public documents, and memoranda of general or particular references to the archives in the department of state over which he had presided, from which those who came after him might draw the materials for the history of the important transactions and events, affecting Austria and all of Europe, over which he had exercised a more or less controlling influence during his long and remarkable public career. After completing the preparation and collection of these materials, Metternich deposited them in the archives of his family, not as a finished historical work, but as "a clew to guide future historians to the truth of what he intended and did not intend," and as a means of enabling them to fill up the defects of published historical narratives, and to correct their errors and falsifications. In his manuscript, accompanying these materials, he informs us that he had not inserted anything belonging to the secrets of the state he served, but had preserved much that ought not to remain in obscurity; especially as concerning the era from 1810 to 1815, which he considered the most important of his life and in the history of the world, because it includes the epoch in which Napoleon's attempt to establish a new order of things in Europe, by the conquest of its states and the reduction of their sovereigns to a condition of vassalage, was overthrown, along with his empire, by the alliance which Metternich was mainly instrumental in forming. When Metternich died, in 1859, he left no testamentary directions binding his representatives to reserve the publication of the materials he had thus collected; but it was his expressed and repeated wish that twenty years should elapse before they were printed, because he thought such a delay was necessary in order that the writings he left behind might become ripe for the use of the literary world. In filial obedience to this wish, his son, the present Prince Richard Metternich, deferred their publication until the twentieth anniversary of the death of his father, in June last, when the first installment of the work was prepared for the press, and has now been published simultaneously in German, French, and English. The entire work when completed will consist of four parts, the materials of three of which will be arranged in conformity with the natural divisions in the life and labors of the great statesman, under the following epochs: the first, from 1773 to 1815, beginning with the birth of Metternich, and ending with the celebrated Congress of Vienna; the second, from 1816 to 1848, including a period of general peace, and ending with Metternich's retirement from public life; and the third, from 1848 to 1859, a period of repose, lasting until the death of Metternich, in 1859. The fourth part will consist of documents of a various nature, which can not easily be classed in chronological order, and will be arranged according to their subjects. The portion of this extensive work that is now published in two generous octavos is the first of the parts[1] above named, and covers the period from 1773 to 1815. The work opens with an autobiographical memoir of unusual interest, describing Metternich's early days, his apprenticeship to public affairs, and his entrance into public life; recounting the personal and public incidents of his embassages to Berlin from 1803 to 1805, and at the court of Napoleon from 1806 to 1809; and reciting the principles that actuated his course, and the events that signalized it, from his appointment as Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1809, including the episodes of his special mission to Napoleon at Paris in 1810, and his unremitting and successful efforts to rebuild the financial and material strength of Austria, till she was enabled, after Napoleon's Russian campaign, to interpose effectually as an armed mediator in the affairs of Europe, and at length to become an influential unit of the Quadruple Alliance which shattered the power of Napoleon, hurled him from his throne, and brought peace to the Continent. These chapters are abundant in personal and historical details of grave or curious interest. All the great personages who were then prominent on the stage—monarchs, princes, ministers, soldiers, and diplomates—are passed closely in review, their characters analyzed, their persons and actions delineated, and their plottings, counter-plottings, intrigues, and secret motives laid bare with a minuteness of detail and a combination of subtlety and frankness that have been seldom rivalled. The most interesting and the most minute of these details, of course, are those which relate to Napoleon. These place him before us in

[1] *Memoirs of Prince Metternich.* 1773–1815. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. Translated by Mrs. Alexander Napier. Vols. I. and II. 8vo, pp. 480 and 638. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

almost every variety of attitude and situation —now extorting our admiration, and now exciting our contempt. Next in interest are the pictures that are given of Alexander, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the galaxy of great soldiers and statesmen who revolved around them and their great rival. This autobiographical memoir exhausts nearly two-thirds of the first volume, and the whole of the first of the three books into which it is divided. The second book, under the caption, "A Gallery of Celebrated Contemporaries," comprises graphic and somewhat extended portraits of Napoleon and Alexander by Metternich, the former being enriched with supplementary sketches of important historical incidents in Napoleon's life, and estimates and characterizations of the soldiers and civilians who composed his court. This concludes all that portion of the work which has an exciting interest for the general reader. The remainder of the first volume and all of the second consist of a collection of documents illustrating the first period of Metternich's life, from 1773 to 1815, and comprise letters to his mother and wife, and the various dispatches and state papers, etc., that he wrote in his several public capacities. Although the first and second books will excite the liveliest interest in the minds of general readers, the student of man and of political history—indeed, all who look beneath the surface—will discover rich lessons and wise suggestions in the documentary portions of the work. Its effect as a whole must be to oblige us to revise the published histories of those times in many important particulars. Especially erroneous have been their accounts of Metternich's interviews with Napoleon at Paris and Dresden, of the steps that led to the marriage of Napoleon with Maria Louisa, and of the incidents preceding and attending the alliance of England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria against Napoleon. The secret history of these occurrences is now given by Metternich for the first and without reservation, and differs radically from all former statements of them. As it relates to Metternich himself, the memoirs confirm the impressions of Alison and other historians as to his signal ability, his prophetic vision, his keen insight into motives, his personal honor, the fascinating qualities of his manners and conversation, and his varied accomplishments. On the other hand, it will be difficult to peruse them without arriving at the conviction that the charges of dissimulation and subterfuge that have been made against him by the same authorities and contemporaneous statesmen must be subjected to material modifications. It was easy for those who were incapable of his wonderful self-command of tongue and temper and countenance to construe his reticence in accordance with their own desires; and when their hasty interpretations of his intentions proved fallacious, it was equally easy to cover their own lack of penetration by charging him with duplicity. He may not have been free from these traits, but as a rule his diplomacy seems to have been as frank and bold as it was astute and far-sighted.

THERE have been many more eventful and brilliant, but few more symmetrical, more healthful, or more instructive lives than that of Robert Southey. By choice, as well as by force of circumstances and life-long occupation, exclusively a man of letters, he never, for a single moment of his long and honorable and successful career, was in the enjoyment of "lettered ease." His life was an industrious and laborious one; and it was dominated throughout by a sense of duty, to which self was cheerfully subordinated, and his most ardent hopes and his most cherished ambitions and aspirations were resolutely and ungrudgingly sacrificed. And yet this sense of duty, to which he sacrificed even his aspirations as a poet, along with his comfort and leisure as a man, was not a hard and unlovely principle of action, springing from an inflexible or an austere nature, but it was the outcome of a disposition sensitively responsive to the claims of affection and sympathy, and finding happiness in acts of chivalrous self-denial and generosity. In his careful biographical outline of the life and character of Southey,[2] which forms one of the latest and best of the "English Men of Letters Series," Mr. Edward Dowden does full justice to the pure and balanced character of the man, and sets forth lovingly but justly the quiet and methodical as well as the magnanimous virtues which adorned it. As justly and appreciatively he pronounces upon the merits and estimates the quality of Southey's work as a poet, critic, essayist, historian, and biographer. On the whole, he decides that, judged by the highest standards, "Southey's poetry takes a midmost rank. It neither renders into art a great body of thought and passion, nor does it give faultless expression to lyrical movements. But it is the outcome of a large and vigorous mind amply stored with knowledge, and its breath of life is the moral ardor of a nature strong and generous." Southey's prose he pronounces a model of English undefiled in its strength and simplicity—learned, sensible, gay with an under-tone of gravity, never affecting the trick of stateliness or of careless ease, of curiosities of refinement or delicate affectations, its style is clear, natural, honest, sweet, and wholesome. Southey's writings, whether prose or poetry, were an echo of his life. "Of some lives," says Mr. Dowden, with nice discrimination, "the virtue is distilled, as it were, into a few exquisite moments —moments of rapture, of sudden and shining achievement.....Southey's life was not one of these; its excellence was constant, uniform, perhaps somewhat too evenly distributed. He

[2] *Southey.* By EDWARD DOWDEN. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 197. New York: Harper and Brothers.

wrought in his place day after day, season after season. He submitted to the good laws of use and wont. He grew stronger, calmer, more full fraught with stores of knowledge, richer in treasure of the heart.....For him it was not only more prudent, but also more chivalrous, to study to be quiet; to create a home for those who looked to him for security; to guard the happiness of tender women; to make smooth ways for the feet of little children; to hold hands in old age with the friends of his youth; to store his mind with treasures of knowledge; to strengthen and chasten his own heart; to grow yearly in love for his country and her venerable heritage of manners, virtue, laws; to add to her literature the outcome of an adult intellect and character..... What makes the life of Southey eminent and singular is its unity of purpose; its persistent devotion to a chosen object; its simplicity, purity, loyalty, fortitude, kindliness, truth." We have preferred to use Mr. Dowden's words in describing Southey rather than our own, because they express our idea of the poet's character with greater fitness and precision and with greater justice and eloquence than we could hope to command. The volume is a delightful brief biography, opulent with fine teachings for the young, and with solace and encouragement for the adult. It introduces us to Southey as he read and wrote in his library; as he rejoiced and sorrowed among his children; as he lent a hand to the weak, the struggling, or the unfortunate, and aided them with a generosity that was as magnanimous as it was kindly, unassuming, and considerate; as he held hands with good old friends; as he walked by the lake-side, or lingered to muse near some mountain stream; as he hoped and feared for England; and as he thought of life and death and a future beyond the grave. The example that such a biography affords to the youth just entering upon life, and, flushed with hope, looking forward to its rewards, to the mature man who is in the thick of its struggles and contests, and to the man full of years who divides his backward glances upon the days that are gone with anxious and searching efforts to pierce the future toward which he is drifting, is invaluable for counsel, for imitation, and for consolation. It is the life of a wise, equal, pure, and strong man, whose character makes us think better of our kind, and whose virtues are of that homely and serviceable stuff that may be worn by every one, and that will wear well.

Mr. Ward's volume on *Chaucer*,[3] in the "English Men of Letters Series," is a well-executed attempt to introduce the father of English poesy so as to secure for him a popular recognition. Ordinarily hitherto the biographies of Chaucer and the accounts of his productions have been prefixed to the complete editions of his works, which have been too extensive to find their way into average libraries; and again, the results of recent investigations concerning some of the more important of the few known facts of his life, and relative to the order and genuineness of the poems attributed to him, have been confined to publications which have circulated almost exclusively among scholars and antiquarian specialists. Mr. Ward's book brings together all the facts that have been ascertained or inferred; and although he does not definitely accept all the claims of recent investigators, he frankly acknowledges, as indeed he needs must, the finality of many of them; of others he admits the probability; and he judiciously balances the evidence for and against still others, which, in his opinion, are yet in doubt. His conclusions generally are such as will find acceptance with those whose judgments have not been clouded by prejudice or partisanship, although it may be urged that perhaps he has been too ready to concede the spuriousness of some of the poems hitherto attributed to Chaucer, and of which the most that can be authoritatively said is that their authorship has been invested with doubt, without distinctly proving either that Chaucer did or did not write them. Mr. Ward wisely opens his essay with a comprehensive introductory view of England in Chaucer's time, in which the currents of English public, social, private, military, industrial, and ecclesiastical life, and the special features that distinguished it, and exerted a formative influence upon the poet and his contemporaries, are traced with satisfactory minuteness, and grouped with picturesque effect. This preparatory study is followed by as full a sketch of Chaucer's life as is possible to be constructed from the few authentic facts that have been preserved, by an excellent and careful account of his works, and the probable order of their composition, and by elaborate analyses of them, and scholarly disquisitions upon the sources from whence they were drawn, the models after which they were designed and executed, and their relative merit as poetical compositions.

The profound interest that centres upon that greatest epoch of modern times, the Reformation, has had the effect to withdraw attention from a due consideration of the times that immediately preceded it, and the men who were the forerunners of Luther, and prepared the way for him. An intelligent account of the *Times before the Reformation*,[4] and of the eminent pre-Reformation Protestants in England, Switzerland, France, Italy, Bohemia, and elsewhere, who singly or in association gave that turn to the thought of the fifteenth cen-

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[3] *Chaucer*. By Adolphus William Ward. 12mo, pp. 199. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *Times before the Reformation*. With an Account of Fra Girolamo Savonarola. By William Dunwiddie, LL.B. 16mo, pp. 381. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

tury, and awakened into activity those intellectual and spiritual forces which culminated in and made the Reformation possible, is given in a convenient and tersely written volume by Mr. William Dunwiddie, which is specially adapted for popular reading. Its opening chapters describe the premonitory struggles in which the reformers before Luther participated, and give brief and clear sketches of the papacy and the popes of the fifteenth century, together with a connected survey of the revival of literature and the arts in the period known as the Renaissance, and of the political, moral, and ecclesiastical condition of Italy during that era. In this survey the author pauses to emphasize the political and æsthetic position of Florence during the ascendency of the Medici. The remainder and far the greater portion of the volume is devoted to an outline of the leading features of the life of Savonarola, which it traces closely from his early youth and entrance into monastic life, through his splendid career as preacher, orator, political and religious reformer, and patriot, till his trial, ordeal, and final martyrdom. The author's estimate of the character of Savonarola is discriminating, sympathetic without undue partiality, appreciative of his moral and intellectual qualities, of his social and oratorical gifts, and of his religious and political teachings, without being blind to his defects either as a man, a preacher, a reformer, a bold and progressive experimentalist, or as a fervid visionary.

THE second installment of the *Memoirs of Madame De Rémusat*[5] [6] fully sustains the interest excited by the part first published. It carries the account of the court of Napoleon and Josephine from 1804, when plans for the invasion of England and projects for divorce from Josephine occupied the mind of the Emperor, down to 1806, with Josephine still Empress, but disturbed by jealousy, and, amid all the splendid vanity of her surroundings, distracted with apprehensions of the separation that she began to see was inevitable. The descriptions of the court of Napoleon; of his infidelities and personal habits and characteristics; of the selfish and bitter intrigues among the politicians and the members of Napoleon's family; of the incidents that occurred just prior to and during the war with Austria; of the state of Paris during the war; and of the details of the Emperor's immediate household establishment, its expenses, regulations, and etiquette, as well as of his military and ecclesiastical household arrangements—are given with great fullness. Napoleon himself is subjected to the most microscopic inspection, and the opportunities that are thus afforded of seeing him in his every-day personal and domestic as well as public relations, and of dissecting his character and motives, are so close as to dispel many of the illusions that have generally prevailed concerning him, and to the creation of which he himself studiously contributed. Madame De Rémusat's narrative, while fairly displaying his really great qualities, strips the greatest actor the world has ever seen of much of the glamour with which he has been invested by the partiality of friends, sycophants, and panegyrists.

UNDER the title *Great Singers*,[7] Mr. George T. Ferris has grouped in a handy and entertaining volume seven biographical sketches of as many distinguished female vocalists who flourished during the last century and the first half of the present century. The sketches comprise the well-known names of Faustina Bordoni, Caterina Gabrielli, Sophie Arnould, Mrs. Billington, Catalani, Pasta, and Sontag. They are vivacious, gossiping, and brief; and are enlivened with piquant anecdotes of these great singers and their rivals, and with interesting episodes describing their training, triumphs, and failures, their intrigues and rivalries, and the characteristic traits and incidents of their professional and private life. The opinions of contemporaneous critics are freely cited with relation to the methods and style of the several artists, the effect of their performances, and the grade of their genius; and intelligent estimates are made of their artistic rank from the stand-point of modern musical criticism.

ALTHOUGH its incidents are conventional, and its plot is tame and inconsequential, Mr. Julian Hawthorne's *Sebastian Strome*[8] has some features of striking and peculiar interest. Its most prominent actors, notably Strome himself and Selim Fawley, are intensely disagreeable conceptions; and even Mary Dene, the heroine, despite her grand physical perfections and her nobility of mind, often displeases us by her coarse and masculine traits. This, it may be said, is neither very striking nor peculiar. Other actors, in much greater dramas, have been not only disagreeable, but positively hateful, and yet they are creations that men "will not willingly let die." The difference, however, is that in these greater dramas such characters are not made central and heroic figures, but fill a subordinate part; they may, indeed, have a powerful influence upon the catastrophe, but are chiefly designed to vary the play of vicissitude, and to display the operation of wickedness and vice in order to make virtue the more resplendent by the contrast. Sebastian Strome and Selim Fawley are in an

[5] *Memoirs of Madame De Rémusat.* 1802–1808. Edited, with a Preface and Notes, by her Grandson PAUL DE RÉMUSAT, Senator. Translated by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY and Mr. JOHN LILLIE. Part II. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 39. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *The Same.* 8vo, pp. 417. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[7] *Great Singers:* Faustina Bordoni to Henrietta Sontag. By GEORGE T. FERRIS. "New Handy Volume Series." 16mo, pp. 220. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[8] *Sebastian Strome.* A novel. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. 8vo, pp. 195. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

exclusive sense the heroes of Mr. Hawthorne's novel. Both are abnormally mean and immitigably base, without performing any good office in either art or morals; and yet, while painting them, which he does with a free hand, and without palliating or extenuating their repulsiveness, Mr. Hawthorne ingeniously contrives to bring them within the pale of human sympathy, and to excite our active interest for them. This is especially the case with Strome, whose repulsiveness attracts while it repels us. By some strange magnetism we dislike, condemn, almost despise him, and yet our sympathies are enlisted for him. It is no more than just to say that there are characters in the novel which are very pure and beautiful. Among these, and they are very beautiful, are Sebastian's parents, of whom, and of whose gentle and loving home life, Mr. Hawthorne paints several exquisite pictures. The most artistic character in the drama, however, is one that will be lightly passed over by the omnivorous reader of fiction, because of its subordinate place. Yet Smillet, so little brilliant as sometimes to seem only a slight remove from a fool, and whose personal appearance and intellectual gifts are thoroughly insignificant, is a character of great originality and delicacy of finish.

THE other novels of the month are clever performances, but have no special claims to originality or artistic excellence. Sweet, pure, wholesome, gay, and refining, they will afford safe and entertaining reading for hours of relaxation and amusement, without severely taxing the emotions or making large drafts upon the imagination. Four pleasing novels of this kind, that "cheers but not inebriates," are *Mademoiselle De Mersac*,[9] *Cousin Simon*,[10] *Friend and Lover*,[11] and *Barbara*.[12] Romance-readers who crave something more stimulating, will find Mr. F. W. Robinson's *Othello the Second*[13] both brief and pungent. Like Shakspeare's drama of the same name, it is a tale of love, jealousy, and murder, though, it must be added, it lacks the genius which softens the catastrophe and alleviates the tragic incidents of its great prototype.

MRS. BRASSEY paid two visits to the East in her yacht *The Sunbeam*, the first in 1874, before the war between Turkey and Russia, and the other in 1878, after the war, and encouraged by the reception of her account of the *Voyage of the Sunbeam*, she has now published her impressions of these visits in a volume[14] of substantial interest, alike for its minute and picturesque descriptions of the countries she visited, and of the manners and customs of their people, and for its record of the great changes that had been wrought by war in the interval between her visits. The volume is in the form of an unaffected diary, kept from day to day, and freshly reflecting passing scenes and impressions. Mrs. Brassey introduces the reader to phases of Oriental life that have not been so graphically reproduced since the publication of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's admirable letters, with the advantage in favor of Mrs. Brassey's relation that she is fuller in her details of female life in Turkey, and especially in her revelations of the secrets of the harem, than the sprightly and enterprising Lady Mary. The book is profusely and finely illustrated, and is enriched with several excellent maps of the seas and countries traversed.

THE author of *Sporting Adventures in the Far West*[15] is not only an ardent sportsman, but a close, genial, and observant naturalist. As a hunter, he is full of grit and enterprise. As a naturalist, he has that lively sympathy with the children of nature, whether beast or bird, and that eager curiosity as to their haunts, habits, and characteristics, which will never permit him to rest satisfied until he has exhausted all the means for acquiring full knowledge of them. He is, besides, an admirable story-teller, and his accounts of the exploits and adventures, the perils and enjoyments, the fortunate or "disastrous chances" encountered by himself or his companions on our own soil, are as fascinating as those of any African or Asiatic Nimrod. For the benefit of brother sportsmen, the author devotes an exhaustive preliminary chapter to hints for sportsmen, in which he points out the best game regions in the far West, and embodies a large fund of practical information as to outfits, guides, provisions, weapons, etc., needed for hunting expeditions or essential to comfort and success. The body of the volume comprises the author's personal experiences, which are agreeably interspersed with the experiences of other hunters, detailing encounters with bears, cougars, lynxes, and wolves, and chases after buffalo, moose, deer, antelope, foxes, hares, etc. The book closes with a valuable chapter on the haunts, habits, mode of capturing, and statistics of the fur animals of the vast region that stretches from Alaska to Southern California.

IN order to give a faithful picture of the social, political, industrial, and religious and in-

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[9] *Mademoiselle De Mersac.* A Novel. By the Author of *Heaps of Money.* "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 83. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *Cousin Simon.* A Novel. By Mrs. ROBERT MARSHAM. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 20. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Friend and Lover.* A Novel. By IZA DUFFUS HARDY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 76. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *Barbara; or, Splendid Misery.* A Novel. By Miss M. E. BRADDON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 69. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *Othello the Second.* By F. W. ROBINSON. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 75. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *Sunshine and Storm in the East; or, Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople.* By Mrs. BRASSEY. 8vo, pp. 448. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[15] *Sporting Adventures in the Far West.* By JOHN MORTIMER MURPHY. 12mo, pp. 469. New York: Harper and Brothers.

tellectual conditions of contemporary England,[16] Mr. T. H. S. Escott has resorted to the device of resolving its complex structure into its most important constituent parts, and of subjecting each of these to a separate microscopical examination, at the same time noting their points of contact, their tendencies to interfusion, and their relations to the entire structure. Avoiding all historical retrospect, and resisting alike the temptation to digress from the strict line of his inquiry, and to follow it out into its endless subdivisions, he has gathered into a compact volume a concise and interesting narrative of the condition of England, and of the influences that are at work among her people—in her towns and villages; in her rural districts; among her great landholders; in her manufacturing, mining, commercial, and financial centres; and among her industrial, agricultural, and other working classes. Together with this he has embodied clear and precise accounts of the English systems of rural and municipal administration; of the structure of English society; of the character, organization, and methods of English polity; of her travelling facilities; of her criminal and pauper classes and their management; and of her religious and educational agencies and literary activities—indeed, of all that relates to the interior life of England as a social and political organization. Extremely interesting chapters are given to the constitution, duties, and routine business methods of the great offices of state, the Houses of Parliament, the law courts, and of the army and navy establishments. The book will richly repay the reader, especially if he be a political student or a prospective visitor to England.

In a volume of modest dimensions, entitled *Communism and Socialism, in their History and Theory*,[17] President Woolsey gives a clear and calm exposition, historical, analytical, and critical, of a subject of vital and grave interest. He begins his essay with a definition of the terms "communism" and "socialism," and shows that although originally they had materially different significations and objects, they have now become nearly synonymous. Both, with some divergences as to secondary details, have for their essence the substitution of common or public or collective property for private property, by which the state or the community is made the proprietor of all or of the principal means of production and of existing products —including the soil and whatever comes from it—instead of private persons or associations of persons, uniting or separating by their own free consent, and acting by their own free-will. After defining and analyzing the principles distinguishing or held in common by communism and socialism, and after a brief and lucid statement of their tendencies, evils, and defects, Dr. Woolsey passes in review the history and results of the communistic system as it has shown itself by actual experiments in the case of smaller communities within the state, founded on equality and political economy, such as the Buddhist monks, the Essenes, the Therapeutæ, the Shakers, Zoarites, Inspirationists, Perfectionists, etc., the leading features of all of which are outlined in successive succinct and clear sketches. This historical *résumé* also includes summaries of the communistic Utopias and theories of Plato, Sir Thomas More, Campanella, Mably, Babœus, St. Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, and others. He then gives interesting accounts of the origin, organization, rules, pretensions, and acts of the famous "International," and of socialism in Germany as presented in the theories of Marx, Lasalle, and other recent communistic leaders. In his concluding chapters, which are more purely critical and judicial than their predecessors, President Woolsey discusses the relations of recent socialism to the state and to society, to the individual and religion, to the family and marriage, and finally responds to the questions, "Is the overthrow of society in its present form by socialism probable?" and "What are the future prospects of socialism?" In the course of his re-assuring and convincing replies to these vital questions, Dr. Woolsey recounts the forces and elements whose interests and instinct of self-preservation must necessarily cause them to form a greatly preponderating array in opposition to socialism, and by their concert make it impracticable. He also suggests, as he frequently does elsewhere in his considerate and calm treatise, the concessions and remedies by which the dangers of communism may be modified or averted. The volume is at once instructive and, although uncolored by any tendency to optimism, re-assuring.

Tales from the Odyssey[18] is the title of a modest little book that we heartily commend to parents for the graceful simplicity of its versions of a number of Homer's most captivating stories, and for the interest in classical fable that it will excite in the minds of the young. No fairy-book could be more delightful. Indeed, the stories which it tells—of the Homeric Games, of Ulysses and Polyphemus, of Æolus and the Shades, of Scylla and Charybdis, of Circe, the Sirens, and the Men-Eaters—appeal to the imagination of childhood and to the child's sense of wonder as perfectly as any fairy tale, at the same time that they will effect a lodgment in its mind of a round of classical literature that has become a living part of the thought of all civilized people.

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[16] *England: her People, Polity, and Pursuits.* By T. H. S. Escott. 8vo, pp. 625. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[17] *Communism and Socialism, in their History and Theory.* A Sketch. By Theodore D. Woolsey. 12mo, pp. 309. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[18] *Tales from the Odyssey for Boys and Girls.* By "Materfamilias." "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 125. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.—The House, January 23, by a vote of 158 to 79, rejected Mr. Buckner's bill requiring national banks to keep one-half their reserves in coin.

The Senate, January 26, confirmed the nominations of the following ministers: James Russell Lowell, to Great Britain; John W. Foster, to Russia; Lucius Fairchild, to Spain; and P. H. Morgan, to Mexico. The nomination of Eli H. Murray, of Kentucky, to be Governor of Utah Territory, was confirmed on the 27th.

The Warner Silver Bill was reported adversely by Senator Bayard February 3.

An appropriation of $20,000 for the representation of the United States at the Berlin Fishery Exhibition was voted by the House February 4.

The Senate, February 18, passed a resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Navy either to provide a public vessel to carry contributions to the Irish sufferers, or to charter a merchant steamer for that purpose.

A bill providing for the delivery of dutiable articles in the mails, with a provision for an indemnity of fifty francs payable for the loss of any such article, was passed by the Senate February 20.

The Pennsylvania Republican Convention met at Harrisburg February 4, and appointed delegates to the Chicago Convention, with instructions (by a vote of 133 to 113) to support General Grant for President, and to vote as a unit on all questions.

The New Jersey Assembly, February 11, by a vote of nearly three to one, rejected a bill to abolish capital punishment.

In view of rumored preparations for a fresh invasion of the Indian Territory this year, President Hayes, February 12, issued a proclamation declaring that if necessary the army will be employed to protect the Indians in their exclusive right to that Territory.

An unsuccessful attempt was made, February 17, to kill the imperial family of Russia by firing a mine of dynamite under the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. Ten soldiers were killed and forty-five wounded by the explosion.

The British House of Commons, February 17, by a vote of 242 to 198, rejected a motion to place the franchise in Ireland on an equality with that in England and Scotland.

The French Chamber of Deputies, January 26, rejected M. Louis Blanc's motion for the abrogation of all laws restricting the right of public meeting, or the formation of associations. On the 29th the Chamber voted to suppress political clubs, and to authorize the government to prohibit a meeting where a disturbance is apprehended.—February 12 the Chamber rejected a motion for a plenary amnesty by a vote of 313 to 115.—The Franco-German war cost France 13,939,000,000 francs.

Three important measures have been proposed by the government to the Prussian Parliament—one to add thirteen new regiments and a battalion of pioneers to the army; another prolonging the anti-Socialist laws until March 31, 1886; and a third to prohibit foreign vessels engaging in the coasting trade of Germany, except when allowed by special treaty.

A new bill abolishing slavery in Cuba (differing somewhat from the one previously passed) was approved, and on February 18 was promulgated in the Spanish official gazette.

A convention for the suppression of the slave-trade in Turkey was signed by the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs and Sir Austin Layard January 27.

The Pope in an encyclical letter argues in favor of the removal of the rite of marriage from all civil jurisdiction whatsoever.

DISASTERS.

January 26.—Steamer *Charmer* burned, fifteen miles above the mouth of the Red River. Eight lives lost.

January 29.—Fire-damp explosion in a colliery at Meissen, Saxony. Ten persons killed.

February 3.—Announcement of hurricane at Philippine Islands. Twenty-five vessels were wrecked, and forty-six persons drowned.

February 4.—Railway collision at Argenteuil, Department of Seine-et-Oise, France. Seven persons killed and twenty wounded.

February 9.—Theatre Royal, Dublin, burned. Eight lives lost.—During a fête near Constantinople a three-story barrack fell, killing two hundred soldiers and wounding three hundred.—Steamer *Constance*, from Cardiff for Malta, foundered in a gale off Land's End. All but two of the crew drowned.

February 10.—The City Hall, Albany, New York, destroyed by fire. Several firemen badly injured.—News received of the foundering of the French steam-ship *Valentine*, bound from Cardiff for Dieppe. Sixteen persons lost.

OBITUARY.

January 28.—At Halifax, Nova Scotia, Professor James De Mille, author, aged forty-seven years.

February 1.—In Paris, France, Adolphe Granier de Cassagnac, father of Paul de Cassagnac, aged seventy-four years.

February 5.—In Philadelphia, Adolph E. Borie, ex-Secretary of the Navy, aged seventy-one years.

February 13.—In Providence, Rhode Island, Samuel Greene Arnold, ex-United States Senator, aged fifty-nine years.

February 14.—In Washington, D. C., General Carlos Butterfield, aged sixty-six years.

February 17.—In New York city, James Lenox, founder of the Lenox Library, in his eightieth year.

Editor's Drawer.

HOW quick and felicitous Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes always is in his fresh way of applying an old or a new thing! After the famous breakfast recently given to him by Messrs. Houghton, Osgood, and Co. on the anniversary of his seventieth birthday, he met a guest who had contributed one of the best of the many clever poems that were fired off on the occasion. Said the doctor: "I knew there would be a good many things said that would be calculated to draw tears. I was resolved that I would not cry—that nothing should make me cry; and so I went to the breakfast determined to maintain *a rigid upper eyelid!*"

THE following, related by an officer of the Stonewall Brigade, may interest some of our soldier friends:

While Jackson's corps was cautiously moving to the flank and rear of the Union army at Chancellorsville, the Confederate cavalry in advance became engaged with the enemy. Soon a wounded and bleeding trooper was seen emerging from the woods in front. After looking around, he moved in the direction from which the infantry were marching as if seeking the rear, or, as the average gray-jacket would say, the *r'ar*. Soon afterward rapid firing explained that the blue-jackets had closed in behind Jackson, and it was not long before the poor cavalryman was seen coming back again. When opposite the "Stonewall," another cavalryman from the front also arrived. No. 1 at once recognized him, and said, "Hallo, Bill—wounded?"

"Yes," said No. 2, "but not bad. Let's git to the *r'ar*."

At which No. 1 exclaimed: "This is the darnedest fight I've bin in yit. *It hain't got no r'ar*."

WE are indebted to a New Hampshire friend for the following:

Judge Eastman, of Manchester, related that at one time General Franklin Pierce was opposed to the Hon. Natt Hubbard in some cause in a New Hampshire court. The general's strong point was his influence over a jury, and in this particular case the eyes of every juryman were suffused with tears by his pathetic pleading. Mr. Hubbard, in a gruff voice, said, in his reply, "Gentlemen of the jury, understand that *I* am not *boring for water*." And this opening completely neutralized the effect of the general's eloquence.

IN June last, at T——, Pennsylvania, "Children's Sunday" was observed, at which time several children were christened. Little Johnny was rather pugnacious by temperament, but seemed deeply impressed by the ceremony. At home, during the previous week, all the feather beds and pillows had been renovated by a peregrinating renovator, which process had attracted much attention among the children. On the afternoon after the christening Johnny was quite angered by one of his sisters. Immediately the hand was raised, as of old, to strike; but slowly it was lowered, and with a serious voice and a look worthy the rebuke of an apostle, he said, "Oh, sister, how could you?—*and you just renovated, too!*"

"WITH respections to this child," as Dickens said—this New York child:

A young school-ma'am was endeavoring to teach one of her pupils what the word "mamma" meant, and to aid her in that great task, asked, "What does your papa sometimes call your mother?"

"*Old Seventy-six!*" was the somewhat unexpected reply.

This recalls the story of the Frenchman who at dinner expressed his appreciation of the wines served in terms usually addressed to the fair sex. A guest, sitting next to the wife, said, "Pray, madam, if your husband thus praises his wine, what words has he left for you?"

"Oh, he calls me his *Lafitte of* '48."

IN an English volume, just published, entitled *The Witty and Humorous Side of the English Poets*, we find this verse, attributed to Coleridge:

> In Spain, that land of monks and apes,
> The thing called wine doth spring from grapes;
> But on the noble river Rhine
> The thing called gripes doth come from wine.

JUDGE POLAND, of Vermont, was for many years a conspicuous member of Congress from that State, and in great demand in the New England States as a campaign speaker. He was not a strict temperance man, though by no means intemperate. He was once invited to make a speech in Maine, where the temperance laws are stringent. The chief committeeman knew that the judge sometimes required a little inspiration, so he placed two mugs, supposed to be filled with milk, on the table behind which the judge stood to harangue the crowd. Slyly the committee-man intimated to the judge which mug he should drink from. The hint was understood, and the judge had not gotten far in his discourse before he became thirsty; he raised the goblet, quaffed it to the bottom, and set it down with the unctuous exclamation, "*Ye gods, what a cow!*"

WE have this anecdote, fresh from England, of the late eccentric Dr. Monsey:

The Duke of Leeds, the doctor, and his Grace's chaplain being one morning, after breakfast, in the duke's library, Mr. Walkden,

of Pall Mall, his Grace's shoe-maker, was shown in with a new pair of shoes for the duke. The latter was remarkably fond of him, as he was at the same time clerk of St. James's Church, where the duke was a constant attendant.

"What have you there, Walkden?" said the duke.

"A pair of shoes for your Grace," he replied.

The chaplain, taking up one of them, examined it with great attention. "What is the price?" asked the chaplain.

"Half a guinea, sir," said the shoe-maker.

"Half a guinea for a pair of shoes!" exclaimed the chaplain. "Why, I could go to Cranbourn Abbey and buy a better pair of shoes for five and sixpence." He then threw the shoe to the other end of the room.

Walkden threw the other after it, saying that as they were fellows they ought to go together, and at the same time replied to the chaplain, "Sir, I can go to a stall in Moorfields and buy a better sermon for twopence than his Grace gives you a guinea for."

The duke clapped Walkden on the shoulder, and said, "That is a most excellent retort, Walkden; make me half a dozen pairs of shoes directly."



SCARE-AMICS.

LITTLE JOHNNY COMES UNEXPECTEDLY UPON HIS MAMMA'S LAST PURCHASE OF POTTERY.

AT the January (1880) term of the Common Pleas Court of Ottawa County, Ohio, Con Hennessy was tried for the murder of his wife's paramour. The defense was insanity. Defendant's counsel called, as a medical expert, old Dr. B——, an eccentric character, who delights in calling himself a "swamp doctor." The following portion of the examination in chief is too good to be lost:

COUNSEL. "Well, doctor, there is also such a thing as emotional insanity, is there not?"

DOCTOR (*looking hard at the lawyers on defendant's side of the table*). "Well, yes, sir; but it originated, I believe, among you gentlemen of the legal profession. It is not recognized in ours." (*Smiles among the audience.*)

COUNSEL (*after a look which seemed to say he had got just the answer he wanted*). "Now, doctor, will you please give us a definition of emotional insanity?"

DOCTOR. "Well, sir, as near as I can get at it, the term 'emotional insanity' is applied to a case where a man becomes highly exasperated, and in a moment of passion does a thing he would not have done a moment before or a moment after, and for which he is immediately sorry." (*Smiles all over the room, and "Thank you, doctor," from counsel for the State.*)

A good definition.

IN a certain Wisconsin city there lived not long ago three good fellows named Tom, George, and Jerry, who had long been close companions, and too often joined in the social glass. It happened that Jerry died. Tom soon followed him. George, bereft of his companions, and in declining health, was addressed one day on the probability of his soon passing away, to which he replied, "Well, when I die, I shall at least have the consolation of knowing that I shall go where I shall be sure to find 'Tom and Jerry.'"

AN officer of the First Regiment United States Cavalry, stationed at Fort Walla Walla, Washington Territory, sends this to the Drawer, which is good enough to be enjoyed outside of army circles:

On one occasion, while Lieutenant R—— was conducting a pack train from one post to another in Arizona, he was attacked by Indians while moving along the side of a very steep and rocky mountain. The Indians were above the command, and their attack consisted in rolling large rocks down at the troops. Lieutenant R—— gave his horse to an Irishman to hold while he was engaged deploying

the men to dislodge the Indians. During the affair the horse was struck by one of the rocks, knocked off the trail, and hurled down the side of the mountain. The Irishman had hold of the bridle at the time, which was broken by the sudden shock, leaving a portion of it in his hands. After the affair was over, and the command was about to resume the march, he came up to Lieutenant R——, saluted him, and holding out the portion of the bridle, said, "*Leftinant, I haven't yer horse, but I have enough to presint to the quartermaster for condemnation, sur!*"

THE joy felt by a Missouri editor at being serenaded not long since is felicitously expressed in the following strictly first-class notice, copied *verb. et lit.* from his paper:

Never since the time the stars sung togeather and all the the Angelic choiresters of Heaven had there concert at creations down was there ever sweeter strains of music then greeted the ears and lulled the occupants of Cottage House into the sweet embrace of morpheous balmy natures sweet restore. We love music passionately. A man with no music in his nature—in his soul is very apt to be of morose and unpleasant temperment but we digress. The Corning band serenaded us Wednesday night Every member of this band is an artist of high order.

"We digress" is good.

READERS of the Drawer have often laughed at some of the curious examination papers and compositions that are submitted to teachers of our common schools. But here is one from England that for scope of information surpasses anything we have lately seen in this country. It refers to the bases of certain European states:

The goverment of Russia is limited monster and is a strick goverment they speak different language and the church is a greek church called the Carthick church. The goverment of Germany is a strick goverment and the Empire of Germany is a limited monster and the church is called the greek church.

THE January number of *Blackwood's Magazine* has a carefully prepared article on the Roman Breviary, in which, by way of illustrating the duty of courtesy in conforming to the customs of whatever church one may happen to be in, the writer, in a foot-note, gives the following anecdote:

A well-known Nonconformist preacher of the present day noticed three young men who had mixed with his large congregation with the evident idea of extracting amusement from his sermon, and who ostentatiously kept on their hats. He paused in his discourse, and looking toward the intruders, said: "If I enter a place of worship not of my own connection, I always try to behave, so long as I am there, as I see the regular worshippers do. I chanced to go into a Jewish synagogue the other day, and instinctively took my hat off. A man next me whispered that such was not their practice. I put it on again at once. Now if those three young gentlemen *of the Jewish persuasion*, whom I see here among us, would—" Their hats were off, he said, in telling the story, before he had finished his sentence.

SOMETIMES the negro preacher is particularly strong in his elucidation of a theological point. This was the case with Brudder Ephraim Jones, on the Bayou Teche, who, addressing the congregation on the great topic of predestination, said: "Let us, for argument's sake, grant that I, Ephraim Jones, am foreordained to be drowned in the ribber at Smith's Ferry next Tuesday mornin' at half pas' ten, and s'pose I know it, and s'pose I am a free, moral, voluntary, and accountable agent—do you think I's goin' to be drowned? I ruther guess not. I should stay at home; and you'll never ketch dis yer babe in de wood at Smith's Ferry, nor near de ribber neither—*no, sir!*"

THE following dialogue actually occurred anent the recent open winter:

PAT. "Moike, did iver ye see a winther loike this wan?"

MIKE. "Indade I did."

PAT. "Whin?"

MIKE. "Lasht summer, shure, and begone to ye!"

LOVERS of pure, simple, strong Saxon, and who delight, as the late William Cullen Bryant did, in words of one syllable, will read with zest the following sentence from Herbert Spencer's last work, the *Data of Ethics:*

But just as the rampant egoism of a brutal militancy was not to be remedied by attempts at the absolute subjection of the ego in convents and monasteries, so neither is the misconduct of ordinary humanity, as now existing, to be remedied by upholding a standard of abnegation beyond human achievement.

This reminds us of the concise language used by an old codger who wished to tell another codger that "nobody can tell what he don't know." So he said, "It is pretty impossible for us to communicate to others those ideas whereof we are not ourselves possessed of, for in doing so we are pretty apt to encounter those difficulties from which it is pretty impossible for us to eradicate ourselves therefrom."

PERSONS who are apt to forget names will be amused by a line from the *Memoirs of Madame De Rémusat*, recently republished in this country. The Emperor Napoleon, who had anything but a royal memory for names, one day asked an eminent musician: "What is your name?"

The answer was, "Gretry, *as usual*, sire."

CHANCELLOR BRUCE, of Kentucky, recently delivered before the Southern Historical Association, at Louisville, an extemporaneous address, in which he gave his recollections of some of the prominent members of the Confederate Congress. After referring in a general way to the causes which produced hostilities between the North and the South, Judge Bruce remarked that there were many Kentuckians who felt as did the lamented Colonel Phil Lee, who said he was "for the Union; but

if the Union was dissolved, he was for Kentucky; if Kentucky was dissolved, he was for Bullitt County; if Bullitt County was dissolved, he was for Shepherdsville; and if Shepherdsville was dissolved, he was for *his side of the street.*"

Another reminiscence of the judge was of two men in a Mississippi regiment, commanded by Colonel Stith, of Baltimore, one of whom contended that the Scriptures were of Divine origin, the other that they were of human invention.

"Do you believe," asked the latter, "the story about Jonah and the whale?"

"Yes."

"Do you also believe that the three Hebrews passed through the fiery furnace without feeling the heat?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe that Samson slew all those thousands of Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass?"

(It was immediately after the battle of Shiloh, and the believer in the Bible had just had some tough experience in the difficulty of fighting four or five to one.)

"Well," he answered, hesitatingly, to the last home-thrust, "I—I always regarded *that* story as a mere *camp rumor.*"

Speaking of the firmness of President Davis, which many called obstinacy, Judge Bruce related an anecdote of Mrs. General Henningsen, whose husband, a Hungarian (an unusually fine-looking man, well remembered in New York), having fallen into disfavor with the President, lost his position in the army, and no entreaty could obtain his restoration. This so enraged Mrs. Henningsen that she told some of the President's friends that if she had been at the battle of Bosworth when King Richard cried, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" she would have pointed to Jefferson Davis and said, "There's your mule." Which saying became a by-word throughout the armies of the Confederacy.



MISTRESS. "Fix the fire."



MISTRESS. "Excuse me, Bridget, for troubling you, but any time when convenient—would you please—if not *too* much trouble—just fix this fire a little—please?"



MISTRESS. "Bridget dear, is it quite warm enough for you? Don't you think I had better fix the fire a little?"

MISTRESS AND MAID.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE RED RIVER OF THE NORTH.

"Wo an wohlgebahnten Strassen
Man in neuer Schenke weilt,
Wo dem Fremdling reichermassen
Ackerfeld ist zugetheilt,
Siedeln wir uns an mit andern.
Eilet, eilet, einzuwandern
In das neue Vaterland!
Heil dir, Führer! Heil dir, Bnad!"
—*Goethe.*

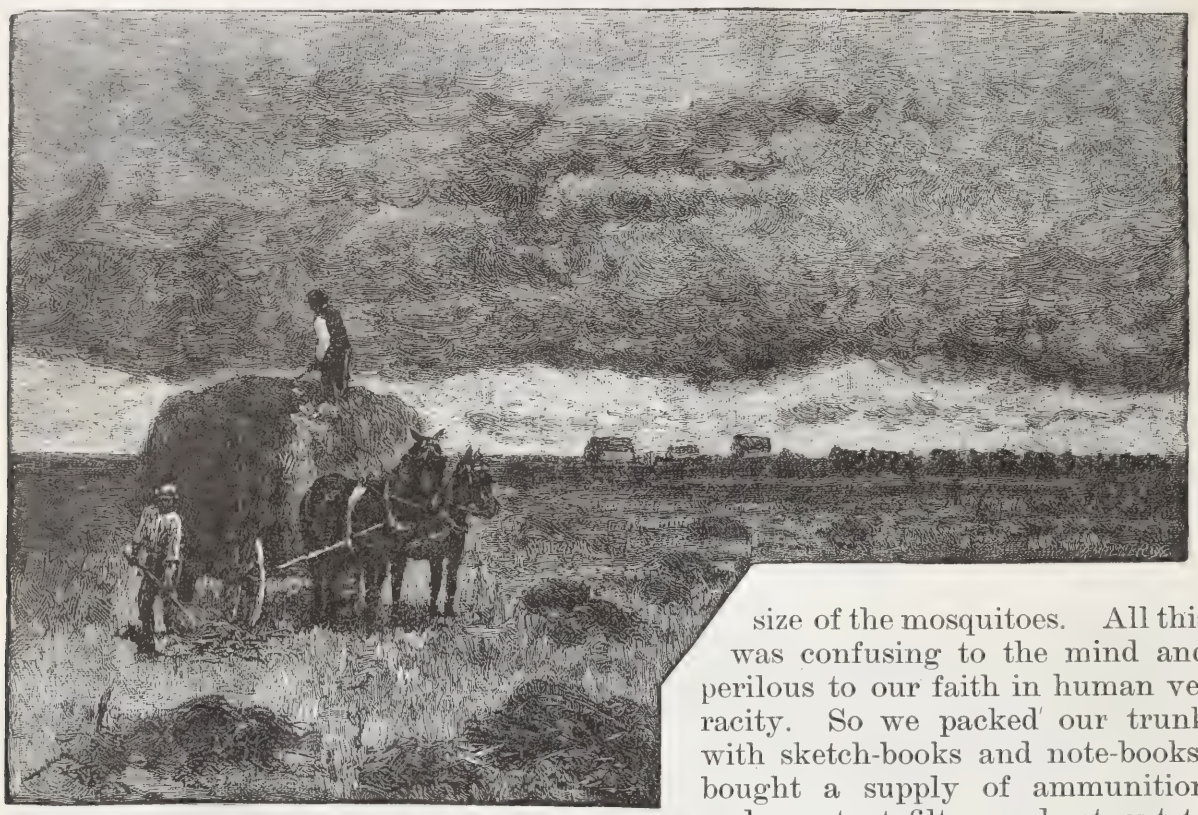
"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea."—*Whittier.*



HEAD OF NAVIGATION, RED RIVER.

WE had come to the conclusion, Gad and I, that the only way to find out anything about the Red River and Manitoba was to go thither and behold with our own eyes; for it must be confessed that our virtuous attempts to prepare ourselves for the *rôle* of "intelligent travellers" had been a blank failure. We had

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HAYING ON THE PRAIRIE.

plunged into a fierce, omnivorous course of reading. We devoured everything that professed to contain any information about the Red River of the North, from Mayne Reid's *Young Voyageurs* down to the latest reports of the Canadian Immigration Department and the railway companies. What was the result? It worked like madness in the brain. For how was it possible, we reasoned, with the feeble incredulity of effete Eastern minds, that the same country should be at once a fertile garden and a howling wilderness; that it should be the happy hunting ground of the Indians, and the home of a large and industrious population; that the climate should be temperate and agreeable, while the mercury was frozen in the bulb, and the wind blowing at the rate of fifty miles an hour? These things puzzled us.

When we turned to our travelled acquaintances for enlightenment and help, we were baffled. For if the person questioned had heavy investments in the Red River Valley, we found that he had seen only those portions of it which were like paradise in summer weather. But if his interests were in Texas or Kansas, he had been impressed chiefly by the desolate aspect of the Red River country, the intense cold of the winters, and the enormous size of the mosquitoes. All this was confusing to the mind and perilous to our faith in human veracity. So we packed our trunk with sketch-books and note-books, bought a supply of ammunition and a patent filter, and set out to see for ourselves.

On the westward journey we found many of our fellow-travellers bound for the same region. Some of them were going out as new settlers; some of them were "old" settlers who had been on a visit to the East, and were returning. They entered readily into conversation. It seemed to be a pleasure to them to talk—as, indeed, it is to all rational beings except Englishmen. They were frank and communicative in regard to their personal history. They were also given to large stories. It was sometimes a terrible strain on the listener's imagination. On one occasion I incautiously said to a loquacious old gentleman that I supposed they had some quite big farms out on the Red River.

"Big farms!" said he. "Great Scott! Why, there's farms out there bigger'n the hull State o' Rhode Island. A man starts out in the mornin' to plough a furrer, and he ploughs right ahead till night, an' then camps out, an' ploughs back the nex' day."

The expression of child-like innocence on Gad's face was sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought, and he silently felt for the filter.

We left St. Paul by the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway, and rode all night in a northwesterly direction across the State of Minnesota. About

daybreak we came into the Red River Valley. Dismiss from your mind all the associations that are called up by this word. Understand that in the West a valley is not necessarily "a hollow between hills or mountains." That is a narrow Eastern conception. As we looked out from the car window for the first time upon this famous valley, we saw a broad level plain covered with short grass, and flooded by the rising sun with red and golden light. Doubtless there were hills somewhere in the world, but they were invisible. Far away on the left a dim blue line of timber marked the course of the Red River, and another line far in front of us indicated the approach of a tributary stream. This was all that broke the lake-like expanse. We realized at once what we had heard before, that it was in fact a lake without any water in it.

A few words will explain the character and probable formation of the Red River Valley. It is about three hundred miles long and fifty miles wide—a flat prairie, extending northward from Lake Traverse, in Minnesota, until it passes by a gentle slope beneath the water of Lake Winnipeg. About thirty miles north of the southern and higher extremity of the valley the Red River comes meandering in from the east. It is a sluggish stream, flowing in a ditch in the middle of the prairie, and is altogether inadequate in size and force to have made the valley which bears its name. When we seek an explanation of this vast alluvial plain, we must find a much larger body of water to account for its formation, and this is done by the theory which connects it with the great Mississippi system. There are many indications that the whole drainage of this region was at one time southward. The valley of the Mississippi, with its true line of continuation along the Minnesota, must have formerly contained a vastly larger body of water than now flows through it. This valley, beginning at Big Stone Lake, is separated only by a slight barrier from Lake Traverse. Now imagine that a few thousand years ago the level of the continent was a little different from what it is now, a few hundred feet higher at the north, and lower at the south, then this barrier would be overcome, and all the waters of the Winnipeg Basin would flow southward through the Red River and Minnesota Valley into the Mississippi. The present northward outlet through the Nelson River would be stopped. There would be a mighty stream draining the whole central region of the continent into the Gulf of Mexico. Now imagine, again, that the continent is gradu-



MAP OF RED RIVER VALLEY.



BUILDINGS ON THE DALRYMPLE FARMS (THIRD SECTION).

ally depressed at the north, and elevated at the south—a change which we know from observation is still continuing along the sea-coast: the result of such an oscillation will be to diminish the slope and velocity of the great southward river. It will have less and less power to cut its way through obstacles. It will be dammed by the granite ledges near Big Stone Lake. It will spread out into a vast lake larger than Superior and Michigan put together. The waters of this lake will be shallow and muddy, and the deposit of alluvium very rapid. As the northward depression continues, the outlet toward the south will become more and more feeble. It will degenerate into a mere driblet. And at last the great body of water will cut a new channel northward into Hudson Bay. The Nelson River, with its rocky channel and numerous rapids, bears all the marks of an outlet thus recently formed.

This is but a rough and hasty outline of the theory which has been advanced by General G. K. Warren, of the United States Engineer Corps, and supported by him in a series of admirable reports. It may seem dry, but it offers an explanation of two very important facts—the immense fertility of this ancient lake bed, which is now called the Red River Valley, and the impossibility of a route from Manitoba, through the Nelson River and Hudson Bay, to England. These facts have a direct bearing on the commercial welfare of the United States, for they put the transportation of the products of the rich Northwest into the hands of our railways and steamboats.

More than two-thirds of the Red River Valley lies in Minnesota and Dakota; the remaining third is in the British province of Manitoba. Two railroads have been opened into the valley within the past six years—the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba, which now runs parallel with the river to St. Vincent, on the British border, where it connects with the Pembina branch of the Canadian Pacific to Winnipeg, and the Northern Pacific, which crosses the valley at right angles, and opens up the wonderfully fertile land lying on the west side of the river, in Dakota. Into this territory a great flood of immigration is now pouring. The rapid influx began in 1877. In the last quarter of that year the government land-offices disposed of more than 400,000 acres in Minnesota, and during the same period the railways sold over 500,000 acres. In all, over a million acres were taken up by settlers in those three months, mostly in the Red River Valley. Since 1872 the Northern Pacific Railway has sold 800,000 acres of Red River lands. In the land districts traversed by this road the government has assigned 1,323,416 acres in the year ending June 30, 1878, and 1,964,644 acres in the year ending June 30, 1879. Together with the lands sold by the railway during the same time, this makes the astounding total of 4,500,000 acres disposed of in two years. Embracing the same territory, present statistics show the following: Present population, 69,600; increase in past year, 19,900. Area in wheat, 1879, 281,430 acres; increase, 96,000. Area in other crops, 79,470; increase, 20,660. Total area in cultivation, 360,900; increase, 116,660. New breaking, 1879, 133,600.

And now, if the intelligent reader has

carefully skipped these statistics, we will continue our narrative of travel. Casselton, in Dakota, on the Northern Pacific, was the first objective point which Gad and I desired to reach. Not that the town itself had anything to allure us. It is simply a cluster of wooden stores and from the frightened Dutch holders in Amsterdam, when they were ready to sell at any price, and getting them transferred into land. The whole of this vast tract is under the personal supervision of Mr. Oliver Dalrymple—a tall, thin Yankee, with keen eye and firm mouth.



HAYING ON THE DALRYMPLE FARMS.

houses that have sprung up like huge misshapen mushrooms on the level prairie. But as we stood on the platform of the little railway station, we saw by the number of agricultural machines standing around the freight dépôt, and the farm wagons and teams of all descriptions driving in and out of town, that Casselton must be a "promising" place. The chief ground of its promise is undoubtedly the vicinity of the gigantic wheat farms, of which all the world has been talking and writing.

These farms have four great divisions, called after the men who have money invested in them—Grandin, Cass, Cheney, and Alton. They include in all 75,000 acres, 20,000 of which were in wheat this year. The original cost of the land was from forty cents to five dollars an acre. It is said that a large portion of it was obtained by buying Northern Pacific shares

The farms are cut up into divisions of 5000 acres, with a superintendent for each. These divisions are again divided into sections of 2500 acres. On each division there is a complete set of buildings, including a dwelling-house for the superintendent, a boarding-house for the hands, a stable, a granary, a blacksmith's shop, and a machine-house. There are mounted division foremen, and gang foremen, each of whom oversees twenty teams; there are over a hundred self-binding reapers and twenty steam-threshers employed. The horses and mules are numbered by hundreds. The men employed at harvest would make a little army. In fact, it is just that—the army system applied to agriculture. This general marshals his men, arrays his instruments of war, and with mechanical precision the whole force moves forward to conquer and exact rich tribute from the land.

We rode about over the farm with the courteous superintendent of one of the divisions. The air of the September morning was clear and keen. It had been cold enough during the previous night to make a quarter of an inch of ice. But there was life and vigor in every breath; plenty of ozone, or whatever that mysterious substance may be which makes men and horses happy and lively when they inhale it. The blue sky spanned a cloudless arch above us. There was not a fence nor a hill to break the prairie level. Southward we could see the timber-line of the Maple River, but on the north the horizon was smooth and unbroken—a slender rim of earth meeting the sky. The red barns and white houses of the divisions stood out high and distinct. There were broad stretches of the golden-brown grass of the yet unbroken prairies, vast fields of pale yellow stubble from which the harvest had already been gathered, and here and there fields in which the shocks were still standing, and the steam-thresher, *monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens*, devoured the remnant of the wheat.

"The fly-wheel with a mellow murmur turned,
While ever rising on its mystic stair,
In the dim light from secret chambers borne,
The straw of harvest, severed from the corn,
Climbed and fell over in the smoky air."

A little way off we saw a long line of teams pushing slowly across the boundless plain. They were ploughing. It was a very different sight from that ploughing which we have seen in the steep fields of New England, where Johnny steers the old horse carefully along the hill-sides, and the old man guides the plough as best he can through the stony ground; different, also, from that ploughing which Rosa Bonheur has painted so wonderfully in her picture at the Luxembourg, in which the French peasant drives his four-in-hand of mighty oxen, butting their way through the misty morning air. Here on this Western farm there were twelve sulky ploughs, each drawn by four mules, moving steadily along a two-mile furrow. The shining blades cut smoothly into the sod, and left a rich black wake of virgin earth behind them. As we looked out over the great plain, and slowly took in the extent, the fertility, the ease of cultivation, we echoed the local brag: "This is a big country, and don't you forget it!"

"Yes," said Gad, "that is the trouble: it's too big. I can't get it on canvas. A man might as well try to paint a dead calm in mid-ocean."

We spent an evening in the comfortable home of one of the superintendents, and heard him explain the system of bookkeeping. Every man is engaged by contract, for a certain time, to do certain work, for certain wages. He receives his money on presenting to the cashier a time check certifying the amount and nature of his labor. The average price paid to hands is $18 a month and board. In harvest they get $2 25 a day. A record is kept by the foreman of the amount of wheat turned out by each thresher, by the driver of each wagon of the amount of wheat loaded by him, and by the receiver at the elevator of the amount of wheat brought in by each team. All the farm machinery and the provisions are bought at first hands for wholesale prices. Mules and horses are bought in St. Louis. Wheat is not stacked or stored, but shipped to market as rapidly as possible. Everything is regulated by an exact system, and this is what makes the farms a success.

Brains and energy in the man who controls them and in those whom he chooses as his subordinate officers—this is the secret of the enormous profits which have been made on the Dalrymple farms. The cost of raising the first crop is about $11 an acre; each subsequent crop costs $8. The average yield for this year was about nineteen bushels to the acre. This could be sold at Fargo on October 1 for 80 cents a bushel. A brief calculation will give you $4 20 per acre profit on the new land, and $7 20 for all the rest; or, say, $130,000 gain on one crop. These figures I believe to be too small, rather than too large.

But does this large farming pay for the country? It absorbs great tracts of land, and keeps out smaller farmers. It employs tramps, who vanish when the harvest is over, instead of increasing the permanent population. It exhausts the land. The cultivation is very shallow. There is no rotation of crops. Everything is taken from the ground; nothing is returned to it. Even the straw is burned. The result of this is that the average crop from any given acre grows smaller every year, and it is simply a question of time under the present system how long it will take to exhaust the land.

A great many lies have been told about



HOMESTEAD CLAIM, RED RIVER VALLEY.

the Red River region—lies proportionate to the size of the country. It may not be out of place here to indicate a few of them. The water of this region is *not* good. In the rivers it is muddy; in the wells it is alkaline. The mosquitoes are large, vigorous, and active. For them, stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage. They are a burden; and so, in certain seasons, is the grasshopper.

The climate is *not* mild. In fact, it is sometimes too cold for comfort, in spite of the protection afforded by the isothermal line. There is a strange reluctance on the part of the writers who describe this country to mention the figures marked by the thermometer in winter. The inhabitants also show a consummate skill in avoiding the subject.

"Pretty cold here in winter, eh?"

"Wa'al, ye-es; it's cold—but he'lthy!"

"Much snow?"

"Wa'al, no; ye see, it mos'ly blows away."

"How low does the thermometer go?"

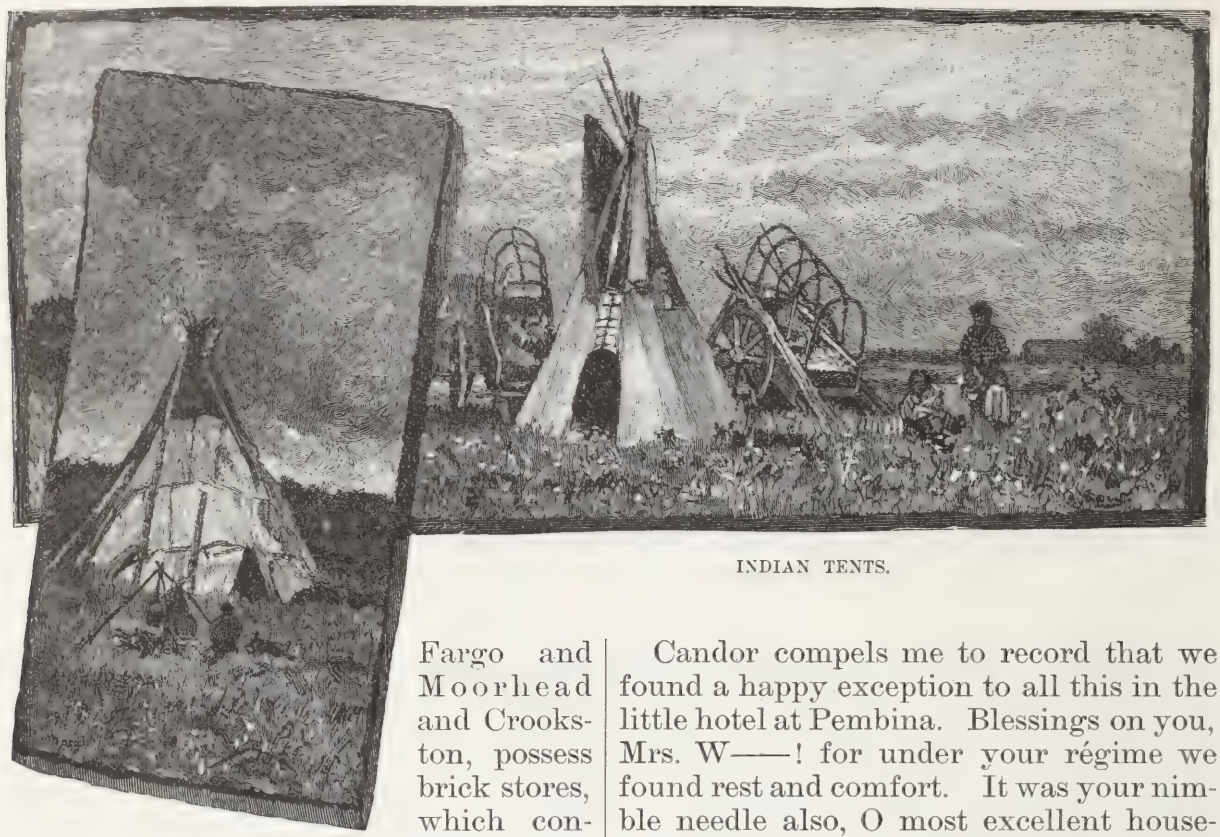
"Wa'al, I dunno. Ye see, we live indoors, an' so we keep our'n thar."

Another point on which the public has been much deceived is the average yield of wheat. I asked a very intelligent gentleman the other day what he supposed would be a good crop of wheat in the Red River Valley, and he answered, "Perhaps sixty bushels to the acre." In point of fact, forty bushels is an uncommonly fine yield, and the average is not much above twenty bushels. I have before me the returns from two of the divisions of the Dalrymple farms. The figures for the smaller one are as follows: 3338 acres in wheat yield 63,190 bushels; 200 acres in oats yield 7641 bushels; 120 acres in barley yield 2374 bushels.

The price of land in the vicinity of Casselton has rapidly increased. Railroad land is worth from $10 to $20 an acre; and there is little of it to be had. There is excellent government land, some miles back from the road, still unclaimed. Living is dear. Fuel is scarce and high. Wood costs $5 50 a cord, and coal $10 a ton.

Over against all these disadvantages you may set the simple fact that wheat can be raised here more easily and more profitably than anywhere else in the world. Here is a level plain. It does not need clearing, for there are no trees or stones; it does not need fencing, for there are but few cattle; and the herding laws must always afford strict and sufficient protection. All that it is necessary to do is to "break" the prairie sod to a depth of three or four inches in the spring, "backset" it in the fall, and in the following spring sow a bushel and a half of wheat to the acre, and reap twenty bushels at harvest.

From Casselton we returned to the east side of the Red River, and went northward along the valley. Everywhere we saw the same things. The level, fertile land; the wooden towns that have sprung up as if by magic along the railways; the agricultural machines standing at every dépôt; wagons loaded with sacks of wheat; cars receiving their freights of grain from the elevators beside the track—over all an air of prosperity and bustle which marks a new country. Some of the towns, like



INDIAN TENTS.

Fargo and Moorhead and Crookston, possess brick stores, which confer in this region a sort of municipal aristocracy. Other towns have run down as rapidly as they once sprang up. Surely there is nothing so ghastly as new ruins, a row of dilapidated shanties, or a huge wooden hotel in which the want of custom is signified by the need of paint and the decay of window-shutters.

> "The hall is dirty and broad and bare,
> And never a guest goes up the stair;
> The flies on the ceiling buzz and creep,
> While the landlord sits in the bar asleep."

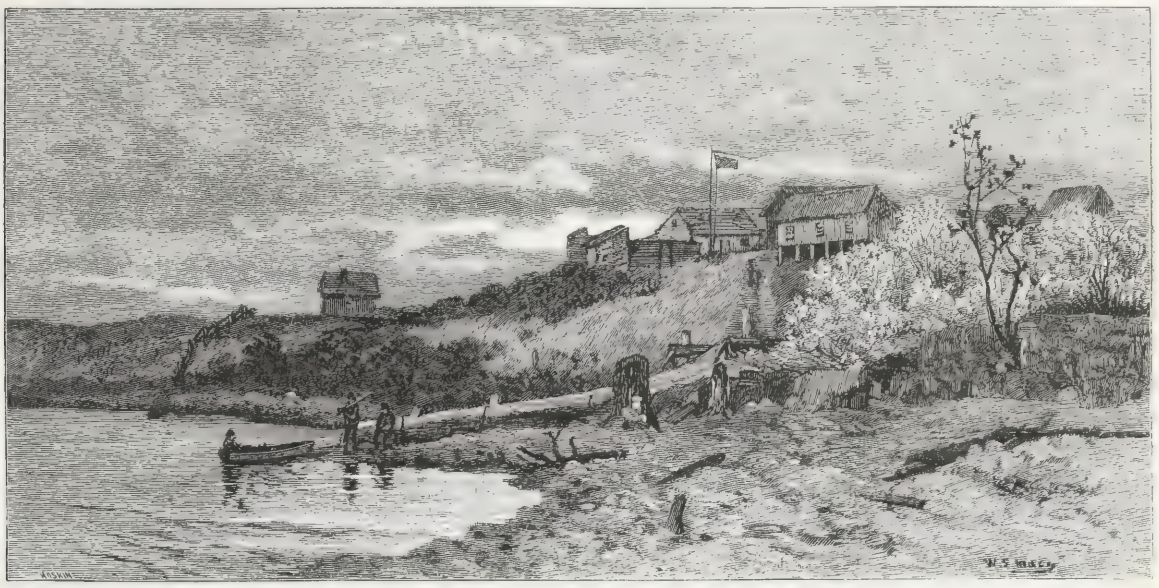
There is very little in these infant cities to please the eye or gratify the sense of beautiful order. The citizens have been too busy to make any attempts at adornment, or even to remove the débris of building operations from the streets. Everything has a crude, unfinished look. We could not expect it to be otherwise. And yet to the man who has lived in a picturesque New England village, or a well-built city, or even in an ordinarily pleasant country home in some older part of our country, there must be a constant uneasiness, a strong temptation to homesickness, when he arrives at one of these Red River towns. And if it be his fate to spend much time in the hotels of this region, he will be thoroughly unhappy. The misguided person who wrote that verse about finding his warmest welcome in an inn, never travelled through this valley.

Candor compels me to record that we found a happy exception to all this in the little hotel at Pembina. Blessings on you, Mrs. W——! for under your régime we found rest and comfort. It was your nimble needle also, O most excellent housewife, that repaired a distressing accident to my only pair of corduroys, and enabled me again to appear without disgrace in the company of civilized men.

Pembina is an ancient settlement. It was one of the first trading posts established in this region. The tame Indians still haunt the place. There is a United States military post on the western bank of the Red River, and a village of a few hundred inhabitants about half a mile away. Pembina has but small chance of growing to any great size, for there are five towns laid out here within a circle of as many miles; and St. Vincent in Minnesota and Emerson in Manitoba, both on the eastern bank of the Red River, have already outstripped their older neighbor. Everything depends upon the line of travel; and now the great highway on the western bank of the river, which was once the only route connecting Lord Selkirk's settlement with the civilized world, has been superseded by the railway.

It was at Pembina that we saw for the first time that famous vehicle of the country, the Red River cart. We were idling on the grassy bluff in front of the fort, enjoying the warm sunlight and the delicious air, when we beheld a caravan approaching. At the head came a Chippewa brave in his long blanket and best red leggings, trimmed with beads. The two points of his toilet upon which he had evi-

dently spent the most care were his hair and his legs. He was followed by two carts drawn by ponies of Gothic and despondent appearance. Beside them wandered two other ponies equally angular, two squaws with pappooses slung at their backs, and a younger brave less picturesque than the patriarch. They halted



VIEW OF PEMBINA FROM THE RED RIVER.

near us, and while Gad was sketching the *tipi* and the family, I ventured to make a closer inspection of the carts.

The Red River cart is *sui generis:* it is an epitome of the history and description of a peculiar country. It is built on the model of the Normandy peasant's cart, and tells us at once that its inventors were of French descent. It is simply a light box with a pair of shafts, mounted upon an axle connecting two enormous wheels. There is no concession made to the aversion of the human frame to sudden violent changes of level; there is no weakness of luxury about this vehicle. The wheels are broad in the felloes, so as not to cut through the prairie sod. They are long in the spokes, so as to pass safely through fords and mud-holes. They are very much dished, so that they can be strapped together, and a rawhide stretched over them to make a boat. The whole cart is made of wood; there is not a bit of iron about it, so that, if anything breaks, the material to repair it is easily found. The axles are never greased, and they furnish an incessant answer to the old conundrum, "What makes more noise than a pig under a gate?"

The contents of the carts were indiscriminate and indescribable: a bundle of ragged bedding, a gun, an axe, tent poles, a canvas cover, cooking utensils, a buffalo-skin, a baby, and several puppies. These last were the only provisions visible; and the noble brave indicated that unless his white brother would help him, he and his offspring must endure the pangs of hunger for many days. This was probably a flight of barbaric fancy; but we gave him a little money, out of regard for his family, and his possible connection with our old friend Hiawatha, who belonged to the same tribe.

Some miles west of Pembina, on the British side of the boundary line, there is a large settlement of Russian Mennonites. The history of these people is full of interest. They are named after Menno Simons, who was a Romish priest in Friesland about the middle of the sixteenth century. He was not a man of high birth or education, but he seems to have had great natural strength of mind and character. He became convinced of the necessity of reformation in the Church, more particularly as regards the purity of life of Christians, and their separation from the world. He entered vigorously into the work of preaching and teaching his doctrines, and the result of his work was the formation of a sect of Baptist Quakers in Holland and North Germany who bore the name of Mennonites. They were peaceable and industrious citizens, willing to contribute money for the support of government even in war, but positively refusing to take an oath or to bear



MENNONITE HOUSES.

arms. In the course of time they became divided into several branches, more or less strict in their views. One of these divisions arose at the time when buttons were first introduced into general use. The stricter Mennonites regarded them as a worldly innovation, and, adhering to the use of hooks and eyes, were called "Hookers," in distinction from the more lax brethren, who were called "Buttoners." The first Mennonites came to this country among the Dutch settlers of New York; there was a Mennonite church built near Philadelphia in 1683, and the present number of the sect in the United States is estimated at 60,000. The Russian Mennonites are more recent immigrants. They were originally inhabitants of West Prussia, and emigrated to Russia in the latter part of the eighteenth century, having obtained a promise from the Emperor Paul that they should not be called upon for military service. This promise was revoked by the present Emperor, and they were informed that they must prepare for army duty in 1881, or else leave the country. Large numbers of them decided to come to America. Kansas and Minnesota have received considerable colonies, and about 7000 have come to Manitoba, where the government has reserved 500,000 acres for their settlements.

It was a beautiful morning when we set out on a "prairie yacht," behind a pair of quick-stepping horses, to visit the Mennonite Reserve. Our road lay along the north bank of the Pembina River, skirting the edge of the timber, and occasionally cutting across a point of woods which ran out into the open prairie. We passed many thrifty-looking farms, where the men were still working at the remnant of the harvest. At Smuggler's Point there was a log tavern, and we stopped for a little dinner. The landlord was a frontiersman who had tried life in many territories. We asked him whether the Mennonites were good settlers, and how he liked them.

"Well," he said, "they're quiet enough; and some on 'em lives pretty white; but they ain't no good to the country. They live on black bread and melons, and raise their own tobacker; and when a crowd on 'em comes in here to drink, each man steps up and drinks, and *pays for his own liquor*."

Such conduct as this, of course, is subversive of the very first principle of American society, which recognizes "treating" as the true medium of friendly intercourse.

A few miles farther on we found the farm village of Blumenort. It is not the largest of the villages on this reserve, but it will serve as a type of the rest. The high-road was simply a well-worn wagon track over the bare plain. An irregular line of a dozen low thatched houses on each side of the road and a steam sawmill made up the village. The farms radiate from this centre. Every man cultivates his own land, and the four-and-twenty families have the advantage of living close together, and making common front against the hardship and loneliness of frontier life. Each village has its head-man, or *Schulz*—its school-mas-

ter—who teaches in German; and if the village is too small for a church, the *Pfarrer* comes over from some larger town to preach at stated times.

We sat on the steps of the mill, talking with some of the villagers, and eating a water-melon, which was passed around from man to man for each to cut off a slice with his pocket-knife. The Mennonite German is a barbarous dialect; it has not been improved by ninety years' sojourn in Russia. But it served as a medium of communication. They told us that their village had been unfortunate; that they had been forced to move twice on account of the wetness of the land. The present situation seemed to be better. They like the country better than Russia. But one of the men, who had not yet taken up his allotment of land, complained greatly that under the new law, made this summer, he could get only eighty acres of homestead. He thought of going to America (*i. e.*, the United States), where he could get one hundred and sixty acres. "But how about the oath of allegiance?" we asked. He shrugged his shoulders and grinned, from which we concluded that he must be a Buttoner of the looser stamp.

The men expressed some anxiety to know if Sitting Bull were coming to make war in Manitoba. They had heard that he was marching with four thousand braves to attack Emerson. They seemed much relieved to hear that he was many hundred miles to the west of them.

On the other side of the road I saw a clay threshing-floor between some wheat stacks, and an old man driving a team of horses over it to tread out the grain. The method was old-fashioned enough to be quite a novelty. I went over to watch it, and thus chanced to make the acquaintance of the proprietor of the stacks and the horses. He was a pleasant, talkative old man, who had come from Russia within a year, and was just beginning to make a home for himself. This was his first crop, and he thought it would average over twenty bushels to the acre. Three or four barefooted girls, ruddy and strong, were brushing up the grain as the horses trod it out, and winnowing it. The scene was picturesque, and I called Gad over to make a sketch of it. But something in his dark and rolling eye, or some natural timidity, sent the maidens scampering off to hide behind the stacks, from which they made rapid sallies to gather up a little



A MENNONITE INTERIOR.

wheat in their aprons. Meanwhile the old farmer was asking many questions. He was particularly anxious to know the value of Russian money in New York, for he still had a little stock of rubles which he had brought with him from his old home. The Mennonites are, almost without exception, well-to-do people. What is the mysterious connection between the doctrine of non-resistance and worldly prosperity? Why do they always go together?

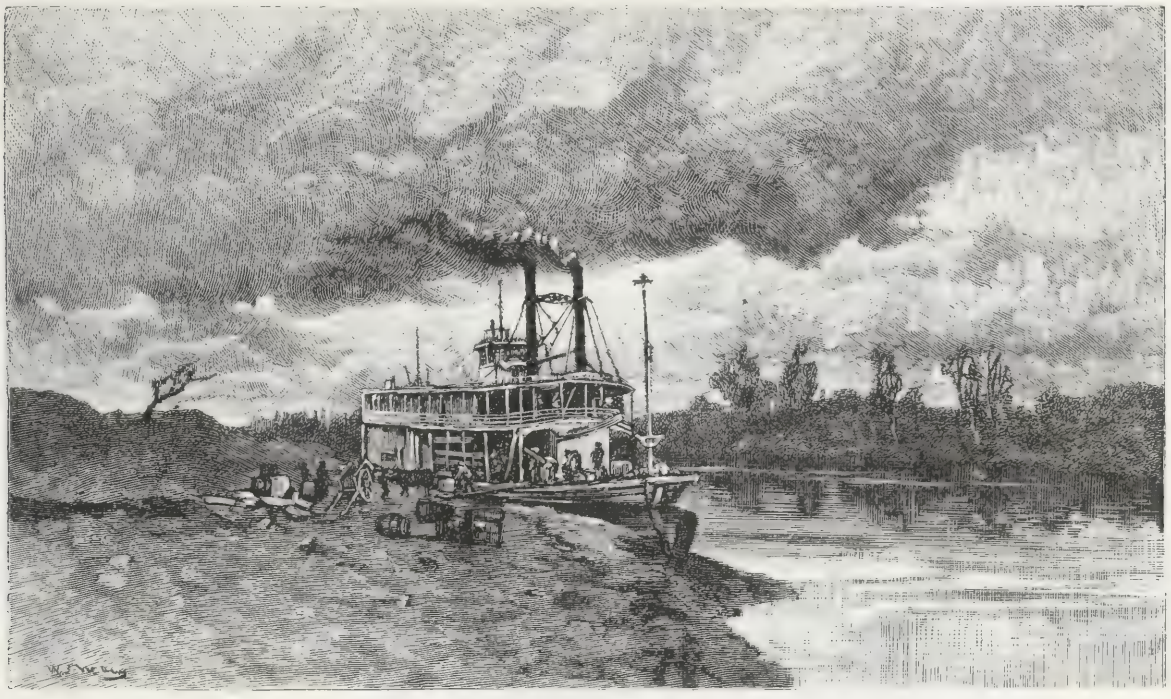
After a while Brother Peters asked us to go home with him, and see his house, which was but a few yards away from the threshing-floor. It was built of logs, plastered with clay, and thatched with straw. The chimney was a square hole in the roof. The inside of the house was rough, but comfortable, or at least it might be made so. The floor was made of clay. Peters was particular to impress upon us that the house was not finished; he had bought the shell, as it stood, from another man, and he pointed out with admirable pride how he proposed to wall off a *Gastzimmer* here and a *Speisezimmer* there. The central point of the establishment was the great oven, which answered at once for purposes of cooking the food and warming the rooms. All improvements in the place the old man intended to make with his own hands at his workbench, which occupied one side of the living-room. These people on the prairies understand what *housemaking* means very much better than the dwellers in cities can possibly understand it. We dabble in the refinements of decorative art, and fret ourselves because a color does not harmonize or a line is out of symmetry. It is, after all, only a question of what kind of veneer we shall use to cover the frame-work of life. The men and women of the frontier touch the solid facts of existence. They have to face the problem—*given a prairie and a pile of lumber, how to make a house?*

As we sat there in that rude room talking with the old Russian, puffing away quietly at a pipe of the peace-making Indian weed, we seemed to have entered quite into the circle of his domestic life. In one corner of the room sat the old *Hausfrau* combing her scanty locks. The eldest daughter was very busy with some household work, while the little grandchild played on the floor beside the work-bench. In the middle of the room was the dinner table; presently three or four girls came in from their work, and we were cordially asked to sit down with them to their *Vesperbrod* of black bread, melons, and coffee. When we went away the old man invoked many blessings on us, and we promised to send him a copy of *Harper's Magazine*. Here's a greeting to you, Peters. May you have *Schweinsglück!*

It was a dull rainy evening when we bade farewell to Pembina, and were ferried across the shallow muddy river to St. Vincent. I suppose it is called the Red River because the water is of a whity-brown color. At the railway station confusion reigned. A large party of



STREET VIEW IN CITY OF WINNIPEG.



STEAMBOAT LANDING ON THE RED RIVER.

immigrants had just arrived with through tickets by the steamboat line to Winnipeg. But owing to the lowness of the water, and an accident which occurred a few weeks before, there was no boat ready to go down the river. The party must go on by rail, and the officers of the branch line from St. Vincent to St. Boniface, opposite Winnipeg, refused to make any allowance for the steamboat tickets. Despair ruled in the crowded, murky car into which we were packed. Many of the poor immigrants could ill afford the additional cost. We had to pay $3 25 for riding over sixty-five miles of wretched track at the rate of ten miles an hour. The road-bed is so rough that when they run at higher speed, the engine bell is rung by the oscillation.

Long after midnight we were landed in the mud at St. Boniface. Here we fell into the hands of the custom-house Philistines. Never have I seen courtesy and intelligence so successfully concealed under a veil of rude stupidity. Gad stood by in the cold damp gloom, and gave vigorous expression to his feelings in four different languages, while the officer of customs ploughed through our carefully packed trunk, upsetting our gun trappings, and sniffing at paint tubes, until at last he concluded to detain the luggage on suspicion, and we went off wearily to find our way across the river to Winnipeg. We arrived finally at the (so-called) "best hotel in town." May a kind fortune preserve us from the worst!

Morning light revealed to us the metropolis of the Northwest. We saw a broad main street bordered with high wooden sidewalks, and rows of shops of every shape and size. Some were rude wooden shanties; others were fine buildings of yellow brick. High over all towered the handsome spire of the Knox Church. Several saw and grist mills sent up incessant puffs of white steam into the clear air. The street was full of bustle and life. There were wagons of all descriptions standing before the stores. Long lines of Red River carts were loading with freight for the interior. The sidewalks were filled with a miscellaneous crowd of people: German peasants, the women in dark blue gowns and head kerchiefs, the men marked by their little flat caps; French half-breeds, with jaunty buckskin jackets, many-colored scarfs around their waists, and their black hair shining with oil; Indians, dark, solemn, gaunt, stalking along in blanket and moccasins; Scotch and English people, looking as they do all the world over, but here, perhaps, a little quicker and more energetic. The middle of the street, though there had been but a single night of rain, was a vast expanse of mud—mud so tenacious that the wheels of the wagons driving through it were almost as large as mill-wheels; and when we dared

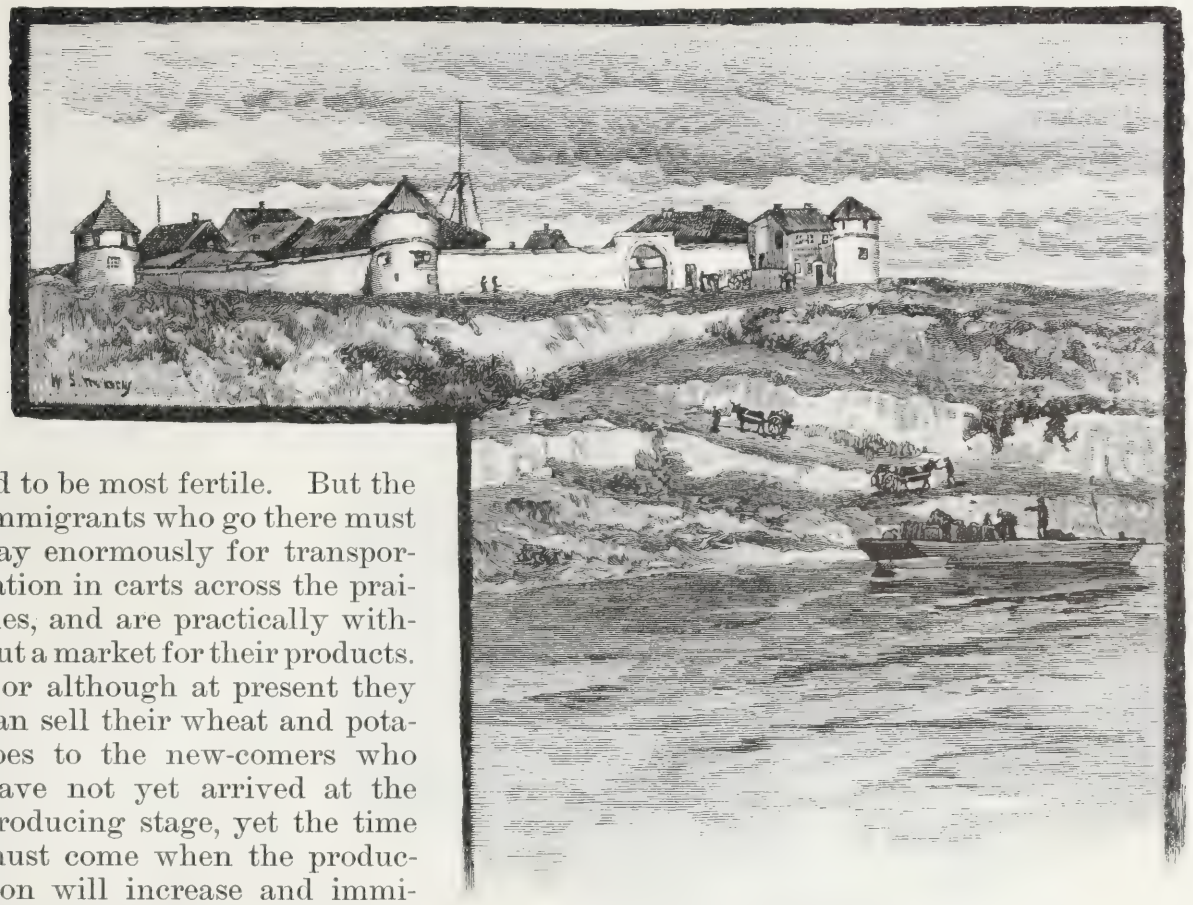


"IS THAT MY HOMESTEAD, OR LAKE WINNIPEG?"

to cross it, we came out on the other side with much difficulty, and feet of elephantine proportions.

The city of Winnipeg, which eight years ago was nothing more than a cluster of houses about the Hudson Bay Company's fort, now contains over seven thousand inhabitants. It is the distributing centre for a large region, a place of great business activity, and so situated in relation to the back country and the facilities for transportation that it is sometimes called "the Bleeder's Paradise." It is built on a clay bank at the junction of the Assiniboine with the Red River. The nature of the soil is such that it is difficult to find a good foundation for a house, and many of the larger buildings have settled and cracked.

We had the driest time of the year for our visit, but in the course of our excursions about the town we were impressed by the general wetness of the land. In fact, it was very forcibly brought home to our consciousness, for we almost succeeded in bogging a fine horse as we were driving home one day through the back streets of the city. Those prairie bog-holes are deceptive. They often look dry, but they have no bottom. When a Winnipegger gets his wagon stuck in one of them, he loosens the traces and lets the horses scramble out; and then, pulling off his clothes, goes in to extricate the vehicle, which, by the skillful use of ropes, he usually accomplishes. Our personal explorations in Manitoba were not thorough enough to enable us to speak of the general character of the land, and indeed no amount of travel at this season of the year would have qualified us to give a fair description. But all travellers who have gone through the country in the spring and early summer speak of it as being very rich, but very much under water. The lower part of the Red River Valley has always been subject to inundation. In August, 1877, the roads were so impassable, and conveyances so dear, that it was difficult to go outside of Winnipeg, and in consequence many people who had come to settle in the province went back discouraged. This year one hundred and forty Mennonite families were forced to remove from the Red River Reserve because the land was too wet to cultivate. Professor Hind, whose report is standard authority, says: "The country possessing a mean elevation of 100 feet above Lake Winnipeg.... may be estimated at 70,000 square miles, of which nine-tenths are lake, marsh, or surface rock of Silurian or Devonian age." Along the banks of the Red River and the Assiniboine the land is somewhat drier and better, but it is all taken up by the so-called Settlement Belt, which is expressly excepted from the homestead provisions of the Dominion Lands Act. As a result of all this, most of the immigrants are forced to go further west, to Portage la Prairie or beyond, where the land is higher and not in need of drainage. Still further away, in the Northwest Territory, along the Little Saskatchewan and the Big Saskatchewan, the country is report-

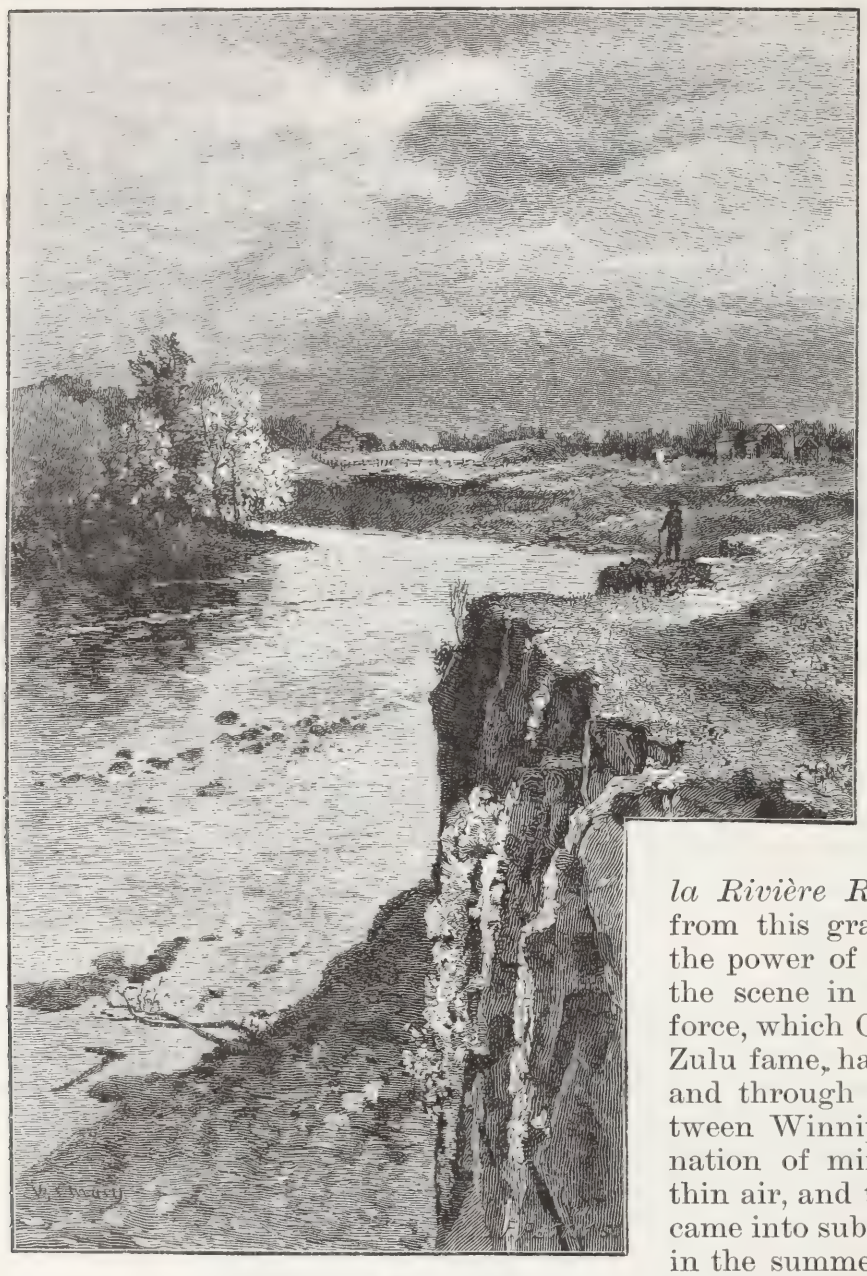


FORT GARRY.

ed to be most fertile. But the immigrants who go there must pay enormously for transportation in carts across the prairies, and are practically without a market for their products. For although at present they can sell their wheat and potatoes to the new-comers who have not yet arrived at the producing stage, yet the time must come when the production will increase and immigration decrease until the local market is oversupplied, and then farming will be neither amusing nor profitable. The Canadian Pacific Railway will, of course, remove this difficulty; but it is hard to say where it will run or how soon it will be finished. The hopes of the people are set upon the completion of this road, and thus far they seem to find no trouble in living on hopes and growing fat withal.

The immigration into Manitoba has been astonishingly rapid. Two causes have recently operated to check it. A great deal of the best land in the province is excepted from the homestead provisions of the Land Act by a complicated system of reserves. For instance, a belt of five miles on either side of the proposed railway line is only open to purchasers at six dollars an acre. The second and still greater obstacle is the law passed in July last, practically limiting the homestead grant to eighty acres. It is absurd to suppose that settlers will content themselves with this amount when they can get 160 acres of equally good land under similar conditions by simply crossing the imaginary line which divides the British Possessions from the United States. In the light of these facts it was amusing to read a quotation from a speech made in September last, at an agricultural dinner, by Lord Beaconsfield, in which he gravely stated that nearly all of the largest land-holders in the extreme western States of America had sold out their farms and gone to seek a living in the new Canadian territory. As an effort of the Oriental imagination, this was excellent; but as history, it was amazingly incorrect. The immigrants into Manitoba, with the exception of the Mennonites, have been almost without exception British subjects, and a very large majority of them have come from the province of Ontario. Large numbers, being dissatisfied, have recrossed the line, and settled in Dakota and Minnesota. In Pembina County alone the number of Canadians is reckoned at one-half of the population.

The most interesting object in Winnipeg—perhaps we may say the only thing which has anything of the picturesque about it—is Fort Garry, the head-quarters of "the Governor and company of adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay." It stands well up above the swift, muddy current of the Assiniboine. Seen from the opposite bank of the river in the lingering glow of an amber twilight, there



ASSINIBOINE RIVER.

is an air of antiquity and romance about the rough gray wall, pierced by a low gateway, and flanked by rude turrets which lean as if they had heard of Pisa, and were trying to introduce the graces of civilization into the wilderness. Here the blue banner of the Hudson Bay Company has floated for many years above the little quadrangle where the white man and the red man have met to barter the products of Europe for the skins of the wild north land. "*Pro pelle cutem*," skin for skin, is the motto of the Company, and many a poor fellow has paid for his gains in peltry by losing his own scalp at last. Millions of skins have been gathered from the lonely forest and the frozen waste into these low dark store-houses. Ship-loads of cloth and beads and powder and fire-water have passed over these battered counters to civilize the Indian. Here the Governor of the Company once ruled over the land of Assiniboia. Here the half-breeds gathered themselves in 1869 to resist the authority of the Canadian government. It was the dream of their leader, Louis Riel, to found a nation of mixed races, and that sensational love of liberty which runs in the Gallic blood spoke in its native language and after its ancient fashion here in this far wilderness. It sounds like an echo of Paris to read the deliverances of the *Comité National des Métis de la Rivière Rouge* which were issued from this gray old fort. But at last the power of Great Britain arrived on the scene in the shape of a military force, which Colonel Wolseley, now of Zulu fame, had led across the swamps and through the trackless forests between Winnipeg and Montreal. The nation of mixed races vanished into thin air, and the province of Manitoba came into substantial being. This was in the summer of 1870, and since then the old fort has fallen into the humdrum of a mere commercial life.

The Red River at Winnipeg is about a hundred yards wide. The gray and rugged Cathedral of St. Boniface still stands on the eastern bank, and the bells of the Roman mission still "call from their turrets twain." But the "voyageur" no longer sweeps along the current and hears their far-off vesper chiming. Twenty years ago the first steamboat puffed its way down the river, and the silent-gliding canoe fleets have vanished. There is nothing of hardship or adventure about a voyage on the Red River now, and it was simply in the interest of physical comfort, and for the sake of variety, that we chose to leave Winnipeg by water. The *Minnesota* was run up alongside of the steep bank (for in this country they do not need wharves), and we embarked for St. Vin-

cent. The craft was peculiar. In the air she was quite majestic, with her two stories and double smoke-stacks. But under water she was only a flat-boat with a draught of two feet. A huge "kick-behind" wheel extended completely across the stern, and made the boat shake as if with the palsy when we turned out from the bank and headed up stream. The river flowed with a still, muddy current, between high banks covered with bushes and small timber. Here and there we saw a clearing and some tumble-down cabins, the homes of the half-breeds. They are a strange race, in whose veins the blood of England, Scotland, and France is mingled with that of the Indian tribes. They are social, fond of excitement, gifted with great physical strength and endurance, but without the moral qualities of patience, industry, and order. In olden times they were the canoe-men and sledge-drivers of the Hudson Bay Company. We saw their clumsy dug-outs moored along the river-banks, and the numerous set lines indicated that they preferred the easiest possible way of fishing. Flocks of wild-duck and plover flew before us as we steamed slowly against the current, passing around sharp curves in the river, and almost doubling on our course. Kingfishers perched motionless on the over-hanging branches, or swept swiftly past with their sharp chir-r-r-ing cry. The boat struck on many a stone and sand-bar; but with a convulsive shiver that made all the wood-work crack, and a tremendous splashing of the great wheel, she scraped safely over. Then the dusk gathered on the stream and on the brown woods, and the light faded in the clear sky, until the moon came swimming over the tree-tops, and all was silver bright as we floated on, ever rounding new points only to see the same curve of water, the same motionless banks, stretching away before us. At sunrise we looked out upon the same picture, and at noon our voyage was ended at St. Vincent.

The chronicle of our Red River trip would be incomplete if it lacked the record of our stay at the town of Hallock—a town small in population, large in hopes, and abundant in prairie-chickens. How shall I describe the primitive state of society in that infant city? how do justice to the excellence of the shooting, and more particularly to the great excitement of the impromptu dog-fight, especially at that moment when, in a peaceable desire to separate the contestants, I kicked the wrong dog? But at last all came to an end, and we were riding homeward for the last time across the prairie. The vast plain was golden brown in the light of the autumn sun. Here and there a great square of black earth was exposed in a new "breaking." Far away to the west we could see a faint blue line of timber. On the nearer woods that fringed the banks of Two Rivers the hues of the declining year were rich and sombre. Flocks of prairie-chickens went whirling away before us, with their clucking note that sounds like derisive laughter. High up in the air a long flock of wild-geese was moving swiftly across the sky. Over all hung the mellow haze of Indian summer. There was a strange soft beauty in the scene, like that which rests upon the sea in a golden calm. And as the haze grew thicker, the sun sank lower and lower, like a ball of molten iron slowly cooling, until at last it was lost in the gathering gloom. Then the yellow stars came out with tremulous light. The smell of fallen leaves was in the air. And on the far horizon, rising and falling, sinking and flaring up again, burned a red line of prairie fires.





SALISBURY HOUSE, LEEDS, NEW YORK.

OLD CATSKILL.

FOUR miles from the village of Catskill, upon the right bank of the river of that name, lies an alluvial plain of several hundred acres. This plain is raised a few feet above the usual level of the water, by which, however, it is covered, and also enriched, in times of flood. A continuous hillock like a terrace encompasses this fertile tract. Beyond the hillock are the Potick Mountains, and the precipitous range of Hamilton shales, which the Dutch called the Hoogeberg. This region—the plain, hillock, and adjacent land—a hundred years ago went by the name of Catskill, the site of the village of that name upon the Hudson being known as T' Strand, or The Landing.

In the early days of the Dutch supremacy the plain and the terrace around the plain were the dwelling-place of a tribe of about three hundred Indians. They were of Algonkin lineage, but whether their totem, or national symbol, was the wolf of the Delawares, or the wolf of the Mohicans, is a question which has been discussed by antiquarians, but which has not been determined. In later times, however, toward the close of the seventeenth century, the tribe became a mixed race of Mohicans, Delawares, Pemacooks, refugees from Connecticut, and Nanticokes, refugees from the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Their sachem was Mahak-Neminaw, whose name often occurs in the ancient records of the province. He was the type of his race. He was lazy and shiftless, and earned a precarious living by hunting and trapping. He liked to attend before the Council of the province at Albany, where he and his fellow-sachem, Keesje Wey, could talk about the great Father across the water, and about keeping the chain of friendship bright, and receive in return long strings of wampum, woollen shirts, and gunpowder. He was fond of beer, when he could not get brandy, and steadfastly resisted every attempt which was made to civilize and to convert him. The last one hears of this noble savage is in 1682, when his brethren sold the remaining parcel—an estate of nearly four thousand acres—of his and their domain upon the Catskill. It is provided in the deed of purchase that Mahak-Neminaw, sachem of Catskill, not being present at the transfer, shall have, so soon as he comes home, two pieces of duffels and six cans of rum.

The site of old Catskill was well chosen. Upon the terrace, out of the reach of the highest floods of the river, were the wigwams, the fortress, and the burying-ground of the Indians. The forests abounded with game. The river and its beautiful tributaries were full of fish. A portion of the lowlands, cleared by the

slow process of burning down the trees, was tilled by the women with easy labor, and brought forth an abundant store of maize, beans, and pumpkins. If during the long winter the native occupants of this tract sometimes went hungry to the point of starvation, it was due to their child-like want of forethought and to their shiftless improvidence.

The purchasers of the plain, with the surrounding territory for four miles in every direction, were Marten Gerritsen Van Bergen, komissarie, justice of the peace, and ruling elder in the Dutch church at Albany, and Silvester Salisbury, captain in the British army, and commander of his Majesty's forces. On the 8th of July, 1678, the bargain was consummated with unusual formality, at the Stadt Huis at Albany, before Robert Livingston, secretary of the Council, and in the presence of the magistrates of the jurisdiction, and of a motley group of Catskill and Mohican Indians. Mahak-Neminaw and his six head-men, as representatives of the whole tribe, executed with rude and hieroglyphic signatures a deed of their great domain, and gave formal possession to the buyers. The sellers no longer had a permanent dwelling-place. Whither they went, or what their fate was, is no longer known. They, their chief alone excepted, are not again spoken of in any record of the province. The tradition, however, remains that in the time of our grandfathers a little band of Indians were wont to come every summer from their home beyond the Mohawk, and encamp in a grove of chestnut-trees at the northern edge of the plain. They asserted that their forefathers once owned the lowland near by.

Neither Salisbury nor Van Bergen lived upon their estate at Catskill. But their sons, when they had grown up, left Albany, and took up their residence upon their patrimony. It was a transfer which brought to them serious loss of social and religious opportunities. They banished themselves in a great measure from the society of the Rensselaers, the Livingstons, the Van Schaicks, and the Ten Broecks; they gave up the ministry of Domine Schaets; they put themselves out of the line of appointment as magistrates of the city. Their new home was in a wilderness.



VAN VECHTEN'S HOUSE.—[SEE PAGE 826.]

The house which Francis Salisbury built for himself upon his share of the domain is still standing, as sound in foundation, walls, and roof beams as on the day, one hundred and seventy-three years ago, when it was finished. It was once the largest and most costly house between Newburgh and Albany. It is two stories high, about fifty feet wide, and about thirty-five feet deep. Its massive walls are of sandstone, which was quarried from ledges in the neighborhood, and are pierced on either story with loop-holes, narrow on the outside and wider on the inside—a lively memento of days long since gone by, when the yeomen of the upper valley of the Hudson lived in terror of



SOUTHEAST ROOM, SALISBURY HOUSE.

the Iroquois. Along the southern front of this building, under the eaves, may still be seen the initials of the builder and the date of erection.—F. S., 1705.

The house within has undergone but little alteration. Beams of yellow pine eighteen inches square, supporting the ceilings, project into the rooms of the first story. The windows are filled with small panes of old glass, of which some have become prismatic, like the bottles from a Cyprian tomb. The fire-places, though now disused, are huge caverns eight feet broad and three feet deep. The sides of these chimneys were once covered with square tiles of coarse Delft earthenware. These have fortunately been preserved, and a few months ago I had the pleasure of looking them over. Upon them are rudely painted, in blue, scenes taken from the Scriptures—the suicide of Judas, Pilate's washing of his hands, the cock that crew thrice. I failed to find among the collection a duplicate of the delightful tile which Mistress Maria Schuneman Van Vechten once showed me, whereon was drawn Lazarus coming out of his tomb. The restored and overjoyed man is waving over his head a small Dutch flag.

Upon the walls of the southeastern room, during Francis Salisbury's life, hung the precious heirlooms which his father, Silvester, brought with him from England—the coat of arms of the Welsh Salisburys, knights of Llewenny; a picture concerning which the tradition is that it is a portrait of Anne Boleyn by Holbein; two rapiers mounted in silver, of dainty workmanship, and stamped, one with the date 1544, the other with the date 1616.

The house which Gerritsen Van Bergen built for himself in 1729 is also standing. But while it has been made inhabitable by the alterations it has undergone, its picturesqueness has been greatly marred. The house is of brick—no other ancient house in the town of Catskill is of this material—and was of one story, with a roof of steep pitch covered with large concave tiles of red earthenware. The story goes that the bricks and roof tiles were imported from Holland; but as kilns for both bricks and tiles were built in Albany so early as 1657, the tradition is at least doubtful.

In 1732, twelve or fourteen yeomen, with their families and dependents—sixty to eighty persons all told—had settled upon

these lands and in the region south of the Catskill, which to this day is called the Inbogt. The first care of the colonists had been to clear and to plant a few acres, and to build houses for themselves and barns for their cattle. These needful tasks accomplished, their second care was to found a church. Their children had been baptized and their dead had been buried by Domine Kocherthal, of East Camp, and by Domines Dellius and Van Driessen, of Albany. On Sunday, also, two or three times during the year, the people had gathered together in the house of Gerritsen Van Bergen, or in the roomy log-cabin of Benjamin Dubois, near the mouth of the Catskill, and had listened to the reading of the Bible and of portions of the liturgy prescribed by the Synod of Dort. But it now seemed to these pious men that the time had come for a dedicated place of worship and for an established pastor.

The inhabitants of Coxsackie were of like mind, and joined their neighbors of Catskill in inviting George Michael Weiss to become their minister. The call bears the date of the 8th of February, 1732. The united congregations agreed to pay Weiss a yearly salary of fifty pounds, to provide for him a house, garden, and fire-wood, and to give him a horse, saddle, and bridle. He agreed to preach twice on every Sunday in Dutch—thirty days in Catskill, and twenty-two days in Coxsackie—to administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and to instruct the children in the Heidelberg Catechism. A portion of his parishioners, however, being German, he also engaged to give their children religious instruction in their mother-tongue.

Seventeen days after the call had been given, on the 25th of February, 1732, the church at Catskill was organized by the election of a consistory and by the installation of the pastor. The next year the church edifice was built, and was duly consecrated. Domine Petrus Van Driessen, of Albany, preached in the morning from that glowing verse in the Twenty-seventh Psalm in which David sings of his desire to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple. The new pastor preached in the afternoon, but from what text will never be known. When he had made the entry of the services of dedication in the church book, he dropped a blot of ink upon the record of chapter and verse, then smeared the blot with his thumb, and obliterated the figures forever.

Domine Weiss was a native of one of the Palatinates, and was trained in the great theological school of the University of Heidelberg. In 1727 he was sent to Philadelphia, apparently as a sort of foreign missionary to the heathen; removed thence to Huntersfield, on the Schoharie, and from Huntersfield came to Catskill. The testimonials he received from Heidelberg and from his flock in Philadelphia attest his orthodoxy and zeal—testimonials which he copied with proper pride and in bad handwriting into the Doep Boek, or Book of Baptisms, of the Catskill church. It is especially remarked of him that he could speak Latin with great fluency—more correctly, it is to be hoped, than he could write Dutch.

Domine Weiss's ministrations lasted four years, when he went back to Philadelphia. From 1736 until August, 1753, the church at Catskill remained without a pastor. Then followed the long and faithful life-service of Domine Johannes Schuneman.

The Schunemans were Germans, and were among the Palatines whom Queen Anne, between the years 1708 and 1711, had sent to New York. The Lower Palatinate had been cruelly ravaged by the French. In the sore distress of the poor inhabitants, they petitioned Queen Anne to transport them to America. Several hundreds were accordingly brought over in government transports. It was the first German immigration into New York of importance. The new-comers were peasants, but they were a thrifty and industrious people. They were established at East Camp, on the Hudson, on a tract of six thousand acres which the province bought from Robert Livingston, and at West Camp, directly opposite, on unappropriated lands. They not only had a free passage to this country, but they were also fed and clothed and furnished with tools for a year. It was the intention of the government to employ them in raising hemp, and in making tar, pitch, and resin, and in getting out masts of pine for the royal navy. But the enterprise proved a failure. Many of the colonists migrated to the valley of the Schoharie; others bought the land upon which they had been placed.

Among these German refugees were the Fieros, Webers, Plancks, Dietrichs, Newkirks, and Schmidts, whose sons afterward became well-to-do yeomen in the town

of Catskill. Among them was Herman Schuneman, a man of mark among his brethren. And to him, at East Camp, in August, 1712, was born Johannes Schuneman.

Who were the teachers of the son, under what influences this Lutheran by birth, baptism, and early training became a Calvinist, what chance brought him to Catskill — these things are no longer known. He studied theology under the ill-fated Domine Theodorus Frielinghuysen, at Albany, and in 1751 was chosen pastor of the united churches of Catskill and Coxsackie. But it was then the custom, if it was not the law, that ordination into the ministry should proceed from the Classis of Amsterdam. It was therefore made the condition of Schuneman's appointment that he should go to Holland, study in her theological schools for a year, and receive due ordination. The condition was performed: he went to Amsterdam in 1752.

No account of the student life of Domine Schuneman in Amsterdam has been preserved. The tradition, however, is that during his sojourn in Holland he was so disfigured by the small-pox that upon his return home not even his sweetheart, Anna Maria Van Bergen, knew him. It is also said that sometimes upon festal occasions of a christening or a marriage, when the Canary wine had been passed around, and the long clay pipes had been lighted, the domine would speak of the glass of Hollands which the good wife of the foremost divine in the Classis of Amsterdam used to give to him after his return from Sunday morning service.

Marten Van Bergen, the son of Marten Gerritsen, had three daughters. To these maidens, renowned for their beauty, and known to have a rich father, suitors from all the country round, from Kingston to Coxsackie, were not wanting. The sisters seem to have chosen wisely. Catharine and Nelly became the wives of young yeomen in the neighborhood; Anna Maria, the youngest, married Domine Schuneman, soon after his return from Holland, he being forty-two years old, and she twenty-six.

During the year in which he was married, and in anticipation thereof, the house which to this day is known as the Parsonage was built for him by his sweetheart's father and by the church. It stands on the southeastern edge of the terrace of which I have spoken, and is approached through an orchard of venerable apple-trees, old enough, apparently, to have been planted by Domine Schuneman himself. The house is of gray sandstone, and is a story and a half high. A hall on the ground-floor from east to west gives access to two rooms on one side, and to a larger room on the other. The *studeer kamer* of Domine Schuneman, or his study, as the New England ministers would have called it, was the southeastern room. Here he kept his scanty library; here he wrote his sermons; here he received his neighbors when they came to him for friendly gossip or for advice.

I have been told that, fifty years ago, the diary of Domine Schuneman was in existence. It was a large book, and contained a record in Dutch of his husbandry, his journeys, his expenses, with brief meditations upon his daily reading of the Scriptures. My informant was able to remember one entry. I have somewhat softened the unconscious incongruity of the lines, which ran after this manner: "Attended the funeral of Johannes Diedrich at the Katerskill; also sold my lame mare. All flesh is grass, Isaiah, xl. 6.

The ministry of Domine Schuneman was a faithful service of forty years. It was his habit to preach on one Sunday at Catskill and on the next at Coxsackie, travelling in summer on horseback, and in the winter in a sleigh, through the unbroken and solitary forest which lay between the two hamlets. The texts of a few of his sermons have been preserved, and from them I infer that his preaching was of a practical rather than of a doctrinal character. His voice was deep and strong, his gestures were many and earnest, his enthusiasm was great and contagious. As for the manuscripts of his sermons, I once asked his granddaughter what had become of them. She answered that in her girlhood, before she was old enough to know their value, they were used by the negro servants in the kitchen of her father's house in lighting the fires and in cleaning the smoked outsides of iron pots and frying-pans.

During the war of the Revolution, Domine Schuneman was an ardent Whig. All his zeal and superabounding energy flamed out in behalf of his country. On Sundays he preached the high duty of strenuous defense; on week-days exhorted and advised with his neighbors and

parishioners in behalf of the good cause, became a member of the local Committee of Safety, made his house a shelter for the soldiers who passed by on their way northward to Skeenesborough and Saratoga, and a hospital when they came back sick with fever. His enthusiasm aroused the wrath of the few Tories in the neighborhood, who would gladly have set the Mohawks upon him. But he went about armed by day, and slept, his men-servants also, with his gun by his side, and then living. During the winter afternoons I usually found them sitting by the spacious fire-places in their kitchens smoking their pipes, and glad to talk to a willing listener about the things which had transpired in their youth. One recalled the day when going to the top of the hill called the Kyknit, he heard the drums beat in Vaughan's boats, and saw the smoke rising from the burning houses in Livingston Manor. John Fiero related the exploits of Gysbert Ooster-



JOHN DUBOIS'S DRIVE TO NEWBURGH.

his precaution and his well-known courage kept him from the fate of the Abeels.

The congregation of Domine Schuneman were in full sympathy with his high-wrought patriotism. They were slow-witted men, cautious, and not a whit sentimental. But during the Revolution their ardor glowed against Great Britain in some degree as two hundred years before the ardor of their ancestors had glowed against Spain and Alva. One in six of the men of Catskill became soldiers. Some received commissions in the battalions of the New York line; others enlisted as privates, and walked with their muskets upon their shoulders to Fort George and Stillwater; others became scouts with Murphy upon the Mohawk; others, through fear of the Iroquois, patrolled the roads along the Katerskill and in the valley of the Kiskatom.

During my boyhood my father often took me with him when he went to visit the sick among the farmers in the neighborhood of Catskill. A number of men who remembered the Revolution were houdt against Brant and his Indians in the upper valley of the Mohawk. John Dubois told me about his drive to Newburgh upon the frozen Hudson with a load of hay for the American army, and made me happy by the gift of a few pieces of the rude paper money which he received in payment. A Salisbury, who called General Philip Schuyler uncle, remembered the headlong impetuosity of Arnold at Stillwater. These things are perhaps trifles, but they served to give me a certain notion of the spirit with which the men of Catskill were animated during the war of the Revolution.

The church edifice in which Domine Schuneman preached at Catskill stood upon the edge of the terrace of which I have spoken, near an ancient burying-ground of the Indians. It was a wooden building, nearly square, with a pyramidal roof, but with the apex of the pyramid cut off. Two aisles led to the pulpit at the west end of the building opposite the door. Slips, as they were called, were placed between the two aisles, and between each

aisle and the northern and southern walls. In the winter the congregation sat without a fire, except that the women who lived near by brought foot-stoves.

In 1798, when the building was undergoing repairs, it was proposed by certain young and effeminate members that a stove should be placed in the room. A stormy discussion thereupon arose, which came near rending the church. On one side, the comfort of the congregation was urged; on the other side, the characteristic and conclusive answer was given, that their fathers had gone without a fire. But the innovators were in a majority, and the innovation was voted. It was a huge box of wrought iron, and stood in the centre of the room, upon a platform, which was raised upon four stout posts six or eight feet above the floor. The floor of the platform was reached by a short ladder, and upon the floor was piled the wood for the stove. The old men reluctantly submitted to the novelty. It was sturdy Evert Wynkoop, I believe, who, however, refused to come to church for a whole winter, alleging as the reason that the heat brought chilblains out upon his feet. It was his son William, I know, who, in later days, when the white inner walls of the new church were colored pink, never took his seat in the elders' pew by the side of the pulpit without putting on a pair of blue spectacles. The glare from the walls, he said (he had opposed the painting in consistory), made his eyes ache.

But I should be sorry to give a wrong impression respecting the character of the Wynkoops, and of the class to which they belonged. The Dutch yeomen of the better sort at Catskill were rude and unlettered men, obstinate, bent on having their own way, perverse when they did not have it, and greatly and unreasonably averse to change in their habits of life or in their mode of farming. But they were honest, just in their dealings, hospitable, kind to the poor, and especially kind to their poor kinsfolk.

In 1732 the number of the members of the church at Catskill was about twenty-five; in 1780 the number was about one hundred. It was an orderly and God-fearing congregation. On every other Sunday morning they met together—the Salisburys and the Van Bergens from the neighborhood, the Van Vechtens and the Duboises from the banks of the Catskill, the Van Ordens and the Overbaghs from the Inbogt, and the Abeels from the Bak-Oven. Some came on horseback over the roads which had been cut through the forests, others in rude wagons. During the Revolution all were armed. The men wore queues and three-cornered hats of brown beaver; their knee-breeches and their long waistcoats were of homespun; their stockings, knit by their thrifty wives in the light of the open fire during the winter evenings, were of coarse blue yarn; their low shoes were of russet leather, and bore large buckles of brass or polished steel. The women were clothed in petticoats of heavy flannel, and in gowns of linsey-woolsey, short in the waist, scanty in circumference, reaching only to the ankle, and dyed black with logwood, or brown with butternut. A few of the richer maidens, Katharina Oothoudt, perhaps, Elizabeth Van Vechten, and Neelbje Van Bergen, wore strings of gold beads about their necks.

The services were conducted in the method recommended in 1618 by the Synod of Dort—a method which obtains substantially, I believe, in the Church to this day.

Hymns were not used, except on rare occasions, when the exulting prophecies of Zacharias and of Mary were sung in rude rhymes to a simple and not unpleasing melody. But the Psalms of David were employed in all the Reformed Dutch churches. The rhymed version which Domine Schuneman used is a translation into Dutch from the celebrated version in French of Marot. The stanzas are not worse than Sternhold's and Hopkins's; they could not be worse than the verses of the priceless Bay State Psalm-Book.

The morning service was over by one o'clock. Then came an intermission of about an hour. It was spent by the congregation in eating the dinner which each family had brought, in smoking under the red cedars, or savins, which stood on the south side of the church, and in talking over the news and the gossip of the day. While the war of the Revolution lasted, I can readily believe what William Planck once told me, that little else was discussed than the progress of our arms. But news came slowly and in fragments to these men. They, of course, had no newspapers, and they seldom wrote and seldom received letters. He who had that week taken a journey to Kingston or Albany,



SUNDAY IN OLD CATSKILL.

or had entertained a courier, was the centre of an interested group under the savins.

During the last century, under the preaching of great divines—divines like Edwards, Bellamy, and Hopkins—the church members of New England were being trained in one of the most rigorous theological schools the world has ever known. Under the elms upon the green in front of the meeting-house, in the hay field, on the way to mill, in the blacksmith's shop at the cross-roads, around the fire during the long winter evenings—everywhere, in season and out of season, the farmers and tradesmen of Massachusetts and Connecticut were discussing with exact logic and with the nicest distinctions the subtle doctrines of predestination, election, man's free-will, and God's sovereignty. These debates, our New England forefathers believed, tended to make the debaters better Christians; we, their descendants, are beginning to suspect that the effect chiefly was to sharpen the debaters' intellects.

I can find no trace of this fondness for metaphysical discussion among the Dutch yeomen in the upper valley of the Hudson. Nor was the first day of the week kept by the Dutch with the terrible rigor with which that day was kept by the New-Englander. The Sundays on which Domine Schuneman preached in Coxsackie were spent by the members of his church at Catskill in restful idleness upon their farms, or in paying and receiving visits. Families came together at the homestead; neighbors walked over rough paths through the forest to the nearest house to talk and smoke; lovers sat upon the stoops, and spoke the universal language in corrupt Dutch.

On special occasions a dinner or supper was given, and of one of these feasts the story has been handed down. The occasion was the surrender of Cornwallis; the giver was a stanch patriot and captain in the New York line, Cornelius Dubois; the place was his stone cottage on the right bank of the Catskill, near its mouth; the time was a Sunday afternoon, late in the autumn of 1781, after the chickens and the turkeys had been fattened, the hams cured, and the cider ripened. The house was filled: the sitting-room above with the Whigs of the neighborhood—with the Duboises, the Salisburys, the Van Ordens, and the Van Vechtens; the kitchen beneath with the uninvited but not unwelcome slaves of the yeomen. There was



DINNER AT CORNELIUS DUBOIS'S.

loud and hearty talking; there was fiddling by the negroes; there was a long table covered with savory food; there was an abundance of flip and toddy in *bockjes*, or wooden bowls. A prominent figure in the assembled company was the figure of a repentant Tory, who went about with a large pitcher of milk punch, asking each guest to drink with him to the final success of the American arms. The party broke up late; and it is said that a venerable elder of the united churches of Catskill and Coxsackie went home, for the first time in his life, in a state of unnatural exhilaration.

Domine Schuneman, by the death of his father-in-law, Marten Van Bergen, in 1769, became a rich man. When he had grown old he built a stone cottage upon a fertile portion of the devised lands in what is now known as the village of Jefferson, and moving thither from the parsonage, died there in 1794.

Until within a few weeks past, one man, Mr. John Van Vechten, of Catskill, was living who remembered the funeral of Domine Schuneman. The ceremony was in accordance with the customs which the Dutch, a hundred and seventy years before, had brought with them from the mother country. A man, especially deputed for the purpose, met each male comer at the door, and offered him a glass of rum from a flask. A woman waited in like manner upon each female comer. The relatives of the dead sat together around the corpse; the friends and acquaintances took their seats in another part of the room, or in an adjoining chamber. When the services were over—these were in Dutch—they who chose went up to the coffin to take their last look at the deceased. The coffin was then closed, put upon a bier, and taken from the house to the grave, the relatives following, and after them all comers. When the coffin had been laid in the ground, the procession returned to the house, but in inverse order—the relatives and the empty bier and its bearers coming last. One room in the house was assigned to the bearers, another to the assembled people. In each room a table had been set with bottles of rum, a jar of tobacco, and long clay pipes. All the men drank and smoked, talking in the mean while of the character and virtues of their dead pastor, of their horses, of the spring planting, and of the weather. One or two of the lower sort got tipsy, and amused themselves by singing funereal ditties out-of-doors.

Domine Schuneman was buried in a newly cleared field, which now forms the burying-ground of Jefferson. At the head of his grave was erected a tombstone of red sandstone, which is still standing. It bears the simple inscription, "In memory of Rev. Johannes Schuneman, who departed this life May 16, 1794, aged 81 years 8 months and 28 days."



GEORG HENSCHEL'S STUDIO.

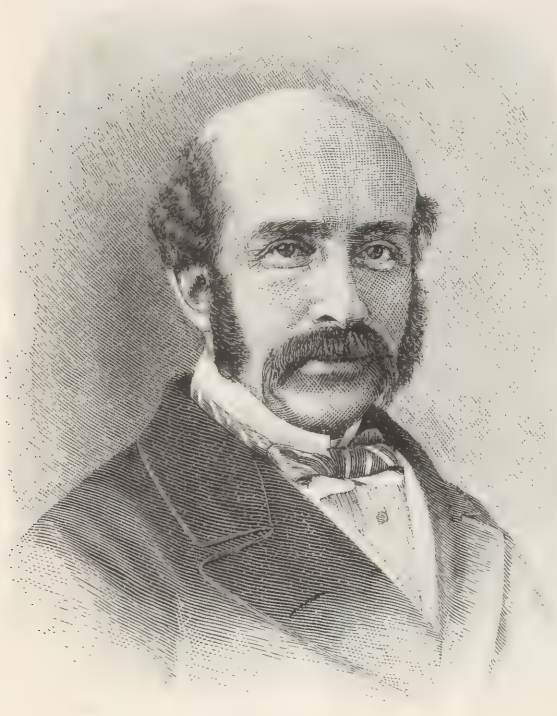
MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN ENGLAND.

II.

THE oratorios at the Sacred Harmonic are certainly the best of the sacred musical performances in London, so far as conduct and intelligence go, but at the Albert Hall, from Christmas to midsummer, various excellent oratorio performances take place. There from time to time new compositions are produced. One night we listened to the first rendering of Arthur Sullivan's *Light of the World*, an oratorio which was expected and very generally talked about last year. It was a fair evidence of Mr. Sullivan's skill; full of melody and harmony, and yet not strong enough to justify itself. Taken separately, the parts were charming. Here and there came a bit of descriptive music which was wonderfully fine; but it lacked strength, which oratorio music must possess to give it the authority of being. The Albert Hall performances, varied as they are, include certain abiding elements, chiefly those belonging to fashion, and a class called in England the "lower middle"—respectable small trades-people who affect monster concerts and Christmas performances of the *Messiah*, paterfamilias dozing comfortably between his wife and daughter while Herr Henschel sings "Why do the nations?" and Madame Sherrington's voice fills the hall with "There were shepherds." The enormous size of the building naturally brings together many distinct classes, and as the Duke of Edinburgh frequently performs in the orchestra of the society of which he is president, the highest fashion often attends, giving the stalls and sweeping circles the air of an opera night or some special festivity; while after any of the morning concerts, Hyde Park, which is just opposite, presents a spectacle of splendid equipages rolling home from the great palace of music, crowds gathering near to witness the display.

Albert Hall was an outgrowth of the great Exhibition of 1851, its site having

been purchased with some of the surplus funds, and its erection in 1867 was looked upon as a sort of memorial to the late Prince Consort. Gore House, the residence of Lady Blessington, was pulled down to make way for it, and part of the ground now occupied by the Horticultural Department adjoining was once in-



OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.

cluded in the gardens where Count d'Orsay, attended by fierce dogs, used to take limited exercise in defiance of the bailiffs. The building is entirely of the Italian Renaissance architecture, and the greatest painters and sculptors of the day lent their aid in its adornment, so that as a work of art the Albert Hall ought to claim more careful observation, but unfortunately size destroys the impression of delicate detail, and the general effect is only of a majestic building of red brick and terra cotta, whose dome, catching the gleams of sunlight, is visible from an immense distance, rising above the verdure of the Park in summer-time, and piercing the fogs of winter.

There is not space, of course, even to enumerate the various societies which give good performances during the year in London, but before leaving the ground of sacred music, one word must be said of the Bach Choir, which now fills a long-felt gap in musical circles. One day last year it so chanced that a card of invitation reached us to a private rehearsal of this society, and as there is no better means of criticising or observing the *raison d'être* of any association of the kind, we were glad to go down to the hall in the South Kensington Museum where the rehearsals take place. The society is entirely amateur, and represents a very cultivated class, the gentlemen being mostly barristers and minor professional men, who have time and inclination for systematic musical practice. The ladies are very earnest students, and on the day in question I was interested to observe the Princess Christian as a member. She is a most zealous attendant upon the rehearsals, though she never appears at the public performances. The music in progress when we entered the hall was Bach's mass in B minor, than which, I suppose, it would be difficult to find more difficult reading; but Dr. Goldschmidt was the conductor, and as his method is admirable, the work went on with evident satisfaction. The slightest jar was quickly detected by the conductor, whose shrewd observations were given in fluent English, the members readily taking them up, and singing with surprising accuracy.

The concert for which they were rehearsing was to be the last of the season. As usual, leading professionals were engaged for the solo parts, and the performance brought together a most impressive audience at St. James's Hall. The singing was very nearly perfection, and there seemed to be a strong measure of approval in the minds of the aristocratic audience; but I was struck by the air of the hall during an interval. It immediately assumed the appearance of a fashionable *conversazione;* gentlemen moved about, shaking hands here and there, or lounged upon seats, discussing all sorts of social topics with their friends; rarely did comments on the music occur, but when they did, they were marked by that calm precision, that unemotional interest, which cultivated amateurs in England know so perfectly how to express. The idea of a social gathering was still further carried out when we made our way down the staircase, past the groups waiting for the princesses' exit, and into the vestibule, where arose a Babel of voices. Everybody seemed to be recognizing and greeting his or her special friends; there was an air of outstretched lavender gloves, nodding spring bonnets, and indifferent

masculine attentions. Outside, the "way was stopped" by a hundred splendid equipages, the footmen of which narrowly scanned the outpouring crowd. Perhaps a very few people in that company were thinking about the music which had lately filled their ears. There was an old lady near us relating something of her early memories of Bach music: how English audiences disliked it; how hard a fight was made to produce the Passion music properly. Then the talk drifted away to the last "Popular," and Joachim's final strains, and one friend recalled his boyhood, with its promise so wonderfully fulfilled. "He used to come to us," she said, "a dreamy though gay-humored boy, with his violin under his arm, ready to play or listen—a wonderful, inspired little creature. Mendelssohn would lie down upon the sofa, his hands clasped above his head, perfectly absorbed; then he would get up, run over to the piano, and touching a few notes, start a new theme. One night—" And here these reminiscences drift away. There is the usual swaying back of the crowd as the Princess Beatrice—a calm, handsome young lady in brown silk—descends, and presently all the crowd is out in the sunshine and movement of Piccadilly.

Like this final concert of the "Bach," other performances recur with special fragments of reminiscence. One day, at the New Philharmonic concert, there was a *furor* over Sir Julius Benedict's overture to the *Renegade*, played that day for the first time in public. This work is characterized by Sir Julius's best style; if wanting in poetry, it has the rough-hewn grace of the Wagnerian school, and there is a crescendo toward the last of unlimited *abandon*, which was what produced the tumult. As it subsided, the composer was brought out, in his brown morning coat, and bowed repeatedly to the audience, who were most vociferous in cries of "Bravo!" and "Encore!" the French "Bis!" sounding repeatedly. Saint-Saens was similarly received one day at the New Philharmonic. He played, that afternoon, compositions of his own, including a concerto in which there was all the grotesqueness of his peculiar style, together with a sedate movement which merged into delicate arpeggios and the most seductive andante. His playing is forcible and brilliant, every touch full of character; but he is a model for the impetuous pianists of the day. Nothing can exceed his calm, self-possessed air. The piano, one might fancy, was only an incidental experience of his life, not the instrument which expresses his art. Saint-Saens is the organist of the Madeleine, in Paris—a young man, whose fame has come quickly, and to whom time will assuredly add new honors.

I wonder how piano-forte music in England can be characterized, since it is so inclusive. From Christmas to July the best pianists are before the English public, and we have heard Beethoven and Chopin at every variety of concert, from the mediocre entertainment when obscure singers are advertised in huge capitals, to the concerts where the very highest point of culture is reached in the playing of Charles Hallé, Janotha (the gifted pupil of Madame Schumann), Essipoff, Von Bülow, Scharwenka, and half a dozen others. It is recognized as a necessity; and later I shall venture to say something of piano-playing among musical amateurs.

Charles Hallé's name heads the little list I made above, chiefly because in him we find the leading principles of the English school of playing, if it may be said to have any which dominate. He is unquestionably the best resident teacher in England, having now reached the point of very occasional lessons, coming to London for a few weeks in the season, teaching the princesses during that time, and a few privileged pupils. But his name is famous as a pianist of the most cultivated school, and to him is due the organization and permanency of the great Manchester orchestra, now recognized as the best in England.

It was Charles Hallé who, as recently as 1850, was not allowed to play a sonata of Beethoven on the piano at a great concert. He had then come from Paris, where the best masters of the day had inspired him with that zeal for giving the world good sounds which was the struggle of those days. Like many of his contemporaries, Mr. Hallé had to beat his wings severely, but on going to Manchester he formed the beginning of his now perfect orchestra, and wisely—in that time, it might be said, heroically—began with the very best in art. This orchestra now gives fifty-one concerts in the year, twenty of which are at Manchester. The musicians are engaged from year to year, but

they are permanent, few having left the band in twenty years. "Therein," said Mr. Hallé, talking not long ago to a friend, "is the secret of success: keep the same musicians together. Nowadays we rarely *need* a rehearsal." That Mr. Hallé had much to contend with goes without saying. A Manchester audience is no keener in desiring novelty than a London one; and so the announcement of anything new, from a symphony of Schubert to a waltz of Brahms, keeps people away. On such occasions Mr. Hallé loses money until the people are gradually lured to hear the new sounds. But his persistency is wonderful, and, I might add, his patience: these two traits an English conductor should be born with, or receive as a special endowment of discipline. The members of the orchestra are free to accept any concert engagements coming between those of Mr. Hallé, and here and there in spring concerts one recognizes the "members from Manchester." In that way they make a good income; but that they are well paid by Mr. Hallé is seen by the cost of each concert at Manchester: one hundred and forty pounds is the sum regularly paid the musicians.

In the spring Charles Hallé comes to London, giving a series of piano-forte recitals, and playing also at various concerts. His recitals are as eventful as the "Populars," nearly the same audiences attend them, and the music given is the very best. Madame Norman-Neruda's violin-playing is a special feature of these recitals; she has superior skill, and a peculiar, forcible genius. In person she is a large fair woman, with rather keen features and a fine brow; she holds her violin with deft grace, and plays with masculine *verve*. Mr. Hallé's playing is exquisitely finished; the charge of coldness is brought against him unfairly, it seems to me, since his feeling is deeply with his art; and certain it is that few pianists produce a more clearly defined idea of the master's work. He abhors anything like that *abandon* which *re*creates music. Some distinct meaning the master must have had in each theme or work; that, and that only, and that at all times, he gives. This certainly is only a form of art, not to be characterized as tepidity. Rubinstein's playing carries force in its very capriciousness; the lack of sameness is his charm; at one time he reaches the profoundest depths of Schubert's melancholy, pierces the clouds beyond which Beethoven's genius vanishes, oftentimes, to mortal eyes, and produces all the running, delicate vibrations of Mendelssohn in the *Midsummer Night's Dream;* but again with the same music we read Schubert's passionate resentment; Beethoven, calm, moving within limits; Mendelssohn with an under-current of sadness in his joy. Artists like Charles Hallé conceive a certain meaning in each utterance; they give it with the highest possible degree of art, and may be as entirely removed from coldness as Rubinstein is from system.

In these days in England one hears perpetual criticism of piano-forte playing. Vanished indeed is the period when the musical critic nervously regarded the audience as the index of the merit of the work. "The audience did not enjoy Schubert's symphony," says a criticism of 1851, in a faded journal lying before me; "it was considered too long." "This sonata is little known in England by reason of its great difficulty,.....but on this occasion it was played in the most faultless style." About something else we read, "The audience wearied of it," or "The audience did not seem to care for the andante." Criticism nowadays, of course, flings aside all such servility, and the audiences know perfectly what good playing is, and criticise with varied interpretations. Indeed, a period of fanciful criticism has come up: young ladies just playing Czerny at the Royal Academy are expected to understand theoretically the shades of difference in sound, and to pass judgment on each performance, while a new pianist causes a genial flutter of excitement, which seems to Americans peculiarly impersonal.

Not long ago I attended a meeting of that venerable society the Musical Union, especially to hear the young Polish pianist Scharwenka. About this society lingers a charm which comes from its quaint decorum, as well as its typifying very early days of musical progress in England. It started during a period of great listlessness, in 1845, and was intended as a means of bringing to English notice famous foreign pianists. The members of the society include some of the most distinguished people in England, and the conductor, Professor Ella, is a link between to-day and yesterday, since for thirty-four years he has led the concerts. Originally they met at Professor

Ella's house, when the members included, as they do to-day, the rank and fashion and art of London. To those early meetings the venerable professor looks back now regretfully; they were social gatherings in which friendships as well as love of art were strengthened, and many men since famous met under his roof for the first time, or there for the first time made their bow to any audience.

The meeting I refer to was at St. James's Hall, and the musicians occupied a platform in the centre of the hall, the stage being deserted, save for a few people who preferred listening there, while the members of the society surrounded the platform on benches, arranged with a view to promoting social intercourse. Professor Ella, a dignified, white-haired old gentleman, hovered about, talking with one and another, welcoming new-comers with a hand-shake, distributing analytical programmes, and announcing finally the opening of the concert with only the formality of a drawing-room entertainment.

The concerts are limited to three pieces, and on this day the performers were Papini, Scharwenka, Wiener, Hollander, Hann, and Laserre, and the programme consisted of Haydn's Quartette in D minor, the "Sonata Appassionata" of Beethoven, and the Quintette in B flat of Mendelssohn. In a certain sense it was the finest performance I had heard in England. Haydn's Quartette in D minor has its peculiar possibilities, though many musicians shrink from the constant inversions and imitations in the second part; but the quartette under Papini's leadership played it with a delicacy and constant novelty which could not have been excelled had Joachim's violin been among them. Papini leads well. His large face and head, with masses of dark hair and fine brow, are well known in London, and with his figure at their head, the little group on the improvised stage made a very fine effect. Moreover, as I have said, the whole concert has the charm of quaintness, and of belonging to a period which stands in the dim perspective of to-day's remembrance. From Professor Ella I have learned that the "Union" meetings are drawing to their close, so that another two years will probably see their final exit from the musical world they have so materially benefited.

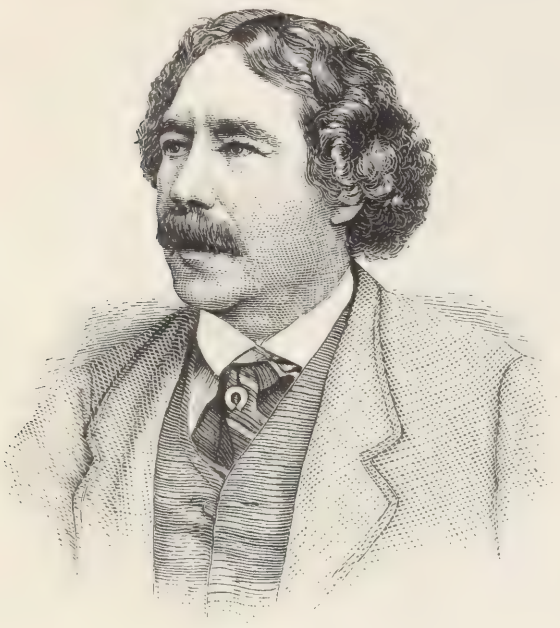
When the quartette was over, the musicians bowed in a friendly way to the sociable audience. Papini lingered to talk to some one who approached the platform, and the others went away. In a few moments Professor Ella led out the hero of



JOHN ELLA.

the occasion, the Polish pianist Xaver Scharwenka. He is a tall young man, with a fine dark head and face, full of musical and intellectual power. "Eccentricity of genius" has gone out of fashion, and just as the English artists of the day are the most conventional-looking men in dress and bearing one can meet, so the pianists are emphatically figures for the drawing-room, and Scharwenka, sitting down at the piano-forte, with his large, easy manner and expressive glance, quickly taking in the surrounding elements, was no more the pianist of one's early fancies, with loose locks and disordered appearance, than is Saint-Saens in his faultless dress and trim air of leisure and fashion. Scharwenka's opening performance was the "Sonata Appassionata," and this work, like the "Moonlight" and the "Kreutzer," has come to be a test piece in London, where such players as Madame Schumann, Essipoff, Hallé, and Von Bülow are heard every day; but this young man from Posen has a marvellous faculty of giving delicacy and strength together; there is all the time a restless fire in his fingers. We all know the difficulties of this great work of Beethoven's mature genius. "I write," says he, in reply to

some overbearing personage, "for matured minds and masculine fingers." Surely the andante of the Appassionata was intended for such; and in the very critical audience of the "Union" one could see intense expectation as Scharwenka reached that point where recur those delicate,



SIMS REEVES.

fanciful variations, and when the left-hand cantabile was played, with its accompaniment of ineffable undulations for the right hand, Scharwenka's peculiar faculty was brought to light. Not the movement of a bird across the sky, not the faint rustle of summer leaves, not the distant plash of a fountain, could have more delicately betrayed sound than did his fingers, while not one smallest vibration of power and meaning was lost. Later he performed some of his own compositions: a Polonaise, Impromptu, and Étude, the latter full of fire and sweetness—a combination he seems best to express. Just now Scharwenka's music is beginning to be known in England, since M. Danreuther introduced his concerts to the Crystal Palace audiences. The concert over, the audience moved away in talkative groups, Professor Ella's face re-appearing here and there as he went from one sympathetic friend to another, while the musicians were shaking hands on every side; and the last we saw of the meeting was a group in which Scharwenka's olive tints and deep-set eyes were prominent, as he and Papini and two or three others lingered at the Piccadilly entrance.

The great pianists of Europe who visit England generally make their bow at the Crystal Palace as well as at St. James's Hall, and concerts, with some world-renowned name as the special attraction, and the well-tried orchestra as its background, fill the great hall on certain days, the musical animation beginning early in the day, when the Victoria Station is thronged by people bent on hearing the new artist at Sydenham: and just here I may be allowed briefly to sketch the story of one whose figure is colossal in the picture of English music.

About the year 1839, August Manns, one of the pupils of a small village school in Prussia, showed a great talent for orchestral music. He was a boy of fourteen, the son of poor parents, and had done well in such studies as were taught at the little school. The lad was apprenticed to the band-master of the town, where he learned a great deal both in the execution and conduct of military music. Later he served his time in a regiment, and, still full of musical impulse, applied for and received the appointment of musical director at Kroll's, in Berlin. At this time, when only twenty-five years of age, he played, to quote his own words, "tolerably well on nearly every orchestral instrument." But musicians were plenty in those days, and able conductors few. Wisely enough, the young man turned his attention strictly to the development of his talent as a leader, and in October, 1855, when an efficient conductor was needed for the Crystal Palace concerts in London, the post was offered him. Accepting it, he has from that period filled it admirably. Such is, in brief, the musical history of Mr. August Manns, the conductor of the famous Crystal Palace concerts, at which so many great musicians have made their bow to the British public, and at which so many works now famous have been first produced.

The Crystal Palace concerts have had a very direct influence upon the taste of the people, since from their start they have combined various attractive qualities, and the audiences have always been large and inclusive. Perhaps it is the sense of going to a general entertainment, to a huge exhibition or public fair, which produces an idea of incongruity when one thinks of hearing Schubert and Beethoven under that lofty dome; but the English public enjoy vastness and a cer-

tain combination of effects, and the great artists who sing or play at the Crystal Palace seem to gather some new inspiration on each occasion. The band under Mr. Manns's control have steadily, since 1855, produced the best works of German, French, Italian, and English masters, and (unless it were in the orchestra of Mr. Theodore Thomas) I have never heard finer effects, subtler gradations of sounds and harmony, more delicate interpretations of what seems to an outsider the divine mystery of Beethoven's or Schubert's work. I speak of these two because at the Crystal Palace they are rendered always with a special skill—how ably, we have only to listen to the same works at the Old Philharmonic concerts of London to understand. This latter society, established so far back as 1810, is certainly in its decadence, not for lack of sympathy so much as careful management and good work.

To return to the Crystal Palace. The good concerts are given every Saturday, and on special days the leading soloists of the period take part. Certain brilliant occasions mark the record of the Palace music. Shall we who listened to the Handel Commemoration ever forget that burst and sweep of harmony which filled and vibrated through the great building, dying away as Tietjens rose to sing, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"? And only the other day we sat listening to the great concert in which Henschel and Sarasate bore away the honors, Henschel singing from the *Elijah*, his great voice, with its passionate cadence, rising and falling, while the audience sat spellbound; then came a German song of his own; and later Sarasate appeared with that magic violin over which he seems to exercise a spell.

Ever since this Spanish violinist appeared in London, people have been making comparisons between his playing and Joachim's, but, to my mind, the great difference is in the two men: Joachim plays with abandon and fire, certainly, but he never sacrifices art to his impulse, however poetic that impulse may be; hence no one can accuse him of oversentimentality. Sarasate frequently forgets all but his own wild emotion of the moment; he produces strains such as we have never heard equalled; a passionate, wild cry seems to be in the music—something forever to be sought, never to be wholly reached, burns through the restless fire of his fingers, and we lose sight of all but this element in the music he is rendering: perhaps it is an adagio of Beethoven, perhaps one of the Lieder of Mendelssohn, he is playing; on, on, goes this thrilling, vibrating pulsation, less of the master than the player. The effect is indescribable; but the question is, Can this be the truer art? Again arises the comparison between the exquisite fervor of Joachim and the excessive sentimentality of Sarasate. Both exercise a power, but the decree of intellect seems oftenest in favor of the older violinist.



F. H. COWEN.

From the Crystal Palace, with its "great days" of rose shows and music, royal visits and Handel Commemorations, we turn instinctively to another phase of music in England—ballad-singing.

Some legacy of instinct and affection the old ballad writers and singers of Great Britain must have left their people. It is now a hereditary gift, at once one of the most promising and at the same time one of the most pernicious impulses of modern music. The faculty for simple melody, which the composers of the present day certainly possess, is hopeful because it speaks a tunefulness which in another generation may reach a wider range, but

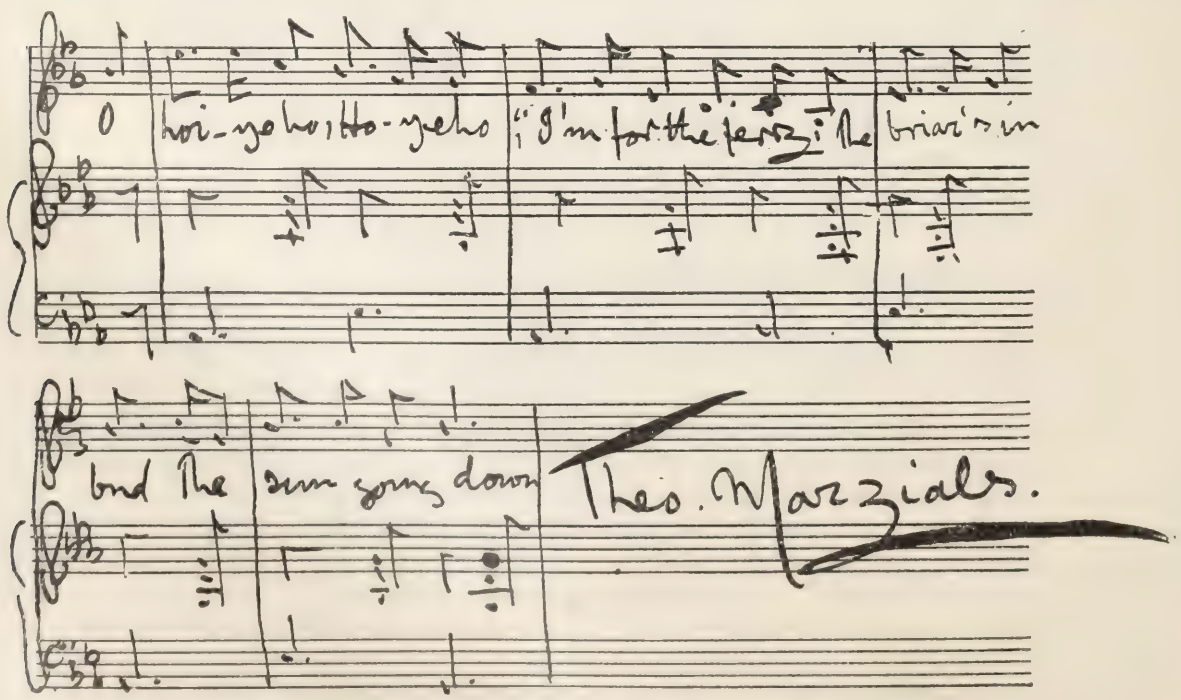
the love of the people for anything which is a "pretty song" is almost hopelessly bad. Given a perpetual "Nancy Lee," nothing better is required by the people, and the very best ballad-writers of the day —Sullivan, Cowen, Marzials, Miss Philp, and Lady Arthur Hill—all recognize and deplore this fact.

I can not pretend to advance any solution of the enigma which this theme presents, but only state a few facts, with such vagrant observations as any outsider may make who passes two winters and springs in England.

When a very successful entertainment is projected at St. James's Hall, it takes the form of a ballad concert—a ballad concert, be it known, in which two hours and a half are devoted to songs, one-half of which have been heard, I may venture to surmise, ten to twenty times by the audience. Nor is this all; many of the ballads will be of the most wretchedly mediocre description, sung by the greatest singers of the day as an advertisement for some publishing house. Among those no longer needing such an emphasis of renown, nothing that Mr. Sims Reeves can sing "draws" like "My pretty Jane," nothing is so "captivating" from a débutante as "She wore a wreath of roses," or "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," while Mr. Santley's singing of "Simon the Cellarer" gathers hearers from the highways and by-ways of the musical world. Nothing interests the public like old association with ballad music, and perhaps this is partly because a simple melody has the power to revive an old, buried, or half-forgotten sensation or emotion; listening to greater strains, we lose the fragrant touches of the past in awakening to new interpretations, new thoughts, or ideas of the music filling our ears. But in a song that has only words and melody, only a refrain, with a charm like that of the "North Country Maid," we can afford to indulge in retrospect or imaginings:

"Oh! the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree,
They flourish at home in my own country."

As Miss Orridge or Madame Patey sings, many a heart in the audience beats in response; many a listener turns back to North Country days, and feels again the touch of their fair blossom and rich verdure. So it is that the ballad-writers of the day most directly address the people. Ballad-making has for a long time been the pastime as well as the work of English composers, and I wish that there was space to enlarge upon this point of the subject, since among many compositions of English writers, which are no more English than German, or Italian, or French, there are still *ballads* which are purely national, breathing a spirit not Teutonic, nor Gallic, but absolutely British. Mr. Arthur Sullivan, I suppose, should be allowed the place of honor; and while all the world knows and admires his songs, few, it seems to me, rightly appreciate



AUTOGRAPH MS. FROM SCORE OF "TWICKENHAM FERRY."

their special power, namely, their marvellous adaptability to the human voice. A great musician recently said, speaking of some song of Sullivan's, that "it sang itself. Sullivan," he added, "thinks scientifically of the organ he is writing for, which few song-writers do."

Among the young composers of the day a few have struck directly the key-note of success in touching the heart and fancy of the people. Cowen has done this to some extent, and written music that deserves to be more than merely popular; but Theo. Marzials's ballads have achieved a success typically English. At this present moment half the populace of London know in some fashion the music of "Twickenham Ferry," and "Three Sailor Lads." Five minutes ago I laid down my pen to look out for a moment at a gay wheelbarrow of English flowers, great-starred primroses, daffodils, and daisies, which a man in corduroys was wheeling across a lawn. He stopped short for a moment, and with an involuntary swing began to whistle the refrain, "Ho-yo, hoi-yoi, you're late for the ferry," finishing the air very creditably; but far away, somewhere nearer to the shade of Kensington Gardens, the infectious music was caught up; a cruder "whistle" it was the second time, but still showing that possession of the tune which the English street Arabs, as well as the young ladies in drawing-rooms, all have where a ballad is concerned. I suppose the varied associations about Twickenham have influenced the ballad's popularity in a certain way. Not long ago we drove along the cool river-bank it describes, and at least half a dozen idlers by the way, at one point or another, were inspired to take up the quaint refrain. As for the author himself, he is a young man, one of the officials in the British Museum, where he superintends the musical department of the library. All his songs are speedily taken up, and they seem to have established a character of their own, as well as to have given a new impetus to the school of "out-of-door" music, as it is called, chiefly because it has to do with sea and shore events. These songs are sung first in the provinces, where a very plebeian audience frequently decides upon their merits. Not long ago one of the now popular ballads was accepted on the recommendation of an audience composed chiefly of sailors and 'longshoremen!

If ballad-making is an English instinct, ballad-publishing has become an art in England, the first principle of which is to



THEO. MARZIALS.

appreciate the limits of the people: to disturb no old familiar "tune," but gradually work from it to new strains. Hence it is that new songs are with certain gradations wonderfully like each other, and when Mr. Corney Grain, in his very comical and life-like sketch, "Our Calico Ball," gives a list of "recipes" for popular songs, his satire is almost too much like reality to be thoroughly enjoyed. There is the æsthetic, the nautical, and the retrospective ballad; and Mr. Corney Grain humorously contends that any one observing certain of his leading rules can compose one or other to suit any English audience. An "agitato of thirds or fifths," he fancies, carries on an idea of some pathetic reminiscence, while an "everlasting arpeggio" is the best suggestion for the loss of all earthly hopes, and the "dawn of another day!" How persistently one theme is kept up was recently illustrated by an occurrence at one of the principal music-publishing houses in London. A well-known singer calling for some music, the principal of the firm requested her to look over some MS. music just sent in on approval. "I am bound," said he, "to take one of the songs."

Mlle. —— read them, one after another. "They are not bad," said she, "but they are just like everything else one hears."

"So much the better," rejoined Mr. X.

"Here is one," said she, "that is almost an exact copy of"—mentioning a very popular song of the period.



ELIZABETH PHILP.

"Excellent!" said the publisher. "It will be sure to take, then. I'll have it out at once."

Among English composers, several women have taken leading places as ballad-writers, and one of these had the most curious gift of harmony, writing and publishing before she had taken one lesson in counterpoint. Some years ago Ferdinand Hiller, the famous musician, then as now at Cologne, received and taught an English pupil, a young girl, whose taste was so evidently delicate and instinctive that he devoted a great part of his time to her instruction. Coming to her one day for the usual lesson, he found her absent, and while waiting, amused himself with a pile of English songs which lay upon the piano. When she appeared, he said at once, "These are very pretty songs; where did you find them? I must have them." His pupil looked at him in astonishment, for her name—Elizabeth Philp—was on the title-page, and he had overlooked it. Hiller could scarcely credit the fact. "How is it," he exclaimed, "you composed before you knew one rule of harmony? Can you do it now?"

"Certainly," said Miss Philp, laughing at her master's vehement incredulity. Harmony had come to her as naturally as breathing. She seated herself before the piano, while Hiller put into her hands a volume of Goethe's poems. "There," he said, "let me see you compose. Choose something." Miss Philp turned the leaves at random, chose some verses, and without any hesitation composed one of her best songs—"Die blauen Frühlingsaugen."

Returning to England, she entered upon a systematic career, which has been very successful, and still pursuing it, she is today not only known for her songs, like "The Poacher's Widow," "One Little Year Ago," and "Somebody's Waiting for Somebody," but for the genial aid and kindness she has shown so many struggling musicians who have brought their genius and despair to her ministrations.

The programme of a genuine ballad concert, as I have suggested, is overpowering to most American auditors. Fancy from twenty to thirty ballads in an afternoon, only one-third of which, perhaps, are in any degree worthy of the great singers whose names give a glory to the occasion. That English singers understand the art of ballad-singing is now unquestioned. Go into St. James's Hall at any of the "great ballad concerts," and you will receive a lesson in declamation and enunciation from Madame Patey or Madame Sherrington, Sims Reeves, Santley, or Edward Lloyd, or, indeed, from the various new singers whose laurels have just been received in the Royal Academy.

Sims Reeves is, of course, no longer young; an elderly, well-preserved man, with constant associations of his palmy days and of long ago profuse about him; a man who, with his dark hair and heavy mustache, his rich rolling voice and rather stiff manner, seems to have stepped out of the frame-work of an 1830 picture; just the man who might yesterday have sung to an audience wherein flowered waistcoats and gilt buttons and plumes and poke-bonnets predominated. One rarely hears him now, but his voice has an undying charm, and he still reaches that sweet "upper note" with exquisite purity.

At the ballad concerts there is usually the variety of some glees, well sung by Mr. Walker's society of gentlemen; these open the concert; and then, one after another, the soloists come out. If it be evening, there is the air of an evening party, for audience and singers are in full dress, and during the intervals a buzz of conversation arises, and people drift about into groups, as at the "Populars."

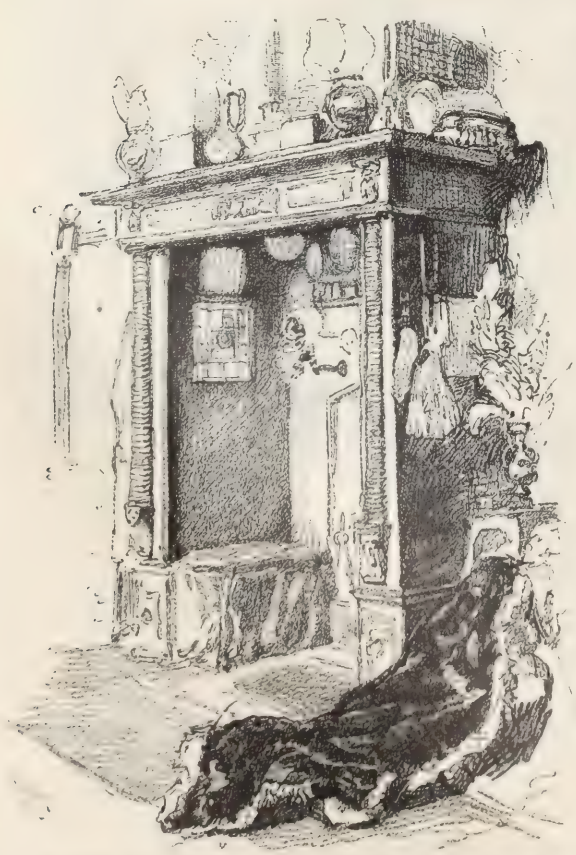
A famous musician was complaining the other day that, with all the music vibrating in London, there was no distinctively musical circle. To say this, howev-



A MUSICAL PARTY IN THE STUDIO OF FELIX MOSCHELES.

er, seems hardly fair, since there are various centres for social gathering where the predominating influence is music, and to which all the best musicians of the day come regularly, bringing their instruments or voices or fingers with them, ready, as the Germans have it, to "make music" in the truest fashion—not for a fixed performance at a public concert, but simply for one another and for a privileged few invited to listen. Such gatherings are most novel and delightful to the

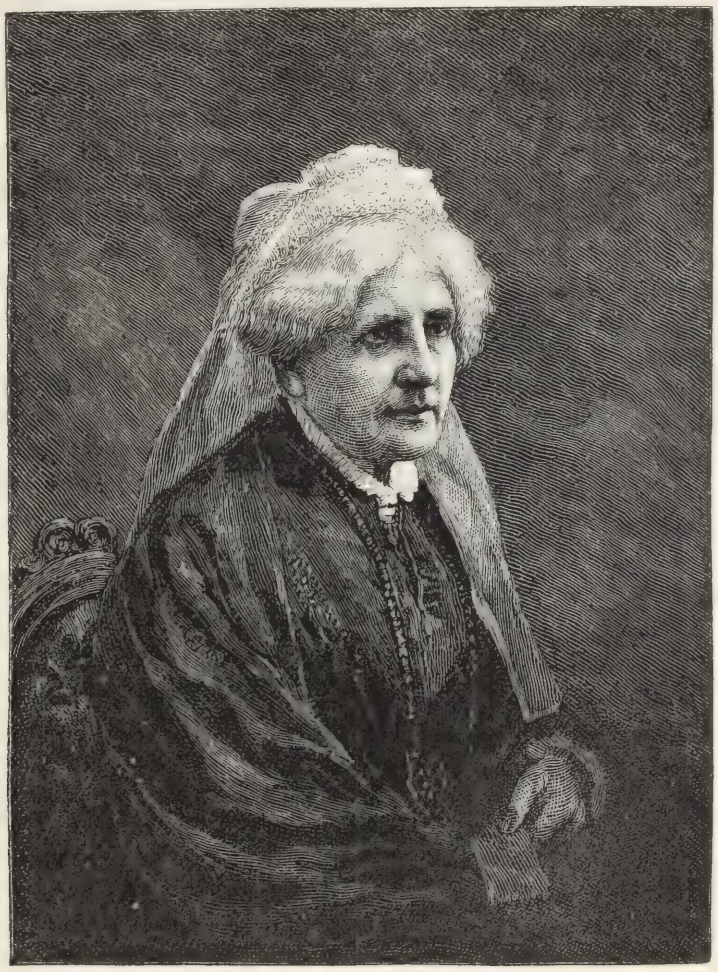
unprofessional American, to whom a "musical evening" rarely means anything beyond a group of cultivated amateurs, who have more intensity and real feeling, as a rule, than musical education or experience. Reminiscences at this point are embarrassing in their richness, but some seem to me typical, about some there was an air which characterized them, even as they passed, with a sense of permanency. I think I never can see Cadogan Gardens and the beautiful house of Mr. Felix Moscheles without recalling a certain evening when half the musical and literary and artistic world of London were gathered there. The studio, with its rich draperies, old oak carvings, and varied effects in light, shade, and color, formed a harmonious background for the moving or tranquil groups. Around the piano clustered the usual circle of musicians—Sarasate, with his violin; Mlle. Redeker's tall lithe figure and mobile face, carved against a rich drapery of old gold; Janotha at the piano, her fingers moving with the grace and deftness of her teacher. Into this group comes Georg Henschel's strong figure and dark face; presently it is his voice sounding, and there is rapt silence among the auditors while he sings his famous "Zwei Grenadiers." It is almost impossible to give the warmth and richness of such a scene. The house is a curious, rambling building, with oddly shaped rooms opening into each other; the doorways wide, and effective with rich-hued draperies; here and there a stained-glass window throws luminous color upon the painted or carved ceilings, the quaint furniture, or innumerable "bits" in china, carving, or drapery; a succession of rich contrasts is found at every turn, while from no point would a sketch be ineffective. Moreover, at musical or art gatherings in London there has sprung up of late years a pretty fashion of suiting dress among women to the occasion and surroundings, so that almost the air of a fancy ball is given to these parties, and the strangest, softest colors—pomegranate, old gold, and Queen's blue—are used in rich combinations, thus emphasizing the artistic effects of such a studio as Felix Moscheles's. In one corner of the room, above an old cabinet, is the bust of Mendelssohn, which was a legacy to his godson Felix, and among the many musical treasures of the room I came one day upon a little book which Mendelssohn gave Felix at his christening, and which has since served to record all sorts of musical associations. On the fly-leaf Mendelssohn had sketched the elder Moscheles's house in London—Chester Place, 8; then came a bit of a waltz composed for the lad; souvenirs of the Schumanns, Rossini, Thalberg, Spohr, Malibran, Landseer, and dozens of others follow, most of them including bits of autograph music or comic sketches; but among them is one sad page upon which Chopin's dying hand had feebly traced a few words in pencil, the signature, CHOPIN, being wavering and pathetic in its indistinctness. This little book is but one of the art treasures perpetually turning up in that studio, to which, while the artist's brush goes on, the greatest musicians of the day come and go with friendly informality.



MANTEL-PIECE IN STUDIO OF FELIX MOSCHELES.

They all know their way to the house just opposite—the gray house whose doorway opens into a cheerful hall, with rooms full of soft color and the brightest associations, and where the musician's widow, Charlotte Moscheles, lives, about her clustering the musical associations of half a century. To her Beethoven sent messages in his last hour; to her Mendelssohn came "as to one who could soothe" him; to her Walter Scott wrote verses; Malibran

sang; the greatest artists of the day came for criticism. These are but outside distinctions. The highest charm is the gentle, noble nature, the kindly, ever-ready hand and friendly voice offered, even now, for so many who come to Sloane Street, opposite those green gardens, with brow. Besides these are the scrap-books, bits of which have already found their way into print, but which, for the most part, contain unprinted souvenirs in MS. of all the great musicians and artists of the day. There we have innumerable piquant sketches by Mendelssohn, chiefly



CHARLOTTE MOSCHELES

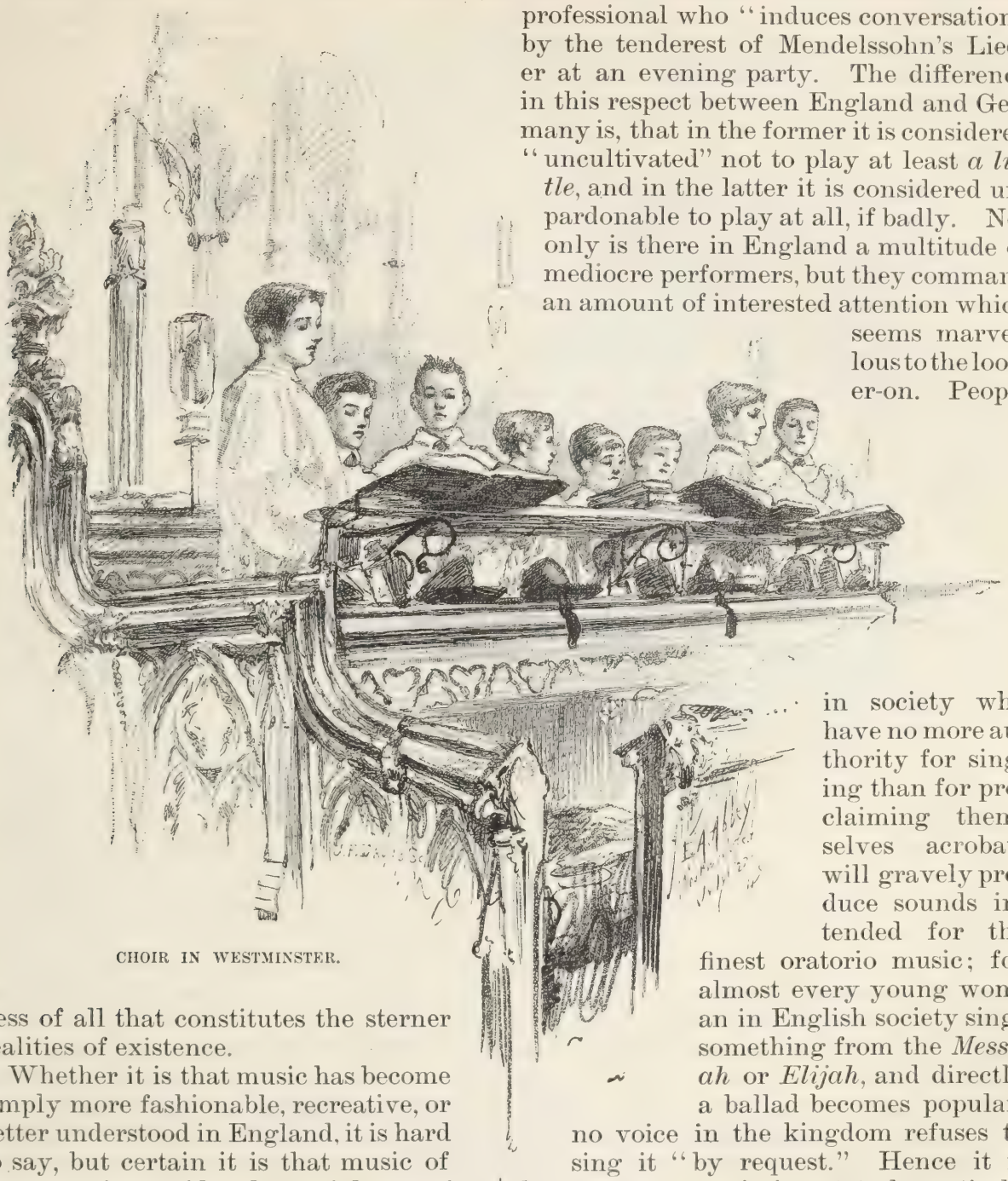
reverence as well as love. Speaking of Mendelssohn one day, Madame Moscheles reverted to his amusing characteristics, to his odd, quaint forms of speech, which are impossible to translate; he would use them with amusing force, and a manner which, in spite of incongruity, made them seem precisely the words for the occasion, although in repeating them all significance might be taken away. Souvenirs of Moscheles and Mendelssohn fill the house in Sloane Street with fragrances of the past. In the inner drawing-room hangs Moscheles's portrait; there also is the small desk on which Mendelssohn wrote much of his famous music; there are the sketches of his studio and Moscheles's in Leipsic; there the silver laurel wreath which Leipsic placed upon Moscheles's his pencillings at the great Birmingham Festival, whence he sent back to Chester Place a humorous record of events. Moscheles is represented leading the orchestra. There are all sorts of ridiculous suggestions, such as the bonnet of one devotedly attentive auditor, scraps of music with comical significance, a "view" of his famous cravat as it appeared at Birmingham, the pudding they had for dinner, Moscheles's umbrella, and any number of absurd caricatures of the whole affair. His pencil seemed to carry him away completely into the region of comical suggestions, and whatever could be twisted into fun gave him his theme. About these pages linger so much of Mendelssohn's gay, gentle spirit that we seem almost to conjure up his presence, and we can read-

ily picture those scenes at Birmingham to which the fun and frolic of the two friends gave their charm.

I think some of the best professional music I have ever heard in England has been in those private circles alluded to: in houses to which the artists go with friendly freedom, bringing their impulse and inclination to play or sing, as they do not always before an expected audience. Going in one day to one of the notably musical drawing-rooms in London, we came upon a scene which had the power of certain transient influences to inscribe itself upon mind and memory. The room was one of those luxurious ones which you enter from a quiet-looking exterior in Mayfair. There was a balcony gay with flowers, and above it a pink awning. This formed the background for the sober splendor of the room, for the piano, drawn out somewhat, and the figure of a man of thirty-five, with a large head and full German face, who was playing. A second glance, and we recognized the conductor of a Saturday before at the Crystal Palace—Herr Max Bruch, one of the most noted German composers of the day. He was playing one of his own unpublished compositions. There was a full descriptive chorus, and he gave us explanations at intervals, ending finally by singing the last part in a deep voice, while his fingers worked marvels upon the keys. He had come over to England to lead some of his latest compositions; and he talked freely about German music and its influences. His strong figure, majestic playing, and impassioned singing remained a pleasant memory in the musical associations of a certain year; and one likes to recall him as he talked, moving about the exquisite room, now standing sharply defined against the pink lights of the balcony, now leaning over the piano, illustrating his words by chance chords or swift cadenzas, now pausing in his most fervid phrases to stroke the hair of a little child at his knee; all this furnishes even a better picture of the man than the day when he led his music at the Crystal Palace, and received an ovation from audience, orchestra, and singers.

Social music among the busy workers in the London season furnished various associations. One of the most tuneful must always be a certain day at Henschel's, when a famous company gathered in his drawing-room in Chandos Street. His rooms form a centre to which shining lights in art and science as well as music love to flock; and going in one day last summer, we heard the sound of violins being tuned, and found in the crowded room a space cleared for a quintette composed of the greatest musicians then in London. They had assembled to read a concerto of Moscheles which had never before been played in England. Presently the music rose, silencing all other sounds, bearing down even the associations or suggestions of the present, for it was music written in Moscheles's vigor—music full of his strength and sweetness, written for no popular sentiment, no common approbation. Perhaps thirty years divided its composition from this day when the little party in Chandos Street produced it—his pupil, Henschel, grown into manhood and fame, his wife listening with her children and grandchildren about her—but it carried the message of the past to an understanding present. What a precious legacy the masters in this art can leave! Time, change, death, can not write "Finis" to the purposes and workings of their lives.

When the quintette was ended, the little circle of musicians broke up. Several gathered about one of Henschel's guests, George Eliot, whose criticisms were eagerly looked for. Presently there came through the crowd a young man with a fine face, so wonderfully like the pictures of Malibran we were hardly surprised to learn it was her son—Charles de Beriot, the pianist. He played, accompanying Sarasate's violin, into which a wild mournfulness seemed to have penetrated that day. Later, when many of the guests had gone, after Henschel had sung half a dozen of his matchless German songs, the violinist began again, playing as he surely never had before the public. Some one near us—an old musician—said that only Paganini, to his knowledge, ever accomplished certain feats upon the violin which distinguish Sarasate's playing. It was nearly dusk, the English summer dusk, when this party finally broke up, the deep German voices mingling with softer English ones in friendly greetings as one after another took leave. A cordial bond of brotherhood is established among these German musicians. They move about, talk, laugh, link arms, with a sort of caressing freedom, and their intercourse seems to be tinged by a childish forgetful-



CHOIR IN WESTMINSTER.

ness of all that constitutes the sterner realities of existence.

Whether it is that music has become simply more fashionable, recreative, or better understood in England, it is hard to say, but certain it is that music of some sort is considered a social necessity. Would, indeed, it were not so; for then one might be spared the infliction of amateur music, which is in about as deplorable a condition here as can well be imagined. Music is invariably taught every pupil in every school-room, and the result is that instead of cultivating taste, it desecrates fine sound, and the young student who drones through Beethoven and Mozart as a duty, never learns to appreciate either. Practice and simple listening have two absolutely different effects upon an unmusical mind; but unfortunately every one in England to-day "plays" and "sings," whether it be a young lady at a country house, whiling away a dull hour with sound, if not sentiment, or an embryo professional who "induces conversation" by the tenderest of Mendelssohn's Lieder at an evening party. The difference in this respect between England and Germany is, that in the former it is considered "uncultivated" not to play at least *a little*, and in the latter it is considered unpardonable to play at all, if badly. Not only is there in England a multitude of mediocre performers, but they command an amount of interested attention which seems marvellous to the looker-on. People in society who have no more authority for singing than for proclaiming themselves acrobats will gravely produce sounds intended for the finest oratorio music; for almost every young woman in English society sings something from the *Messiah* or *Elijah*, and directly a ballad becomes popular, no voice in the kingdom refuses to sing it "by request." Hence it is that amateur music is apt to be entirely unendurable, and while it remains at its present low ebb, the standard of musical taste and feeling in the drawing-room must be an uncultured one. Here and there, of course, one finds admirable amateur musicians: some societies—notably one called The Wanderers—bring not only zeal and enthusiasm but high merit into their work, and amateur choral singing in England has reached an unquestionable position. The Yorkshire societies are the finest, but all over England we find companies, large and small, who unite perseverance to good taste, and give the most creditable performances.

I remember well a scene in a small Devonshire town where, among the low-

er classes, primitive forms of manner and expression remain untouched. There was a choral society in the place, composed of the young people of those indefinable grades of society which float in and out of the classes generalized as "middle," and going to one of their rehearsals on a certain wet evening, we found a picture worthy of Albert Dürer. The company had assembled in a large old-fashioned room, where deep corners were in shadow, the window-panes dark and wet, the candle-light flickering against old oak walls, and centring in spots of light here and there, where a group of faces, music-books, and desks were revealed. In one of these we saw the conductor on his platform, with a swaying baton, the music of no less a work than *Judas Maccabæus* open before him. The singers were ranged in classified groups beyond and about him, and they sang with a common impulse of harmony and good taste. Now and then, as the director paused to explain the finer meanings of the music, it was interesting to observe the faces turned toward him with almost reverent attention. Some estimate of the composer's intention seemed to be present in each mind, and the singing was always renewed with an added *verve* and intelligence. The final appearance of the rector and his curate (they hovered, two long shadowy figures, in the background) completed the picture, giving it just that touch which English country scenes require—a suggestion of clerical surveillance and approval.

In the midst of so much music devoted to secular purposes, we must listen for the strains from the cathedral choirs. The Norwich services were but a passing glimpse into this dignified region of quaint song and anthem. Exeter furnished us with solemn memories, and at Westminster we were fortunate enough to see the workings of a genuine choir school.

I know not what combination of scene and harmony is fairer than the interior of an old English cathedral on a spring or summer day; even in winter enough of glory fills the nave and transept, enough of color flows from the rich stained glass upon the carvings and pale-hued splendors of centuries ago to make the scene a picture; but in summer-time, when one walks through a cathedral close, full, as it always is, of such rich soft fragrances, across the velvet lawn, past glimpses of the "bishop's palace," stately and sumptuous, with its red brick, ivy mantles, and garden beds, into the cool dim silence of the cathedral, there is reached a sense of fitting preparation for the music which presently fills every space. The choir-boys come in, headed by the vicars choral—men-singers engaged for the services—and take their places on either side in the carved oak stalls, behind which their boyish figures and faces rise with a certain quaint solemnity. Much of the service is chanted by them. There is always the hymn and anthem at the end, chosen for each day by the cathedral precentor—a clergyman whose duty it is to select suitable music for the week, and give it in to the organist, who practices the boys daily. The service over, there is a formality in the mode of leaving the choir: the boys troop out, their white surplices fluttering past the columns and down the aisle, while the organ rolls forth in some solemn voluntary.

Americans frequently marvel at the perfection to which English church choirs have been brought, but the secret of success lies in the keeping together all the official links which bind the cathedral life; dean and canon, organist and school-master, all live in the shadow of the close, and where, as at Westminster, there is a perfect choir school, the boys are lodged and boarded for the years of their service, as well as taught.

Leaving Westminster Abbey by a side door, the other day, we passed down the cloister beneath which the old abbots lie buried, here and there catching glimpses of the court-yard, and finally reaching a low oak doorway, upon which the name of the Abbey organist, Dr. Bridge, is inscribed. Here, in one of the oldest parts of the cathedral, he lives, having a room near by for practice, with a good organ and rows of upright desks. Further on, down the cloister, we came to the school-room, still maintained by the judicious master, Mr. Shiel, for the use of the older boys, although the choir-house stands just without the precincts. It is a room full of old associations for those Westminster choir-boys; over the chimney-piece is a queer old picture of Purcell—a quaint little figure in a surplice, with primly folded hands, and standing before an open hymn-book. The mantel-board was taken from Purcell's house, and on every side some

suggestion of the past consecrates the little room. The school-house where the boys, twenty in number, live, is a wide old-fashioned brick house, fairly blooming with vines and window-plants without and within, as cheerful and home-like as flowers, comfort, and exquisite cleanliness can make it. The boys are appointed to this school between nine and twelve years of age, and are expected to remain as long as their voices continue useful. In return for their services in the cathedral, this excellent home and a sound education are given them, Mr. Shiel, the master, being a university man, necessarily fitted to instruct them scientifically, while their musical education is in the hands of Dr. Bridge, one of the greatest organists in the world.

In some cases the choir-boys leave such a school for the Royal Academy of Music, but few become professional singers; indeed, I think Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Montem Smith are rare instances of cathedral boys who have attained vocal celebrity in later life.

With the choristers we find music in its most intensely English form. The cathedral services consecrate one of the purest phases of English musical life, uniting the present with the past; for in listening to the hymnal of to-day one's thoughts travel beyond Purcell: amidst cathedral strains we pierce the solitude of older cloisters: forgotten may be all the variations in musical life and feeling. The church anthem of the present day joins voices with those notes of mediæval times. We listen, shutting out every other influence of the moment, and down the cathedral aisles, through nave and transept, piercing the windows' blaze, the rafters' mystery, arch and decoration partaking of the moment's majesty, the organ notes pour forth, while the clear voices sing that grandest of old harmonies, the Gregorian chant.

Turning our steps finally from all *results* of music, we must linger for a moment among the sources of musical education in England. Just now new schools are springing up on every side; the art is claiming general recognition; but even at that time-honored institution, the Royal Academy of Music, in Hanover Square,* free education is not granted. Had the Prince Consort lived, it would doubtless have been otherwise; his zeal was very strong in a musical direction, and his influence generous. But at present the radical defect in all training schools seems to be lack of government support. Until a poor man's son or daughter can receive a musical education at the government expense, art instincts can not properly develop, genius is offered no direct encouragement, and germs must perish, while a proper estimate of the musical capacities of the people can hardly be arrived at. The Royal Academy of Music is admirably managed, so is Mr. Sullivan's training school at South Kensington, and space alone excludes an elaborate discussion of their merits. The Board Schools are beginning to value music properly, and the art is in the dawn of general comprehension.



EDWARD LLOYD.

In this sketch I have, of course, by no means even touched on all the branches of my subject. London has necessarily been, and it has here been treated as, the type and centre of observation, but even there an infinite number of musical enterprises have been left of necessity without an allusion.

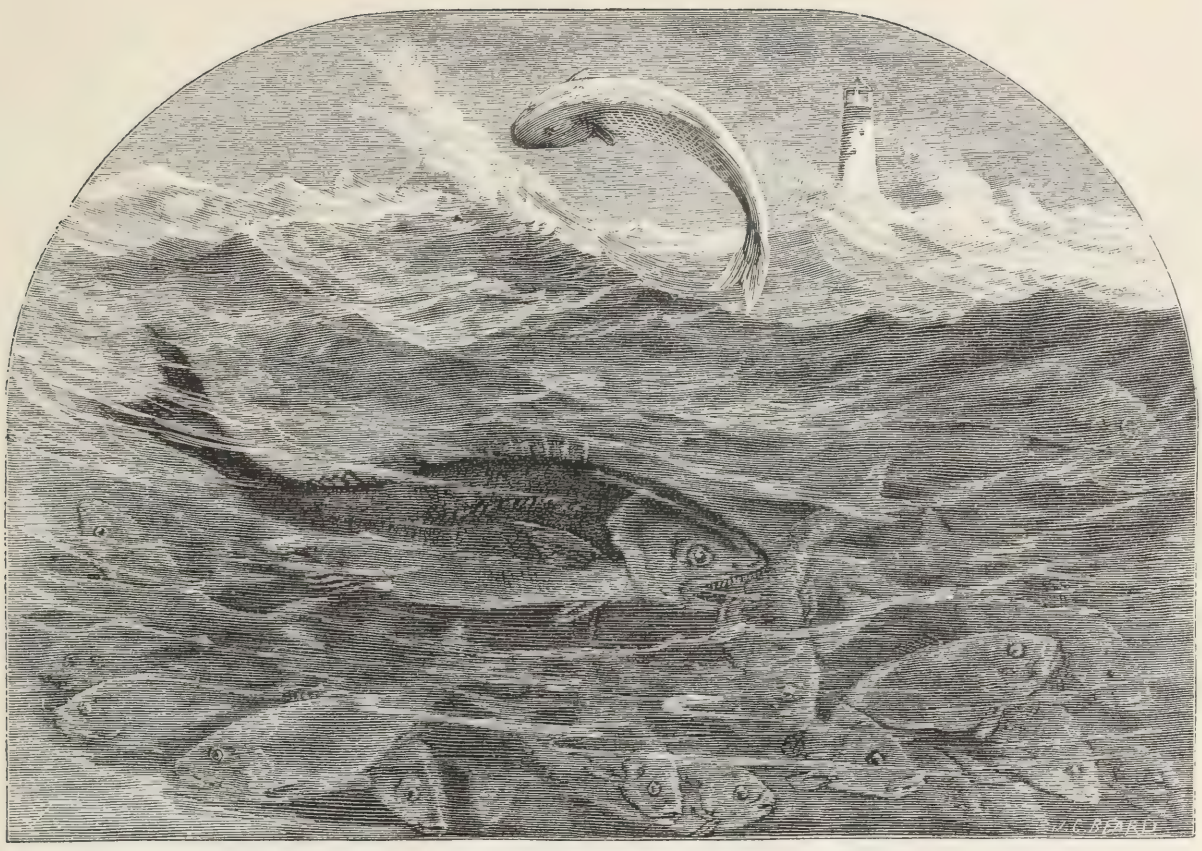
* This institution must not be confounded with the London Academy of Music, which is an inferior conservatory.

On Chloris Walkinge in ye Snowe



I ſaw faire Chloris walke alone
When feather'd raine came ſoftly downe,
Then Ioue deſcended from his tower
To court Her in a ſiluer ſhower.
The Wanton ſnowe flew to her breſt
Like little birds into their neſt;
But ouercome with whitenes there,
For Griefe it thawed into a Teare,
Then falling down her Garment hem
To decke her, froze into a gem.

R. Herrick.



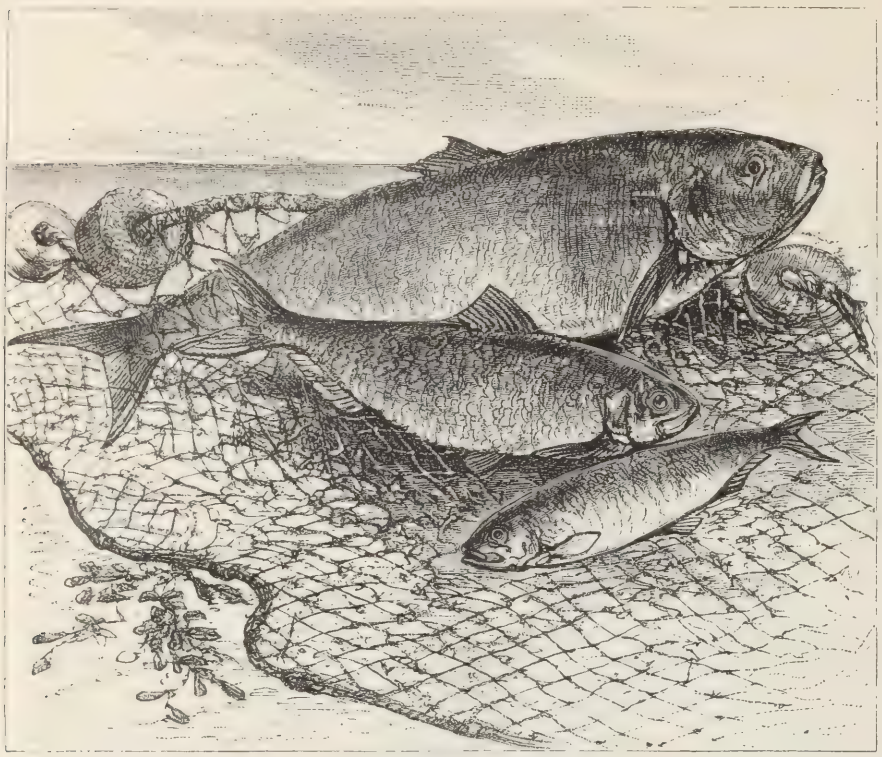
BLUE-FISH CHASING SHAD.

THE SHAD AND THE ALEWIFE.

AWAY from the immediate coast there seems to be little known of the life of the fisherman. Very many would refuse to consider his vocation as one of the industrial pursuits; and, in fact, the prevailing opinion echoes the reflection upon the earlier fishermen of our race in a well-known text-book of history, where it is stated that "they supported a joyless existence by means of fishing." With Plautus's waggish Trachalio, the people would be quite ready to accost them, "Hallo, you thieves of the sea, clam-diggers, and fish-hookers! Starveling generation, how is it with you? how fast are you perishing?" There could scarcely be a more unjust sentiment sustained against a class of men, for, in the pursuit of our day, there are toil and dangerous adventure, weary watching and hardship enough. There are, too, hopes and enjoyments, a strong fascination, and not seldom large investments and considerable profits. The life has its charm in its adventure, and its ever offering what is, with few exceptions, a delusive hope of fortune. It is in intimate contact with Nature, and affords a continual realization of her power that those who live inland, housed within strong walls, rarely conceive. Even encountering rough weather possesses a charm, for to the man who holds the wheel in his hands, and turns his face resolutely to the storm, with a determined purpose to do his work, resisting fatigue and the temptation for repose and comfort, there is an inward consciousness of moral force, and a manly pride in his ability to endure and suffer. The wild play of nature stirs the blood, and its experience is often enjoyment rather than hardship.

In every month of the year, in our North American waters, the fishermen ply their trade; they go far up in the rivers, along the shores of the Great Lakes, out from the coves and harbors of the coast into the open sea and the great sounds and bays, riding the surf and waves, facing the driving rains and the darkness, pushing their boats in the ice and bewildering snow-storms, and living in their sledge-shanties through the winter on the frozen lakes.

Although a wide variance in intelligence and character exists in the different regions, yet, from the needed self-reliance in their conflict with the elements, a stronger individuality is common among them than in the subordinated sailor or the journeyman mechanic. Get into their confidence, so that talk will flow unrestrained-



SHAD, ALEWIFE, HERRING.

ly, and there are few who would not gain attention while recounting their observations and conclusions in the mysteries of the waters and of fish life. Taken as a class, American fishermen are a race of hardy, daring men, freer from excesses and more law-abiding than can be found in most of the vocations where men lead a life of rough exposure and hardship.

We are to turn away somewhat from this encounter of stormy waves and winds to the summer fishing for the shad and the alewife within the rivers and far up the bays. Here, for the most part, the nets are manned with the freedmen, as the larger fisheries for these species are in the Atlantic tributaries of the Southern States.

In these Southern waters the alewife (*Pomolobus pseudo-harengus*, Wils., Gill) is only known as the "herring." Its size and a good deal of its general appearance would induce this mistaken application of the name, and doubtless was made by the earliest colonists. A Mr. John Gilpin having seen this fish in the waters of our Southern coast, published in 1786 a dissertation "On the Annual Passage of Herrings." In this paper he attempts to show "that it is the same scoole which is found at different times about Britain and in America,.....shifting their climate with the sun." Mr. Gilpin traces their track in the Atlantic for each month, on each side of the ocean, in mid-ocean, and along the coasts. The absurdity of this confusion of the two species—the Northern sea-herring roaming the waters of the coasts of the Northern Atlantic, and never entering fresh-water, and the alewife, an anadromous species, confined to the Western side of the Northern Atlantic—though at that time an excusable error, is an unpardonable one to-day.

The shad (*Alosa sapidissima*, Wils., Storer) is found along the Atlantic coast from the waters of Florida to the St. Lawrence. The centre of its abundance is between the Chesapeake Bay and Albemarle Sound, and in these waters are the most extensive fisheries. The shad, using the word for all representatives of the genus, is found in the waters of both oceans. A species enters the rivers of England and the Continent, and the *samlai* of China ascends the Yang-tze-kiang over a thousand miles. The *Alosa musica* is found on the coasts of Bolivia and Chili. It takes its specific name because of its supposed power to emit melodious sounds. Lieutenant J. M. Gillis, the commander of the United States astronomical expedition in 1852, writes of this strange phenomenon: "One correspondent wrote me: 'The night I stopped at Caldera I went at half past eleven o'clock to hear the submarine music, and I confess it has astonished me. Though the position is neither graceful nor comfortable, on lying down in the boat and placing your ear upon the bottom, you hear it to perfection. I stuck to it for a long time, and was charmed indeed. It has now been pretty well ascertained that it comes from fish, which gather in great numbers on a quiet and retired spot of the bay; and as each one produces a single note, the most soft and charming harmony results, resembling the Æolian harp nearer than anything to which I can compare it. If we suppose the sounds to be produced by fish, that will also account for the different localities where they are heard.'"

Lieutenant Gillis, though recounting other testimony, neither questions nor indorses the explanation adopted by his correspondent. It is well ascertained that certain fishes do produce audible sounds from their throats and mouths.

The Chinese shad, of which there are two or three species, all confounded under the common name *sam-lai*, is abundant, but the others do not afford the quantity of food we obtain from our species. The Germans, in co-operation with the United States Fish Commission, have made several attempts to introduce our species in the Rhine and Weser.

The long-held and only recently rejected theory, that the shoals of fishes moved in a vast mass along the coast, sending off detachments into each river as they passed its mouth, is to be attributed to John Gilpin and some other authors, who have written flowingly on the subject. The recent careful investigations of naturalists indicate that the anadromous fishes, those entering the rivers and bodies of fresh water from the sea, do not have an extended range in the ocean, and that each river's colony remains, after returning, in the deep waters opposite their river.

The motive for the movement of these shoals of anadromous fishes, or rather how it is incited, has scarcely been explained. The life of the fishes has always been a mystery. It is not a search for food, as they do not eat while in fresh water; the opening of hundreds of stomachs will fail to find food present. It is an easy disposal of the question as to how each colony recognizes its native river to say that "it is instinctive." So it is, also,



FISHING ON THE FROZEN LAKE.

when the butcher's horse recognizes the familiar gates; but we have some evidence as to what senses he uses. The fishes, probably, prompted by functional disturbance, from the tumid ovaries and spermaries, are incited to movement. The courses of the sea, unmarked as they are, are, within each colony's limit, their habitual pathways. An unerring capacity in the fish for finding its own river may be no more than that which guides the hermit-crab to the shell of the *natica*. The latter goes to hide its sensitive body, with an apparent nervous trepidation at its unprotected condition. The former, with an uneasiness of body from the functional changes it is undergoing, is impelled to activity. The transmitted habit of ascending the stream is, as it were, blended and alloyed with the substance of the nerves, and aroused by its condition, carries it, without conscious purpose, into the river of its progenitors and its own. The impulses of the fish are only in a slightly more complicated series than



THE SLIDE.

those of the crab. That it should be the instinct for a specific stream, established through inheritance of many generations, is easier to understand than that it is a sort of memory of the place of its immature life, as the theory of fish-culture makes it, and as observation seems to sustain. In the waters of the Delaware, where there were no salmon originally, the young salmon placed in Bushkill Creek returned after five years, and were taken, not only in the Delaware River, but the larger number in the neighborhood of Bushkill Creek. It is not essential that all the fishes should have this impelling influence, whatever it may be, as like gregarious mammals and birds they flock together, following the leadership of whichever for the time takes it. The idea is suggested that the senses may be the guiding agent, that a fish goes nosing along the coast, or tasting the streams, until it recognizes its own. The convexity of the cornea must afford the fishes a very limited range of vision. The supposed dullness of the sense of smell and of taste in fishes might alone dispose of the suggestion that these are employed. The following occurrence, however, would seem to decide to the contrary. The Russian River, emptying into the Pacific, north of San Francisco, had its mouth entirely closed by the waves during a storm. The colony of salmon made their yearly migration from the deep waters toward the mouth of the river, and many of them raced through the surf, and landed high and dry on the sand that walled them out from their native river.

The migration of the salmon into some of the Pacific rivers is a frenzied advance over shoals, rapids, and cascades, far into thin streams and brooks, where they arrive battered and weary, to accomplish their exhaustive reproductive labors, and drop back, the sport of the current, dead and dying, toward the sea.

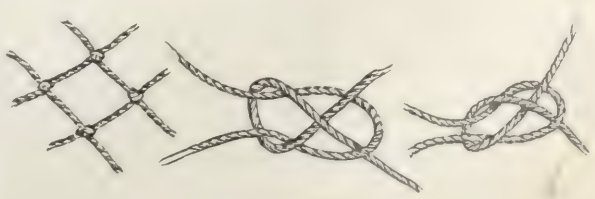
The devices in use for the capture of the shad and the alewife are many. The possibility of taking a shad with a hook a few years ago called out a good deal of testimony from the anglers, in the journals of field-sports. The captures were made in rapid rivers, where the artificial fly at the end of a long line was allowed to play on the surface in a current ripple. The sport was not sufficiently exciting to long sustain its interest. Ingenious contrivances are used in the Southern rivers to supply a small local demand. The hack-trap, or "weir," made by driving slender stakes, in the form of a letter T, in the bed of the river, was adopted from the



THE DIPPING WHEEL.

Indians by the earlier settlers. In rapid shoal streams "slides" and dipping wheels are used, the sweep of the current in the former sliding the fish on a polished inclined surface out of reach of the water, and in the other revolving a series of dip nets, which, as they pass over, empty the fish into a box. The greater supplies are taken in nets, this term including seines, pound nets, drift nets, stake nets (which are gill nets hung upon stakes), and the skim nets (a large dip net). Seines are used in all of the rivers frequented by shad. The pound nets are used successfully at the mouth of the Connecticut River, and for alewives they are quite successful in several other places, but do not answer as well for shad. The drift net is found from the Delaware southward. Stake nets prevail in the Hudson River. Skim nets are used near the Falls of the Potomac and on some rivers southward.

The art of netting twine is an old one. In the neolithic age of Europe it was one of the higher arts. It is remarkable that the fragments of flax nets found in the lake villages of Germany and Switzerland have the same knot—the "fisherman's knot," or becket hitch—which pre-



FISHERMAN'S KNOT.

vails in our day. In the earlier days of our fisheries all the nets were made by hand. The floor of a fisherman's house in the interval of household work was rarely free from the presence of a net. The women and old men netted, while

the young and able-bodied went fishing. Along the northern shores of the Great Lakes many of the squaws are accomplished netters, and work diligently, usually for the French Canadians. In later years machinery has been devised, and manufacturers furnish the nets to nearly all fishermen.

The larger number of these two fishes are taken in seines: haul seines they are often called, to distinguish them from purse seines. The shorter ones are often not more than one hundred yards long. The longest seine known is one at Stony Point, on the Potomac, which in 1871 measured thirty-four hundred yards—nearly two miles in length. The lines and seine had a linear extent of five miles, and the seine, drawn twice in twenty-four hours, swept twelve hundred acres of the river-bottom, each time inclosing the larger number of the fishes. Seines are drawn to land hand over hand, by windlasses turned by men or by horses, and some of the largest by steam machinery.

From the St. Johns River of Florida, in the months of February and March, to the Androscoggin River in July and August, and intervening rivers between these months, the colonies of the alewife and the shad are entering their native streams from the Atlantic. A few come into the St. Lawrence a little after this, and in later years shad have been found in some of the rivers of the Gulf of Mexico. In the Merrimac, the Connecticut, the Hudson; in Delaware Bay, Chesapeake Bay, Albemarle Sound, Pamlico Sound, the rivers tributary to these, and most of the rivers southward—a large and long-continued migration occurs yearly.

In the two bays and two sounds referred to, and in their tributary rivers, are the large seines. The common dimension is one thousand fathoms' length. Horse-power and steam-power are required for these, the lines running into sheave-blocks bedded in the beach, and from time to time shifted to the blocks nearer the centre of the seining shore as the net draws together. The lines lead up from these to the windlasses or the drums. In most regions the seine is loaded upon one large boat, with sometimes as many as twenty-four oarsmen pulling long heavy sweeps. In this method the end of the "land line" remains on shore, and the boat goes entirely round the berth, the lines and seine being thrown out, while the boat moves on, until the end of the "boat line" is brought in. In Albemarle Sound (from which the following description of seine-hauling was derived), with greater economy of time, two boats are used, and the seine is loaded from each end, while the middle is being worked up to the shore. When the two boats have



START WITH THE SEINE BOATS.

the seine and lines on board, they move out to the outer boundary of the berth, and the bag of the seine is "shot" between them as they are pulled in opposite directions. As they throw out the wings, the boats curve inward to the shore, and when the last of the net has gone overboard, the lines are run out until the bows grate upon the gravel. An active fellow, in waist boots, from each crew, wades ashore with the end of the line, and quickly fastens it to another lying in the farthest sheave-block. The engine starts instantly, and the line begins to come in, straining upon the seine, with its leads lying on the bottom a mile away. Like a moving fence, it advances shoreward, turning back the bewildered fishes, which in the great grasp of the net do not become much frightened until it has closed upon them on three sides, after which few of them find their way around the ends. Steadily the wet lines come in to the monotonous music of cog-wheels and steam puffs, or the cries of the driver urging his mule. The seine, as its ends approach each other, has first the form of a printer's bracket, later of a circumflex, and at the last, of a letter U. At intervals the lines are shifted to nearer sheave-blocks. In these large seines of Albemarle Sound a line runs all round the lead line, called the toggle line, from its being secured to the seine at certain distances by toggles. These are unfastened as they approach the sheave-block, allowing the line to run in without interruption.



THE SHEAVE-BLOCK.

The crews, preparing for the next haul, take the lines into the boats as fast as they are unreeled from the drums, and lay them in a series of great imbricated coils along the bottom of the boat, under the feet of the rowers. As soon as the ends of the wings reach the shore the reloading of the seine begins. The engines, by means of the toggle line, steadily haul the seine to the shore, and the men are employed taking the seine into the boats.

The negro hands have the habit, so common with the race, of singing at their work. At a point near the bag of the seine, facetiously termed "wet-foot," the hauling by hand begins, many of them standing in the water. A common refrain they have while keeping time to the pull on the net is:

"Haul, boys, haul in, haul all day;
Don't you hear de fish a-floppin'
Far away?

"Haul, boys, haul in, haul all day;
Massa wants de shad and herrin'
In de bay."



LOADING THE NET.

One voice sings the intervening line, and all join in the chorus. At this time the two sides of the net are in close proximity.

As the bunt of the seine nears the shore, silence prevails, partly because it is a critical moment, and the orders with regard to handling the net must be promptly obeyed, and partly from the common hope that it may be a great haul of fish. This hope that the next haul may be the fortunate one is long sustained, and as often revived as each disappointment is met. The fisherman's imagination populates the waters with wandering shoals of fishes, which may at any moment crowd into the seine berth and reward the hopes which the fortune of the season has not before fulfilled.

The half-moon area of the water inside the line of corks now begins to show an agitated appearance. At first occasional irregular waves and dull movements of patches of water, and later, little quick swirls and ruffled wavelets, cover the surface. Now and then a large fish makes a rapid curve shoreward, and out again. Soon the splashing begins, and increases as the mass of fish is pulled and crowded on the beach, until the spray obscures them, and whoever ventures too near is sprinkled with flying drops, and spangled with adhering scales. Often the huge form of a sturgeon slides heavily through the glistening mass, and endangers the net, as he is apt to tear an outlet through its meshes. Some one steps into the flurrying heap, and, blinded with the spray, strikes the cruel gaff-hook into its side. In its maddened struggles to get away it sometimes drags the man from his feet, floundering among the slimy fishes. It is at last dragged out, and curves its great body, and slaps its tail against the sand, staring sullenly out of its little pig-like eyes, which have not at all a fishy expression. Half exciting pity, you surmise that there may be more of dull brute mind in this clumsy inhabitant of the water than man is able to know in the present state of animal psychology. He is said to know enough to reconnoitre the upper edge of a pound net above water before he jumps lumberingly, though with considerable precision, over it. Everything is pulled out, high and dry, the flapping soon ends, the eyes assume a dull look, and a dead mass lies in the place of the active, brilliant shoal of fishes which came up in the net. The boats are soon again on their way.

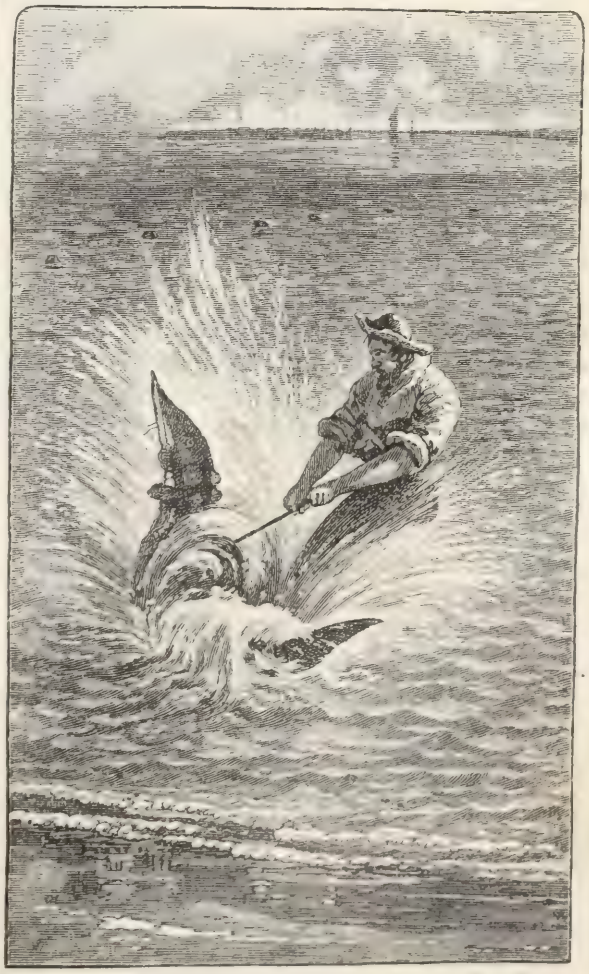
The shad and rock-fish are now picked out, and sent away to be boxed with broken ice for the daily shipment. The "herring" are thrown on the tables, to be dressed by the long line of bedraggled but merry black women, who, with wonderful skill and rapidity, keep up a continued shower of fish into the hand-barrows, dis-



A BIG HAUL.

criminating with a touch between "gross herring," "roe herring," and "herring." These are afterward washed, and sent to the salting-house. When a great haul comes in, the enthusiasm spreads, and all gather round to see the fish. At Avoca Beach, on the great Capehart Plantation, one hundred and sixty-five thousand "herring" were brought in at one haul of a seine twenty-four hundred yards long. It required four hours of severe labor for fifty men to get them ashore, after the bag of the net came to land. The pile, when on the dock, measured eighty feet front, twenty-two feet wide, and averaged about eighteen inches deep. Only a few hundred shad and rock-fish were found among them.

The management of a great seine might well employ the talent of a skillful civil engineer, there are so many mechanical forces to put in operation, and so much skill and judgment to be used in structures and appliances. The seining ground has to be cleared up, requiring divers, giant-



GAFFING A STURGEON.



DRESSING AND WASHING THE ALEWIFE.

powder, and hoisting apparatus to raise rocks and the great cypress stumps and knees. Steam-tugs and small vessels for transporting the fish, and steam-engines and machinery, are part of the general outfit. Many of the devices and improvements are invented on the shores. The seine must be carefully "hung" between the cork and lead lines, so that the lower portion will draw a little in front of the upper, and so that the twine shall not strain unevenly. A seine badly hung may have the tendency to lift the lead line from the bottom in places, and allow the fish to escape; or it may give the lead line the tendency to roll up the lower portion of the seine, or tend to sink the line in front of the bag in the mud, and anchor it there. The wind, tide, and current influence the later positions of the seine, and must be considered before it is "shot" from the boats. A constant watch is required upon its workings, and it is quite usual to keep a horse saddled, to send orders down the beach to each end of the line.

The investments in large fisheries sometimes reach the sum of $30,000. A fishery on Albemarle Sound, from the footing up of its books, during a period of nine years, exhibited an aggregate profit of $55,000.

The proprietors of the plantations—often men of culture and education—not seldom exercise direct daily supervision of their fisheries. This has been the custom in these regions from early times. The fishery once owned by General Washington, which frequently had his personal control, is still represented by one in the immediate vicinity, at Ferry Landing, on the Potomac.

In the shad fisheries of the bays and some of the Southern rivers we have the drift-fishing, of similar character in its methods to that on the coasts of Scotland, which has been made interesting in the novels of Reade and Macdonald. The head of Chesapeake Bay is the centre of a large fleet of drift-net fishing-boats, or "gillers," which is the comprehensive local term.

The "gilling ground" extends from Havre de Grace, Maryland, eastward and southward to the mouth of the Chester River. Between Havre de Grace and Spesutie Island a shoal extends with the navigable channel to the westward, and to the eastward an old partially filled up channel known as the Swash. Near the centre of the shoal a light-house has been built, called the Battery Light. When the shad have reached this point in the bay, they come up on the shoal in the night, at slack water of ebb and flood of tide. From the Battery Light to the head of the island is known to be the centre of their congregation, and a great strife for the good berths

prevails, so much so that enterprising fishermen will lie in their boats for half a day, anchored to the spot where they desire to cast the nets after dark.

These drift nets are made of fine twine, and entangle the fishes by the gill flaps as they swim against them. The cork line floats at the surface, and the lightly weighted lead line at low tide trails along the bottom. At each end of the nets, which have ordinarily a length of three hundred yards, a float is tied, upon which rides a lantern. These lanterns are required to distinguish the different nets, as they are cast along the shoal parallel to each other, often with not more than fifty or sixty feet intervening. They drift with the tide, and one floating too slowly, or snagged at the bottom, becomes fouled with its neighbor as soon as it is overtaken. It is essential that all are put out simultaneously, or the dividing spaces soon become irregular, and many of them too narrow, resulting in the nets becoming entangled with each other.

A still night on the bay, in the height of the season, is a pleasant experience. The anchored boats, scarcely discernible in the dusk, become deep shadowy masses at intervals or disappear in the darkness. Suddenly a muffled, quiet movement of oars is heard, and in quick succession lights appear on the water in a long line, and the rapid movement of a hundred pairs of oars is heard as they click in the rowlocks. Each rower vies with his rival to run out the three hundred yards of net, his comrade in the stern rapidly and skillfully throwing the corks and leads. Some impatient fellow usually pulls up his anchor silently, but the light on the water telegraphs the fact to the rest, and he rarely gets half a dozen strokes ahead. One hundred boats often pull abreast across the line of the shoal. The second lantern floating on the water announces the net all out.



SETTING THE DRIFT NETS.

Standing in the night on an elevated point of the island, with many hundred lights strewn thickly over the wide expanse of water, the observer is impressed with the similarity of the view above him and below, as if the stars overhead were reflected on the surface of the bay with double brilliancy.

The boatman either turns directly back and "runs the net"—passing the cork line through the hands—readily detecting the presence of the fish, or he rows back to the starting-point, and it is run from that end, the net all the time drifting with the tide. The shad, whenever found, are "ungilled" and thrown into the boat, and the net drops away again.

The necessity for instantly going over the net relates to the presence of great quantities of eels, which soon spoil the shad for the market, or for the table. Sitting in my boat while the oarsman was quietly rowing behind a "giller," we were

attracted by a continual splashing in a net near by. We thought it to be a sturgeon rolling and entangling himself in the twine, as they sometimes do. Heading the boat in the direction of the sound, and coming near, it seemed at first to be a number of "herring" meshed in a singularly close huddle, and in their struggles flashing their white sides in the dim starlight. As we came nearer, I turned the light of the lantern full upon them, and discovered a swarm of eels tearing and stripping the flesh from the bones of a shad which had gilled itself near the cork line. Gathered in a writhing mass, with their heads centred upon the fragment of the fish, we had before us the living model of a drowning medusa. There was at least a bushel of them, greedily crowding each other, fastening their teeth in the flesh of the shad, and by a quick, muscular torsion snatching pieces from the dying fish.

It is not uncommon to see a dozen heads of shad, each with a long slender backbone attached, taken one after another out of the net, when a fisherman has delayed a little too long. Six good eels have been thrown into the boat by a dexterous jerk of the net, where a mutilated shad was hanging. I have seen four eels fall out of the abdominal cavity of a shad, when no eels were visible when the fish came over the gunnel. They had devoured the viscera, which seems always to be the first portion sought by them.

The habit is to run the net as soon as it is all out, and take the fish out immediately, before they can be injured by the eels. The eels never mesh, they are too slippery to get entangled. In the shoal fishing, when the weather becomes warm, the "eel-cuts," as these are called, often outnumber the marketable shad. The fishermen salt down the better ones for their winter food.

The net is "run" twice or three times and is then taken up. Little else than shad are taken; a few striped bass and a few suckers are occasionally found. The captures, to each boat with two men, number from "water hauls" to several hundred shad.

After the first tide's fishing the boats anchor. Often several tie fast to an anchored one, and the men while away the hours to the next tide in gossip and yarn-spinning, or go to sleep in the bottom of the boat. It often happens, when anchored apart from the rest, that the two boatmen "oversleep the tide," and find themselves, in the small hours of the morning, chilly and solitary in the middle of the bay.

Quiet and harmony is the ordinary state of their communion, although the strife for good berths sometimes arouses a dissension. An attempt to anticipate the line of boats in laying out the nets at too early a stage of the tide calls forth sudden and certain penalty. Not only the boats on each side, but some of those from a distance, crowd around and unite their protests, and when these are unavailing the offender is hemmed in by the boatmen, who in a half-jocose manner, yet with a fully in earnest purpose, set their nets across the line of direction he has started in—"surrounding him." If he is still obstinate enough to persist, or to attempt to cut the nets which are in his way, a *mêlée* ensues, and some sturdy boatman is apt to belabor him into reason with an oar, public opinion favoring a certain amount of this kind of punishment.

The boats used in the head of the bay are small, and the "mutton-leg" sails have no provision for reefing. The foresail is much the larger, and sail is shortened by unstepping the foremast and putting the mainsail in its place. At the approach of a squall they hurriedly pull in the nets, and scatter like a shoal of mullets when a porpoise appears among them. They get caught out occasionally, and getting to the lee of the shoal or the island, they sometimes lie with the killock out all day.

As the season draws to a close the enthusiasm flags. The rivers to the north are now at the height of their season, which lessens the demand in their home market. The boats drop off nightly, the more industrious fishermen, and the lazier ones, who have idled while the season passed unheeded, continue the longest. The once populous bay, with a cool northeaster blowing, becomes a desolate extent of water, lonely and cold to the straying boatmen, and so it remains until well on in the autumn, when the migration of the vast flocks of wild fowl, streaming in continuously from the north, gathers the duck-hunters to the vacated haunts of the fishermen.



1. NEST OF SPIDER WITH TRAP-DOOR.
2. MYGALE HENTZII.
3. TARANTULA OF TEXAS.

HOME STUDIES IN NATURE.

II.

DO insects really possess mind? If not, what is it that often impels them to behave precisely as reasoning beings? Some time since I read in the Scientific Record of *Harper's Magazine* the following passage:

"M. Félix Dujardin, of Rheims, verified in the nervous system of insects a centre of true brain, above the throat, imbedded among air tubes, salivary glands, and fat. Hardened by alcohol or spirits of turpentine, its form and structure appeared beneath the microscope in regular convolutions, like those of our own cerebral hemispheres, and the outside pulp removed left nerve tracts winding into a white and firmer substance, like the nucleus of the white invertebrata."

If any one will closely observe the behavior of insects, especially ants, wasps, or spiders, he will not be at all startled or surprised with the announcement that these humble creatures have brains like our own.

Many spiders build for themselves homes, not merely nests to rear the young, like birds and some of the higher animals, but homes to which they become strongly attached.

In the first paper I gave some account of a pet spider which built a tower above her burrow, and therefore I named her *Tarantula turricula.* Just as I was closing the sketch, she became the mother of a numerous family.

As far as I have observed, the young of other members of this family escape from their cocoon through the seam which extends around the central part; it is thinner at the seam, and splits nearly around the whole circumference, so that the young come out in a body; but with this species they cut a smooth round hole in the cocoon, just large enough for them to come out one by one.

During the past eight weeks I have kept close watch of this curious family, carefully noting the behavior of the mother, who, like

"The old woman that lived in a shoe,
Had so many children she didn't know what to do."

The first three weeks the little things are piled all over the head and thorax of the mother, often completely blinding her. They seem ambitious to reach the highest point, and jostle and crowd one another in their efforts to be at the top of the heap. The mother patiently endures it for a time, but when they become too thick over her eyes, she takes her long fore-legs, which she uses as feelers or hands, and reaches up and scrapes off an armful, and holds them straight in front of her, as if looking at them, and perhaps giving them a homily on manners. Soon she gently releases them, slowly opening her arms, and they quietly take their places around the edge of the tower, where they usually remain until the mother goes below, when they all follow. Upon her re-appearance they are again stationed upon her back.

When they were two weeks old they strung innumerable lines of web across the mother's back; this I soon found was to enable them to dispose of their baby dresses. Up to this time they had been piled upon her abdomen as well as upon her thorax, but now these little creatures, as if by common consent, entirely forsook the abdomen as a resting-place, and devoted it exclusively to a dressing-room. Sometimes two or three are divesting themselves at the same time. They fasten themselves by a short line of web to one of the lines which they have strung across the mother, and this holds them firmly while they undress. The skin cracks all around the thorax, and is held only by the front edge; next the abdomen is freed, and now comes the struggle to free the legs. The little one works and kicks vigorously, and seems to have no very easy task, but earnest perseverance brings it out of the old dress in about fifteen minutes, but it comes out perfectly exhausted and almost lifeless. I take one upon my hand, where it lies limp and helpless for several minutes, and then it gradually comes back to life, and is soon as bright and active as before.

Whence came the knowledge that impelled these little creatures to forsake the abdomen as a resting-place, and devote it to this purpose? In the soft, helpless condition that the removal of the skin causes, it would not do for the stronger ones to be moving about and mixing up with the weaker. It is fully a week before they have all moulted, and odd enough the mother looks with the innumerable little ragged cast-off dresses hanging all over the lines of web.

Naturalists tell us that young spiders kill each other. But with this species I could detect no such tendency. I kill one, and lay it upon the edge of the tower, and many of the little ones crawl over it, but pay no attention to it whatever. Finally the mother notices it, feels and examines it with one of her fore-legs, and then takes it in her mandibles and shoots it across the jar, where she is in the habit of throwing refuse material. Neither will the young pay any attention to a fly that I kill and lay in their path; but if the mother holds it in her mandibles and crushes it, they crowd around it, and seem to be sipping the juices. And in the absence of other food the mother crushes some of her own babies, and holds them so that the little cannibals can suck the juices.

The young do not leave the mother all at the same time, but they go out in detachments. When three weeks old about a dozen manifest a disposition to leave the maternal home. They run up on the highest point of a plant, and remain there until I set the jar where the plants can lean against the trunk of a tree, and now they speedily run up to the branches. The rest are quiet, staying with the mother a week longer, but now she manifests a disposition to send them adrift. She is no longer quiet and patient, but frequently picks one up and throws it across the jar, yet seems to be careful not to injure it. She behaves much in the same way that the higher animals do in weaning their young.

It is now a bright, sunny day in early November, and a large proportion of these little creatures—fully fifty—seem to be in great haste to leave. Like the first, they also run up the body of a tree, and I see no more of them. But in the spring I shall probably find many little burrows in the neighborhood of the tree, where they have settled down as staid housekeepers.

Some twenty-five or thirty are still with the mother, and it is now cold and disagreeable weather, and these show no disposition to leave. I remove the plants from the jar, that I may be better enabled to watch their proceedings.

The mother has cleared the web from her body, and looks plump and bright.

She sits on the top of her tower, with the little ones stationed thickly all around the edge; seldom now are they resting upon her. But when she goes within her burrow, they all follow. For several days past, whenever I have given her food, she quickly disappears with it; and this, no doubt, is the reason why they follow her. Upon her re-appearance I see that a few have availed themselves of the opportunity of being carried up upon her back; but they do not remain there.

One of these little creatures has resolved to set up housekeeping in the jar without taking its allotted period of roving life, and its performances are the most amusing of anything I have ever witnessed in insect life. It is making its tube down the side of the jar, so that the glass forms about a third of the wall, thus enabling me to see the movements of the little builder at all times.

The tube is very small, scarcely one-fourth of an inch in diameter. In two days it has excavated an inch below the surface, and built up a tiny tower fully half an inch high. The tower is made wholly of earth and web. This diminutive architect brings the little pellets in its mandibles, and those it does not wish to use in the tower it lets fall down by the side. Unlike its mother and other elderly relatives, it does not shoot the earth to a distance, but stands on the top of its tower, and opens its mandibles and lets it drop; at the same time it throws apart its legs or arms, as if that would help it to dispose of the earth. This movement is very baby-like. But with age will come the wily movements of the mother, shooting the earth away, and using moss and sticks for the better concealment of the home.

Yet this small housekeeper has rights, and means to maintain them. Her actions say most emphatically that she has shut herself apart from the rest of the family, and will not be annoyed by them. Frequently one of her brothers or sisters, meandering about, comes to this little tower, and not often will one pass by without going up and looking in. This always seems to exasperate the small madam. She drops her work, and springs from the top of her tower, and sometimes chases the running brother half way across the jar, and then turns and goes back to work. This is the more remarkable as no such disposition is ever manifested so long as they remain with the mother. While with her they crowd together, walk over each other, and never have any quarrels.

At the end of the sixth week most of the remaining young are anxious to go out in the world. It is a pleasant, sunny day, and I again give them the opportunity; and now only five besides the little housekeeper are left behind, and the next day I release two of these, leaving only four, and one of these has also concluded to settle down and build a cozy home in the jar. It builds precisely like the first, and has the same trouble with its inquisitive little brothers. It has chosen the site of its domicile not two inches distant from its sister's, and here they sit contentedly on the top of their towers, often facing each other, and watching the tiny scavenger beetles that breed in the jar and live on the refuse insects thrown out by the mother. These beetles are food for the young housekeepers, yet I think they are not to their taste as much as flies, but they dare not yet attack a living house-fly. If one comes near them, they quickly dodge within their burrows. If I kill a fly and lay it on the tower, either will try to take it within, but it is impossible to do this with the wings and legs adhering; yet it is wonderful to see their attempts. They turn it first one way, and then another, and get beneath it and pull. I remove the wings and legs, and lay it back, when it is soon carried below. After a few hours the dry carcass is brought up and thrown out.

Wishing to photograph the mother's tower, I found it necessary to remove it from the jar. This seems to nonplus her; she does not know what to make of it. All at once her house is on a level with the ground. She becomes timid, and runs out of sight at my approach. But after a while she comes up and begins to investigate matters. She examines the various things scattered over the surface. Now she finds the long legs of a grasshopper, and concludes these will do toward erecting another tower. I do not offer her any fresh sticks or moss, but let her work with what she can find. She comes across a moth about an inch in length, which she has rejected as food, and it is stiff and dry; so she utilizes it by working it in with the other material. She is a persevering builder, and in about two hours has reared her domicile half an inch above the surface.

I return the tower, which is so firmly

made that it has not been injured by the transportation, and place it in position as nearly as I can. Very soon this wise architect comprehends the situation. She sees where the welding must be made, and holds the tower firmly in place, and presses against it with her body, while round and round she goes, securing it with a strong web.

Satisfied with its stability, she takes her position on the top, sitting there very complacently, evidently expecting to be furnished with flies, which by this time—the last of November—it is no easy matter to procure. But occasionally there comes a warm, sunny day, when flies are on the wing; and now opening the door, a number are sure to come in and fly to the windows, where I easily capture them. They are much larger than house-flies, and two or three will make her a good meal. I put half a dozen in the jar, and cover it so they can not escape. And now madam is on the alert; she watches them as a cat watches a mouse, she crouches, and moves cautiously, and when one alights, she pounces upon it, and not often does she miss her prey; but when she does, it is very amusing to see the astonishment she displays. She slowly straightens up, and feels beneath her. Satisfied that the game is gone, she now becomes much more wary, and acts as if she did not care for flies at all. She allows one to come so near that it almost touches her before she springs upon it. When there are several flies in the jar, she disposes of one much more quickly than she otherwise would. Sometimes she manages to hold two in her mandibles at the same time.

All the young have left her, and now she sets her house in order. She comes to the top with a bundle of the little ragged dresses, bound together with web, and shoots them across the jar. Bundles of little sticks and loose earth follow in rapid succession. She works with energetic perseverance for an hour or more, and then stops and assumes her favorite position—sitting across the top of her tower—and proceeds to make her toilet. First one leg and then another is passed between the palpi several times; and all the while her mandibles are at work as if chewing, and moisture works up between them so that it is plainly visible.



THE INSECT MENAGERIE.

Many other members of this large family (*Lycosidæ*) have very interesting habits, and are well worth observing. One of the largest species found at the North is *Zycosa carolinensis*, Hentz.

According to Dr. McCook, this species has a wide range, being found all along the Atlantic sea-board, and west as far as Ohio.

Fine specimens of this large spider were expressed to me from New Hampshire, and are now hibernating among a host of their relatives in my arachnidan menagerie. My menagerie is inclosed with a dense circular hedge of arbor vitæ, fifteen feet in height and a hundred and fifty feet in circumference. In the centre is a maple-tree with drooping branches. Or-



THE GREAT ZYCOSA.

namental plants are scattered about, and two bird baths are prettily arranged—large shallow earth-colored pans are set into the ground, and graceful twining plants are festooned above them. The birds seem to appreciate these cool, pretty baths, and their splashing keeps the earth so moist that the plants grow luxuriantly all about them. In this retreat I have brought together a large number of burrowing spiders, whose habits I wish to investigate, and to do this successfully I must devise some means to keep them intact from their enemies. For this purpose I have a number of oval glasses (such as gardeners use in starting early vegetables), with a small opening at the top, which I can close at pleasure. These I set over each burrow to keep my pets from the ravages of their relentless enemy, the digger-wasp. In this way I hope to be able to learn much more of the habits of other members of this curious and interesting family.

Most of these spiders readily adapt themselves to their new surroundings. I sometimes transplant the nest entire without disturbing the occupant. But when they are to be transported long distances, this is not practicable. I have found the most satisfactory way to send them on a journey is to confine each in a glass bottle. The bottle should be about the diameter of the burrow in which the spider lived.

The great Zycosa from New Hampshire was sent in this way, and then packed securely in a wooden box, with many other specimens.

As soon as they arrived I put the largest female Zycosa in a glass candy jar, hoping I could make a house pet of her. But she had come from a grassy meadow, where her burrow was fourteen inches deep, and around the top she had woven grass and weeds to the height of four inches; and could she be content with a little six-by-twelve jar, with only about six inches of earth? She seemed to scorn the arrangement. I kept her confined several days. She was not at all afraid, and would drink and take flies, but she would not build, and even turned from the top of her own domicile, which was sent with her, and made so firmly that it was not injured by the removal. Round and round she went, standing on the tips of her hind-feet, while her fore-feet stretched up fully four inches against the glass, making her look quite formidable; but she is perfectly harmless, never attempting to bite in the handling.

Despairing of her ever becoming contented in the jar, I put her in the menagerie with the rest. I first made a hole two or three inches deep, and set the top of her New Hampshire house over it. This was better. She took to it at once, and commenced to fix up. She soon welded New Hampshire—soil and grass—fast to New Jersey, and was now satisfied and happy, and did not shut herself in for the winter until late in November. Her burrow is only about eight inches deep, and yet there is a marked increase of temperature in it. It was observed by several persons on placing the hand at the mouth of the tube. One cold morning—only twenty degrees above zero—I introduced a thermometer into the burrow. It ran up to

forty—making a difference of twenty degrees. Soon after this she closed her domicile with a canopy of thick close web. She also drew in a few sticks and straws.

There is a great difference in the size of mature individuals of this species. I have never found any specimens in New Jersey that would at all compare in size with four that were sent me from New Hampshire. The male, like others of its class, has very long legs, as may be seen from his photograph, and, poor fellow, he may often need them in making long strides to get out of the reach of his lady-love, who is not very even-tempered, sometimes petting him, at others savagely attacking him.

The best builders in my menagerie are *Tarantula tigrina*, McCook, and *T. turricula;* but there is a marked difference in individuals even of the same species; and I am inclined to think that parentage tells with spiders as well as with the higher animals. The first brood which left my famous pet tower-builder, early in July, have built their little towers as neatly as the mother, and precisely in the same way; while some others of this species rake together whatever they can procure, without order or method. A fine builder of *T. turricula*, however, far outstrips *T. tigrina*, and the winter covering over the home of a good tower-builder is carefully made. Small sticks are laid side by side, and held together with web, forming a firm roof, which is lined on the inside with a thick silken web. But probably all of the various species dig and dispose of the earth in the same way.

Among the New Hampshire spiders sent was a small one—unknown to me—taken from a burrow sixteen inches deep. I put it in a glass jar with five inches of moist earth well pressed down. It soon commenced to dig a burrow next to the glass, giving me a fine opportunity to see it work. It dug the earth loose with its mandibles and fore-feet, and then turned, and with its spinneret made the earth into a pellet; it again turns, seizes the pellet in its mandibles, necessitating a third turn, and now comes to the edge of the tube, always with its back to the glass, and adjusts its fore-feet so that the tips touch beneath and partly behind the ball of earth, and with a sudden movement of the feet, like the snapping of a finger, it shoots the earth with sufficient force to make it hit the opposite side of the jar. I take some of the pellets, and find that the earth is held together with a kind of mucilage, and sometimes mixed with web.

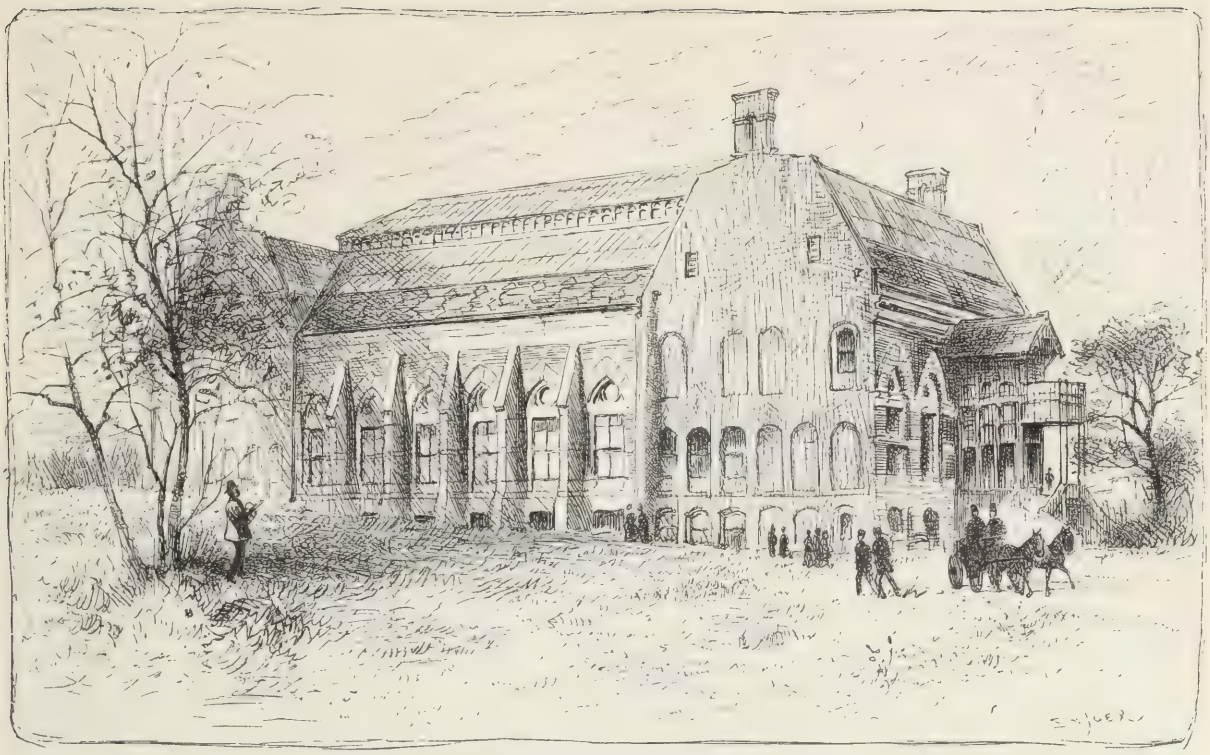
This little creature—only about half an inch in length—was the fastest worker of any I have on record. In four hours she had dug to the depth of three inches, never stopping for a moment, although the jar sat on the table near the lamp, where I was moving books and papers, and part of the time conversing with a friend, yet nothing diverted her from the main business of establishing a home. In the morning she had reached the bottom of the jar, and was not satisfied, so I put her with the rest, where her energy and perseverance might have full scope. The ground was in good condition, and she very soon commenced a second burrow. She has not covered her retreat, and every pleasant day—now December—she comes up and looks around; she is under glass, which makes it quite warm when the sun shines.

The greatest perfection of tubular nests, however, culminates with spiders that live in warm countries, and make trap-doors with bevelled edges that fit into the top of the tube perfectly; and the spider, when pursued by an enemy, can shut the door tightly, and hold it fast with its two front pairs of legs. It inserts its claws into holes made near the edge of the door, and braces itself so firmly against the walls of its tube, and holds on with such pertinacity, that the cover can not be raised without tearing it.

These curious nests are often brought from Southern California, but the spiders which construct them do not take kindly to confinement, at least in the North.

WHEN?

WHEN vanished is this vapor we call life,
And all the storms that vex us disappear—
Sorrow's sharp thorn, the weary wheel of strife,
And all the miseries we feel or fear—
When of the "day far spent" a night is born,
Before there dawns a day that knows no night,
Shall we who see the glory of such morn—
Shall we recall, upon that dazzling height,
One touch of this wild warfare of the earth,
The wounds that scarred us, or the tears we wept,
The sin that so beset us from our birth,
The woes, the wrongs, the cares that never slept?
Or will there be a gap betwixt that Time
And this Eternity which numbs the sense,
As after sudden ceasing of some chime
A lengthened pause makes rest the more intense?
Forbear to question, O mine idle thought;
Where were our faith if all were come to sight?
"Avoid vain babblings"—thus much are we taught.
'Twere vain to breathe them, *yet I long for light.*



THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art was founded in the year 1869, and incorporated in 1870. It originated with a number of gentlemen in New York who were lovers of art, and who were sensibly alive to the truth that art is not only a civilizer of those who study it, but that its love by a people leads to the establishment of art industries, the employment of capital and labor, and the increase of wealth among artists, artisans, and art purchasers. It was not their purpose to found an institution which should be a lounging-place for the lazy, and afford only occupation to those who enjoy airing their knowledge or their ignorance by what is popularly called criticism. They conceived an art museum which should be practically useful, teaching the history of art, which is the history of man in what he has made, and furnishing to the present age the opportunity of learning by personal inspection what their predecessors had done, and what they might themselves equal and surpass.

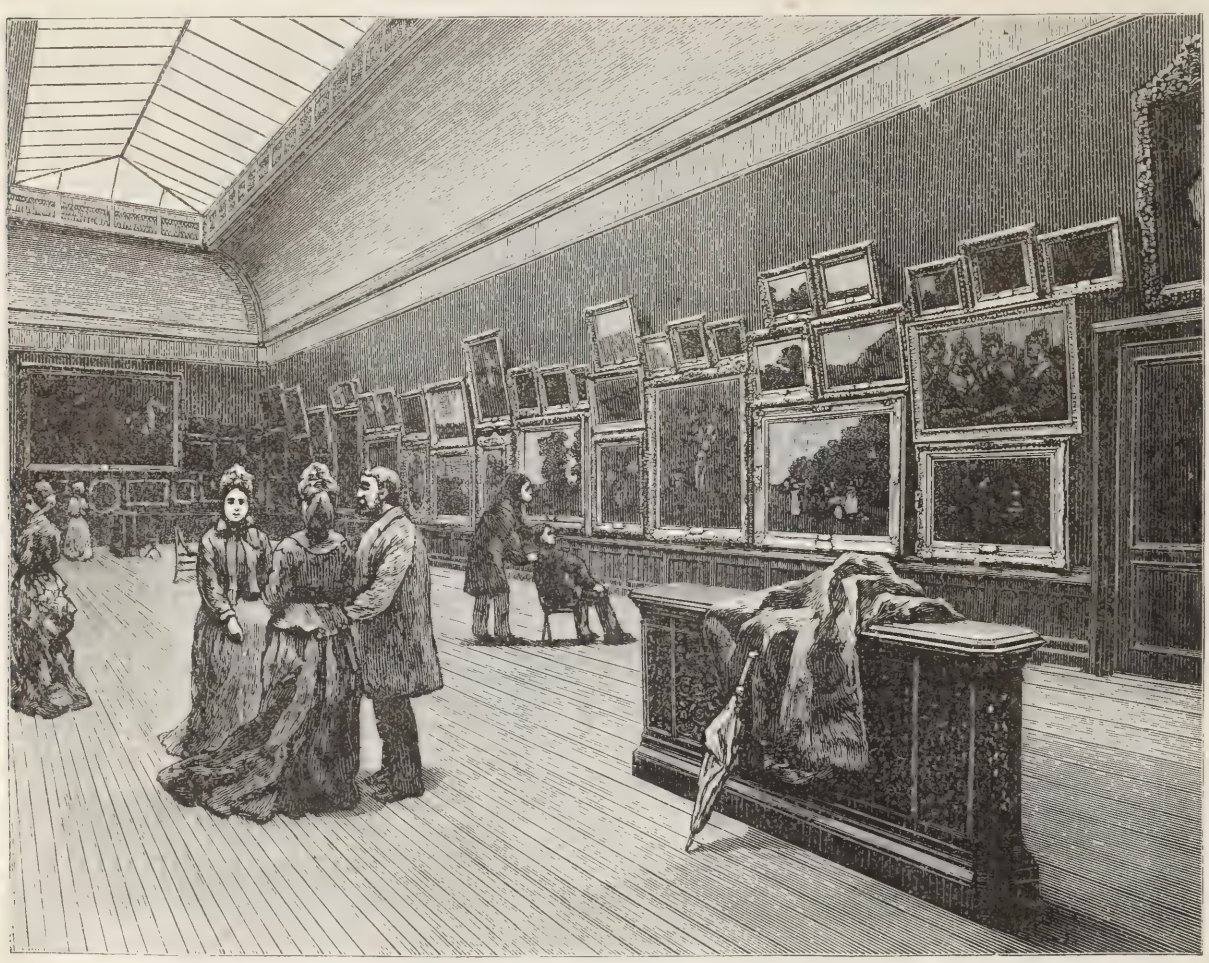
The plan to be adopted in founding such an institution, as might be expected, called out a vast amount of advice and a great many different views. The trustees of the Museum listened to all that was said, examined the subject, considered the possibilities of the work they had undertaken, and then began their labor. Their unanimity has been perhaps without parallel in the history of public institutions. They have not only worked together with entire agreement of views, but they have provided the means for the ends, and supplied from their own purses the large deficiencies which resulted after applications to the public for the necessary funds. By the last annual report (1879) it appears that of the moneys contributed to the funds of the Museum, about one-fourth has been given by trustees.

In founding such an institution, it can easily be imagined how one class of advisers might suppose the true plan to be the formation of a gallery of paintings by modern artists, selecting, of course, only such examples as are most highly prized by connoisseurs, and of which twenty or thirty might be bought for all the money the trustees could raise in ten years. Another class would have the Museum devote itself exclusively to the patronage of American art, and the exhibition of its progress; another would have them gather nothing but the very finest specimens of the greatest artists of all time; another could see no fine art in any works but sculpture and painting; and when it comes to the selection of examples of these arts, there would always be a hundred

persons to advise where there is one to buy and present, or give a small sum toward buying and presenting, one statue or picture.

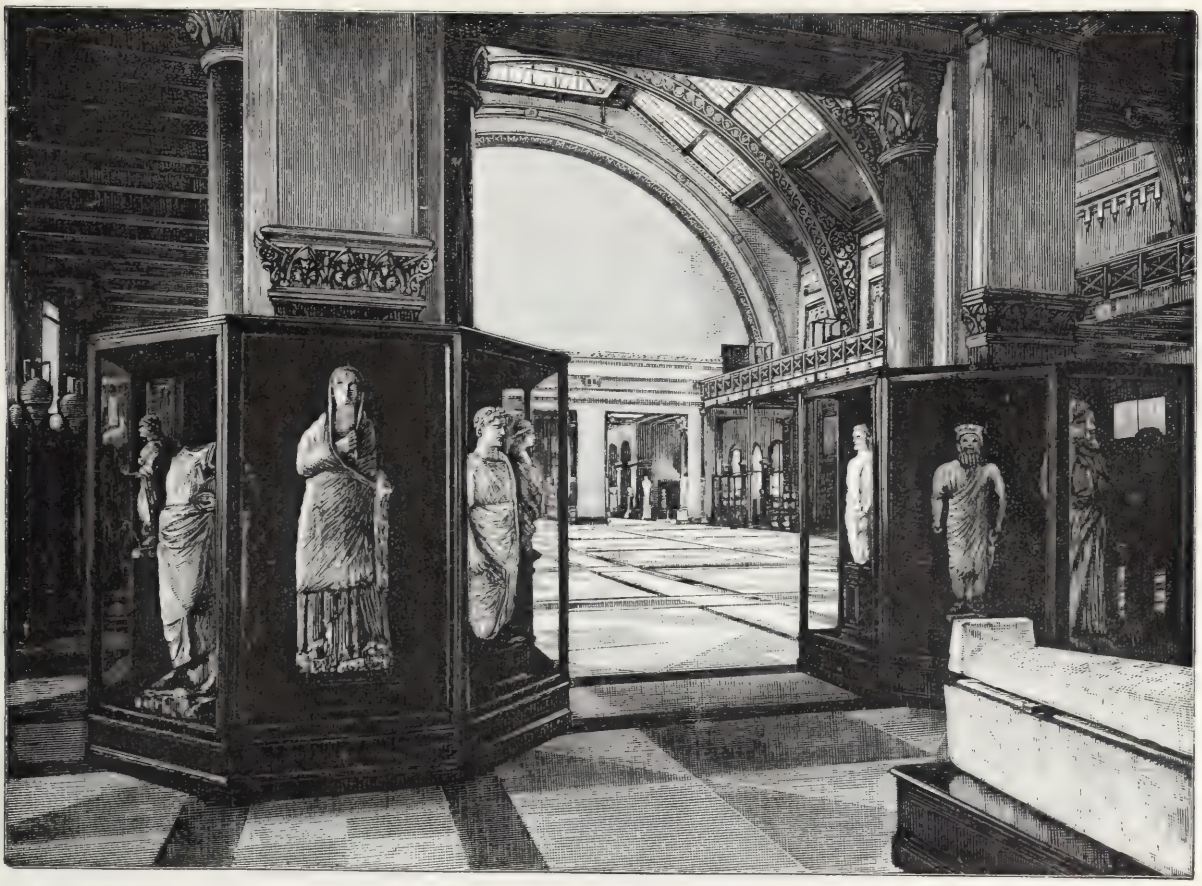
In 1871 the trustees purchased in Europe two collections of pictures, chiefly by Dutch and Flemish masters. The authenticity of the pictures was established by the examination and certificates of the highest recognized expert authorities, on whom European museums were accustomed to rely. The merit of the several pictures was a matter of independent art judgment of lovers of pictures in general, as well as of those who think themselves qualified with special ability to see and taste to determine beauty. These collections, with the addition of a few paintings purchased singly, and one or two which were presented to the Museum, were united, and opened to view at a hall, No. 681 Fifth Avenue, where the Museum of Art may be said to have commenced its public existence.

Of course the old masters were roundly abused by all classes of critics whose advice had not been taken in the plans of the Museum. While some were unquestionably sincere in thinking the purchases injudicious, it is equally certain that others who criticised the exhibition belonged to a class, not at all uncommon, who, if the Sistine Madonna were brought to New York, and they supposed it to be still in Dresden, would pronounce the picture a poor copy and a miserable daub. There were poor pictures and good pictures in the Museum's collection of old masters.



ART GALLERY.

There are few, if any, public galleries of historical art which do not contain a great many poor pictures to one good one. Students who know the great European galleries know this, and know also that the history of a school of painting can not be shown without showing many inferior works. The best efforts of artists are not always to be procured at any price. There is great difference of opinion as to what pictures best illustrate the power of an artist or of a school. When the best works can not be had, the next best must be sought for new museums. This collection, after surviving the criticism of friends and foes, has grown into favor



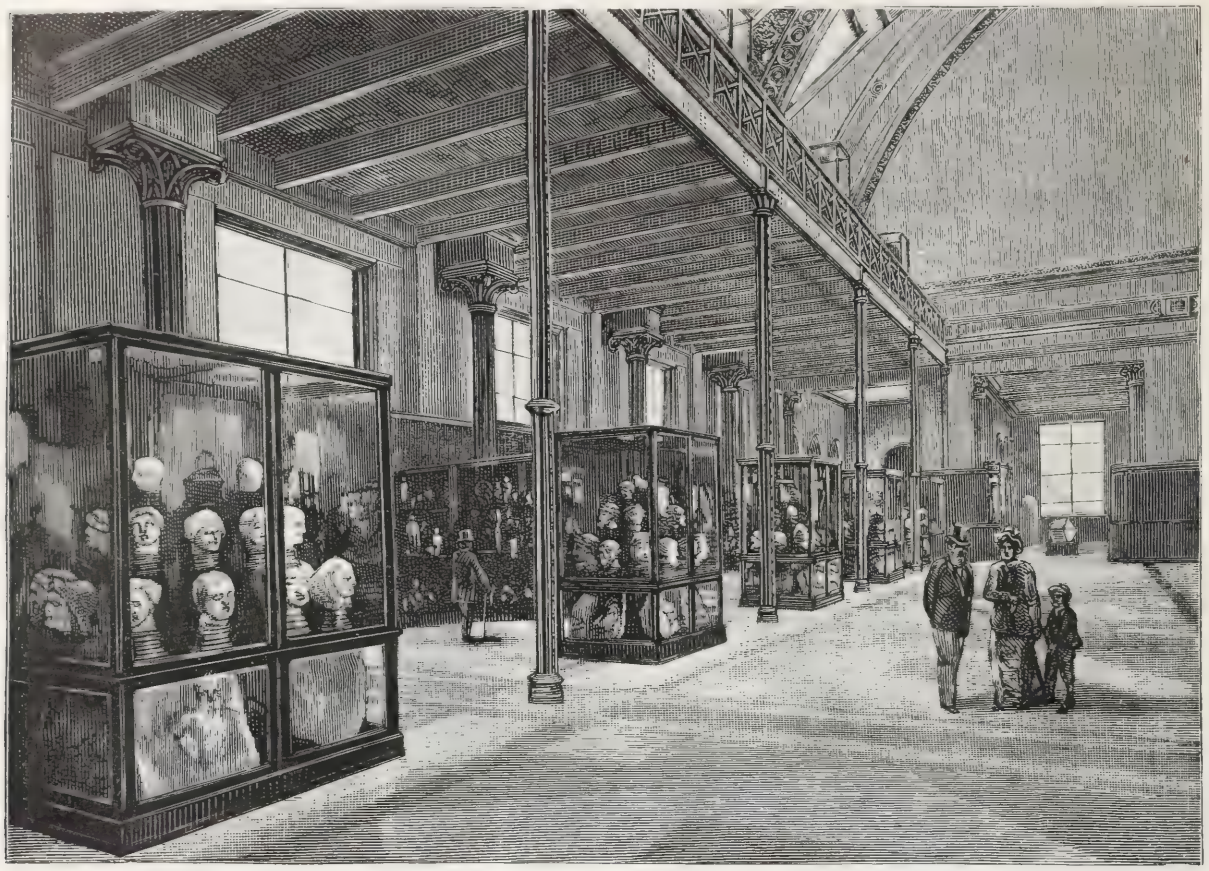
HALL OF ANCIENT STATUARY.

here, and its value is now amply recognized. European visitors have been surprised to find in America a gallery whose average is up to many and above some of the European galleries. The time will come when, with sufficient means, the future managers of the Museum may have opportunities to purchase and add to it examples of great artists of other schools, and increase the number of fine specimens of the schools which are here already well represented.

Several of the pictures in this collection are unsurpassed elsewhere. Whatever be the taste of the critic, it is now clear that the trustees made a good beginning, and laid a strong foundation for success.

In the year 1872 the attention of the American public was called by an article in this Magazine to the explorations of General L. P. Di Cesnola in the island of Cyprus, and the wonderful results of his work there. As yet no one in Europe or America had any conception of what this indefatigable and accomplished archæologist was doing. The trustees of the Museum of Art had no reason to hope that works of Phidias or Praxiteles would be for sale in any market. The day may arrive when American love of art will enable American explorers to search among the many untouched ruins of Greek cities for illustrations of the productions of the golden age. Such explorations, conducted mostly at government expense, have enriched the British Museum, the Louvre, and other European galleries with those priceless treasures which are the teachers of art, the models of artists, the record of a civilization which impressed its influence on Europe for almost a thousand years, then died, and had its renaissance in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Italy. More of that art lies buried than has yet been dug up. We shall get it when we dig for it, and not till then. Art museums are to be the impelling force which will in time show our people that there is not only civilizing effect from beautiful art, but money in industrial art, which it creates by its presence. When they understand this, they will invest money freely in art museums. Until recently few have been able to see the worldly wisdom of such investments. But the age is changing rapidly.

Cesnola, although Italian by birth, was an American citizen, a soldier of the Union army, and consul of the United States in Cyprus. His excavations, conducted at



THE CESNOLA COLLECTION UNDER NORTH GALLERY.

his own expense, were the first American explorations among the remains of European and Asiatic art. The trustees of the Museum of Art recognized the opportunity, and much swifter to decide than European governments, purchased the first Cesnola collection from under the eyes of the archæologists of Europe, who, in Germany, Russia, France, and England, were anxious for its possession. It was in many respects a most important and fortunate purchase. No museums in the world had any connected illustrations of the origins of Greek art. The Cesnola collection was a history of those origins in Phœnician art, hitherto practically unknown. The general continued his excavations, and gathered a new collection, largely adding to the value of his former discoveries, especially in his marvellous find of the treasure vaults of the temple of Kurium, which has been heretofore described in this Magazine.

When the Museum of Art became possessed of the first Cesnola collection, it was necessary to find a more roomy location than the gallery in Fifth Avenue. The old Douglas mansion in Fourteenth Street, near Sixth Avenue, was leased, and the Cypriote works were there exposed to public view in the year 1873. At this time a loan exhibition was commenced as a feature of the Museum. It seems now a matter of surprise that such serious doubt had existed, outside of the Museum, as to the possibility of finding in American houses any variety of works of art worthy a place in a public museum. Such an exhibition had always been contemplated, but the experiment would not have been tried had the trustees listened to the assurances of many who had great contempt for Americans as appreciators of art. They did not believe the private houses of New York contained anything worth borrowing. The loan exhibition was limited only by the small amount of room at its disposal in Fourteenth Street; and it demonstrated beyond question that our people are vastly richer in works of fine art in all departments than any one had imagined. This exhibition proved to be of the highest practical advantage to the public. If any evidence were needed of the pecuniary value of such a museum, it was found in the effect produced in New York, in four years, on the commerce of the city in the single article of porcelains and potteries.

Before the exhibitions of the Museum,

few people knew what beautiful art in pottery was. The shops of the dealers contained only ordinary commercial wares. Objects of decided high art were excessively rare. There was in no American city a store where the finest classes of table porcelain could be procured, except by sending special orders to Europe. Within the first year after the exhibitions of loaned specimens in the Museum, en to one art was also felt in all other arts of producing beauty. The expectation of the gentlemen who founded the Museum, that in time their exhibitions would tell on American industries and commerce, was realized much sooner than they had dared to hope. They have done a large part of the work of creating the market for beauty which now exists here, and have thus returned to the city and



THE AVERY COLLECTION.

inquiry began in the stores for more beautiful wares. This new demand was supplied, and the supply increased the demand, until to-day it is safe to affirm that nowhere in England, France, or Germany can be found on sale such collections of magnificent ceramic art as are exposed in Broadway stores. This demand has stimulated American manufacturers, and the pottery interests are advancing with such rapid strides that no one need doubt their success. In a few years thousands of families, men, women, and children, will be employed in an industry which was unknown in America six years ago—the making of beautiful pottery and porcelain. The stimulus thus visibly given to one art was also felt in all other arts of producing beauty. The expectation of the gentlemen who founded the Museum, that in time their exhibitions would tell on American industries and commerce, was realized much sooner than they had dared to hope. They have done a large part of the work of creating the market for beauty which now exists here, and have thus returned to the city and country already a thousandfold more than the amount they have expended. Every department of industrial and decorative art production feels the benefit. New York could well afford to expend millions for such a permanent increase of its advantages and such benefits to its property value.

In 1876 General Di Cesnola had completed his labors in Cyprus, and the trustees were compelled to consider the question whether they could purchase the results. They appealed to the membership of the Museum and the public for assistance, and the second collection from Cyprus was purchased by telegraph from General Di Cesnola, then in London.



OPEN-WORK VASE, AVERY COLLECTION.

There was no room in Fourteenth Street for the addition of this collection to the first. The larger portion of it was, therefore, stored in its original boxes to await the present state of affairs. The golden treasures of Kurium were, however, placed in a room devoted to them, and were described in this Magazine when first exposed to the eyes of the modern world, after twenty-five hundred years of repose in the temple vaults.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art had been incorporated in 1870. In 1871 the Legislature authorized the Commissioners of the Department of Parks in New York to erect two buildings on any public park in the city, one for the American Museum of Natural History, and the other for a "museum and gallery of art by the Metropolitan Museum of Art," or other institutions of a like character, at a cost which should not exceed for each building such sum of money as could be borrowed at an interest of thirty-five thousand dollars a year. The sum of money was obviously at that time five hundred thousand dollars. The trustees of the Museum of Art were not authorized to have any control of the plans of the building, and the act did not even confine the intent of the building to their use. It was liable at any time to be appropriated to another institution.

Those were days of magnificent views on the part of New York politicians. There is no reason to doubt that some of them regarded this appropriation of five hundred thousand dollars as only the beginning of appropriations to be expended on a gorgeous art building. Not so the trustees of the Museum of Art. They resolved at the start, unanimously and finally, that if they should be consulted in regard to the building, they would neither approve nor have anything to do with any plan which should require another appropriation for its completion. They have so strenuously and firmly adhered to this resolution that they have compelled a wonder in the history of public buildings—the entire completion of a museum structure, capable of extension as may be needed hereafter, at a cost within the amount of the first and only appropriation.

In the spring of 1879 the building was finished, with the exception of the basement room, and in March the removal from Fourteenth Street was commenced.

Up to this time, from the organization of the Museum, the daily superintendence, and a large part of the actual handling of articles, had been done by trustees in person. The several sub-committees of the Executive Committee, having different departments of work in charge, gave personal attention to their duties, and the Executive Committee, meeting every two weeks, received their reports. It has already been stated that the trustees have contributed a large proportion of the funds used by the Museum in purchasing works of art. It is proper to place on record the fact that they have also given their daily labor and attendance during

the first ten years of the existence of the institution, and that no director or manager has been employed to relieve them. The simple fact has been that the institution had no funds to pay for such work. There has been no year when the trustees have not been obliged to give more or less money to pay current expenses. General Di Cesnola, having become a trustee and secretary of the Museum, has for two years devoted most of his time, without compensation, to its work, and when the removal was effected, he and other trustees took charge of the labor, lifting each article from its place in Fourteenth Street, packing it for transportation, and unpacking it at the Park building with their own hands. The moving occupied nearly a month of daily work, and was accomplished without injury to any of the many thousand fragile objects.



A FLEMISH LADY.—[LUCAS CRANAC.]

But although the new Museum of Art had walls and a roof, it had nothing else. There was no furniture. The Legislature in 1879 authorized the expenditure by the Park Department, with the approval of the trustees of the Museum, of thirty thousand dollars in 1879 and thirty thousand



A HEAD.—[GREUZE.]

in 1880 for equipping the building and establishing the collections of the Museum in it. Since the removal in the spring of 1879 the work of furnishing and arranging has gone steadily forward. Had the entire appropriation of sixty thousand dollars been available in the first year, the Museum would long since have been open to the public. But it was impossible to complete the work, or even to order the necessary cases and furniture, until the second appropriation was made certain by the Board of Apportionment.

While the Museum was in Fourteenth Street it was comparatively easy for trustees to give it their personal attention, but when it was removed to Eighty-second Street this was no longer practicable. The appointment of a director has long been regarded by friends of the Museum as necessary to the well-being of the institution in the future, and the subject was now forced on the attention of the trustees. General Cesnola was appointed to this position in May, 1879, and for the past year has had perhaps the heaviest labor ever imposed on the director of an art museum. This was not alone the labor of furnishing a new building with cases, superintending carpenters and joiners, marble-workers, and glass and gas fitters. While doing this he has completed the more congenial but not less laborious work of condensing the second Cypriote collection with the first, so that the two now form a complete collection. The director has also arranged other departments of the Museum's possessions, and has pressed forward the work of catalogue-making, which is a much greater

task than it might seem. In February last the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, did honor to itself as well as to art and archæologic science by conferring on General Cesnola the degree of LL.D.

The Museum of Art building stands on the east side of Central Park, directly opposite to Eighty-second Street. The building is but a central block, from which in time the lines may be extended to form a letter H. The cross line of the letter is a grand hall, 109 by 92 feet, with side windows, and a glass roof 85 feet high in the middle, supported on iron arches springing from large iron columns whose bases rest on the floor of the hall between the side windows. Across each end of this central hall is a building about 130 by 60 feet. These buildings when extended north and south will form the side lines of the letter H. At present they project only a few feet beyond the ninety-two feet width of the central hall. The first floors of these buildings are on a level with the grand hall, and are separated from it only by large brick columns supporting the up-



OLD WOMAN.—[FRANZ HALS.]

per stories, the entire floor of the three buildings thus forming an extensive hall, which would be a parallelogram of 220 by 92 feet but for the four staircases which occupy the four corners.

Approaching the building from the Fifth Avenue side, we ascend a flight of temporary wooden steps to the level of the vast main floor, and enter the Hall of Ancient Statuary. The vestibule, as it may be called, is between the staircases which lead up to the picture-galleries, of which two are above in the east wing, and two on the same upper floor of the west wing. Cases containing the treasures of Cypriote inscriptions, the priceless remains of a lost alphabet, are on the right and left as we advance. The entire vista of 220 feet on the main floor to the western entrance from the Park is open before us, and a few steps forward we find ourselves suddenly transferred from New York to the presence of the art of Phœnicia and Greece. Around each of the large columns which separate the vestibule from the corridor, or Hall of Ancient Statuary, and this from the grand central hall, are plate-glass cases, covering statues and protecting them from the decaying influences of our climate. It was found in Fourteenth Street that disintegration was rapidly progressing in all the bronzes and calcareous stones of Cyprus: air-tight inclosure was essential. A few more years of exposure would unquestionably have ruined all the statuary and much of the bronze.

The Hall of Ancient Statuary, 92 by 27 feet, is arranged in such a way as to make the effect stately and impressive. The cold eyes of the old Phœnician gods are void of expression, but every one of the stone priests of the old worship smiles with that cynical smile which makes every beholder ask himself involuntarily what there is about him, or about us modern Americans, to provoke that life-like and uniform expression on every Phœnician face. Is it fun? Is it the oddity of finding themselves imprisoned in such way? Is it contempt?

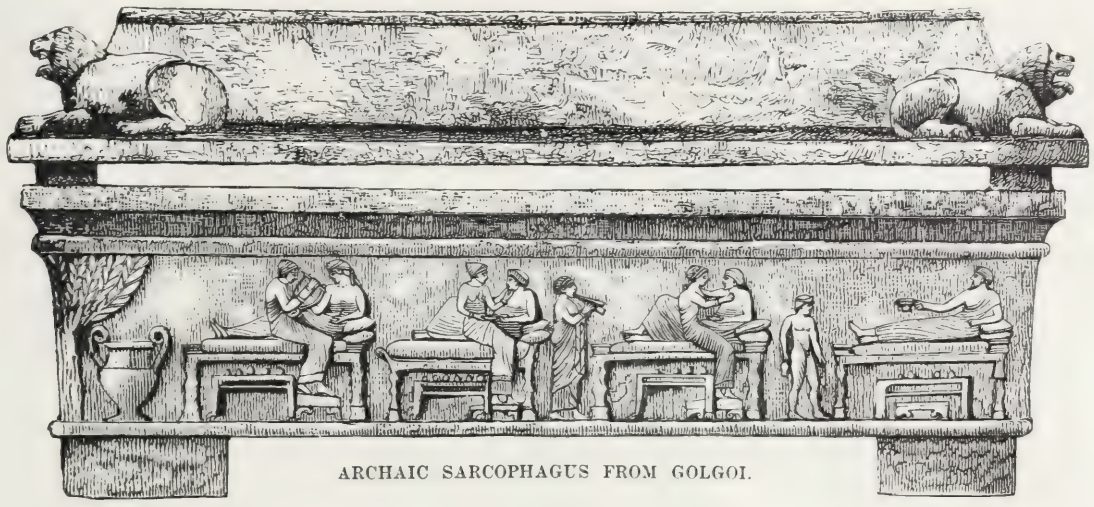
In the middle of the corridor stand four massive sarcophagi. One of these, from Amathus, coming in the second collection, has never been exposed to sight since it left Cyprus until now. It is one of the most valuable specimens of ancient workmanship hitherto found in the East. The character of the art exhibited in its sculptures is Asiatic, and as such its presence in a Cypriote tomb is peculiarly interesting. It appears to have been made in Persian taste, possibly for a Persian satrap. No one who sees it will think umbrellas a modern invention, for among the figures in chariots is one over whom another holds a veritable umbrella. There is an odd puzzle, too, about this. Whether the satrap holds it over a servant, or the servant over the lord, is an archæological riddle.

Another sarcophagus, with rich sculpture, is specially valuable for the low flat relief, which indicates a late period of archaic work, of which specimens are so rare that General Cesnola was offered thirty thousand dollars for this single object by one of the most celebrated European museums. He is inclined to place it in point of time as contemporary with the Ægina marbles.

The colossal Hercules never looked as grand as now, even in the days of his perfection. His shattered form is more impressive for its injuries. None who have only seen these statues in the old Conservatory in Fourteenth Street can be said to have seen them. There they were a mass of old stones huddled together. Here they are treated with the respect due to the art of two and three thousand years ago, and they seem to recognize the attention, and assume their ancient dignity.

Passing between the statues which surround two of the columns, we enter the grand hall. The light which pours through the glass roof is judiciously screened by immense curtains covering the western half. Two light and strong galleries of iron run along the north and south sides of the hall, opening at their ends by doors into the picture-galleries. The open floor not under the galleries is occupied by the loan collection, in table cases, and in high, square, or oblong cases, all built of plain ebonized wood in severely simple taste.

To rescue from its nakedness a vast hall of iron columns and arches supporting a glass roof eighty-five feet from the floor, and make it a really attractive museum of art, was no easy undertaking. It seems to have been accomplished. The general effect of the vast room is warm, and the eye is satisfied. Under the north gallery runs a continuous line of wall cases, passing in front of the useless side windows,



ARCHAIC SARCOPHAGUS FROM GOLGOI.

and sweeping around and hiding the iron columns which sustain the roof. In these are arranged the stone objects of the Cesnola collection. The larger heads are in cases under the front of the gallery. The second collection greatly increased the number and value of the statuary collection. There are many new portrait heads, and several of the best period of Greek art. The classification of these objects, as well as the whole Cypriote collection, has been completed by the director, so that now the pages of history here open can be read with ease, and in proper sequence. The large number of inscriptions in the Cypriote language will be a surprise to many. Some have been discovered for the first time while arranging the collection.

On the south side the arrangement of cases is precisely like that on the north, and here are placed the Phœnician potteries. This wonderful collection now exhibits its historical value. From the Alambra vases and cups, the oldest specimens known of pottery with a lustrous or polished surface, to the magnificent Athenian vase four feet four inches in height, found in the temple vault at Kurium, and then on to the Roman lamps and red wares of the third and fourth century of our era, we have here an art history illustrated by local specimens covering a period of more than fifteen hundred years. Such a history of an art practiced in one small island by successive generations and races may well command the respectful gaze of the most careless visitor.

The Cesnola collection has already made necessary the rewriting of much that has been written on the derivations of the arts of Greece. Its store of Cypriote inscriptions has added one to the list of ancient alphabets. It will now continue its work, and we shall not be surprised if, when scholars examine it, as they now have opportunity, we shall be told to revise all we have hitherto believed about Etruscan art. The Philistines are upon us here in all that concerns the arts of men who lived around the Mediterranean in the times when the Greeks were roving pirates.

As we entered the main hall we passed cases in which are exhibited a delicious collection of laces, presented to the Museum by a lady of New York, who has kept her name from the public. These are the beginnings of the Museum in showing textile fabrics, which will in time form an important part of its exhibitions.

In the centre of the grand hall, all that portion which is not under the iron galleries is devoted to the loan exhibition. This will be varied from year to year. Hereafter the trustees propose to accept loans only for definite seasons, and to make exhibitions permanent during each season.

Passing through the grand hall we enter the Hall of Modern Statuary at the western end, corresponding to that of ancient statuary at the eastern end. Here are several fine sculptures, some belonging to the Museum and others to the loan collection.

This portion of the exhibition will, of course, be variable, as it depends on the borrowing of sculptures for temporary exhibition until the Museum shall be enabled to purchase and possess works of modern sculptors.

Ascending the staircase, we enter the western picture-galleries. Two galleries, side by side, cross the western end of the grand hall. The first, or westernmost gal-



"ST. MARTHA INTERCEDING FOR A CESSATION OF THE PLAGUE AT TARASCON."—[VANDYCK.]

lery, is intended to hold an exhibition of American art in painting, and the next is for the present devoted to the loan collection of paintings, which there is no reason to doubt the well-known treasures of New York will from time to time make amply rich and enjoyable. From the latter two doors open upon the broad iron galleries which run along the sides of the great hall, some twenty feet above the floor. The works of the last summer of the lamented Kensett, which were presented to the Museum, are for the present in the westernmost gallery.

If we now choose the north gallery door to lead us across the grand hall to the eastern picture-galleries, we pass out from among the pictures into the light of the glass roof, reflected in a thousand exquisite colors from the Oriental porcelains



"THE WAGES OF WAR."—[HENRY PETERS GRAY.]

here shown. These are the latest acquisition of the Museum, purchased from S. P. Avery, Esq., and gathered by him with rare taste and judgment.

The galleries are an immense relief to the appearance of the large hall, and we are not without hope that in time others may be extended across from north to south, virtually dividing the room into two stories. The view from either is now good, and will be brilliant on days when the attendance is large, and many persons are moving on the floor below. Against the wall, from end to end, runs a series of ebony cases containing the porcelains, among which are a few recently received as gifts. They form a very complete illustration of Chinese and Japanese ceramic art. It is marvellous to see this splendor of color and delicacy of workmanship. No acquisition by the Museum could be more important in practical value, none more gratifying to the public. This and the opposite gallery will be favorite places of resort for lovers of the beautiful. Table cases and upright cases contain a splendid array of Oriental carvings and lacquers—a part of the loan collection. In the south gallery, opposite, in similar wall cases, are the glorious specimens of iridescent glass from Cyprus, surpassing diamonds and rubies and opals in brilliancy and tenderness of color; while in the table cases are the exquisite gold and silver work of the Phœnician goldsmiths, and the collection of engraved gems, concerning which Mr. King, the highest living authority, has written: "It is a true revelation of the history of the glyptic art in its rise and progress from the earliest times down to the beginning of the fifth century before our era."

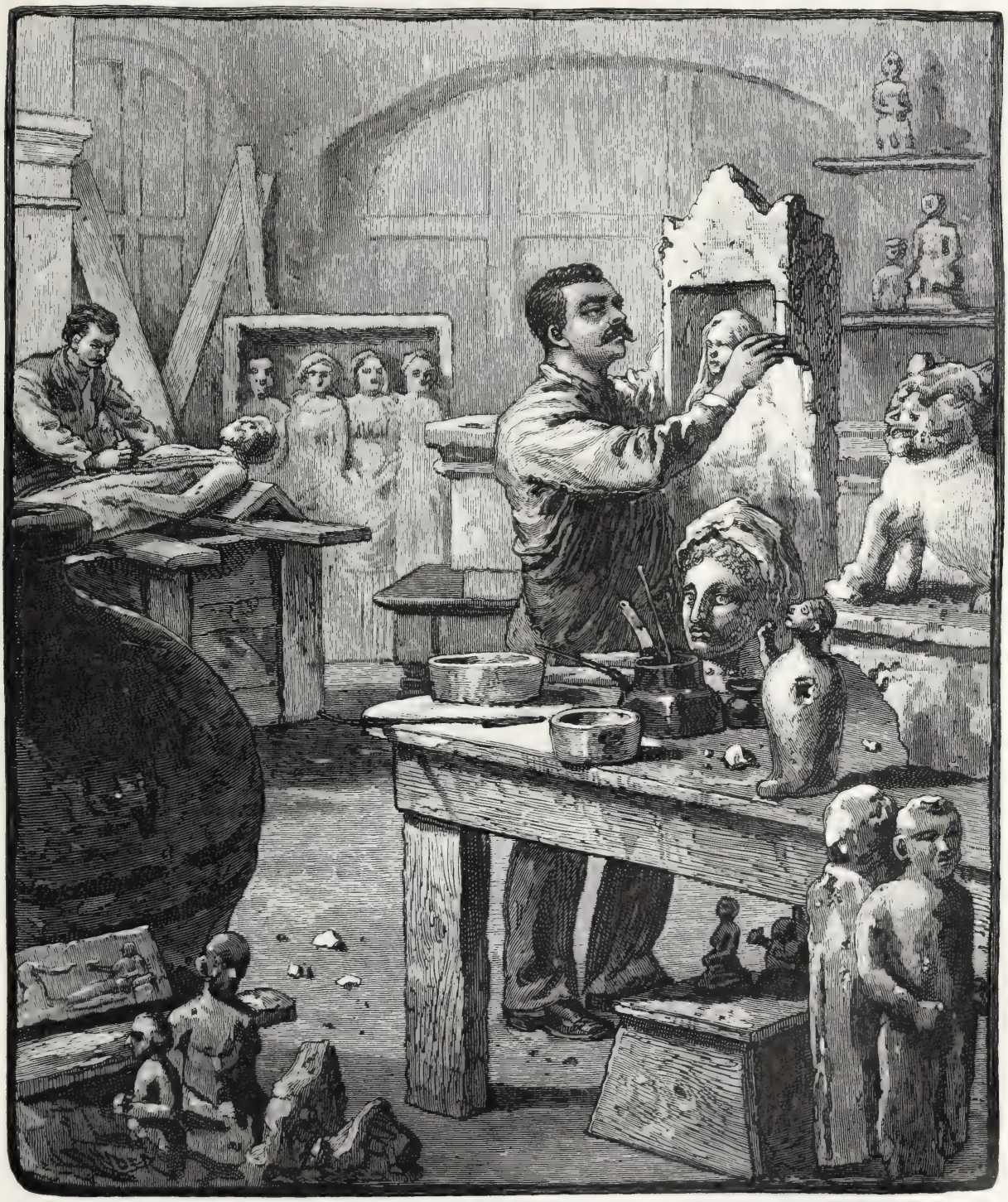
By whichever of the iron galleries we have crossed the grand hall we now enter the eastern picture-galleries, where is placed the collection of old masters. It is always surprising to see what a difference is effected in the appearance of an object of art by a respectful and appropriate disposition of it. A Raphael standing on a chair in an ordinary room is a mere picture, but when properly hung, it becomes a speaking image. The Dutch and Flemish masters have never since they lived found more effective positions for their works than are here assigned them. The old woman of Franz Hals leans out of her canvas to laugh in the faces of New York ladies. The grief of the exquisite head by Greuze never seemed so pitiful. Flemish ladies in quaint costumes make young people wish they could wear just such laces and dresses now. Rubens, Vandyck, and other mas-



ART STUDENT COPYING DESIGNS.

ters have pure and abundant light, and exhibit their powers in pictures which will stand any amount of criticism.

Descending the broad staircase to the main floor, and passing it, we arrive on what is called the basement floor of the building. Here are four rooms for the uses of the institution—one a trustees' meeting room; another for the assistants of the director, who are at work on catalogues and other essential labors; a third for the reception, storage, and unpacking of objects; a fourth for a repair and work shop. These rooms, with the entrance vestibules between, occupy below the same space with the picture-galleries above; while underneath the great hall, and of the same size, 109 by 92 feet, is a noble exhibition-room, amply lighted by large windows on each side. This room occupies the space originally intended to be entirely, and three years ago partially, filled up with rock and earth as the support of the floor of the hall above. It has been assigned to the Industrial Art Department. It is the intention of the trustees to make here, as time and means may permit, a complete illustrative exhibition of various useful and ornamental arts, the materials used in their natural and in their manufactured conditions, the progressive state of the materials and the objects produced from them, together with all such illustrations of incomplete and complete industry as will serve for the practical instruction of the young or the old. This department will be of the highest value to all industries in our city and country. In connection with this have been organized schools of industrial art. These schools have always been a part of the plan of the Museum, but hitherto it has been impossible to undertake them. When our citizens reflect on



THE WORK-ROOM.

the amount of personal attention and time which has been given for ten years past to this institution by the gentlemen who have brought it to its present state, it may seem very ungenerous to ask why have they not sooner done this or that. They have worked steadfastly, cautiously, hopefully, and, they believe, thus far successfully. They have opened a school for workers in wood, not on an expensive scale, but economically, as an experiment. The funds for this opening have been provided by a member who has distinguished himself and the country in the art exhibitions of the world. It is believed that the success of this beginning will lead to the provision of abundant means for its extension. Another school for workers in metal is also in progress. These schools are needed, and their support must be insured.

The Museum of Art, although now located in a permanent position, is not what New York wants it to be, and must have it—an established institution beyond danger of total extinction. Its expenses are largely increased. Its supervision can no

longer be by trustees as voluntary workmen without pay, as was possible when it was down town. A director and assistants, a larger number of watchmen and workmen day and night, a vastly increased winter expense for fuel, longer and therefore more expensive cartage for each object in the loan exhibition—these are some of the annual burdens. But the institution needs, above all, the means of increasing its possessions for public instruction.

The appropriations of the British government in the year 1873 alone for art institutions, art explorations, art purchases for public instruction, and art schools for the young, were over a million and a half dollars. Nor was this an unusual year. England finds such expenditures a hundred times repaid in those industries which enrich her capitalists and employ her artisans.

The Museum of Art, incorporated in April, 1870, opened its doors to the public in its permanent location just ten years after it was created. During this time it has accumulated treasures very much beyond all reasonable expectations of its founders. In 1873 the Park Department was authorized by the Legislature to expend a sum not exceeding thirty thousand dollars per annum for the keeping, preservation, and exhibition of the collections of the Museum of Natural History and the Museum of Art. In pursuance of this authority, the Museum of Art has from time to time reported to the Park Department a class of its expenses which were properly included under this provision, which have been paid by the department. But these were only a portion of the annual expenses. So long as the Museum was in Fourteenth Street it was opened free to the public at first one and afterward two days in each week. It was hoped that a reasonable revenue might come from a generous public who would willingly pay the twenty-five cents admission fee on the close days. But the chief reward of this arrangement has been in the manifest pleasure and profit of the crowds on the free days. In 1878 the total number of visitors was 29,932, of whom 26,137 were on free days, and 3795 paid for admission. The receipts from this source did not pay cartage and other expenses attending the borrowing and return of articles in the loan exhibition. The total number of visitors for six years in Fourteenth Street was 353,421. All purchases of works of art have been made exclusively by private subscription among the members. The number of subscribers to these objects is indicated by the membership. These ladies and gentlemen, less than 375 in all, have contributed from time to time, for the purchase of various objects, $324,675. Donations of works of art have been made to the Museum, the total value of which is estimated at $74,245. The annual expenses have been met in part by the receipts for annual memberships, the price of which is fixed at ten dollars.

A few ladies and gentlemen have thus given to the American public a museum of art which, by its possession of the Cypriote collections of Cesnola, takes rank among the most important museums of the world. It is without a dollar in its treasury for the purchase of another object. It should have an annual income assured for its extension. With proper appreciation by the people whom it instructs, its progress for the ten years to come should be at least as great as during the ten years past. It is to be a free museum to all at least four days in each week, for visit, study, and copying works of art in all departments.

"SALGAMA CONDITA."

I SHALL always persist in thinking it the coziest fruit-room in England, and you would have concurred with me had you seen it that ripe October day, when the slant beams of the afternoon sun were sifted through warm red curtains, which glowed like slices of some luscious jelly, and glinted through the honeycomb-shaped panes above—the little lead-set glasses not of the dead sea-water-color of ordinary cheap glass, but mellow and yellow as honey itself. The room which the sunlight flooded with such a glory of ruby and amber was irregular in shape, having its corners cut off by a fire-place and various cupboards with glass doors. No gloomy array of theological volumes was ranked behind these doors, but a goodly array of jars and cans, bottles and boxes, bearing labels suggestive of good things, or giving through their translucent sides a mouth-watering view of preserved damsons, tamarinds, plantains, sapodillas, medlars, peaches, quinces, apricots, citron, and cranberry. How they glowed, like the gems of Aladdin's garden, through all the gamut of red



"PERHAPS SHE SAT HERE WHILE SHE STONED HER RAISINS."

and yellow, from pale strawberry syrup, through ruby currant jelly, to Ethiop blackberry jam, and from straw-colored nectarines to orange marmalade and flame-colored pomegranates! Then the dried fruits from the Indies—dates and raisins, with figs, and other strange fruits with unpronounceable names, Zante currants, and purple prunes. Here were queer pots with Oriental decoration, containing preserved ginger, japanned boxes filled with the tea of the mandarins, wicker-covered flasks and Turkish spice-boxes. But Mrs. Honeyman's specialty was evidently pickles. Here were jars of sweet pickles of her own manufacture, with chowchow and catsups, olives, limes, and mangoes, gherkins, Spanish onions, piccalilli, capers, nasturtiums, and mushrooms. Evidently either the Rev. Mr. Honeyman or his spouse had been very fond of pickles. I say had been, for when I saw the fruit-room it was shown me by their descendants, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Honeyman

having long slept with their fathers. "She was a famous cook and housekeeper, and used to take all the premiums at neighboring fairs. We have tried to keep up the room exactly as we found it." My hostesses slipped back the little red curtains that ran on rods of sugar-cane, and I examined more closely the odorous and radiant interior.

I fancied that it had been used as a sitting-room as well as store-room, that Mrs. Honeyman delighted to sit here surrounded by the triumphs of housewifely skill, for on the mantel lay a little volume, the Psalms of David, with her name upon the fly-leaf. Perhaps she sat here while she stoned her raisins or prepared the other fruits, and, with her petticoats tucked neatly about her, sang:

"Green as the Leaf, and ever fair,
Shall my Profession shine,
While Fruits of Holiness appear
Like Clusters on the Vine."

Or,

"The Grove, the Garden, and the Field
A thousand joyful Blessings yield.
What noble Fruit the Vines produce!
The Olive yields a shining Juice.
Our Hearts are cheered with generous Wine;
With inward Joy our Faces shine.

"O bless His name, ye Britons, fed
With Nature's chief supporter, Bread,
While Bread your vital Strength imparts,
Serve Him with Vigor in your Hearts."

Over the mantel, in a plain frame, hung a letter, discolored, and broken in the creases. On the frame, in stiff angular characters, were the words, "*Salgama Condita.*"



"IT IS ALL A MISTAKE, MY FRIEND, A GRIEVOUS MISTAKE."—[SEE PAGE 884.]

"Grandfather hung the letter there," said the eldest of the granddaughters. "He used to call it his sweet pickle, and to say that it deserved a place in the fruit-room. *Salgama condita* was his translation into Latin of the word pickle."

Although the ink was faded, the writing was still legible, and I read without difficulty the following quaint love-letter:

"*Highly respected and best-beloved friend, Mistress Tarleton:*

"You are doubtless acquainted with the connection of friendship I have for a considerable time

formed and cherished for all the lovely members of your charming family. That friendship has blossomed into esteem and love for yourself, which I humbly trust may be reciprocated and perpetuated in the ties of matrimony. A period has now arrived when, if ever, I shall be able to fulfill the duties of a citizen, a householder, and a husband. While my mind and outward circumstances are thus situated, you will not, I trust, think me too hasty if I request as speedy a gratification of my hopes as is consistent with the proprieties of the situation.

"Should your decision be favorable to my pretensions, you will kindly hand me a written assurance of the same as soon as circumstances will allow, and I will then do myself the pleasure of addressing your honored father.

"I am, dear lady, your very obliged friend and humble servant, SYLVANUS HONEYMAN.

"*To the Honorable Mistress Tarleton, Government House, Fredericton, New Brunswick.*"

This was the letter. Since it had apparently met with success, I wondered much that the Rev. Mr. Honeyman should have suggested its involving him in a sweet pickle.

Becoming subsequently intimately connected with the grandchildren of the writer of the letter, the explanation was given me in the story of their reverend ancestor's life in the new colony of New Brunswick. As I have changed the names, I feel it no breach of confidence to give to the world the somewhat peculiar history of Mr. Honeyman.

PART I.—HIS SISTERS-IN-LAW.

It was on a bright Sunday of a chilly New Brunswick June that the Governor of the then new province shut himself in his sunny south parlor, secure of a quiet morning while the girls were at church. Dozing in his great lazy-chair, with the vista of the graperies seen through the glass door, he could, with a volume of Petrarch in his hand, fancy himself in Avignon; for the Governor was a scholar and a traveller, and his daughters shared his tastes. He felt a pleasant sense of companionship in the room in which he sat, for there were reminders of his daughters all about him. Here was Debby's low sewing-chair, with a figure holding a distaff in marquetry let into the back, the word "Diligentia" beneath, and by its side her orderly little work-basket, with a copy of Jeremy Taylor's *Ductor Dubitantium* slipped between a pair of his own hose, neatly darned by Debby's nimble fingers. The Governor smiled as he noticed the odd juxtaposition. What a subtle, logical, metaphysical mind was that possessed by his eldest daughter, Deborah, quaint mixture of the housewife and theologian! Even the Bishop enjoyed a discussion with her, and her cheeks would glow and her eyes sparkle until she was nearly as handsome as her younger sisters, while she discussed Pelagianism so ably with him from behind the coffee-urn—her place since the death of his loved wife ten years agone.

His look of amusement changed to one of pride as his glance fell on Pen's portrait, painted by Gainsborough; for Pen was the beauty of the family, and she carried her head as though already a coronet rested upon it, and he remembered how she had entertained the most distinguished personages at his home in Brompton Row, in a way that made them grateful for her condescension.

Peggy, his third daughter, was by nature an artist; the very wools knotted negligently together, and lying on her crewel-frame, were selected with such nice taste that they presented a pleasant study in harmony of color.

The Governor was proud of Debby, of Pen and Peggy, but Dolly was his favorite, for hers was the most affectionate nature. He could see no reminder of her now but a volume of verses half hidden under the sofa cushion, and—yes, that twisted and partly burned billet-doux on the hearth could have been left there by no one but sentimental and imprudent Dolly.

Patty, the youngest and least attractive of the sisters, was just fourteen, and as yet manifested no *penchant* except for the nibbling of dainties. Her pockets gummed together with sweets, and her passage from room to room easily traced by a trail of nut shells, apple cores, and cake crumbs, she was at once the despair of her father and of orderly Debby.

The Governor described his five daughters, by saying that Debby was dogmatic, Pen aristocratic, Peggy artistic, Dolly romantic, and Patty nothing if not gastronomic.

The girls fluttered into the room after service, chattering with bewildering unanimity. The Governor listened with a puzzled expression; he could only make out that this was a protest against the sermon. "So unphilosophical," said Debby, smoothing the satin strings of her puce-colored hat, and setting every fibre of its handsome ostrich plume in place with careful

precision. "There was naught of method in it. He did but utter forth his ideas as they came to him. His reasoning was like unto Peggy's wools, naught but a maze and a tangle."

"And yet his outward man was comely," pleaded Dolly, who had seated herself on her father's knee, and was braiding together the curls of his periwig. "He reminded me of Sir Charles Grandison in the romance."

"Then, as Shakspeare puts it," suggested the Governor, "the new curate, 'should I anatomize him to thee as he is.....Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.'"

It was surprising how soon the Rev. Mr. Honeyman gained the good opinion of the Governor's family. While the young ladies unanimously depreciated his talent, they found him possessed of certain unselfish qualities agreeable in a brother, or, as Patty said, in a brother-in-law. Patty had hit upon exactly the right term. None of the girls was sufficiently interested in the young curate to regard him as her own possible future, but each had confessed to herself that it would be very pleasant to have him connected with the family as the husband of her favorite sister. Patty alone stood aloof, a disinterested spectator, serenely munching pickled limes and rock-candy.

PART II.—FINISHING THE MINISTER.

The girls had also decided to supply what was lacking in the young minister's education by giving him private lessons each in her own particular specialty.

Peggy began by beseeching him to make his sermons more "artistical."

"Will you please enlighten me as to your meaning?" replied Mr. Honeyman. "I am minded soon to preach a series of discourses on St. Paul. Can I make them artistical?"

"Right easily. St. Paul journeyed to all those treasuries of art—Ephesus, Corinth, Athens. You can thus most appropriately expound to us the architecture and mythology of those cities. I will lend you for your furtherance in this matter a new German work by Winckelmann."

"But, Mistress Peggy, I am not skilled in German, or in any other outlandish tongue, save only Latin and a smattering of Greek. Could you not advance me still further in this undertaking by yourself writing out an artistical sermon as an example of what you would have me attain unto?"

"That will I do most heartily, upon one condition—that you will deliver to your hearers these sermons in such guise as I shall indite them."

Mr. Honeyman, with some little demur, assented to this condition, and shortly after this he heard one day, as he passed the village church, some one singing so clearly sweet that he was forced to enter. It was Pen, accompanying herself upon the organ, while a negro servitor worked the bellows.

"You have a marvellous fine voice, Mistress Pen," he said. "If I could read with the same expression that you sing, it would give a new power to my ministry."

"'Tis but an acquired accomplishment. You should take lessons."

"Will you be my teacher, Mistress Pen?"

"Gladly. Give me the prayer-book, and let me, standing there by the altar rail, show you how I think the Creed ought to be read."

There was something awe-inspiring in her very presence before she began her reading. A clinging black velvet dress draped her figure in simple folds, while a white lace scarf fell in two long white lines, with exactly the effect of a stole, down the front of her gown. Her face was pale and deeply serious, her measured walk added to the impression of dignity, and when she did speak, the words assumed an importance, a grandeur, which he had never before attached to them.

There were no flourishes of elocution, no evident attempts at impressiveness. Her manner was very simple, but she gave him the impression of one supremely in earnest.

"You mind me of one of the early confessors," he said. "I can imagine that the young Bishop Timothy resembled you, or Chrysostom of the golden mouth. Where did you receive this inspiration?"

"From Shakspeare. I feel a drawing to his stately parts. Portia as a Doctor of Laws, and Cardinal Wolsey."

The Rev. Mr. Honeyman experienced a pang. She had seemed so rapt, so absorbed, as she uttered the Credo, that he had not realized that this was only acting. Nevertheless, he allowed her to continue the lesson toward its close; a mocking laugh rang though the building. Looking upward through the open sash of one

of the windows, they saw the hoydenish Patty peering at them from the branches of a cherry-tree just outside.

"I came here to get the cherries," was her explanation. "I knew the boys would devour them if I did not. Want some?"

Pen fascinated the Rev. Mr. Honeyman strangely. He could not understand her, but he yielded to the glamour, and it was in hopes of seeing her that he accepted the Governor's invitation to dine upon the next Sabbath. But Pen had gone to St. John with Dolly for a short visit, and he found himself after dinner remanded to a *tête-à-tête* with Debby. Patty sat in the window watching him with eyes that apparently saw not, while she munched filberts and raisins, with which she had filled her pockets at dessert. He turned his back upon her with a shudder of unconquerable disgust.

Debby sat smoothing her "laylack" satin gown. "I have a book which I would like to lend you, Mr. Honeyman, which I will bring you presently," she said, rising and leaving the room. Mr. Honeyman mastered his aversion, and turning to Patty, began, "In regard to the instruction in elocution—"

"Oh! I know what you have it on your mind to say," interrupted the provoking child. "I have no malevolence. I would not divulge a secret concerning her, for she has promised to fetch me a box of Smyrna fig paste from St. John. I never gossip about my sisters. Peggy has a secret now. She locks herself in the room, and stops the key-hole with cotton. I shall find out what she is doing some time, though I never pry. So farewell; trust your secret to me. But if you should chance on any liquorice or chewing-gum—"

She was gone, and Mistress Debby stood in her place, her arms filled with books. She handed him one bound in shabby leather, saying: "This is a most precious volume, the *Instructiones Pastorum*. Here is another on Antinomianism, and one on Original Sin. If you would oblige me by taking them home with you and reading the passages I have marked, they would, methinks, be a mighty help to you in the setting forth of your discourses."

It was impossible for him to take offense, she was so evidently well-meaning.

"And now, Mr. Honeyman," she continued, "one request more. Dolly is a most lovable child, but carried away by mirth-provoking and frivolous tales; will you not, sir, have some serious converse with her?"

To this Mr. Honeyman agreed, and, with inward weariness, took his departure. As he left the door, Peggy appeared, and slipped into his hand a roll of MSS.—the lectures on St. Paul. He read them in his study, with increasing surprise and delight. "She is the gifted one of the family," he thought. "What would not I give to write like that?" He gave the lectures in regular course on the evenings of the following Sabbaths, receiving many compliments in regard to them from his congregation. Even the Bishop was compared with him, much to that prelate's disadvantage.

One afternoon Mr. Honeyman met an old Indian woman selling spruce gum and maple sugar, wrapped in birch bark decorated with porcupine quill work. He bought several packages, and carried the sordid bribes to the Government House. He found Patty in the park describing a circle, with a plum-tree for a centre.

"Gum!" she exclaimed, with delight. "How heavenly! But keep the maple sugar; it is without doubt half sand. And I have lately had a surfeit of sweets, for Peggy has given me a jar of honey. I did but piece together the scraps in her waste-paper basket." And striking a heroic attitude, the plague rehearsed: "'Pallas Athena's diamond eyes flashed angrily through the gloom of the Parthenon, lighting the ivory pallor of her face, as she heard from the neighboring hill of Mars the voice of a stranger proclaiming a faith which—'"

"Patty! Patty! not so loud. Wherefore did Peggy give you the honey, if not to insure your silence?"

"She gave it to me for the bits of paper; there was naught in the compact touching keeping silence. Nevertheless, if *you* so desire, you have but to suggest. Whither so fast, Mr. Honeyman? And pray, when you come again, fetch some lemons or other fruit of an agreeable acidity. Pickled walnuts or olives would likewise be ticklish dainties to my presently pampered appetite."

If anything could have deepened the consciousness of meanness in which Mr. Honeyman had grovelled since giving the lectures on St. Paul, it was the complicity in guilt which seemed to be established between himself and Patty.

Mistress Debby attacked him, at their next meeting, with, "Methinks, Mr. Honeyman, that the lectures on St. Paul should be more doctrinal. This is a very delicate matter. Of course you would not borrow from another."

Mr. Honeyman shivered. Was it possible that she suspected that Peggy had written the lectures?

"I desire not to offend you," continued Mistress Debby, "but I have here written out an exegesis of what I consider the doctrinal views of St. Paul, with which I would be honored if you would serve yourself."

Mr. Honeyman's astonishment was at first too profound to admit of words. Here was the strictly scrupulous, almost pharisaical, Miss Deborah committing the very act for which he had so dreaded her condemnation.

And so the next Sabbath Mr. Honeyman announced that, having terminated his consideration of the æsthetic education of St. Paul as afforded by his travels amongst all that was artistical in ancient Greece, he would proceed to a disquisition of the metaphysical character of his mind and the dogma of the Christian faith as formulated by him for the early Church.

The Bishop happened to be at Fredericton at the preaching of this discourse. It met with his entire approval, and he complimented Mr. Honeyman upon it at the Governor's dinner table, much to the curate's discomfort, and to that of Mistress Debby, who gave the Bishop chocolate instead of the black coffee which she knew he preferred. The two sisters had returned from St. John, and after the dinner Debby managed to send him into the garden with Dolly. He knew that he was expected to hold serious converse with her, but instead he allowed Dolly to prattle about Pen. "I know not what affects her," she said. "She is most distraught and strange: one might fancy her in love. She had an exceeding genteel gown made in St. John—white satin, garnished with ermine—and she caused her necklace of emeralds that was mamma's to be remounted as a crown. I woke with a start to see her last night, arrayed thus fantastically, in my room, talking to herself in the long slim mirror, with the candles lit in all the sconces."

Mr. Honeyman was much disturbed by what he had heard. He pondered over it in the still hours of night, but was obliged to confess that he understood Mistress Pen less and less, and that he loved her more and more. In this state of mind he wrote the letter which many years after I found framed above the little mantel, and copied for this story. Having written it, he inclosed it in a suitable wrapper, directed in a bold hand to Mistress Penelope Tarleton, and sealing it with a blotch of wax as red as his own heart's blood, committed it to the public post.

PART III.—MR. HONEYMAN'S LOVE-LETTER.

The next morning from his study window he saw Mistress Pen pace slowly through the grave-yard to the little church. He hurried to meet her, entering by the door at the rear. She held his letter in her hand.

"It is all a mistake, my friend, a grievous mistake," she said, sadly. "You fancy that you love me, but it is not so. It is my sister Peggy who should have received this letter. Perchance my words seem but cruel to you now; but keep the letter until the smart has abated; then send it to her, if indeed you are worthy of her affection. As for me, remember me kindly when I am gone."

He had stood silent, crushed by her words, until this last one "gone" roused him to a keener anguish. "You are going!" he cried. "Why is this?"

"To England. I can not live here. I can not endure this solitude. I long for the gayety and populosity of a great city. I should become mad if I tarried here longer. I pine for London fog and the wax lights of a well-filled drawing-room."

"You break my heart."

"Nay, friend, not so broken but my sister Peggy shall bind; and so farewell."

It was long before Mr. Honeyman could trust himself to visit Government House. He might perhaps have never gone again had not a package come to him at Christmas-time—a cloth for the altar, embroidered with a passion vine by Mistress Peggy. After that it would have been ungracious to stay away, and he visited the house frequently, taking a melancholy pleasure in the pain it caused him. One afternoon, toward spring, he saw the church door ajar, and entering, heard a sound of sobbing. It was Dolly at the organ, and he was at her side in a moment, asking, "What grieveth so my little friend?"

Dolly was at first reluctant to tell, but at length she confided to him the fact that they had just received a letter from her aunt in London, with the heavy news that Pen, forgetful of her high station, had become a "play-actress," so far demeaning herself as to act the part of Shakspeare's queens. She had shown some consideration for the feelings of her relatives in that she had not allowed her real name to become known. How strange it was that this revelation should cure him of his infatuation! Here was the key to the girl's strange inconsistencies of character: she was an actress! The mere mention of the word had such an unholy sound that his feeling of sadness gave place to one of thankfulness for so great an escape. He comforted little Dolly as tenderly as he could, and the young curate's gifts in the way of consolation were not small. That night he took from his desk the letter that six months before he had sent to Pen, and re-read it. Would Pen have doubted his worthiness of Peggy's affection, and have spoken as she did, had she not been sure that he already possessed it? If Mistress Peggy loved him, she should not suffer from unrequited affection as he had done; and then what a convenience to have a wife who could write such remarkable sermons! He inclosed the letter in another envelope, directed to Mistress Peggy Tarleton. The letter was handed to Peggy as she sat in the south parlor. Though no one else was in the room, after reading the first line, Peggy slipped the letter in a book which lay upon the table, and read on, holding the book so that any one entering would not see that she was reading a letter. Some one did enter, and called her away, just as she finished it. She left the letter in the book, intending to return for it soon; but Dolly came in as she left; the book happened to be her organ exercises, and taking it up, the letter fell out. She read it innocently, thinking that by "Mistress Tarleton" Mr. Honeyman meant herself; and how charming in him to slip it into her book, instead of sending it to her by the post! Dolly hastened to her room, and pinning the letter carefully to her pillow-case, reversed the pillow, that she might have it beneath her cheek as she slept.

Mistress Debby passed through the room not long after, and observing that the faggoting with which the pillow-case was trimmed was somewhat frayed, she shook forth the pillow, folded the case, and deposited it in her work-basket, without perceiving the letter. That evening she found it there, and the little flutter of excitement experienced by a maiden of thirty-two in reading her first love-letter caused her to forget when she had placed the pillow-case in the basket. Without doubt Mr. Honeyman had himself left it there for her!

Mr. Honeyman's dismay in being rejected by one Mistress Tarleton was as nothing to that experienced by being simultaneously accepted by three of them. He was not a brave man. The little courage that he had failed him altogether, and he fled from Fredericton ignominiously and without explanation, leaving only a letter to the Bishop tendering his resignation, and saying that family matters of great importance demanded his presence in England.

He arrived in London in time to attend the marriage of Mistress Pen to a certain noble lord whose acquaintance she had made behind the scenes. She was married under her true name. None of his relatives and very few of her own ever knew of the theatrical episode in her life. Afterward a letter reached him from New Brunswick; it contained only his unfortunate love-letter returned him with the compliments of Mistresses Debby, Peggy, and Dolly Tarleton. How the explosion had come he never knew.

Years passed, and he read one day that Governor Tarleton and his youngest daughter were residing at Brompton Row. The name brought up very vividly the galaxy of beautiful girls he had known at Fredericton. He looked again at the crumpled love-letter which had been read by each of them in turn, and which even now he had not the courage to destroy, and thrust it absently into his pocket. Then taking his hat and stick, he set out, drawn by an unaccountable impulse to call on his old friend the Governor, wondering if he could explain the strange dilemma in which he had found himself. He reflected that he might see Patty, that horrible child with the omnivorous appetite, and he purchased some candies at the confectioner's, hoping thus to appease her. The Governor was out, and Patty met him. He hardly recognized her, grown a woman, with a hint of Pen's beauty, Debby's purity, and Peggy's intelligence, while a

smile that reminded him of Dolly played around her rather large but pleasant mouth. They talked of the sisters. Peggy resided in Florence, a successful artist; Dolly had married Josiah Saltonstall, an old lover, and was living in the States, much to the Governor's disgust; Debby was still at Fredericton.

"Unmarried?"

"Oh dear no! she accepted the Bishop the summer after you left. His sermons are far more doctrinal than formerly."

And so no hearts were broken, not even his own. Mr. Honeyman fumbled in an embarrassed way with the package of bonbons, and broke the paper in endeavoring to extract it from his pocket, pouring the contents at length upon the table in a disorderly heap. "Some motto candies," he explained. "I trust you will find them to your taste."

The next day the following letter was read by the petrified Mr. Honeyman:

"DEAR SIR,—It is with gratitude equalling my surprise that I comprehend that the esteem which I have long entertained for you is mutual; and that my personal and mental qualities made an impression upon your sensibilities so long ago as during our acquaintance in New Brunswick. Feeling confident that an affection which has sustained the test of years of absence will not falter during those of wedded life, I accept your proposal, assuring you that I find the motto papers of my candies, especially the original one, vastly to my taste.

"Yours, with the assurance of an increasing regard, PATTY TARLETON."

"P.S.—Could you kindly inform us whether we can find anywhere in London American sweetmeats, and especially pickles?"

Mr. Honeyman entered no protest to the happiness thus thrust upon him. He lived ever afterward in the little town where first I heard of him, his wife the most proficient housekeeper, and his table the goodliest of any in the country round. Indeed, so satisfied with his lot was he that on one occasion he assured his wife, with literal truth but implied falsehood, that the letter to which she had replied was the only love-letter he had ever written.

"I believe you, my dear," Mrs. Honeyman had replied with a kiss; then turning the page that he might see the indorsement, "Returned with the compliments of Mistress Debby," etc., she added, "and I will never question the meaning of these mysterious lines; only I must have the best fruit-room, and the most fully furnished withal, of any woman in England."

And Mrs. Honeyman had it.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LAIRD'S PLANS.

WHO is first up to thrust aside those delusive yellow blinds that suggest sunshine whether the morning be fair or foul? But the first glance through the panes removes all apprehensions: the ruffled bay, the fluttering ensign, the shining white wings of the *White Dove*, are all a summons to the slumbering house. And the mistress of Castle Osprey, as soon as she is dressed, is up stairs and down stairs like a furred flash of lightning. Her cry and potent command—a reminiscence of certain transatlantic experiences—is, "*All aboard for Dan'l's!*" She will not have so fine a sailing morning wasted, especially when Dr. Angus Sutherland is with us.

Strangely enough, when at last we stand on the white decks, and look round on the shining brass and varnished wood, and help to stow away the various articles needed for our cruise, he is the least excited of all those chattering people. There is a certain conscious elation on starting on a voyage, especially on a beautiful morning; but there also may be some vague and dim apprehension. The beginning is here; but the end? Angus walked about with Captain John, and was shown all that had been done to the yacht, and listened in silence.

But the rest were noisy enough, calling for this and that, handing things down the companion, and generally getting in the way of the steward.

"Well, Fred," says our facetious Laird, "have ye hung up all the game that Mr. Smith brought back from the moor yesterday?" and Master Fred was so much tickled by this profound joke that he had to go down into the forecastle to hide his grinning delight, and went covertly smiling about his work for the next quarter of an hour.

Then the hubbub gradually ceased; for the boats had been swung to the davits, and the *White Dove* was gently slipping away from her moorings. A fine north-

erly breeze; a ruffled blue sea; and the south all shining before her. How should we care whither the beautiful bird bore us? Perhaps before the night fell we should be listening for the singing of the mermaid of Colonsay.

The wooded shores slowly drew away; the horizon widened; there was no still blue, but a fine windy gray, in the vast plain of the sea that was opening out before us.

"Oh yes, mem," says John of Skye to Miss Avon. "I wass sure we would get a good breeze for Mr. Sutherland when he will come back to the yat."

Miss Avon does not answer: she is looking at the wide sea, and at the far islands, with somewhat wistful eyes.

"Would you like to tek the tiller now, mem?" says the bearded skipper, in his most courteous tones. "Mr. Sutherland was aye very proud to see ye at the tiller."

"No, thank you, John," she says.

And then she becomes aware that she has—in her absent mood—spoken somewhat curtly; so she turns and comes over to him, and says, in a confidential way:

"To tell you the truth, John, I never feel very safe in steering when the yacht is going before the wind. When she is close-hauled, I have something to guide me; but with the wind coming behind, I know I may make a blunder without knowing why."

"No, no, mem; you must not let Mr. Sutherland hear you say that, when he was so prood o' learnin' ye; and there iss no dancher at ahl of your making a plunder."

But at this moment our young doctor himself comes on deck; and she quickly moves away to her camp-stool, and plunges herself into a book; while the attentive Mr. Smith provides her with a sun-shade and a footstool. Dr. Sutherland can not, of course, interfere with her diligent studies.

Meanwhile our hostess is below, putting a few finishing touches to the decoration of the saloon; while the Laird, in the blue-cushioned recess at the head of the table, is poring over *Municipal London.* At length he raises his eyes, and says to his sole companion,

"I told ye, ma'am, he was a good lad—a biddable lad—did I not?"

"You are speaking of your nephew, of course," she says. "Well, it is very kind of him to offer to turn out of his state-room in favor of Dr. Sutherland; but there is really no need for it. Angus is much better accustomed to roughing it on board a yacht."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," says the Laird, with judicial gravity. "Howard is in the right there too. He must insist on it. Dr. Sutherland is your oldest friend. Howard is here on a kind of sufferance. I am sure we are both of us greatly obliged to ye."

Here there was the usual deprecation.

"And I will say," observes the Laird, with the same profound air, "that his conduct since I sent for him has entirely my approval—entirely my approval. Ye know what I mean. I would not say a word to him for the world—no, no—after the first intimation of my wishes: no coercion. Every one for himself: no coercion."

She does not seem so overjoyed as might have been expected.

"Oh, of course not," she says. "It is only in plays and books that anybody is forced into a marriage; at least you don't often find a man driven to marry anybody against his will. And indeed, sir," she adds, with a faint smile, "you rather frightened your nephew at first. He thought you were going to play the part of a stage guardian, and disinherit him if he did not marry the young lady. But I took the liberty of saying to him that you could not possibly be so unreasonable. Because, you know, if Mary refused to marry him, how could that be any fault of his?"

"Precisely so," said the Laird, in his grand manner. "A most judeecious and sensible remark. Let him do his part, and I am satisfied. I would not exact impossibeelities from any one, much less from one that I have a particular regard for. And, as I was saying, Howard is a good lad."

The Laird adopted a lighter tone.

"Have ye observed, ma'am, that things are not at all unlikely to turn out as we wished?" he said, in a half whisper; and there was a secret triumph in his look. "Have ye observed? Oh yes; young folks are very shy; but their elders are not blind. Did ye ever see two young people that seemed to get on better together on so short an acquaintance?"

"Oh yes," she says, rather gloomily; "they seem to be very good friends."

"Yachting is a famous thing for making people acquainted," says the Laird,

with increasing delight. "They know one another now as well as though they had been friends for years on the land. Has that struck ye now before?"

"Oh yes," she says. There is no delight on *her* face.

"It will jist be the happiness of my old age, if the Lord spares me, to see these two established at Denny-mains," says he, as if he were looking at the picture before his very eyes. "And we have a fine soft air in the west of Scotland; it's no like asking a young English leddy to live in the bleaker parts of the north, or among the east winds of Edinburgh. And I would not have the children sent to any public school, to learn vulgar ways of speech and clipping of words. No, no; I would wale out a young man from our Glasgow University—one familiar with the proper tradeetions of the English language; and he will guard against the clipping fashion of the South, just as against the yaumering of the Edinburgh bodies. Ah will wale him out maself. But no too much education: no, no; that is the worst gift ye can bestow upon bairns. A sound constitution; that is first and foremost. I would rather see a lad out and about shooting rabbits than shut up wi' a pale face among a lot of books. And the boys will have their play, I can assure ye; I will send that fellow Andrew about his business if he does na stop netting and snaring. What do I care about the snipping at the shrubs? I will put out turnips on the verra lawn, jist to see the rabbits run about in the morning. The boys shall have their play at Denny-mains, I can assure ye; more play than school hours, or I'm mistaken."

The Laird laughs to himself, just as if he had been telling a good one about Homesh.

"And no muzzle-loaders," he continues, with a sudden seriousness. "Not a muzzle-loader will I have put into their hands. Many's the time it makes me grue to think of my loading a muzzle-loader when I was a boy—loading one barrel, with the other barrel on full cock, and jist gaping to blow my fingers off. I'm thinking Miss Mary —though she'll no be Miss Mary then— will be sore put to when the boys bring in thrushes and blackbirds they have shot; for she's a sensitive bit thing; but what I say is, better let them shoot thrushes and blackbirds than bring them up to have white faces ower books. Ah tell ye this: I'll give them a sovereign apiece for every blackbird they shoot on the wing."

The Laird had got quite excited; he did not notice that *Municipal London* was dangerously near the edge of the table.

"Andrew will not objeck to the shooting o' blackbirds," he said, with a loud laugh—as if there were something of Homesh's vein in that gardener. "The poor crayture is just daft about his cherries. That's another thing: no interference with bairns in a garden. Let them steal what they like. Green apples?—bless ye, they're the life o' children. Nature puts everything to rights. She kens better than books. If I catched the school-master lockin' up the boys in their play hours, my word but I'd send him fleein'!"

He was most indignant with this schoolmaster, although he was to be of his own "waling." He was determined that the lads should have their play, lessons or no lessons. Green apples he preferred to Greek. The dominie would have to look out.

"Do you think, ma'am," he says, in an insidious manner; "do ye think she would like to have a furnished house in London for pairt of the year? She might have her friends to see—"

Now at last this is too much. The gentle, small creature has been listening with a fine, proud, hurt air on her face, and with tears near to her eyes. Is it thus that her Scotch student, of whom she is the fierce champion, is to be thrust aside?

"Why," she says, with an indignant warmth, "you take it all for granted! I thought it was a joke. Do you really think your nephew is going to marry Mary? And Angus Sutherland in love with her!"

"God bless me!" exclaimed the Laird, with such a start that the bulky *Municipal London* banged down on the cabin floor.

Was it the picking up of that huge tome, or the consciousness that he had been betrayed into an unusual ejaculation, that crimsoned the Laird's face? When he sat upright again, however, wonder was the chief expression visible in his eyes.

"Of course I have no right to say so," she instantly and hurriedly adds; "it is only a guess—a suspicion. But haven't you seen it? And until quite recently I had other suspicions too. Why, what do you think would induce a man in Angus

Sutherland's position to spend such a long time in idleness?"

But by this time the Laird had recovered his equanimity. He was not to be disturbed by any bogie. He smiled serenely.

"We will see, ma'am; we will see. If it is so with the young man, it is a peety. But you must admit yourself that ye see how things are likely to turn out?"

"I don't know," she said, with reluctance: she would not admit that she had been grievously troubled during the past few days.

"Very well, ma'am, very well," said the Laird, blithely. "We will see who is right. I am not a gambler, but I would wager ye a gold ring, a sixpence, and a silver thimble that I am no so far out. I have my eyes open; oh ay! Now I am going on deck to see where we are."

And so the Laird rose, and put the bulky volume by, and passed along the saloon to the companion. We heard

"'Sing tántara! sing tántara!'"

as his head appeared. He was in a gay humor.

Meanwhile the *White Dove*, with all sail set, had come along at a spanking pace. The weather threatened change, it is true; there was a deep gloom overhead; but along the southern horizon there was a blaze of yellow light which had the odd appearance of being a sunset in the middle of the day; and in this glare lay the long blue promontory known as the Rhinns of Islay, within sight of the Irish coast. And so we went down by Easdail, and past Colipoll and its slate quarries; and we knew this constant breeze would drive us through the swirls of the Doruis Mohr—the "Great Gate." And were we listening, as we drew near in the afternoon to the rose-purple bulk of Scarba, for the low roar of Corrievrechan? We knew the old refrain:

"As you pass through Jura's Sound
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, oh, shun the gulf profound
Where Corrievrechan's surges roar!"

But now there is no ominous murmur along those distant shores. Silence and a sombre gloom hang over the two islands. We are glad to shun this desolate coast; and glad when the *White Dove* is carrying us away to the pleasanter south, when, behold! behold! another sight! As we open out the dreaded gulf, Corrievrechan itself becomes but an open lane leading out to the west; and there, beyond the gloom, amid the golden seas, lies afar the music-haunted Colonsay! It is the calm of the afternoon; the seas lie golden around the rocks; surely the sailors can hear her singing now for the lover she lost so long ago! What is it that thrills the brain so, and fills the eyes with tears, when we can hear no sound at all coming over the sea?

It is the Laird who summons us back to actualities.

"It would be a strange thing," says he, "if Tom Galbraith were in that island at this very meenit. Ah'm sure he was going there."

And Captain John helps.

"I not like to go near Corrievrechan," he says, with a grin, "when there iss a flood tide and half a gale from the sou'-west. It iss an ahfu' place," he adds, more seriously—"an ahfu' place."

"I should like to go through," Angus Sutherland says, quite inadvertently.

"Ay, would ye, sir?" says Captain John, eagerly. "If there wass only you and me on board, I would tek you through ferry well—with the wind from the norrard and an ebb tide. Oh yes! I would do that; and maybe we will do it this year yet."

"I do not think I am likely to see Corrievrechan again this year," said he, quite quietly—so quietly that scarcely any one heard. But Mary Avon heard.

Well, we managed, after all, to bore through the glassy swirls of the Doruis Mohr—the outlying pickets, as it were, of the fiercer whirlpools and currents of Corrievrechan—and the light breeze still continuing, we crept along in the evening past Crinan, and along the lonely coast of Knapdale, with the giant Paps of Jura darkening in the west. Night fell; the breeze almost died away; we turned the bow of the *White Dove* toward an opening in the land, and the flood tide gently bore her into the wide, silent, empty loch. There did not seem to be any light on the shores. Like a tall gray phantom the yacht glided through the gloom; we were somewhat silent on deck.

But there was a radiant yellow glow coming through the sky-light; and Master Fred has done his best to make the saloon cheerful enough. And where there is supper there ought to be other old-fashioned institutions—singing, for example; and how long was it since we had heard

anything about the Queen's Maries, or "Ho, ro, clansmen!" or the Irish Brigade? Nobody, however, appeared to think of these things. This was a silent and lonely loch, and the gloom of night was over land and water; but we still seemed to have before our eyes the far island amid the golden seas. And was there not still lingering in the night air some faint echo of the song of Colonsay? It is a heart-breaking song; it is all about the parting of lovers.

CHAPTER XXX.

A SUNDAY IN FAR SOLITUDES.

MARY AVON is seated all alone on deck, looking rather wistfully around her at this solitary Loch-na-Chill, that is, the Loch of the Burying-Place. It is Sunday morning, and there is a more than Sabbath peace dwelling over sea and shore. Not a ripple on the glassy sea; a pale haze of sunshine on the islands in the south; a stillness as of death along the low-lying coast. A seal rises to the surface of the calm sea, and regards her for a moment with his soft black eyes; then slowly subsides. She has not seen him; she is looking far away.

Then a soft step is heard on the companion, and the manner of the girl instantly changes. Are these tears that she hastily brushes aside? But her face is all smiles to welcome her friend. She declares that she is charmed with the still beauty of this remote and solitary loch.

Then other figures appear; and at last we are all summoned on deck for morning service. It is not an elaborate ceremony; there are no candles, or genuflections, or embroidered altar cloths. But the Laird has put on a black frock-coat, and the men have put aside their scarlet cowls, and wear smart sailor-looking cloth caps. Then the Laird gravely rises, and opens his book.

Sometimes, it is true, our good friend has almost driven us to take notice of his accent, and we have had our little jokes on board about it; but you do not pay much heed to these peculiarities when the strong and resonant voice—amid the strange silence of this Loch of the Burying-Place—reads out the 103d Psalm: "Like as a father peetieth his children," he may say; but one does not heed that. And who is to notice that, as he comes to these words, he lifts his eyes from the book and fixes them for a moment on Mary Avon's downcast face? "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's chīldren." Then, when he had finished the Psalm, he turned to the New Testament, and read in the same slow and reverent manner the sixth chapter of Matthew. This concluded the service; it was not an elaborate one.

Then, about an hour afterward, the Laird, on being appealed to by his hostess, gave it as his opinion that there would be no Sabbath desecration at all in our going ashore to examine the ruins of what appeared to be an ancient chapel, which we could make out by the aid of our glasses on the green slope above the rocks. And as our young friends—Angus and the Youth—idly paddled us away from the yacht, the Laird began to apologize to his hostess for not having lengthened the service by the exposition of some chosen text.

"Ye see, ma'am," he observed, "some are gifted in that way, and some not. My father, now, had an amazing power of expounding and explaining—I am sure there was nothing in *Hutcheson's Exposeetion* he had not in his memory. A very famous man he was in those days as an Anti-Lifter—very famous; there were few who could argue with him on that memorable point."

"But what did you call him, sir?" asks his hostess, with some vague notion that the Laird's father had lived in the days of body-snatchers.

"An Anti-Lifter: it was a famous controversy; but ye are too young to remember of it perhaps. And now in these days we are more tolerant, and rightly so: I do not care whether the minister lifts the sacramental bread before distribution or not, now that there is no chance of Popery getting into our Presbyterian Church in disguise. It is the speerit, not the form, that is of importance: our Church authoritatively declares that the efficacy of the sacraments depends not 'upon any virtue in them, or in him that doth ad-

minister them.' Ay; that is the cardinal truth. But in those days they considered it right to guard against Popery in every manner; and my father was a prominent Anti-Lifter; and well would he argue and expound on that and most other doctrinal subjects. But I have not much gift that way," added the Laird, modestly, quite forgetting with what clearness he had put before us the chief features of the great Semple case.

"I don't think you have anything to regret, sir," said our young doctor, as he carelessly worked the oar with one hand, "that you did not bother the brains of John and his men with any exposition of the Sermon on the Mount. Isn't it an odd thing that the common fishermen and boatmen of the Sea of Galilee understood the message Christ brought them just at once? and nowadays, when we have millions of churches built, and millions of money being spent, and tons upon tons of sermons being written every year, we seem only to get further and further into confusion and chaos. Fancy the great army of able-bodied men that go on expounding and expounding, and the learning and time and trouble they bestow on their work, and scarcely any two of them agreed; while the people who listen to them are all in a fog. Simon Peter, and Andrew, and the sons of Zebedee must have been men of the most extraordinary intellect. They understood at once; they were commissioned to teach; and they had not even a Shorter Catechism to go by."

The Laird looked at him doubtfully. He did not know whether to recognize in him a true ally or not. However, the mention of the Shorter Catechism seemed to suggest solid ground; and he was just about entering into the question of the Subordinate Standards, when an exclamation of rage on the part of his nephew startled us. That handsome lad, during all this theological discussion, had been keeping a watchful and matter-of-fact eye on a number of birds on the shore; and now that we were quite close to the sandy promontory, he had recognized them.

"Look! look!" he said, in tones of mingled eagerness and disappointment. "Golden plovers, every one of them! Isn't it too bad? It's always like this on Sunday. I will bet you won't get within half a mile of them to-morrow."

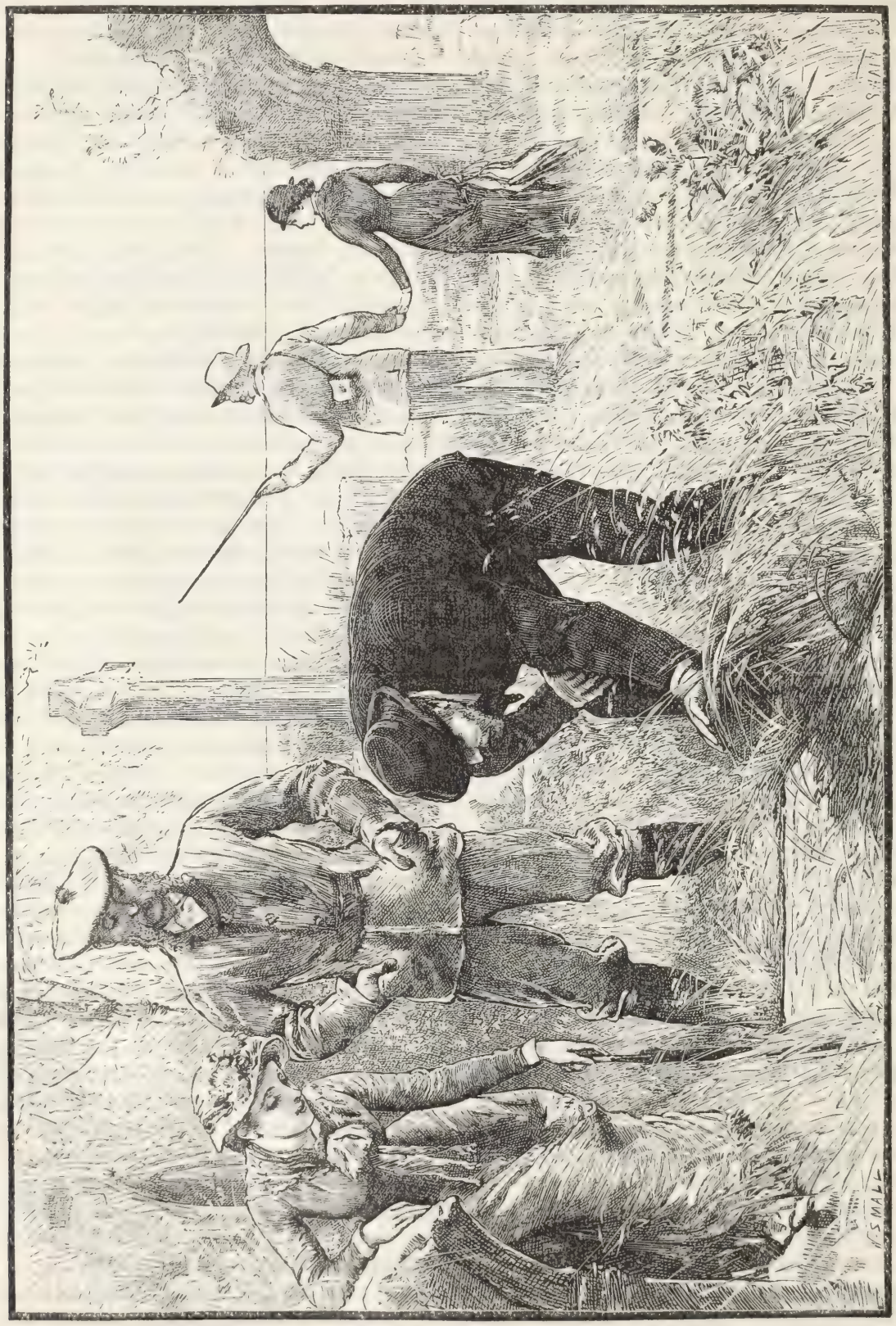
And he refused to be consoled as we landed on the sandy shore, and found the golden-dusted, long-legged birds running along before us, or flitting from patch to patch of the moist greensward. We had to leave him behind in moody contemplation as we left the shore, and scrambled up the rugged and rocky slope to the ruins of this solitary little chapel.

There was an air of repose and silence about these crumbling walls and rusted gates that was in consonance with a habitation of the dead. And first of all, outside, we came upon an upright Iona cross, elaborately carved with strange figures of men and beasts. But inside the small building, lying prostrate among the grass and weeds, there was a collection of those memorials that would have made an antiquarian's heart leap for joy. It is to be feared that our guesses about the meaning of the emblems on the tombstones were of a crude and superficial character. Were these Irish chiefs, those stone figures with the long sword and the harp beside them? Was the recurrent shamrock a national or religious emblem? And why was the effigy of this ancient worthy accompanied by a pair of pincers, an object that looked like a tooth-comb, and a winged griffin? Again, outside, but still within the sacred walls, we came upon still further tombs of warriors, most of them hidden among the long grass; and here and there we tried to brush the weeds away. It was no bad occupation for a Sunday morning, in this still and lonely burial-place above the wide seas.

On going on board again we learned from John of Skye that there were many traces of an ancient ecclesiastical colonization about this coast; and that in especial there were a ruined chapel and other remains on one of a small group of islands that we could see on the southern horizon. Accordingly, after luncheon, we fitted out an expedition to explore that distant island. The Youth was particularly anxious to examine these ecclesiastical remains; he did not explain to everybody that he had received from Captain John a hint that the shores of this sainted island swarmed with seals.

And now the gig is shoved off; the four oars strike the glassy water; and away we go in search of the summer isles in the south. The Laird settles himself comfortably in the stern; it seems but natural that he should take Mary Avon's hand in his, just as if she were a little child.

"And ye must know, Miss Mary," he says, quite cheerfully, "that if ever ye should come to live in Scotland, ye will not be persecuted with our theology. No, no; far from it; we respect every one's religion, if it is sincere, though we cling to our own. And why should we not cling to it, and guard it from error? We have had to fight for our civil and religious leeberties inch by inch, foot by foot; and we have won. The blood of the saints has not been shed in vain. The cry of the dying and wounded on many a Lanarkshire moor—when the cavalry were riding about, and hewing and slaughtering—was not wasted on the air. The Lord



"HERE AND THERE WE TRIED TO BRUSH THE WEEDS AWAY."

heard, and answered. And we do well to guard what we have gained; and, if need were, there are plenty of Scotsmen alive at this day who would freely spend their lives in defending their own releegion. But ye need not fear. These are the days of great toleration. Ye might live in Scotland all your life, and not hear an ill word said of the Episcopal Church."

After having given this solemn assurance, the Laird cast a glance of sly humor at Angus Sutherland.

"I will confess," said he, "when Dr. Sutherland brought that up this morning about Peter and Andrew, and James and John, I was a bit put out. But then," he added, triumphantly, "ye must remember that in those days they had not the inseedious attacks of Prelacy to guard against. There was no need for them to erect bulwarks of the faith. But in our time it is different, or rather it has been different. I am glad to think that we of the Scotch Church are emancipated from the fear of Rome; and I am of opeenion that with the advancing times they are in the right who advocate a little moderation in the way of applying and exacting the Standards. No, no; I am not for bigotry. I assure ye, Miss Mary, ye will find far fewer bigots in Scotland than people say."

"I have not met any, sir," remarks Miss Mary.

"I tell ye what," said he, solemnly; "I am told on good authority that there is a movement among the U. P. Presbytery to send up to the Synod a sort of memorial with regard to the Subordinate Standards—that is, ye know, the Westminster Confession of Faith and the Larger and Shorter Catechisms—just hinting, in a mild sort of way, that these are of human composition, and necessarily imperfect; and that a little amount of—of—"

The Laird could not bring himself to pronounce the word "laxity." He stammered and hesitated, and at last said:

"Well, a little judeecious liberality of construction—do ye see?—on certain points is admissible, while clearly defining other points on which the Church will not admit of question. However, as I was saying, we have little fear of Popery in the Presbyterian Church now; and ye would have no need to fear it in your English Church if the English people were not so sorely wanting in humor. If they had any sense of fun, they would have laughed those millinery, play-acting people out o' their Church long ago—"

But at this moment it suddenly strikes the Laird that a fair proportion of the people he is addressing are of the despised English race; and he hastily puts in a disclaimer.

"I meant the clergy, of course," says he, most unblushingly, "the English clergy, as having no sense of humor at all—none at all. Dear me, what a stupid man I met at Dunoon last year! There were some people on board the steamer talking about Homesh—ye know, he was known to every man who travelled up and down the Clyde—and they told the English clergyman about Homesh wishing he was a stot. 'Wishing he was a what?' says he. Would ye believe it, it took about ten meenits to explain the story to him bit by bit; and at the end of it his face was as blank as a bannock before it is put on the girdle."

We could see the laughter brimming in the Laird's eyes; he was thinking either of the stot or some other story about Homesh. But his reverence for Sunday prevailed. He fell back on the Standards; and was most anxious to assure Miss Avon that if ever she were to live in Scotland, she would suffer no persecution at all, even though she still determined to belong to the Episcopal Church.

"We have none in the neighborhood of Strathgovan," he remarked, quite simply; "but ye could easily drive in to Glasgow"—and he did not notice the quick look of surprise and inquiry that Angus Sutherland immediately directed from the one to the other. But Mary Avon was looking down.

It was a long pull; but by-and-by the features of the distant island became clearer; and we made out an indentation that probably meant a creek of some sort. But what was our surprise, as we drew nearer and nearer to what we supposed to be an uninhabited island, to find the topmast of a vessel appearing over some rocks that guard the entrance to the bay? As we pulled into the still waters, and passed the heavy black smack lying at anchor, perhaps the two solitary creatures in charge of her were no less surprised at the appearance of strangers in these lonely waters. They came ashore just as we landed. They explained, in more or less imperfect English, that they were lobster-fishers, and that this was a convenient

haven for their smack, while they pulled in their small boat round the shores to look after the traps. And if—when the Laird was not looking—his hostess privately negotiated for the sale of half a dozen live lobsters, and if young Smith also took a quiet opportunity of inquiring about the favorite resorts of the seals, what then? Mice will play when they get the chance. The Laird was walking on with Mary Avon, and was telling her about the Culdees.

And all the time we wandered about the deserted island, and explored its ruins, and went round its bays, the girl kept almost exclusively with the Laird, or with her other and gentle friend; and Angus had but little chance of talking to her or walking with her. He was left pretty much alone. Perhaps he was not greatly interested in the ecclesiastical remains. But he elicited from the two lobster-fishers that the hay scattered on the floor of the chapel was put there by fishermen, who used the place to sleep in when they came to the island. And they showed him the curious tombstone of the saint, with its sculptured elephant and man on horseback. Then he went away by himself to trace out the remains of a former civilization on the island, the withered stumps of a blackthorn hedge, and the abundant nettle. A big rat ran out, the only visible tenant of the crumbled habitation.

Meanwhile the others had climbed to the summit of the central hill; and behold! all around the smooth bays were black and shining objects, like the bladders used on fishermen's nets. But these moved this way and that; sometimes there was a big splash as one disappeared. The Youth sat and regarded this splendid hunting ground with a breathless interest.

"I'm thinking ye ought to get your seal-skin to-morrow, Miss Mary," says the Laird, for once descending to worldly things.

"Oh, I hope no one will be shot for me!" she said. "They are such gentle creatures!"

"But young men will be young men, ye know," said he, cheerfully. "When I was Howard's age, and knew I had a gun within reach, a sight like that would have made my heart jump."

"Yes," said the nephew; "but you never do have a sight like that when you have a rifle within reach."

"Wait till to-morrow—wait till to-morrow," said the Laird, cheerfully. "And now we will go down to the boat. It is a long pull back to the yacht."

But the Laird's nephew got even more savage as we rowed back in the calm pale twilight. Those wild-duck would go whirring by within easy shot, apparently making away to the solitudes of Loch Swen. Then that grayish-yellow thing on the rocks. Could it be a sheep? We watched it for several minutes, as the gig went by in the dusk; then, with a heavy plunge or two, the seal floundered down and into the water. The splash echoed through the silence.

"Did you ever see the like of that?" the Youth exclaimed, mortified beyond endurance. "Did you ever? As big as a cow! And as sure as you get such a chance, it is Sunday!"

"I am very glad," says Miss Avon. "I hope no one will shoot a seal on my account."

"The seal ought to be proud to have such a fate," said the Laird, gallantly. "Ye are saving him from a miserable and lingering death of cold, or hunger, or old age. And whereas in that case nobody would care anything or see anything more about him, ye give him a sort of immortality in your dining-room, and ye are never done admiring him. A proud fellow he ought to be. And if the seals about here are no very fine in their skins, still it would be a curiosity, and at present we have not one at all at Denny-mains."

Again this reference to Denny-mains: Angus Sutherland glanced from one to the other; but what could he see in the dusk?

Then we got back to the yacht: what a huge gray ghost she looked in the gloom! And as we were all waiting to get down the companion, Angus Sutherland put his hand on his hostess's arm, and stayed her.

"You must be wrong," said he, simply. "I have offended her somehow. She has not spoken ten words to me today."

CHAPTER XXXI.

HIDDEN SPRINGS.

"Well, perhaps it is better, after all," says a certain person, during one of those opportunities for brief conjugal confidences that are somewhat rare on board

ship. She sighs as she speaks. "I thought it was going to be otherwise. But it will be all the better for Angus not to marry for some years to come. He has a great future before him, and a wife would really be an encumbrance. Young professional men should never marry; their circumstances keep on improving, but they can't improve their wives."

All this is very clear and sensible. It is not always this person talks in so matter-of-fact a way. If, however, everything has turned out for the best, why this sudden asperity with which she adds,

"But I did not expect it of Mary."

And then again,

"She might at least be civil to him."

"She is not uncivil to him. She only avoids him."

"I consider that her open preference for Howard Smith is just a little bit too ostentatious," she says, in rather an injured way. "Indeed, if it comes to that, she would appear to prefer the Laird to either of them. Any stranger would think she wanted to marry Denny-mains himself."

"Has it ever occurred to you," is the respectful question, "that a young woman—say once in a century—may be in that state of mind in which she would prefer not to marry anybody?"

Abashed? Not a bit of it. There is a calm air of superiority on her face: she is above trifles and taunts.

"If unmarried women had any sense," she says, "that would be their normal state of mind."

And she might have gone on enlarging on this text, only that at this moment Mary Avon comes along from the ladies' cabin; and the morning greetings take place between the two women. Is it only a suspicion that there is a touch of coldness in the elder woman's manner? Is it possible that our love for Mary Avon may be decreasing by ever so little a bit?

Then Angus comes down the companion: he has got some wild flowers; he has been ashore. And surely he ought to give them to the younger of the two women: she is of the age when such pretty compliments are a natural thing. But no. The flowers are for his hostess—for the decoration of her table; and Mary Avon does not look up as they are handed along.

Then young Mr. Smith makes his appearance; he has been ashore too. And his complaints and protests fill the air.

"Didn't I tell you?" he says, appealing more especially to the women-folk for sympathy. "Didn't I tell you? You saw all those golden plover yesterday, and the wild-duck further up the loch: there is not a sign of one of them! I knew it would be so. As sure as Monday begins, you never get a chance! I will undertake to say that when we get to those islands where all the seals were yesterday, we sha'n't see one to-day."

"But are we to stop here a whole day in order to let you go and shoot seals?" says his hostess.

"You can't help it," says he, laughing. "There isn't any wind."

"Angus," she says—as if nobody knew anything about the wind but the young doctor—"is that so?"

"Not a doubt of it," he says. "But it is a beautiful day. You might make up a luncheon party, and have a picnic by the side of the Saint's Well—down in the hollow, you know."

"Much chance I shall have with the seals, then!" remarks the other young man, good-naturedly enough.

However, it is enough that the suggestion has come from Angus Sutherland. A picnic on the Island of the Saints is forthwith commanded—seals or no seals. And while Master Fred, immediately after breakfast, begins his preparations, the Laird helps by carefully putting a corkscrew in his pocket. It is his invariable custom. We are ready for any emergency.

And if the golden plover, and mergansers, and seals, appear to know that the new, busy, brisk working-days have begun again, surely we ought to know it too. Here are the same silent shores, and the calm blue seas and blue sky, and the solitary islands in the south—all just as they were yesterday; but we have a secret sense that the lassitude and idleness of Sunday are over, and that there is something of freedom in the air. The Laird has no longer any need to keep a check on his tongue: those stories about Homesh may bubble up to the surface of his mind just as they please. And indeed he is exceedingly merry and facetious as the preparations go on for this excursion. When at length he gets into the stern of the boat he says to his companion,

"There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Avon, and me.

What ails ye, lass? I have not heard much of your singing of late."

"You would not have me sing profane songs on Sunday?" she says, demurely.

"No; but I mean long before Sunday. However," he says, cheerfully, and looking at her, "there is a wonderful change in ye—wonderful! Well do I mind the day I first saw ye, on the quay; though it seems a long time since then. Ye were a poor white bit thing then; I was astonished; and the next day too, when ye were lame as well, I said to myself, 'Well, it's high time that bit lass had a breath o' the sea air.' And now—why, ye just mind me o' the lasses in the Scotch songs—the country lasses, ye know—with the fine color on your face."

And indeed this public statement did not tend to decrease the sun-brown that now tinged Mary Avon's cheeks.

"These lads," said he—no doubt referring to his nephew and to Angus Sutherland, who were both laboring at the long oars—"are much too attentive to ye, putting ye under the shadow of the sails, and bringing ye in parasols and things like that. No, no; don't you be afraid of getting sunburned; it is a comely and wholesome thing: is it not reasonable that human beings need the sunlight as much as plants? Just ask your friend Dr. Sutherland that; though a man can guess as much without a microscope. Keep ye in the sun, Miss Mary; never mind the brown on your cheeks, whatever the young men say: I can tell ye ye are looking a great deal better now than when ye stepped on shore—a shilpit pale bit thing—on that afternoon."

Miss Avon had not been in the habit of receiving lectures like this about her complexion, and she seemed rather confused; but fortunately the measured noise of the rowlocks prevented the younger men from overhearing.

"There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Avon, and me,"

continued the Laird, in his facetious way; and he contentedly patted the hand of the girl beside him. "I fear I am growing very fond of idleness."

"I am sure, sir, you are so busy during the rest of the year," says this base flatterer, "that you should be able to enjoy a holiday with a clear conscience."

"Well, perhaps so—perhaps so," said the Laird, who was greatly pleased. "And yet, let one work as hard as one can, it is singular how little one can do, and what little thanks ye get for doing it. I am sure those people in Strathgovan spend half their lives in fault-finding; and expect ye to do everything they can think of without asking them for a farthing. At the last meeting of the rate-payers in the Burgh Hall I heckled them, I can tell ye. I am not a good speaker—no, no; far from it; but I can speak plain. I use words that can be driven into people's heads; and I will say this, that some o' those people in Strathgovan have a skull of most extraordinar' thickness. But said I to them: 'Do ye expect us to work miracles? Are we to create things out of nothing? If the rates are not to be increased, where are the new gas lamps to come from? Do ye think we can multiply gas lamps as the loaves and fishes were multiplied?' I'm thinking," added the Laird, with a burst of hearty laughter, "that the thickest-skulled of them all understood that—eh?"

"I should hope so," remarked Miss Avon.

Then the measured rattle of the oars: it wants hard pulling against this fiercely running tide; indeed, to cheat it in a measure, we have to keep working along the coast and across the mouth of Loch Swen.

"There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Avon, and me,"

says the Laird, as a playful introduction to another piece of talking. "I have been asking myself once or twice whether I knew any one in the whole kingdom of Scotland better than you."

"Than me, sir?" she says, with a start of surprise.

"Yes," he says, sententiously. "That is so. And I have had to answer myself in the naygative. It is wonderful how ye get to know a person on board a yacht. I just feel as if I had spent years and years with ye; so that there is not any one I know with whom I am better acquaint. When ye come to Denny-mains, I shall be quite disappointed if ye look surprised or strange to the place. I have got it into my head that ye must have lived there all your life. Will ye undertake to say," he continues, in the same airy manner, "that ye do not know the little winding path that goes up through the trees to the flag-staff—eh?"

"I am afraid I don't remember it," she says, with a smile.

"Wait till ye see the sunsets ye can see from there!" he says, proudly. "We can see right across Glasgow to Tennants' Stalk; and in the afternoon the smoke is all turning red and brown with the sunset—many's and many's the time I have taken Tom Galbraith to the hill, and asked him whether they have finer sunsets at Naples or Venice. No, no; give me fire and smoke and meestery for a strong sunset. But just the best time of the year, as ye'll find out"—and here he looked in a kindly way at the girl—"where there is a bit wood near the house, is the spring-time. When ye see the primroses and the bluebells about the roots of the trees—when ye see them so clear and bright among the red of the withered leaves—well, ye can not help thinking about some of our old Scotch songs, and there's something in that that's just like to bring the tears to your een. We have a wonderful and great inheritance in these songs, as ye'll find out, my lass. You English know only of Burns; but a Scotchman who is familiar with the ways and the feelings and the speech of the peasantry has a sort o' uncomfortable impression that Burns is at times just a bit artifeecial and leeterary, especially when he is masquerading in fine English, though at other times ye get the real lilt—what a man would sing to himself when he was all alone at the plough, in the early morning, and listening to the birds around him. But there are others that we are proud of too—Tannahill, and John Mayne, that wrote about 'Logan Braes,' and Hogg, and Motherwell: I'm sure o' this, that when ye read Motherwell's 'Jeanie Morrison,' ye'll no be able to go on for greetin'."

"I beg your pardon?" said Miss Avon.

But the Laird is too intent on recalling some of the lines to notice that she has not quite understood him.

"They were school-mates," he says, in an absent way. "When school was over, they wandered away like lad and lass; and he writes the poem in after-life, and speaks to her he has never seen since.

"'O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burn-side,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet;
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet.

* * * * *

"'And on the knowe abune the burn
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.
Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak.'"

The Laird's voice faltered for a moment; but he pretended he had great difficulty in remembering the poem, and confessed that he must have mixed up the verses. However, he said he remembered the last one.

"'O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' by-gane days and me.'"

Just as he finished, the old Laird turned aside his head. He seemed to be suddenly interested in something over at the mouth of Loch Swen. Then he quickly passed his red silk handkerchief across his face, and said, in a gay manner, though he was still looking in that alien direction:

"This is a desperate hard pull. We had nothing like this yesterday. But it will do the lads good; it will take the stiffness out of their backs."

However, one of the lads—to wit, the Laird's nephew—admitted at length that he had had quite enough of it, and gave up his oar to the man he had relieved. Then he came into the stern, and was very pleasant and talkative; and said he had quite made up his mind to find all the seals gone from the shores of the sacred island.

So formidable, indeed, was the tide, that we had to keep well away to the south of the island before venturing to make across for it; and when at length we did put the bow straight for the little harbor, the mid-channel current swept us away northward, as if the gig had been a bit of cork. But the four oars kept manfully to their work; and by dint of hard pulling and pertinacious steering we managed to run into the little bay.

We found it quite deserted. The two lobster-fishers had left in the morning; we were in sole possession of this lonely island, set amid the still summer seas.

But by this time it was nearly noon; and so it was arranged that the men of the party should content themselves with a preliminary expedition, to find out, by

stealthy crawlings out to the various bays, where the seals were chiefly congregated, while the women were to remain by the Saint's Well, to help Fred to get luncheon spread out and arranged. And this was done; and thus it happened that, after Master Fred had finished his work, and retired down to his mates in the gig, the two women-folk were left alone.

"Why, Mary," said the one of them, quite cheerfully (as we afterward heard), "it is quite a long time since you and I had a chat together."

"Yes, it is."

"One gets so often interfered with on board, you know. Aren't you going to begin now and make a sketch?"

She had brought with her her sketching materials; but they were lying unopened on a rock hard by.

"No, I think not," she said, listlessly.

"What is the matter with you?" said her kind friend, pretending to laugh at her. "I believe you are fretting over the loss of the money, after all."

"Oh no: I hope you do not think I am fretting," said she, anxiously. "No one has said that? I am really quite content; I am very—happy."

She managed to say the word.

"I am very glad to hear it," said her friend; "but I have a great mind to scold you all the same."

The girl looked up. Her friend went over to her, and sat down beside her, and took her hand in hers.

"Don't be offended, Mary," she said, good-naturedly. "I have no right to interfere; but Angus is an old friend of mine. Why do you treat him like that?"

The girl looked at her with a sort of quick, frightened, inquiring glance; and then said, as if she were almost afraid to hear herself speak,

"Has he spoken to you?"

"Yes. Now don't make a mole-hill into a mountain, Mary. If he has offended you, tell him. Be frank with him. He would not vex you for the world: do you think he would?"

The girl's hand was beginning to tremble a good deal; and her face was white, and piteous.

"If you only knew him as well as I do, you would know he is as gentle as a child: he would not offend any one. Now you will be friends with him again, Mary?"

The answer was a strange one. The girl broke into a fit of wild crying, and hid her face in her friend's bosom, and sobbed there so that her whole frame was shaken with the violence of her misery.

"Mary, what is it?" said the other, in great alarm.

Then, by-and-by, the girl rose, and went away over to her sketching materials for a minute or two. Then she returned, her face still rather white, but with a certain cold and determined look on it.

"It is all a mistake," said she, speaking very distinctly. "Dr. Sutherland has not offended me in the least: please tell him so if he speaks again. I hope we shall always be good friends."

She opened out her color-box.

"And then," said she, with an odd laugh, "before you think I have gone crazed, please remember it isn't every day one loses such an enormous fortune as mine."

She began to get her other sketching things ready. And she was very cheerful about it, and very busy; and she was heard to be singing to herself,

"'Then fill up a bumper: what can I do less
Than drink to the health of my bonny Black Bess?'"

But her friend, when by chance she turned her head a little bit, perceived that the pale and piteous face was still wet with tears; and the praises of Black Bess did not wholly deceive her.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM IN NEW YORK.

SEVEN years since a short-lived attempt was made to apply the essential principles of civil service reform to the administration of the Custom-house in the city of New York. It was abandoned when Congress omitted to make an appropriation for the expenses attending the system throughout the country. It has lately been renewed, and at the same time a somewhat similar though less elaborate experiment has been made in the Post-office at New York. The details of each of these efforts, which, though having a common end, and proceeding in very much the same way, have had a different origin, are exceedingly interesting, and throw a good deal of light on the previous condition of the service, on the specific character of the reform which is required and practicable, and on the nature of the results which could be obtained on a larger scale. The essential principles of the

reform are that admission to the service of the United States shall be determined by a competitive examination, and shall be allowed only to the lowest grade in any class of offices; that after admission the appointee shall be subjected to a probation sufficiently long to show any defects which the examination may have failed to bring out; that promotion shall be made only upon competitive examination; and that removals shall be made only for cause—in order that all possible inducements for fidelity shall be held out in security of tenure and advancement for merit. The object, in brief, of the system is to get the best men, incite them to the best conduct, and keep them as long as may be. This was the cardinal aim of the reform of 1872–73; the experiment in the Custom-house at that time was carried out in close harmony with it, so far as it went, and the experiment now being made is like the former. The evidence which may be gathered from it is, therefore, cumulative, as is also that to be derived from what has been done in the Post-office.

The first step in the reform at the Custom-house in 1879 was the letter of the President to General E. A. Merritt, February 4, 1879, immediately after his confirmation as Collector of the Port. In this the President said, "My desire is that the office be conducted on strictly business principles, and according to the rules for the civil service which were recommended by the Civil Service Commission in the administration of General Grant." And he added, with a quaint frankness which is to be noticed in several of his semi-official letters: "I want you to be perfectly independent of mere influence from any quarter. Neither my recommendation, nor that of Secretary Sherman, nor of any member of Congress, must be specially regarded. Let appointments and removals be made on business principles, and according to rule. There must, I assume, be a few confidential places filled by those you personally know to be trustworthy, but restrict the area of patronage to the narrowest limits." It is not difficult to detect in some of the phrases of this letter a vagueness, a certain haziness, as to the precise scope and purpose of the reform of the civil service, that is not of the best omen for its completion. But of the President's sincere desire to see the reform fairly tried in the very centre of political patronage, and to leave to the head of the Custom-house a clear field in carrying it out, there is fortunately no room for doubt.

In the course of a month a series of regulations was prepared by the heads of the various departments of the customs service, and by the Sub-Treasurer, and submitted to the President, who gave his approval March 6. Another month was consumed in the necessary preparations for the examinations—a delay caused by the fact that there was no appropriation for any expenses attending the work—and on the 3d of April the first examination in the Custom-house was held. Up to this time some one thousand applications for appointment had accumulated, and from these it became necessary to select a number which would make up a "class" practicable to examine. The first step was to require a new application in the form described by the regulations, for which a proper blank was given out. This must be filled by the applicant without assistance; it must state what position he applies for; his name in full; where and when he was born; his actual residence, and how long it has been such; his education; his occupation, past and present; whether he has been in the civil service before, and if so, in what capacity, and why he left it; whether he was ever in the army or navy, and if so, in what organization, and in what capacity. The applicant must also give a certificate of two reputable citizens that he is of good moral character, temperate, industrious, and faithful to the Union and the Constitution. This seems a long list of details, but it contains no requirement not really essential, none which could be omitted without risk to the service. Its fullness is, moreover, valuable, as tending to impress on the applicant that the government sets up at the outset a reasonably high standard, of which political service is not a feature.

For the purposes of examinations the offices of the Collector, the Naval Officer, and Surveyor are regarded as one. The examinations for the Appraiser's office as well as those for the Sub-Treasury are held separately, these offices being distinct, with duties more or less peculiar. The heads of the various offices constitute a Board of Revision for the examinations, to which appeals can be taken by any one deeming himself unfairly treated, while the exam-

inations proper are conducted by Boards of Examiners made up as follows: for the Collector, General N. G. Williams, Deputy Collector; for the Naval Officer, Mr. John M. Comstock, acting deputy; for the Surveyor, Mr. J. T. Kane, clerk. This board has the benefit of the constant aid and counsel of Mr. S. W. Burt, the Naval Officer, who was the chairman of the Board of Revision and Appeal in the Custom-house when the rules were last applied there. He is a gentleman of thorough education, an excellent official, and not only a zealous believer in the reform, but one who has acquired much skill and tact in its application from both study and observation. The preparation of the questions is made exclusively by the Examining Board, in secret session. The printing is done by an electric pen, on the day before the examination, and the sheets are carefully guarded until they are given out to the candidates. The standard of perfection is a key, prepared in advance, and personally verified by each member of the board.

When the announcement of the first examination was made, there was naturally much incredulity as to the good faith which would be shown in the matter. General Merritt, the new Collector, though enjoying justly a reputation for probity and sincerity, had been known chiefly as a politician, associated with a wing of the Republican party not noted for disinterestedness or for its aversion to patronage, with all the advantages which patronage brought, under the old system. He had been overrun with office-seekers, and it is safe to say that in the ranks of the regiment which besieged his office there were very few who did not count much more on the "mere influence" of political backers than on any proof which they could give of their fitness for work. And of those who had been requested to put their applications in the required form, and to present themselves for examination, many went up with light hearts, imagining that this was only a form which indicated that the doors of the coveted paradise were at least ajar. This class were quickly undeceived when they met on the threshold of the examination-room the rigid enforcement of the regulations, which it is now purposed to describe somewhat in detail.

In the first place, every applicant is, so to speak, stripped of his identity from the start. All communication, written or oral, with the examiners is prohibited, except such as relates strictly to the examination. The name of the candidate is known only to an officer not connected with the board, by whom it is written on a card and placed in a sealed envelope indorsed with the number of the desk to which the candidate is assigned. This envelope remains sealed and its contents unread until the entire process of examination, including the rating of the papers, is completed. It is only opened by the examiners, and the name recorded, when it becomes necessary to report the standing of the respective candidates. By this simple precaution not only is every candidate deprived of the benefit which he might get from any conscious or unconscious prejudice in his favor, but he is equally protected from any adverse discrimination. To the examiners he is simply the author of certain papers of the merit of which they must judge unaided and unhindered by any association attaching to his personal or political claims.

Each candidate is given a printed copy of the rules by which he must be guided, and a more minute explanation is given by the chairman of the board on the assembling of the class. Any person having made a mistake as to the position to be filled is allowed to retire, and is summoned again when an examination is to be held for the position which he desires. If any one feels, physically or mentally, from illness or otherwise, unfit for the work of the day, he also is requested to retire; but any one giving up after an examination is begun, loses his chance. It is explained that any question which appears impossible of answer may be "declined," and that such a course will be better than a grossly ignorant attempt at an answer, which would count nothing. In mathematical questions the process of working out the answer must be shown in full, though paper is furnished for experimental figuring. Each class of questions is given on a separate sheet, and only one sheet is given out at a time. After completing any one sheet, the candidate may leave the room for a few moments, but not while he has a sheet in hand. Any asking, procuring, or giving aid by one candidate to another, is regarded as morally blameworthy, and is fatal. The applicants are advised not to hurry greatly, as the quality of rapidity weighs only lightly in any case, and never offsets care-

lessness or slovenly work. This series of explanations, it will be seen, is sensible and candid, and calculated to guard the candidates against errors in conduct which would be extremely natural, and while helping them to do their best, places them squarely on their merits.

The questions used in the Custom-house examinations vary with the positions to be filled. For the position of night inspector at $2 50 a day, or of clerk at less than $1200 a year, they are extremely simple. For clerkships at a salary of $1200, they are more difficult; while in examinations for promotions, or for the position of examiner in the Appraiser's department, technical questions are added, based on the applicant's previous service, or intended to test his qualifications for peculiar duties. In the latter class of examinations the competitive method is particularly useful and convenient of application, because it is not difficult to frame the questions so as to make them practically valuable. In the former class, where the object is principally and necessarily to test general intelligence, greater difficulties are met, and more tact and special judgment are required. A thorough study of the questions used in these circumstances can hardly fail to convince that they are fairly, intelligently, and even skillfully framed. A matter of prime importance is the weight given to each subject, which in the general examinations for clerkships and inspectorships is as follows:

	Clerk.	Insp'r.
Mathematical:		
Notation and Numeration	1	1
Addition	1	1
Fractions	2	1
Applied Arithmetic	6	3
Copy from Dictation	2	4
Syntax	1	1
Geography, History, and Government	2	2
Letter on given Subject	1	1
Penmanship	4	6
General Aptitude, based on Appearance of Work, Age, Occupation, and Observation of Candidate	5	5
Total	25	25

The range of these subjects is sufficiently modest. It includes nothing which a good common-school education should not enable an applicant to treat intelligently. When the nature of the specific questions is considered, it is plain that there is no special advantage given, as it was feared there might be, to persons fresh from school, or who had enjoyed a collegiate education. On the contrary, keeping in view the relative weight attached to each subject, those stand the best chance who are naturally bright, have been intelligent readers of the newspapers, and have had some business training. Thus it will be seen that the arithmetical questions form forty per cent. in the case of a clerk, and twenty-four per cent. in the case of an inspector, of the whole scale, and applied arithmetic is given a decided preference. Copying from dictation is a peculiarly useful test, since it shows readiness of comprehension, and the applicant's command of such knowledge as he has of writing, spelling, and orderly arrangement. This is given more weight for an inspector than for a clerk, for the former has frequently to write marks, descriptive terms, and numbers rapidly as they are called out to him. Penmanship is, for the same reason, made more important in his case. In both classes of examinations syntax counts only four per cent.; geography, history, and government combined count only eight per cent., which is certainly a very moderate weight to give to the only subjects which, by any stretch of hypercriticism, could be called "scholastic."

A very ingenious method has been adopted for estimating accurately the value of each applicant's answers—a method which, originally devised by Mr. Elliott, of the Treasury Department, in 1871, has been approved by severe experience. Each answer is marked on a scale of 100. The values of the answers under each subject, thus ascertained, are added together, and the sum is divided by the number of questions, which gives the average for each subject. This amount is then multiplied by the value assigned to that subject, the product is divided by the sum of the values of all the subjects, and the result is the average standing. By this means every man gets credit exactly in proportion to the weight attached to each subject. Thus a candidate for a clerkship might fall below the minimum in everything but applied arithmetic, and if he were perfect in that, might rise above the minimum. Another effect, and a curious one, of the application of this method of ascertaining a candidate's standing, is the absolute impossibility which it secures of anything like favoritism on the

part of the examiners. When these officers come to take up the papers, all those relating to the same subject—one sheet being given for each subject—are considered one after the other, and the results recorded on a general table. Then the general average is worked out, and it invariably happens that it is wholly impracticable for any member of the board, at any stage of the process, to predict with even approximate accuracy what the general average or final standing of any candidate will be. So that if the names of the candidates were known to the board, as they are not, and if there were any desire to promote the chances of one beyond another, it could not be accomplished. The Board of Examiners work, in practice as in intent, with the impartiality of a calculating machine, and are scarcely more conscious than that ingenious contrivance is of what is to be the result of their labor. What may be called the mechanical impartiality of the process of weighting extends even to the "general aptitude" of the candidate, every element of which, except one, is calculated mathematically. It thus results that on the scale of 100, on which the candidate's standing is marked, there are only four points which are left to the discretion of the board—these four being allotted to the impression as to personal bearing made by the candidate, referring particularly to his physical capacity for the position which he seeks.

Considerable criticism having been offered from time to time on the alleged "pedantry" of the questions put to candidates, it is as well to say that the mathematical questions are strictly confined to exercises in the elementary rules of arithmetic, and to problems in business calculations such as will be presented in the daily work of the particular position opened to competition. In "geography, history, and government" the following questions will fairly show the character of those generally given out: "1. Name the ten States that border upon or are divided by the Mississippi River. 2. What large river of the United States flows into the Pacific Ocean? 3. Which State produces the most coal? which the most tobacco? and which the most sugar? 4. Which are the two largest cities on Lake Michigan? 5. What was the first English settlement on the coast of New England? 6. What actual collision with the British forces marked the commencement of the Revolutionary war? 7. How are the Territories of the United States governed? 8. Under what circumstances can the President order the State militia into service?" In syntax, corrections are required only of the most obvious, though often very common, errors, such as in the following sentence: "The three first papers were difficult." As subjects for the letter required, the following indicate the character of those selected: "What governmental policy toward the Indians is most expedient?" "What are the advantages or disadvantages of Chinese immigration?" If there is anything required for the proper answer to these questions, or the reasonably intelligent treatment of these subjects, beyond what is furnished by an average common-school education and a fair attention to that universal educator of American citizens, the newspaper, then the excellence of our schools and the intelligence of our people have been sadly overrated.

The standing of the candidates having been determined in the manner described, the names of the three standing highest on the list are certified to the appointing officer. He has the option to reject summarily, and without giving his reasons, one or all of these names, in which case new names are furnished from those next highest on the list. If there be no summary rejection, the appointment is made from the names submitted. In point of fact, no summary rejection has been made by an appointing officer. The only discrimination made is the selection, required by law, of those who have served in the Union army or navy, and who are otherwise equally eligible to appointment. Those not appointed retain their standing, and are eligible to succeeding vacancies for a specified time. A record is kept of all the proceedings of the board, and the examination papers are also filed. Both record and papers are open to inspection by any one directly interested.

Some simple statistics of the results of the examinations in the Collector's and Naval Offices will throw a good deal of light on the character of the applicants under the new system, and the manner in which they acquitted themselves, and on the nature of the process by which they were sifted. For positions of the higher order, commanding a salary of $1200 a year, fourteen classes, with 428 candidates,

appeared to be examined. Of these, 52 withdrew from competition on the ground of sickness, nervousness, or confessed want of ability. Of the 376 remaining, 224, or 60 per cent., failed to reach the minimum of 70; 73 more, or 19½ per cent., failed to get beyond 80, making a little more than three-fourths of the whole number who were practically out of the race, as, considering the proportion of applicants to offices, no one not going beyond 80 on the general average stands the slightest chance of appointment. Of the remainder, 59, or 15⅔ per cent., obtained between 80 and 90; 20, or 5⅓ per cent., obtained 90 or over. The age of appointees ranged from 26 to 54, with an average of 36 years. Of the 42 appointed, 27 were born in New York, 12 in ten other States, and 3 in foreign countries; 14 had received a common-school education, 22 an academic, and 6 a collegiate; 19 had been clerks, 5 had been merchants, 1 a manufacturer, 1 a broker, 1 an expressman, 3 teachers, 4 civil engineers, 2 lawyers, 2 farmers, 1 banker, 1 a student—showing a notable absence of the professional and student class, which, it had been thought, would be favored by the new system.

The statistics of the examinations for promotion bring out the fact that the present members of the force at the Custom-house do not take kindly to the examinations, and do not make a very good showing when they enter the lists. In an examination for a $1400 position in the Naval Office, in which all the clerks of the $1200 grade were allowed to compete, one of the highest positions was won by a clerk who had just been admitted through examination, and this notwithstanding that the questions were entirely different, and were framed to test the candidates' familiarity with duties which they had been performing. The contestants in the other cases did not reach as high an average standing as had been reached in the examinations for admissions. More recently an examination was held to fill two vacancies in positions of $2000. The questions were searching, and the ordeal a severe one. The lists were thrown open to all subordinate clerks. None of those occupying $1800 positions entered; of those at $1600 only four entered. In all, of two hundred men who were privileged to apply, and who had been appointed under the old system, only twenty-four appeared. On the other hand, eleven men appointed after competition, and including all who were eligible to examination, presented themselves. The result was that two of the latter won the prizes.

The practical question which every one will ask in regard to the recent experience at the Custom-house will be, "What sort of public servants has it produced?" It will be gathered from the facts already submitted that the new system has some very important merits independent of any improvement in the service. It disposes of most of the evils attending appointments for political purposes, and robs the men who make a business of politics of their most mischievous weapon. It frees the appointing officers, and notably the Collector, from the prodigious pressure to which they have been hitherto subjected, and leaves them leisure to attend more carefully to their legitimate duties. It deprives these officers of the motive, which has sometimes been very strong, to make constant changes in the service, in order to find room for men whose appointment was urged on political or personal grounds. It makes better discipline and a more exacting standard of work possible, since employés feel that their retention or promotion depends on their merits, and not on their "backing." It tends to raise the reputation of the service in the public mind by opening it to all impartially, and ridding entrance to it from that scandalous scramble which has generally attended it. But all these benefits would be of little value if the system did not secure not only officials superior to those admitted by the old method, but of intrinsic and positive worth. On this point a careful and somewhat detailed inquiry gives an entirely satisfactory result. The testimony of the Collector, the Appraiser, and the Naval Officer in the New York Custom-house, in whose offices the appointments have mostly been made since the President's order was issued, is clear and emphatic that the new appointees are extremely acceptable. It must be borne in mind that an essential portion of the scheme of reform is the probation to which all appointees are subjected. This probation extends for six months, and during that time the appointing officer has ample opportunity to test, by actual work, the efficiency of the appointee. Only one instance is reported in which it is likely that an appointee has failed during his probation to justify his selection. In all other

cases the men presented by the Board of Examiners have proved competent under the searching ordeal of daily work. This fact is conceded frankly even by those gentlemen who accepted the reform with some reluctance, and were not at all prepared, *a priori*, to admit its excellence. There can be no mistake as to the value and significance of this testimony, and it may well be encouraging to those who have sustained the reform for years, under many disappointments, and in the midst of most depressing experiences, from a conviction that its principles were founded in common-sense, and that whatever defects might be brought out in its application were not radical, but could be avoided or remedied by good judgment and good faith. It is no longer permissible to make the objection to reform which has been so persistently, and no doubt in many cases so sincerely, made, that it is the work of "mere theorists," a "closet reform," an "invention of school-ma'ams," a thing which "could not work." It does work, and works well, and any man who cares to do so can satisfy himself of the fact by personal investigation. However inclined to doubt, no honest man is likely to examine the matter thoroughly, and deny the entirely practical nature of the reform. It is true that the demonstration afforded by the recent experience of the New York Custom-house was not absolutely needed to establish the effectiveness of the reform. The experiment made seven years ago in this city was ample for that purpose. The records of the Treasury Department at Washington at the same time afford still more complete proof to those who choose to resort to them. The literature of the reform—quite a little library of itself, by-the-way, and one which will yet prove of considerable value to the student of our institutions—contains many official documents in which are recorded an unbroken series of striking proofs that the reform so little understood by the public, and so lightly dismissed with a sneer by the political organs, stood the test of experience under the most adverse circumstances.

It remains to examine another experiment in civil service reform of a still more interesting character, owing to the peculiar motive which inspired it. That which has taken place in the Custom-house was dictated from above. It was the result of an order from the President, made not without the assent, but certainly not at the suggestion, of either the Secretary of the Treasury or the Collector of the Port. Quite different was the origin of the reform in the Post-office. Mr. James, the Postmaster of New York, long since established his reputation as an active, skillful, and devoted officer. He compelled, very soon after his appointment, the recognition by the community of his sincere desire to make his office as efficient as it could possibly be made. His resources under our postal system were limited. He has not at any time had the command of as much money or as many men as he needed to carry his plans into execution, and he has been obliged to do the best he could with such means as he could get. The nature of his work was peculiarly trying. While within certain limits it was capable, as he has shown, of being reduced to admirable system, it was nevertheless of a kind that must tax any system severely: it was full of unforeseen and pressing demands; it was complicated, crowded with detail, delicate in the last degree, and, above all, it was renewed every day and every hour. To get the best results in it required not only comprehensive pre-arrangement, but unceasing vigilance in direction and supervision, activity in every department, prompt and thorough discipline among all employés, and the constant play of adequate motives to keep up the energy and fidelity of all engaged in it. For years the office had been the subject of political manipulation. Its patronage was very valuable to any party controlling it. Its force of employés was large, widely distributed, and peculiarly adapted to serve political purposes. Mr. James was not by conviction or association what may be called a civil service reformer, and did not pretend to be. He claimed no special familiarity with or admiration for the ideas which underlay the reform as proposed by the commission appointed by General Grant. He was, and is, an active politician, and by no means rejected the commonly received conception of the privileges of a dominant party in the use of the public service for honest political ends. He is an upright and intelligent citizen, and would never be tempted to consciously subordinate the good of the service to the advantage of his party; but he is not specially independent, and he sets a very high value on the success of the

political organization to which he belongs, and, it may be said without offense, on the success of the particular group of political leaders and managers to which he is attached. He was not, therefore, attracted to the reform system by those considerations which have won for it most of the advocacy that it has received. He was simply a faithful officer in charge of a very important branch of the public service, and required to solve the problem how best to administer it, with a decided predilection for using the old methods if they could be made to work. After an extended experience, he discovered that the old methods could not be made to work. He found it practically impossible to secure regularly the kind of men he needed, to keep them up to their respective duties, to enforce the necessary discipline, and to reserve for himself and his chief agents the time and strength demanded by the task before them, while he was hampered by the interference of political influences and considerations. He was driven by the necessities of his position to seek a more practical, consistent, and effective method. Under this necessity, he turned to the idea of selecting a portion of his employés by competitive examination. He first applied it to the appointment of letter-carriers, whose duties were simple and well defined, and yet important. He found that it worked well, and that the more carefully and strictly it was applied, the better were the results. He was thus led to gradually improve and extend the system, and he has concluded by applying it to all the subordinate positions in the service in New York. He was enabled to do this the more readily because, with certain exceptions which it is not necessary to specify, all the employés in the Post-office are appointed or removed at the discretion of the Postmaster. He is held responsible for the work of the office, and the general limits of the force are defined for him; but for the most part, within these limits, he enjoys practical discretion. The plan which he has adopted, and which is substantially the same as that in use in the Custom-house, does not, therefore, include the element of appointment on probation. In one sense all the employés are on probation, and no need exists for a specific provision of this character. The examinations are conducted, as in the other branches of the public service, by officers detailed for the purpose, and receiving no additional compensation. The work, however, is done none the less faithfully. The character of the examinations is not so elaborate as in the Custom-house, and is directed mainly to testing general intelligence, quickness, command of resources, and the faculty of clear and orderly statement. The questions, instead of being written on separate sheets, are displayed upon a "blackboard" easily seen by all the class. The candidates are, however, supplied with a blank for each set of questions, and each collection of blanks is examined in order before proceeding to another. The method of determining the standing of candidates is the same as that already described. The Postmaster applies the same rules—*mutatis mutandis*—to promotions as to appointments, but reserves from the operation of the rules "positions of especial pecuniary trust, as well as those involving confidential relations, as private secretary, etc." The testimony of the Postmaster himself, and of the heads of the various departments under him, as to the results of the system, is, without exception, entirely favorable. Better men are got, and more easily as well as more surely. In this case, as in every other, now or previously, where the reform method has been adopted, the demonstration of its practical usefulness is complete.

This is not the place for any discussion of the future policy of the present administration regarding the reform, or of the probable policy of the next administration. But it may be said that the clear and indisputable evidence contained in the public records that the civil service may be "taken out of politics" to its own incalculable advantage, raises two questions for those who control the service. Why should not the process of competitive examination be applied to those now in the employ of the government, since it has been shown that those who would thus be weeded out can be replaced by better men selected by that process? And why should not the method which has borne such excellent fruit in two of the most important offices in the country be applied to the remainder of the service, or at any rate to the government departments at Washington, and in all the larger cities? The *onus probandi* as to each of these questions rests, not with those who ask them, but with those to whom they are addressed.

OUR BEGINNINGS.

DR. JEROME CHILCOTE and I bear to each other the by no means unusual relationship of husband and wife. Considering, however, that we live in a State where a certain portion of the married couples are, so to speak, born divorced, and of the remainder many achieve divorcement, and some have divorcement thrust upon them, the fact that we are very much one in heart and life, after seven years of marriage, might be considered somewhat singular and exceptional.

Do not understand me to say that we never disagree, for we do, upon one subject. Dr. Jerome has a theory about wood, and persists in the practice of buying a load of dry wood and at the same time one of green, requiring me to mix it as I burn it. Generally speaking, I don't mix it; and I will submit the question to any jury of women and housekeepers whether it comes within the pale of feminine possibilities to put a green stick in the kitchen stove when a dry one lies just beside it. This matter of the fuel is the ulcer through which all the unpleasant humors of our domestic system are discharged, leaving everything pure and lovely after each eruption, and its attendant dressing of mutual concessions and endearments.

The rather repulsive metaphor will be forgiven the wife of a practicing surgeon.

Jerome's parents as well as my own were farmers in moderate circumstances. Owing to the fact that he was an only child, and I an only daughter in a family of sons, we were both made the recipients of an extraordinary amount of parental painstaking. We were expensively educated, and the idea was early inculcated that for each of us there must be some special road hewn out, in following which we might keep at a sure, safe distance from all the hard, practical experiences of life. In behalf of each of us were entertained great expectations. Jerome was to attain distinction in his profession without any severe exertion, and secure wealth and easy living by marrying Irene Grimes. Miss Grimes was the step-daughter of Jerome's maternal aunt, who lived in an adjoining county, and the heiress in her own right to some tens of thousands. She was about Jerome's age, possibly a trifle older. He described her to me—I had never seen her—as "a fearless young creature, with very sharp elbows."

As for myself, I was finished at a fashionable school for young ladies, then furnished with an elaborate outfit, and sent to spend a winter with some uncongenial city relatives, in the hope that my pretty face and various small accomplishments might win for me a rich husband. That this was what my family longed for, I was given to understand in more ways than one. But we chose each other, Jerome and I, and disappointment sore and heavy fell upon four anxious hearts. That we should think of marrying seemed to those excellent elderly parties as the extreme of madness. They had all loved and married as poor young folks, and had never rued it; but the lot which for them seemed a natural and proper thing, was not to be thought of for us, their favored children. Our respective conditions of impecuniosity looked to them like the factors of an appalling multiple, which our married state would represent. Doubtless they were more nearly correct in their views than we were at that time willing to admit.

In the pride of his ambitious heart Jerome imagined he would have no difficulty in riding down all obstacles, including the one set forth in that ancient aphorism of the prophet in his own country, and confidently settled and advertised for business in the place that had known us both from infancy. He got business; just how much, or rather how little, no one but ourselves ever knew. There were two other well-established physicians in the village. They both called upon us, with their wives, and were very cordial. Dr. Snakeroot remarked that if he had any occasion to take a partner, there was no young man whom he would prefer to Dr. Chilcote. Just then, however, he had no occasion; but he wished Dr. Chilcote unbounded success, and hoped to be able to throw something worth while in his way now and then. He never threw any thing; at least Jerome never found it, if he did.

We kept up a goodly degree of courage for the first year, though we began to feel the bitings of poverty before its close. Old Snakeroot passed our house daily in his smooth-rolling phaeton, busy from week's end to week's end; but few sent for Jerome, and those few had little or no money with which to reward his services.

There was a large garden attached to

our house, and we cultivated it together, telling the neighbors we did it for the exercise. Well, it furnished us that, surely, and some vegetables besides. My father had given me a cow when we commenced housekeeping, and had kept her supplied with provender from the farm, so we had milk, and never suffered from hunger, quite. As the months crept on, despondency crept into our hearts, though we never spoke of it to each other. There was a woman living near us, the wife of a day-laborer, young and robust like myself; she earned five dollars a week by taking in washing, and had time, besides, to keep her house tidy, and make her own simple dresses. She is the only person in the world that I ever looked upon with burning envy. And I have seen Jerome stand at the window and watch with knitted brows a gang of smutty foundry hands go home in the evening, swinging their tin pails and talking gayly, in high good humor with themselves and the world, and I knew the bitter thoughts that were coursing through his mind. I never shed a tear, even in secret, over our low circumstances during all that weary time; but looking back to it now, my eyes fill and my heart swells with pity for poor Jerry and myself.

It was on the second anniversary of our marriage, a balmy day in April, that Jerome said:

"Rose dear, let us leave this place, and go West."

I had been looking for a proposition of some kind, and was ready to accede to anything. I told him so, and we set about our preparations for removal at once. My husband sold his watch and all the books he could possibly spare, and I sold my piano and my cow. With the sum thus raised we started. The death of my dear mother, and the somewhat hasty remarriage of my father, all of which had taken place within a few months, rendered the leaving of my native place less painful than it might otherwise have been. Jerome's parents remonstrated against what they were pleased to call a hasty step; but he was quite determined, and at the end of a month from the time the subject was first broached between us we found ourselves here in this lively young Western town of Crummelsville.

Jerome had no acquaintance here, and I never clearly understood what caused him to steer for this particular locality. I asked him once, and the whimsical fellow replied that the name had suggested to him the possibility of finding Vincent Crummles and his troupe, the Infant Phenomenon and the rest, somewhere in this region; and he had conceived the plan of securing an engagement with that prince of managers, and earning some money as a strolling actor, in case of failing utterly as a physician.

But, Providence be praised, he was not doomed to failure. On the contrary, a sufficient measure of success was accorded him from the first week of our residence in C. to keep us in good heart and hope for the future. Jerome opened an office, and I opened a school, and business increased upon our hands.

Just eighteen months from the date of our arrival in Crummelsville the ground was broken for our new house. To be sure, the lot was not quite paid for, and the house could not be finished that year; but we longed so for a home of our own, and Jerry said we needed something in which to deposit our surplus cash (!), to prevent extravagance. How Jerome worked those days, and what a talent he developed for collecting debts! Where there was no money, he would take pigs, fowls, grain, wood — anything that his debtor could be induced to spare. It was our only salvation. So much labor for nothing anyhow! So many poor who could not pay, and so many better off who didn't care!

One day I accompanied the doctor on a long drive through the "hoop-pole country," as a certain timbered district was called. On our way we encountered a heavily bearded man wearing a fox-skin cap and carrying a long rifle. While he was yet at some distance Jerome said, "There comes Tim Frost. He owes me seven dollars and a half, and I am going to make him pay it now."

"I don't believe he has a cent in the world," I remarked.

"No matter; I'll take 'dicker.'"

"Oh, please don't!" I exclaimed, thinking of an old watch and shot-gun at home that he had taken as "dicker" on accounts. "I wouldn't take the poor fellow's gun. It is all he has to make a living with."

Just then the man came up, and salutations were exchanged.

"How are you, Tim?"

"How are you, doctor?"

"Let us see, Tim: it is now about six months that you've owed me that little bill. How would you like to pay it to-day?"

Tim swore he would like to pay it exceedingly well, but he was "dead broke." "Not a darned bit of use to talk about payin' to-day, doctor; but jes you wait till my corn and taters come off!" with an encouraging nod and wink.

"You'll need all the corn and potatoes you'll have," said Jerome, dryly. He had seen the place where they ought to be growing. "I want to get you out of debt to-day. Are both of those dogs yours that I hear barking off there?"

"Sartin," said Tim.

"Couldn't you spare me one of them?"

"Well, maybe I mought; but ef you're wantin' a dog, now, a rale smart chicken dog, there's Jake Morrisson, down on the bottom—"

"Never mind Jake Morrisson and his chicken dog," interrupted Jerry; "I want that pup that's barking now—no, the other one. Listen! There, now, that's the yelp. I'll give you seven dollars and a half for that dog, and take him on his bark."

"Why, that's Chunk," said Tim, deprecatingly. "I'd ruther not part with Chunk."

But Jerome was hunting under the seat for a piece of rope, and Tim Frost whistled up his dogs. Chunk was selected, and secured to the tail-board of our wagon. Then Jerome wrote out on a leaf of his prescription-book a receipt in full for Frost's indebtedness, and passed it to the woodman, who deposited it in the fox-skin cap, and expressed himself very well satisfied with the transaction.

"Oh, Jerry, how could you?" I said, as we drove on. "To think of taking into the family a dog raised as that dog has been!"

Jerome gave one of his unconscionable laughs as he looked at my forlorn face, and then back at the horrible thick-bodied little beast that came bouncing along in our rear.

"Never mind, Rosy," he said; "the dog sha'n't trouble you, and one of these days I'll turn him into a cow."

I confess I had but small faith that such a transformation could be effected. Chunk was tied in the stable, and carefully fed by my husband.

About a week later he had another call which would take him into the very heart of the "hoop-pole country." Before starting he took the old watch before mentioned, hung the guard about his neck, and placed the monstrous thing in his pocket. Then the fowling-piece came in for a handling, and was laid across the front end of the spring-wagon. Chunk's rope was fastened to the rear, and Jerome drove off, while I stood in the door, laughing at his ludicrous appearance. I thought he did it for drollery; but at night he returned, *sans* dog, gun, and watch, and accompanied by a boy who led a spotted two-year-old heifer—a little beauty, notwithstanding she was lean as a hound. I named her Calico on the spot. The next spring she gave milk, and to this day Calico is one of my stanchest friends and allies. I accused Jerry of having swindled somebody dreadfully in that trade. He called me his second conscience, and told me to "quiet right down," for it was all perfectly straight and honest.

"I traded," said he, "with old Tony Wallace. He had four head of young cattle, and scant fodder for three, so, you see, the heifer or one of her companions must have starved before spring. He was keen to trade: said the dog and gun would help him to his winter's meat, and the watch would stand the old woman and himself a three months' credit at Jupp's grocery for tea and tobacco. Then, too, if you must know it, I gave him three dollars in money—more than he has had at one time in many a long day."

He who has never lived, for a brief time at least, in one of the many mushroom towns that have sprung up along the lines of our new Western railways, has missed a novel and interesting experience. What pretentious little cities they are, with streets and avenues, and squares and rows, enough to require the exponency of a good-sized directory! How punctiliously careful the citizen is to inform the stranger that Ringbone's livery-stable is on Richelieu Street, a few doors south of Wellington, instead of saying, "Just down there, beyond the crooked buttonwood, opposite Bung's cooper-shop!"

We hear much of the naturalness and freshness of life in these Western towns. Freshness enough there is, surely, if one takes into account the heaps of fresh earth thrown out of cellars, the piles of new-made bricks and fresh-sawn lumber, and the prevailing air of incompletion and

uncertainty as to results. All this is not unpleasant. At least I did not find it so. There is a spirit of activity afloat in the atmosphere, and the plying hammer and cheery whistle of the busy artisan are always agreeable sounds.

We moved into our new dwelling when it was little more than half completed. The work stopped when the funds ran low, for Jerome would not contract a heavy debt to the builder. We were not alone in occupying an unfinished domicile. It would have mattered little to us if we had been. We passed under our unpainted lintel and proceeded to arrange our few things with hearts as light as birds at nest-making. I took my little school into the parlor, and managed to teach it faithfully, and do my house-work out of hours. More than this, I took a boarder. I took him one day in Jerome's absence; and I am firmly of the opinion that if our lives had not been controlled by principle rather than impulse, we would have quarrelled seriously over that.

"What did you do it for?" asked Dr. Jerome, with a volume of discontent in his voice.

"For the money," I replied. "Four dollars a week!"

"Mercenary woman!" he exclaimed. "To sacrifice the sacred privacy of our table and fireside for the paltry sum of four dollars a week!"

Mr. Lemuel Robertson, our boarder, was a short, rather stout man of about forty-five, I should say, though he carried himself with the slow, grave dignity of a much older man. He had one of the very kindest of faces, which, when you talked to him, had a way of expressing every degree of interest by looks of interrogation and exclamation. His language, which was always scrupulously grammatical and well chosen, was also most carefully pointed and emphasized. He had not been in the house three days before Jerome gave him—behind his back, of course—the sobriquet of "Professor of Pragmatics," and before the end of the week he had the audacity to call him "Professor" to his face. The innocent creature looked flattered, and remarked, in his stilted phraseology, that he had never been a member of any faculty, but had frequently, in the course of his life, been mistaken for such a dignitary.

It was impossible to find out much about Mr. Robertson. When he applied to me for board and lodging he informed me that he was a bachelor, and obliged to find a home wherever he could; that he had thoughts of becoming a permanent resident of Crummelsville, and—"Much, you know, madam, depends upon a man's first anchorage in a place. The doctor, madam, the foremost doctor in the town, is a person of position and influence, and I would very much like to be able to say I have my home at Dr. Chilcote's."

I never told Jerome this; it would have made him spiteful.

I assigned my boarder a chamber innocent of plaster, with a coat of pretty paper tacked over the laths. His luggage came—three heavy trunks—and was carried up. The trunks contained books, tools, and some odd-looking pieces of joinery. His clothes were few and very threadbare. But he paid me four dollars every Saturday, and smoked constantly the best and costliest cigars. He was very unobtrusive, keeping his room for the most part when about the house, and spending many whole days away, rambling in the woods, and tramping up and down the numerous rapid little streams that thread this part of the country. He always carried a gun on these tramps, but never brought home any game. He was very neat in all his habits, and a delicate and fastidious eater. I soon grew to like him, and Jerome certainly did not hate him, after he discovered that they had one taste in common.

Both were afflicted with what Miss Bremer, in *The Neighbors*, calls a "carpentering mania." Mr. Robertson had a tool-box; so had my husband. During those idle months immediately succeeding our marriage Jerome had figured out an invention—an improved invalid bed—and since we had come West he had obtained letters patent upon it. He had never realized a dollar out of it, and never expected to; nevertheless, it was a sort of pet with him. Some remark at table, one day, turned the conversation upon what happened to be the hobby of both—mechanics. After dinner Jerome got out his little model, and the "Professor" took it upon his knees as if it had been a baby. A long, low talk followed, and much caressive handling. After that, when Jerry had an hour or two of leisure, the two would go into the wood-shed together and "tinker." Many were the pretty

brackets, frames, etc., of which I was made the pleased possessor by this harmless amusement.

A few weeks passed, and we had just become used to our new situation, when a thunder-bolt fell in the shape of a letter from a connection of Jerome's family, threatening us with a visit of weeks. This person was none other than Miss Irene Grimes.

"Just think of it!" I groaned to Jerry. "We shall be ruined! I shall have to give up my school. You will have to spend your time carrying her about to see the country; there must be another chamber fitted up at once, and we will have to invite company, I suppose, and everything. I don't see what it means. Maybe the woman has planned, and is about to execute upon you, some dire scheme of revenge because you didn't marry her."

"Just as likely as not," said Jerome; "but, if I remember correctly, her objections to the marriage were as decided as my own; in consideration of which fact I have always accredited her with a fair share of hard, good sense."

Then seeing the wry face I made, he added: "No personal reflections intended, dear. Circumstances alter cases, especially when the circumstance happens to be in the shape of a bewitching girlie that a fellow has liked ever since the age of his first suspenders."

"Perhaps," said I, "she has grown beautiful in spite of the elbows, and is coming now to drive you to distraction with a coquettish display of her graces and her wealth."

Jerome laughed a little at my fancies, then said, "It must be a very fascinating woman indeed, Rose, who could lead me to forget for a moment what I owe to my faithful, patient, hard-working little wife."

A bell ringing somewhere reminded him of an engagement, so he kissed me, and went out hurriedly. Being left alone, I bowed my head upon my hand with a feeling of utter dejection. My groundless suppositions had all at once acquired sufficient weight to make me wretched. I did not want to be called faithful and patient. Just then I would rather have known myself to be idle, capricious, extravagant, and generally good for nothing, yet loved wildly for some subtle charm of person or manner which I could not help having, and for which I deserved no credit. Being very tired, I sought my pillow early, and dreamed of Irene Grimes. I thought she arrived one day in my husband's absence, and I stood still as she entered our door, perfectly bewildered by her almost divine loveliness. She was small, in my dream, with clustering blonde hair, and a complexion whose delicate tinting varied continually, as did the light in her splendid eyes. In a voice exquisitely musical she asked for "Cousin Jerome." I smilingly told her he would be home soon, and would, I knew, be enraptured to see her; while I secretly wondered whether the sight of her fresh beauty, compared with my insignificant figure and pale cheeks, would not fill him with regret and wretchedness—whether his intensely appreciative heart might not be led captive against his will by this charmer. The thought seemed to smother me, and I awoke in a nervous shiver.

Miss Grimes did arrive in Jerome's absence; but what a contrast to the angelic Irene of my dream! Not that she was positively homely; on the contrary, I have always considered her a fine-looking woman. She had a smooth, sallow complexion, beautiful abundant black hair, and very white teeth, just uneven enough to prove that they were natural. But she was above medium height, square-shouldered, and angular, and her motions were so abrupt! I knew myself to be *petite* and graceful beside her. Within the first hour or two she informed me that she was almost four years older than Jerome, and laughed in the jolliest manner imaginable over the "droll project," as she called it, which his family and hers had once entertained, of making a match between them. She had long wanted to come West, she said, and had no other relatives or friends to quarter upon except ourselves. She was not going to put us out any, and if we would only be docile to her at first awhile, she was sure we would not find her a particle in the way. I assured her —and with candor, for I foresaw I should like her—that her visit would give us great pleasure.

My husband came home and greeted her in his own frank, winning way, making inquiries about people whom they both knew, and launching at once into a stream of easy, engaging conversation.

After she descended from unpacking, she went to a leathern reticule which she

had left on the table, and took from it a small gold-mounted revolver.

"Oh, Miss Grimes!" I cried, shrinking away a little—for I don't like fire-arms—"is it loaded?"

"Certainly," she replied, shortly; "I always carry it loaded when I travel alone. I would like to discharge the loads from your wood-shed door, if you will give me leave."

Leave was given, and in spite of my fears I followed her at a respectful distance. Just as she was about to shoot she spied Mr. Robertson sitting on a block in the back yard, cleaning the forest loam from his thick-soled boots. Dropping her arm, she said, "I shall frighten that man."

He heard her, and turned about, evidently comprehending the situation at once. "Never mind me, madam; fire away, only high enough."

And she did fire, emptying the six chambers of the revolver in quick succession. Then the "Professor" got up and came in. I do not remember whether I introduced them formally or not: I suppose I did, for I distinctly remember his taking the smoking weapon from her hand, and uttering ejaculations of delight over its exquisite finish. After she had carefully wiped the dangerous toy, and started up stairs to put it away, he remarked, admiringly, more to himself than to me: "A lady of *remarkable* spirit, I should say."

The next morning we induced Miss Grimes—who declared herself perfectly rested from her journey—to accompany Jerome on a five-mile drive over a pleasant piece of road, whence could be seen some fine farms and several pretty river views. When my school assembled at nine o'clock, I informed the little people that I had company from a distance to entertain, and that I should be obliged to give them a vacation of a few weeks, but that in a couple of months I would open my room to them again, and hoped to see them all together once more. My pupils expressed their surprise and regret, said their affectionate good-byes, and went away. When the last pair of little feet had pattered down the steps I sat down by my desk and "wept a little weep," partly because I liked the children, and their tender leave-takings moved me, but more because one certain though small stream of income was cut off. I was so anxious to get our home completed and paid for! Jerry toiled hard night and day, but his collections came in slowly, and I, with my boarder and my school, had seemed to help a good deal. Then I bethought me of my motto, recently adopted and written down in my journal. It was, *Take the next step right.* The next step on that occasion I knew to be the putting of the roast into the oven, and I took it instantly and cheerfully.

As the days passed on, I found Irene very little in the way indeed. She seemed to be very deeply interested in the country and its resources, in the people and their methods of living. Then, too, she was a reader, and the "Professor's" library—we had no books but medical ones—was pressed upon her use. I found Mr. Robertson himself a most valuable aid in the hospitable duty of entertaining our guest. He had manifested from the first a marked admiration for her, and before long I began to suspect that it was returned in kind, if not in degree.

An amusing incident occurred one day, when Miss Grimes had been with us about a month. We were alone in the house, she engaged in letter-writing in her bedroom up stairs, I occupied with some household matters below. All at once there came a great shouting of men and boys, accompanied by a vast chorus of grunts and squeals. I knew in a moment what it meant. There had been, during the entire summer, a herd of many swine feeding on Baldwin's Prairie, a few miles north of us, and they were then being moved through the town to some point further south. Our lot was unfenced, and there was as yet no foundation wall under our house, which rested on a number of small brick piers about two feet high. As the drove advanced, it spread out over our premises, and in spite of the drovers' efforts to prevent it, the stupid animals went under the house and crowded each other on till a solid mass of pork became wedged between the piers. I could hear, and even feel, their backs shoving and grating against the sleepers under my feet, and for a few moments I was really afraid the bricks might be crowded from under one or more of the corners, thus unsettling and damaging the house.

But fear gave place to a sense of the ludicrous when Miss Grimes came rushing down stairs, her face the picture of terror.

"Did you ever see the like of this, Rose? There are miles and acres of hogs! I can't see the end of the drove from the chamber window! Just feel the house jar! We shall be carried off on the backs of these dreadful creatures! Where do you suppose they are going?"

"To Cincinnati, probably," I replied; "and we shall get a free ride, part of the way at least."

"Rose Chilcote, we are in real danger," she cried, "and I do not see how you can laugh! Such an outlandish way of living!" she went on, her vexation getting quite the better of her good-breeding. "The garden all open to the world, and no underpinning to the house!"

A mariner shipwrecked on a pinnacle of rock in mid-ocean (if there are any pinnacles there) could not have looked more forlorn. She held in her hand a round basket, which I knew contained her cameo jewelry, a set of costly laces, and her beloved revolver. I have since wondered that she did not use the latter upon a few, at least, of the offending porkers. With her valuables held tightly, she stood in the open doorway, ready to spring, at all risks, if our poor little house showed signs of yielding to the pressure. All at once her look of dismay gave place to one of gratitude and joy.

"Come here, Rose," she said. "Just see that brave man!"

I looked out. There stood Mr. Robertson on the opposite corner, making encouraging signals, and indicating by dumb-show that at some favorable moment in the near future he would be with us.

"See," she exclaimed, "he is determined to make the attempt!"

Sure enough, with another signal of hope, he started in to ford the tide of rooters, which was growing perceptibly thinner. He carried a stout cudgel, and dealt a blow here and a kick there as he waded along. When he neared our veranda, Irene leaned far out, and gave her hand as to an exhausted swimmer. With this aid, he made a spring, clearing the backs of several long-legged shoats, and landed, beaming, at Miss Grimes's side.

"How dared you venture?" I heard her say. Then my feelings overcame me, and I withdrew quickly.

How Jerry laughed when I described the situation to him that night!

"To think," I said, "that she should regard him in the light of a deliverer! What upon earth could he have done for us if the accident we feared had actually occurred?"

Jerry gave me a quizzical look as he replied: "I hardly know, to be sure. Possibly, however, it was not any more absurd in her than for a certain small lady of our acquaintance to send to the office for her husband whenever there is the least bit of a thunder-shower, and to declare she feels perfectly safe when he is with her, no matter how hard it thunders."

It seemed to do him some good to say that, but I considered it very senseless comparison, and told him so.

The next afternoon something else occurred, growing out of our "outlandish way of living," which helped to hasten a certain consummation that Titania and all her most mischievous sprites had vowed to bring about.

Miss Grimes was sitting on a low couch, conversing with Mr. Robertson about the comparative merits of water and steam powers for flouring mills. She leaned her head back against the wall, and must have moved it about considerably, for a splinter of the lath worked through the paper which covered it, and inserted itself in the thick coil of her back hair, effectually pinning her fast. She raised both hands to her head, exclaiming:

"What under the canopy does this mean?"

The "Professor," with a low-spoken "Allow me!" sprang forward, and with trembling hands disengaged the splinter. In the operation her hair became loosened, and the whole beautiful mass tumbled down over her shoulders to her waist. Irene was genuinely confused over this dishevelled state of things; but Mr. R. turned away with a dazed expression, and for some moments afterward I observed him looking at his fingers and rubbing them gently, as one is apt to do after touching the poles of a battery with the current on.

As time passed, I began to feel a natural feminine anxiety lest my guest should not have an opportunity of airing in Crummelsville a certain elegant prune-colored silk suit which she had brought with her. But fortune favored my wish. Every small town has its magnate. Ours was a woman. Mrs. Crummels was the wealthy widow of the original founder of

the village, and Mrs. Crummels made a tea party, to which Irene and myself were invited. Jerome sometimes calls me weak-minded. Maybe I am. At all events, I introduced our relative from the East with a good deal of pride, and basked comfortably in her reflected splendor during the entire evening, feeling confident that anything to compare with that prune-colored silk, and the jewels and laces that accompanied it, could not be produced in our corner of the State. Irene also enjoyed the occasion—so she afterward told me. Once, however, I thought I saw a shadow darken her eyes: not her face, which was bland and composed—only the color of her eyes. Mrs. Crummels said to me:

"I have recently become somewhat acquainted with your boarder, Mr. Robertson, and I like him very much. He has called here several times on business. He wished us to adopt in our mills the use of an improvement of which he is the patentee. My foreman thought well of the invention, and we had concluded to accede to his proposal, when he called again to inform us that he had bought the water-power on Lynn Creek, and purposed building a mill there himself, in which to test the merits of his machinery."

It was then I saw that cloud in Irene's eyes; and when Mrs. C. went on to say what an affable gentleman Mr. Robertson was, and how much she enjoyed his conversation upon other topics than business, the shadow deepened—a shadow of greenish darkness.

But the wee people—Cobweb, Peasblossom, Mustardseed, and the rest—had taken it into their grotesque little heads to bring matters to a crisis in their own elfish way.

One day Irene came down from her room with a fine cambric skirt which she had worn to Mrs. Crummels's party, and which needs must have the starch washed out, and be laid away rough-dry till another occasion of importance might require it to be fresh laundried. It was a perfect marvel of embroidery, tucks, and fine needle-work of every kind, and was by far too precious an article to be trusted to the hands of my Irish washer-woman; so Miss Grimes begged permission to dabble it out herself. It was granted, of course, and in a very short time the skirt was swinging by two pins from the clothes-line in the back yard.

We were sitting by the window with our sewing, when an appalling apparition crossed our sight—a cow with a white petticoat over her head! The wind had expanded the skirt like a balloon; and Satan, entering into that cow, had possessed her to put her head through it, detach it from the line, and walk off with it!

Miss Grimes uttered a wild shriek, and started in pursuit. The cow had stopped a few yards from the house, and stood still till Irene went quite up to her; but when the excited woman attempted to reclaim her property, the perverse animal started on again at a slow trot. Some carpenters were roofing a house near by, and stopped their work to watch the sport, and volunteer such advice as, "Head her off!" "Back her into a corner!" "Surround her!" and one more wicked than they all sang out that old army slang, "Grab a root!"

The energetic spinster heeded them not, but steadily followed the cow, which did not seem in the least frightened, but frequently paused till Irene approached and touched her side, when, with a toss of her horns, she would trot on again. I think the pursuit might have continued up to the present time had not relief appeared in the form of Mr. Robertson. From my outlook at the chamber window I observed him approaching from the opposite end of the street. Seeing the cow with something on her head, and Miss Grimes in the road with nothing on hers, he stopped, and seemed to consider a moment what it might mean. Being a man of quick perceptions, he was not long in arriving at a conclusion. He retraced his steps a short distance, and opened a gate leading into a blind alley. The cow came on, and was gently turned through the open gateway. Mr. R. followed, closing the gate behind him. In a few moments it was again opened, the cow emerged at a brisk pace, followed by the "Professor," with the skirt hanging over his arm. Irene stood still in the middle of the street, waiting the return of the conquering hero. And surely no knight of the chivalrous ages ever laid at the feet of his lady-love a trophy of his valor with more of tender pride than Lemuel Robertson felt when he delivered that skirt to the hands of its fair owner!

Early that afternoon a livery rig, the best in town, appeared at our door, and Irene appeared at the same moment,

equipped for a ride. She kissed me affectionately, and said, "Don't wait tea for us, dear; we may return late, and you know we both like nothing better in the evening than a bowl of bread and milk."

They returned in the moonlight. A boy stood waiting to take the team. Mr. Robertson and Miss Grimes walked slowly up to the house, and seated themselves on the veranda to continue a conversation which had doubtless been running for three hours and a half. I sat just inside the open window, and heard the "Professor" say, in a low tone, "I am so glad you like Lynn Creek. You shall have a beautiful house there. I will have my mill, *and we will have each other.*"

Hearing this, I discreetly retired.

The next morning the announcement of their engagement was made in due form, and received by us with suitable expressions of surprise and warm congratulations. Irene was to return to her Eastern home in a few days, there to remain till Mr. Robertson brought her back in the spring as his bride.

"I have always thought," said Miss Grimes, "that a courtship did not deserve the name unless there were at least a few months of correspondence. And I assure you," turning to her betrothed, "you will find me a very exacting correspondent. I mean to allow you very little time for anything else besides letter-writing."

To this Mr. R. made no reply, but simply beamed on her with very much the same expression he had worn when on the day of her arrival he pronounced her "a lady of remarkable spirit."

"And now, my good friends," said the nice old fellow, turning to us, "we will leave our own personal affairs, in which you have manifested so kind an interest, and speak of a little matter of business in which you are equally interested with ourselves. I have long had it in my mind to make you an offer for your patent invalid bed. Would you take a thousand dollars for it—I mean for the exclusive right, as I should not at all care about operating a limited territory?"

Jerome laughed a little nervously, then replied: "I believe it would be a practical and useful thing; but I fear you would lose money by buying it at any price. I would cheerfully sell for half the sum you name, and could not think of taking more."

"Now, Jerome," said Irene, in the advising grandmotherly manner she often assumed toward him, "I do not like to hear you speak in that way. I fear you have no just conception of the importance of money in this world. You must know that I am to have a half interest in this investment, and I never take less than a five-hundred-dollar share in anything."

"You need have no fears, doctor, that we will be heavy losers by the transaction," said Mr. Robertson. "My brother is connected with the medical college at Kelawna, and has weekly clinics at St. Joseph's Hospital. He is particularly pleased with the fracture attachment (I sent him one of your illustrated circulars), and has promised me to introduce the bed at St. Joseph's, and use his influence for its introduction at other places."

Jerome opened his eyes very wide. "Dr. Robertson! I know of him. Why, he is dean of the faculty at Kelawna, and the first surgeon in the State."

"He is my brother," said our "Professor," simply. "And now if you are willing to accept my offer, and have that little model handy, and a patent deed about you, we will conclude the bargain at once."

Well, the patent-right money fenced our lot, plastered and "underpinned" our house, gave us a start of books again, and helped our small beginnings in many ways. Jerome has now all the business he can attend to, and so have I, though I never re-opened my school after Miss Grimes's visit. Little Lem came to us before the end of the ensuing year, and baby Irene followed rather closely. The sweet duties of motherhood keep mind and hands fully occupied, notwithstanding one or the other of our dear babes is almost constantly at the beautiful house on Lynn Creek, the home of their devoted godparents.

LOST.

In youth's spring-tide my spirit's leaping prow
Ploughed fruitful sea-fields by Love's polar star,
Where spice-winged winds from isles divine afar
Breathed odorous passion on the ecstatic brow.
Nor was there need at all of prayer or vow,
When fire by night was God, and cloud by day,
And deep inviolate instincts knew sure way
In fixed obedience at Truth's shrine to bow.
But now the horizon closes, darkness-drenched;
And touched by murderous finger of Despair,
All stars veil shuddering faces, and are quenched,
Save only lone star Wormwood's baleful glare—
Lamp of lost souls by Love cast forth unshriven
O'er deep dead seas, palled by else lampless heaven.

OUR NATIONAL GUARD.

"Audiet cives acuisse ferrum."—HOR., *Ode I.*, 2, 21.

"IT is quite plain that your government will never be able to restrain a distressed and discontented majority..... Your Constitution is all sail, and no anchor," wrote Macaulay, that most learned student of historical politics, to America, in 1857. The Southern cyclone of '61 and the tornado of '77 have made plain even to less observant eyes the perils which environ our ship of state when its master may not find an anchor with which to outride the hurricane. Such an anchor as European governments carry in their standing armies, sure to hold in the storm, but overweighting the ship in the calm, is repugnant to both the traditions and spirit of our institutions. A regular army we must have, to care for the public property of fifty millions of people, to sustain the authority of its government throughout so large a domain, to collect, preserve, and advance a knowledge of the higher sciences of modern warfare, and to supply the educated and trained military officers of this great nation when it may need them. But even if that army numbered fifty, instead of twenty-five thousand, it would be too small an anchor to be relied upon for security when threatened by the dangers to which Macaulay alludes.

Have we really no anchor that is trustworthy? is there no protection of a "government of the people by the people" from suicide or from mob violence? The time is come for us to wisely consider and settle this question. The belief of Macaulay is so general among educated people that it may almost be considered fashionable to despair of the republic, and the chief hope of most seems to be that it may only outlast their generation. I am persuaded, however, that the framers of our Constitution were neither unconscious nor neglectful of these dangers. Article II. of the amendments recites, as to their minds a self-evident truth, the reason of its enactment: "*A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State*, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

Washington recommended to the Governors of the several States at the close of the Revolution "the adoption of a proper peace establishment, in which care should be taken to place the militia throughout the Union on a regular, uniform, and efficient footing.....The militia of this country must be considered as the *palladium of our security*, and our first effectual resort in case of hostility;" and to Congress, in 1794, he says, "The devising and establishing of a well-regulated militia would be a genuine source of legislative honor, and a perfect title to public gratitude."

Hamilton termed the militia "the most natural defense of a free country," and "the guardian of the national security." Adams and Jefferson repeatedly urged the need of a good militia organization, the latter, in 1808, in these words: "For a people who are free, and mean to remain so, a well-organized and armed militia is their best security."

In 1792 Congress passed "an act more effectually to provide for the national defense by establishing an uniform militia throughout the United States," whereby every white male citizen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five is required to be enrolled, and to *provide himself* with a good musket, firelock, or rifle, a sufficient bayonet and belt, two spare flints, knapsack, shot-pouch, powder-horn, twenty lead bullets suited to the bore of his gun, and a quarter of a pound of powder; the officers with a sword or hanger and espontoon. Company officers are to provide their companies with a drum and fife or bugle-horn; field and staff officers, their regiments with a stand of State and national colors. In 1803 it was made the duty of the adjutant-generals of the States to make returns to the President, and of the Secretary of War to give such directions to them as would secure uniformity in returns. In 1808 $200,000 was appropriated, to be annually divided among the States for procuring "arms and equipment for the whole body of the militia." An act of 1820 prescribes "that the system of field exercise and discipline which is and shall be ordered to be observed in the regular army shall be observed in the militia." In 1795 the President was authorized to call forth the militia for national protection, or, upon proper application, to suppress insurrection in any State; in 1861 to enforce the laws of the general government; and in 1862 it was made his duty to prescribe the time of service required in calling them forth, not to exceed nine months.

Under these laws the people were organized and mustered during the first half century of our independence, and many

middle-aged men can recall the "pomp and circumstance" of those "general trainings," when the whole country-side assembled to receive its semi-annual dose of the art of war, gingerbread, and root-beer. These laws are still in force, but "general trainings" are as obsolete as their matrosses, firelocks, hangers, and espontoons. The organization they contemplate is entirely impracticable, because all the able-bodied men can never be spared for war or trained for it, except in the last dire extremity. Without equipment, knowledge, or discipline it could but fail when brought to the test of actual service.

The military instinct and common-sense of the people are, however, working out a solution of the problem which bids fair, when properly developed and sustained, to prove satisfactory. In obedience to the law of compensations, there has been slowly growing up, to meet the need of the country, a volunteer militia which has taken the name of the National Guard. The Ancient and Honorable Company of the Artillery of Massachusetts, chartered in 1638, is probably the first and oldest of this class; the First Corps of Cadets of Massachusetts, chartered in 1741; the First Company of Governor's Foot-Guards of Connecticut, dating from 1771; and the Second Company of Governor's Foot-Guards, organized just before the battle of Lexington; the First Troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry, which was presented, and still possesses, the first "Stars and Stripes"; the First Light Infantry of Providence, Rhode Island; the Albany Burgesses Corps; the State Fencibles, of Philadelphia; and the world-renowned Seventh, of New York, organized in 1824, and other similar companies and regiments, have from time to time, in various parts of the country, been organized, chiefly, perhaps, to gratify the military tastes of the members, and primarily at private expense; and as age has added honor, they have grown in efficiency. Especially the Seventh Regiment of New York, with unusual resources for the selection of strong, patriotic, and wealthy young men of military tastes, abundant opportunities of observing, learning, and practicing military arts, fortunate in securing earnest, capable, and enthusiastic commanders, like Colonels Duryee, Lefferts, and Clark, and supported by a rich and appreciative community, has been able in the half century of its existence, in the perfection of its equipment and accomplishments, the importance of its services, and lately in the completeness of its magnificent armory and its appointments, erected at a cost of over $500,000 at private expense, to show what the citizen soldier may do for his country.

In the absence of other available force, the several States and the national government have both frequently been obliged to call upon these independent commands for assistance in the enforcement of law and the maintenance of their authority, the very salvation of the capital at the outbreak of the rebellion being due to the promptness with which they responded to the call of the President. What patriotic citizen can forget the thrill of gratitude which permeated the whole North with the news of the arrival in Washington of the Sixth and Eighth Massachusetts and the Seventh New York regiments after the five days' interruption of communication with the government at that momentous crisis?—days of terrible suspense, which these "carpet knights," as they were called, spent in building bridges, repairing locomotives, and laying railroad track. After the "seven days'" battle on the Peninsula, and when Lee invaded Pennsylvania, they hastened to the front, and were frequently under arms at home, suppressing disorder, guarding forts and prisoners, for the relief of the active army.

Recognizing the value of these services, the several States have doled out to their volunteer militia a limited assistance, varying according to the wisdom and patriotism of the various Legislatures, and laws have been enacted for its government. Inadequate as these are, they have at least come to this proportion, that the National Guard is quite generally considered to have occupied the place of the obsolete militia, and to be a very necessary part of the civil government. It consists, according to the report of the Secretary of War to the United States Senate, February 3, 1880, and of the adjutant-generals of West Virginia and Nevada, not included therein, exclusive of the States of Alabama and Georgia and the District of Columbia, from which no data could be obtained, of 8973 commissioned officers, and 118,521 non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates—a total organized force of 127,494 men, comprising 17 divisions, 54 brigades, and 136 regiments, with 50 batteries of artillery, and 54

troops of cavalry, New York being the only State where any higher organization than of troop or battery in these arms is attempted, and some States parading a larger number of divisions and brigades than of full regiments. The New York troops are armed with the 50-calibre Remington rifle, those of Michigan with the 45-calibre Sharps, the other States generally with the muzzle and breech loading 45 and 50 calibre Springfield, altered from the stock left over from the war, seven only being entirely supplied with the 45-calibre used by the United States army. The national government supplies arms and accoutrements to the States to the value of the share of each in the $200,000 appropriation of 1808. Uniforms to a large extent are the property of the men, but few States supplying even a fatigue dress for service, and fewer still a complete outfit. Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Vermont, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Michigan have given more attention than the others to their troops, and provided for their equipment and discipline to a greater or less degree, about in the order in which they are mentioned. Seven provide for annual encampments; but only the first four and Pennsylvania supply overcoats or blankets. Massachusetts owns its own camp ground, and has adopted an excellent and complete code of regulations for the discipline and drill of the guard; New York has an imperfect one; Michigan, Illinois, and Rhode Island issue some "regulations"; and Pennsylvania has a code in preparation. Except in New York, which has a few batteries of rifled guns, the artillery is almost entirely the old brass Napoleon, no breech-loading field-pieces being in the hands of the National Guard, and but few Gatlings, nor is any effort made apparently to instruct the men in firing the pieces with ball, except to some extent in New York last year, and field practice mounted is unheard of. But few of the cavalry find themselves on horseback oftener than once a year, if ever; and as for Ordnance, Medical, Quartermaster, and Commissary departments, New York and Massachusetts are probably the only States making even a pretense to such organization. Outside of the nine States mentioned, it is doubtful if 10,000 men could be put in the field for a week's campaign without previous equipment, and 40,000 would be a large percentage of their 46,000 enrolled—a total effective force for a present emergency of 50,000 men! and this to a large extent with untrained officers and men, indifferently equipped, and with but little heart to endure hardship on account of previous neglect, its efficiency being everywhere in exact proportion to the public and private means expended in its support. Its condition, as a whole, is a glaring illustration of the folly of unwise legislative economy.

Of course the primary object to each State in sustaining its Guard is the possession of a power by which its laws may be enforced, social order maintained, and the safety and prosperity of the commonwealth assured against the sudden violence of popular factions. Mobs, riots, and insurrections have always, in every age and nation, at times defied government; and under a republican form, where the citizen enjoys the greatest liberty, they are the most frequent and dangerous. The terrible shock which the country received from the labor riots of 1877, which cost us doubtless over fifty millions of dollars by the complete paralysis of business in all departments of industry for the time they lasted, and the feeling of insecurity which followed, to say nothing of the millions actually destroyed, is too recent and too deeply impressed on our minds to require reference to historical incidents. At such a time the Executive must have at his command a force capable of asserting and maintaining his authority instantly and unequivocally. The wisdom and statesmanship of New York in preparing for such a trial at her leisure were triumphantly approved by the result. Although the teeming slums of her metropolis were in ferment, and her great arteries of trade throbbing with excitement, she was able to take the insurrection by the throat, with no thought of crying to the President for help, and in three days, without the destruction of property, and with the loss of but a single life, to suppress an uprising which cost the people of Pennsylvania more than one hundred lives and five millions of property destroyed. For such an emergency the military force is essential; and that its action may be prompt and effectual, its organization should exist wherever the danger threatens, under the immediate command of the chief civil authority of the State. The city population of the

country had already in 1870 increased to 20.9 per cent. of the whole from the 3.9 per cent. at which it stood in 1800.

In case of a foreign war, which almost always involves a nation suddenly, and generally unexpectedly, the National Guard is now our only means of providing a temporary defense until an army can be enlisted, organized, and instructed. Our legislators seem to ignore the fact that railroads, steam-ships, telegraphs, and science have revolutionized modern warfare no less than they have manufactures, commerce, and civilization. There can be no more "thirty years' wars." The possibilities of rapid concentration, with the whole world for a base of supply, and the terribly destructive inventions of the last few years, have placed in the control of the nation which is best prepared to utilize them, which has officers and men trained, skillful, and disciplined, an almost invincible power, before which numbers and wealth and the ordinary elements of national strength may be swept away like chaff. There is no longer time now for gathering and organizing after the storm shall have burst upon our coasts: not even the Atlantic is broad enough to afford us opportunity to prepare successful resistance to a military power. If an efficient National Guard was necessary in the time of Jefferson, or when the British ravaged our coasts, and 3400 of them destroyed our capital, it is a thousand times more so to-day, and the need grows more pressing each year.

An intensely practical people, absorbed in our private affairs, wishing above all things to be let alone, and allowed the pursuit of happiness with the smallest possible contribution to the public welfare, most of us prefer to employ some one else to do our governing and defending for us. There is great danger, therefore, if our military service be left entirely to a paid army, that the military spirit will die out of the people. The whole tendency of our social system is in this direction. To the inconsiderate this may not appear to be a serious matter; but all history, from the earliest ages to the present time, whether of the Egyptians, the Hebrews, the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, or the Mohammedans, repeats the same startling lesson—a constant growth in power, security, and wealth while the people were willing to stand to their arms; decadence and destruction following upon indulgence in the luxury and ease of their neglect. Until the millennial day it will be woe to that people whose hands forget to war. In these days of scientific warfare, and in this land of immense territory and wide coasts, it is vital that the patriotic impulse, the military spirit, of the people, should be constantly cultivated; and this can best be done by interesting every community in a military organization peculiarly its own, in which its choice young men should take pride, and which all should delight to honor. In these the great mass of the field, line, staff, and non-commissioned officers, upon whom will devolve the task of training, teaching, and making the future armies of the republic, can be instructed in the elementary knowledge of war. West Point and the regular army can at most fill but a few of the more important stations. It was full two years from '61 before the hundreds of thousands of volunteers became soldiers and armies, years of wasted blood and wasted millions, even with a similar horde before them, which ought not so soon to be forgotten. In these days, too, the youth can be taught to know and use the fine breech-loading rifle, the new weapon of precision, good to kill at 3000 yards, accurate at 1200, and capable of being fired carefully sixteen times a minute, but no better in ignorant hands than the old Harpers Ferry musket with which good captains taught their men to reserve their fire until they could see the white of the enemies' eyes. When game was plenty, in the days of the old muzzle-loaders, every boy learned to shoot, and there were few of the country volunteers of our last war who had to be taught how to load and fire; but it is doubtful if one in a hundred of an army raised now would know anything about the gun which would be placed in his hands. It is the universal testimony of instructors in rifle practice that recruits are almost invariably afraid of their rifles. The increasing neglect of out-door sports, as well as the rapid improvement in weapons, requires the constant instruction of the rising generation in the military arts. It is, indeed, a question of grave importance whether the higher schools and colleges should not introduce military instruction to some extent into their curriculum. But it is upon the National Guard that we must rely, after all, for the

preservation of the military spirit of our people, the drilling and instruction of the future saviors of the nation, and for our protection in the first instance from foreign or domestic foes.

In the ranks of the Seventh Regiment of New York were trained for the last war no less than 606 officers of the army and navy, among whom were three major-generals, nineteen brigadier-generals, twenty-nine colonels, and forty-six lieutenant-colonels; the First Light-Infantry of Rhode Island furnished five generals, nine colonels, and 186 officers of lesser rank; and nearly every member of Ellsworth's Chicago Zouaves received a commission. Indeed, to have belonged to any reputable military company was in those days sufficient to secure an office. Men who knew anything at all of military duties could not be found in sufficient numbers to officer the forces that were needed, and it is evident that the National Guard, as at present constituted, although a great improvement on what existed then, still falls far short of the requirements of the country.

Public attention is beginning to be directed to the improvement of this condition. Two conventions of representative National Guard officers from all parts of the country have been held during the past year, a National Association formed, and a bill presented in Congress providing for an increased support from the United States. The *Army and Navy Journal*, of New York, the *Afield and Afloat*, of Philadelphia, and many other papers, devote a part of their regular issues to National Guard topics, and the more frequent publication of articles upon the general subject and upon details of the service is a symptom of the more general thought and study which are given to it. No definite conclusions, however, seem to have been generally accepted concerning the methods necessary to establish the Guard upon such a basis as will be likely to make it what is needed. Legislators shrink from the expenditure of money upon it; Congress has not increased its appropriation since 1808, when the population was one-eighth its present number, and the wealth of the country a much smaller fraction of the present grand accumulations. New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut seem to be as yet the only States where even the principle is recognized that the State must pay *all* the necessary expense of maintaining the Guard if it is to be efficient; elsewhere a pittance is given out to the several companies in a manner as unmilitary as its amount is unsatisfactory.

Let us consider, then, what are the essentials of efficiency in this service, and by what means it may be made to meet the expectations of the "fathers," and the necessities of the country and age. It will be accepted as an axiom that the Guard must be well instructed to be worth anything at all; but discipline, which constitutes the power by which the commander of every grade assembles, controls, and develops the full strength of his command in the briefest time, is even more important than instruction. It is more necessary if possible, as it is more difficult to be maintained, in the National Guard than in regular armies. It must be sufficient in this service to call a man to his colors by day or night, from home, friends, comfort, business, or pleasure, to compel him to submit willingly his personal freedom to restraint and command, and to endure temporary hardship with the steadiness of a veteran. Of course the sentiments of honor and patriotism in the individual must be the prime and chief means of enforcing this discipline in a voluntary organization, and the man who can not be controlled by them should not be allowed to disgrace the uniform. The laws, then, should provide for the complete instruction and perfect discipline of the Guard; and as the latter is to be enforced by the operation of different and higher principles than those which regulate that of armies in the field, they must be so framed as to accomplish the object by fostering patriotism. The organization should be recognized as an important part of the machinery of the government, and entitled therefore to consideration and respect. Arms, uniforms, and equipment of the best and most approved patterns, such as the better class of citizens may take pride in, should be supplied at public expense, as well as suitable armories for keeping the same, and for drilling, with their necessary furniture, heat, light, and armorers, and the blank-books, manuals, stationery, freight, postage, and other means required for the proper transaction of military business. Pay and actual expenses should be allowed for attendance upon courts-martial or military boards, or when engaged in the

discharge of any military duty ordered by competent authority, except the ordinary drills and meetings for instruction. Discipline can not be maintained in a military organization the members of which must be called upon to defray the expenses of their own punishment, for they have but to withhold the money to dissolve the organization. Since the imposition of fines, as prescribed by articles of association, law, or courts-martial, is the only penalty possible for minor delinquencies and infractions of discipline, and as many of the youth in the Guard are without property subject to levy for their collection, it is of the utmost importance, in order to secure attendance upon drill and obedience to orders (the primary lessons in discipline), that neglect or refusal to pay fines should subject the contumacious to arrest and commitment. It is equally important that the trial and punishment of such minor offenses should be relieved of the tedious machinery, labor, and expense involved in a formal court-martial, and imposed upon a single officer, the "field officer's court," or the judge-advocate of the brigade.

To secure proper instruction of the Guard, provision should be made for weekly drills by companies, for frequent meetings of the officers in school, and for regimental or brigade "field-days" and inspections during eight months of the year. A "field-day," however, is not to be interpreted to mean a waste of the valuable time and patience of the men in a ten-mile parade through paved streets, with a passage in review before some distinguished person, but what the English term a "march out," when the command is taken into the country, and advanced as against an enemy, and instructed in the actual campaign duties of the soldier. A parade is a luxury, for indulgence in which even General Shaler's First Division of New York has been severely criticised. Military men would certainly feel more confidence in this excellent division if it were heard from occasionally on the skirmish line, or in such admirable exercises as General Molyneux, of Brooklyn, gave his brigade last fall on Staten Island. In addition to this there should be not less than two weeks' encampment every summer of the whole Guard of each State, when officers and men should be compensated for their time. I am aware that this is longer than most have urged, but it is really the shortest time that will fully pay for the expense of assembly. Two days will be occupied in transit, one day in getting well settled in camp, one in the annual inspection and review, which leaves but ten for business, which must include, besides the daily company and battalion drills, field exercises upon a large scale, target practice, guard duty, the drawing, cooking, and living upon the army ration, the establishment of the hospital and staff departments, and all the details of a soldier's life.

To cultivate a knowlege of the rifle, and a taste for and skill in its use, convenient ranges must be secured, supplied with targets and appliances, a liberal allowance of ammunition made, and competitions encouraged by the offer of prizes and badges for marksmanship. Probably nothing has contributed so much to elevate and improve the service, to bring it into the honorable consideration of the public, or to induce the enlistment of the right sort of men, as the system of rifle practice arranged and instituted by General Wingate.

Details should be authorized, upon the application of the Governors of States, to each regimental brigade and division head-quarters of an experienced officer of the army, as adjutant or assistant adjutant general, who should for the time be commissioned by the State, and devote his whole time to the transaction of the business of the command and the instruction of its officers. If officers can not be spared from active service, these details might be from the retired list, and promising officers of the Guard might be advantageously commissioned, after proper examination, in the army, for service which would prepare them to return to these positions qualified by experience. Such assignments would secure uniformity in instruction, a source of knowledge in the customs of the service and matters of detail not to be found in books, relieve citizen officers from much of the burden which makes their positions irksome, and render available to them much of the higher instruction and experience acquired at public expense.

One of the principal objects of the establishment being the education of the officers and non-commissioned officers of our future armies, brigade boards of examination should be provided, before which officers should be required to pass a careful scrutiny before receiving their com-

missions, and both officers and men at the expiration of their term of service. The certificate of discharge should, in addition to the usual description, specify the nature of the examination, and the rank which the holder is found at discharge qualified to hold. They should be made in duplicate, one copy given the man as a kind of brevet rank upon graduation, and the other preserved in the adjutant-general's office of his State for guidance in future promotions to staff or other appointments, and in the organization of volunteers. By this means the ambition of all would be stimulated to acquire the highest proficiency, in order to obtain as high a brevet as possible upon leaving the service.

Staff and what may be called political appointments to military rank should be restricted, and allowed to be conferred only for military merit, or after a rigorous examination upon the duties peculiar to the position. Now, whatever honor a commission in the National Guard should confer is continually diluted by the multiplication of titles with each change of State administration—New York, according to her last report, bearing upon the rolls ninety-six colonels and lieutenant-colonels, with only twenty-two colonels and twenty-eight lieutenant-colonels in command of troops! If the title is desired, it would seem much easier to secure it in some other way than to deserve it by service.

To provide these things legislation is required, both by the national government and the States; for, as we have seen, the National Guard is to be maintained for a twofold purpose—first, to provide for our national security; and second, as a local police, to assure the enforcement of law and maintenance of order under the command of the Executives of the States by which it is organized. The lack of a clear and general apprehension of this dual character has doubtless been one of the principal reasons why neither national nor State legislatures have been willing to attempt to properly regulate the organization. The expense is too large for either to assume alone for the partial benefit of the other; but recognizing the responsibilities which devolve upon each from this division of objects, a division of the expense may be made which will secure both without becoming burdensome to either.

It is evident that the State should defray all the expense of organizing, uniforming, and sustaining its Guard in a condition of efficiency for local service; the national government all that incurred in rendering it efficient in large bodies, in the cultivation of the military spirit, and in the instruction of the people in rudimentary military science.

Upon the State would therefore devolve the cost of uniforms, the maintenance and furniture of armories and ranges, the supply of books, blanks, and stationery, the expense of courts and boards, and transportation to and from camp.

The national government, as it is necessary that it should keep a store of arms and equipment against the time of need, should supply arms, accoutrements, ammunition, camp and campaign equipage, which should be issued to the States upon requisition, inspected, and accounted for annually; should pay the officers detailed as instructors, and officers and men while in camp, the former the same as in the United States army—first sergeants $3, sergeants $2, corporals $1 50, and privates $1 per diem, together with subsistence and forage.*

The cost of such an establishment will interest the practical American mind. Adopting the most approved plan of organization for a National Guard, with small companies of fifty men, with a view to training them for officers; four companies united in a battalion under a major, for convenience of care, drill, and assembly, advantage in the instruction of officers, and efficiency in service; each three battalions in command of a colonel, with a regimental staff; four regiments constituting a brigade, with the addition of a battery of artillery and troop of cavalry; and three brigades assigned to the command of a major-general—the annual expense would be about as detailed below. Uniforms are assumed to cost $17 50 per man, and to last five years, overcoats and blankets to last ten years, one-fifth and one-tenth being charged annually. Arms and equipage will last as long, with such slight service, as if stored to rust and rot or become obsolete, and therefore are not brought into the account.

* The reader must understand that the writer of this paper is alone responsible for this proposition as regards the distribution of the burden of expense between the State and the national governments.—[Ed. Harper's Magazine.

TO THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.			TO THE STATE.		
Pay of 50 men and 3 officers 12 days		$876	Armory rent		$300
Subsistence of same 12 days, at 25 cents		159	Furniture		25
$\frac{1}{10}$ cost of overcoats and blankets		90	Heat, light, and armorer		150
Ammunition		100	$\frac{1}{5}$ cost of uniforms		175
			Books and stationery		25
			Transportation to and from camp		106
			Range and target practice		50
Total for company of 53 men		$1,225			$831
		12			12
12 companies in regiment		$14,700			$9,972
Pay of 3 majors, adjutants, and sergeant-majors, 12 days		420	Rent of 3 battalion head-quarters		300
Pay of regimental adjutant, annual		1,800	Furniture of same		75
Pay of regimental field and staff, 12 days		1,107	Rent of regimental head-quarters		200
Forage for horses and hire of teams		150	Furniture of same		50
Pay of regimental band		500	Heat, light, postage, and incidentals of regiment		500
			Travelling to inspections and meetings		200
			Range and regimental target practice		200
Total for regiment of 660 men		$18,677			$11,497
		4			4
		$74,708			$45,988
One Battery of Artillery.					
Pay and rations and forage, 75 officers and men and horses	$3,140		Rent of armory	$500	
$\frac{1}{10}$ cost overcoats and blankets	125		Heat, light, and armorer	150	
Ammunition	250	3,515	Furniture, books, and stationery	75	
			$\frac{1}{5}$ cost uniforms	415	
			Range and target practice	150	
			Transportation to camp	200	1,490
One Troop of Cavalry.					
Pay and rations and forage for 53 officers and men, mounted	$1,218		Rent of armory	$300	
$\frac{1}{10}$ cost overcoats and blankets	90	1,308	Heat, light, and armorer	200	
			$\frac{1}{5}$ cost uniforms	175	
			Books and stationery	50	
			Target practice	50	775
Pay brigadier-general and staff, 12 days		1,200	Rent of brigade head-quarters		400
Assistant adjutant-general, major, annual		2,000	Furniture, heat, light, and care		200
Medical department		250	Stationery, postage, etc.		150
Pay and forage for horses		200	Military courts, boards, and inspections		500
Total brigade, 2780 men		$83,181			$49,503
		3			3
		$249,543			$148,509
Pay major-general and staff, 12 days		1,600	Rent of division head-quarters and expenses		1,000
Assistant adjutant-general, lieutenant-colonel, annual		3,000	Furniture		100
Orderlies and servants		400	Blanks, stationery, and incidentals		1,000
For horses and forage		300	Hire of clerks		600
Total for division, 8355 men		$254,843			$151,209

Twenty-four divisions, composed of 73 brigades, 292 regiments of infantry, 73 batteries, and 73 troops, making a total of 203,300 officers and men, would involve, therefore, a national expenditure of $6,199,413, and a State appropriation of about $151,209 to each division, allowing a regiment to each Congressional district in the United States. The actual cost to the country, however, would be much less than this, as a part of the $5,000,000 now appropriated for moving the army might be saved, and over $600,000 in the above estimate is included in the pay of the army. This sum may appear large in comparison with the present meagre appropriations, or with the modest amount applied for in the bill lately introduced in Congress at the instance of the National Guard Association of the United States, but in comparison with the magnitude of the interests involved, the supreme importance and completeness of the results to be attained, it is but a bagatelle. As compared with the cost of our regular army, which averages about $1200 per man per annum, besides the lost industry of the men—the main waste of armies—it is as 30 to 1200, or about 2½ per cent. Of "main waste" there is none, the evening drills and two weeks' encampment, by their physical training, actually increasing the produc-

tive efficiency, rather than impairing the success of the members of the Guard in their private stations. In the language of Mr. George William Curtis at the opening of the Seventh Regiment Fair last winter, "No public money is more economically spent, no private aid is more worthily given, than for supporting the militia amply, generously, and in the highest discipline." "Military expenditure," says Lieutenant-General Smyth, of the Canadian militia, "is a sort of insurance, to be incurred by every country which has anything worth insuring against loss by either foreign attack or domestic commotion, the amount depending alike on the value of the property, the risk, and the wealth of the insurer."* The "rate" which such insurance as I have suggested would cost us would be about $1 upon $10,000 of the value of our property. It is a terrible delusion to suppose that our "free State" can be kept secure without cost, or that half-way measures, and a niggardly appropriation for a part of the necessary expense of maintaining the National Guard, will proportionately increase its reliability. It is kept together by the efforts of men who are afraid to allow it to dissolve, and will be; but so long as it must either beg or support itself for the public good, the rankling sense of the injustice of such neglect in the minds of its members will be a demoralizing canker in its system. "The first and indispensable step toward making the militia effective," says General Schofield, "is to dispel the illusion that it can be done cheaply, or even without paying the full cost which experience shows to be necessary to the maintenance of such a force. In a country where all the able-bodied young men are impartially required to do duty, it may be practicable and just to require them to serve without pay, but here, where only a small proportion are required or expected to serve, it is unworthy of a great, wealthy, and prosperous people to accept such services without adequate compensation, even if the young men were willing and able to render them gratuitously."

* The Dominion of Canada has a well organized and equipped force of 42,000 men, one-half of which is placed in camp for twelve days annually. The annual militia grant is from one to one and a half million dollars, from which is supported two gunnery schools, and a military college at Kingston excellently administered for a contemplated complement of 120 cadets.

MARY ANERLEY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DOVECOTE.

WITH the tiller in his hand, the brave lieutenant meditated sadly. There was plenty of time for thought before quick action would be needed, although the Dovecote was so near that no boat could come out of it unseen. For the pinnace was fetching a circuit, so as to escape the eyes of any sentinel, if such there should be at the mouth of the cavern, and to come upon the inlet suddenly. And the two other revenue boats were in her wake.

The wind was slowly veering toward the east, as the Grimsby man had predicted, with no sign of any storm as yet, but rather a prospect of winterly weather, and a breeze to bring the woodcocks in. The gentle rise and fall of waves, or rather, perhaps, of the tidal flow, was checkered and veined with a ripple of the slanting breeze, and twinkled in the moonbeams. For the moon was brightly mounting toward her zenith, and casting bastions of rugged cliff in gloomy largeness on the mirror of the sea. Hugging these as closely as their peril would allow, Carroway ordered silence, and with the sense of coming danger thought:

"Probably I shall kill this man. He will scarcely be taken alive, I fear. He is as brave as myself, or braver; and in his place I would never yield. If he were a Frenchman, it would be all right. But I hate to kill a gallant Englishman. And such a pretty girl, and a good girl too, loves him with all her heart, I know. And that good old couple who depend upon him, and who have had such shocking luck themselves! He has been a bitter plague to me, and often I have longed to strike him down. But to-night—I can not tell why it is—I wish there were some way out of it. God knows that I would give up the money, and give up my thief-catching business too, if the honor of the service let me. But duty drives me; do it I must. And after all, what is life to a man who is young, and has no children? Better over, better done with, be-

fore the troubles and the disappointment come, the weariness, and the loss of power, and the sense of growing old, and seeing the little ones hungry. Life is such a fleeting vapor— I smell some man sucking peppermint! The smell of it goes on the wind for a mile. Oh! Cadman again, as usual. Peppermint in the Royal Coast-Guard! Away with it, you ancient beldame!"

Muttering something about his bad tooth, the man flung his lozenge away; and his eyes flashed fire in the moonlight, while the rest grinned a low grin at him. And Adam Andrews, sitting next him, saw him lay hands upon his musketoon.

"Are your firelocks all primed, my lads?" the commander asked, quite as if he had seen him, although he had not been noticing; and the foremost to answer "Ay, ay, sir," was Cadman.

"Then be sure that you fire not, except at my command. We will take them without shedding blood, if it may be. But happen what will, we must have Lyth."

With these words, Carroway drew his sword, and laid it on the bench beside him; and the rest (who would rather use steel than powder) felt that their hangers were ready. Few of them wished to strike at all; for vexed as they were with the smugglers for having outwitted them so often, as yet there was no bad blood between them, such as must be quenched with death. And some of them had friends, and even relatives, among the large body of free-traders, and counted it too likely that they might be here.

Meanwhile in the cave there was rare work going on, speedily, cleverly, and with a merry noise. There was only one boat, with a crew of six men, besides Robin Lyth the captain; but the six men made noise enough for twelve, and the echoes made it into twice enough for any twenty-four. The crew were trusty, hardy fellows, who liked their joke, and could work with it; and Robin Lyth knew them too well to attempt any high authority of gagging. The main of their cargo was landed and gone inland, as snugly as need be; and having kept beautifully sober over that, they were taking the liberty of beginning to say, or rather sip, the grace of the fine indulgence due to them.

Pleasant times make pleasant scenes, and everything now was fair and large in this happy cave of freedom. Lights of bright resin were burning, with strong flare and fume, upon shelves of rock; dark water softly went lapping round the sides, having dropped all rude habits at the entrance; and a pulse of quiet rise and fall opened, and spread to the discovery of light, tremulous fronds and fans of kelp. The cavern, expanding and mounting from the long narrow gut of its inlet, shone with staves of snowy crag wherever the scour of the tide ran round; bulged and scooped, or peaked and fissured, and sometimes beautifully sculptured by the pliant tools of water. Above the tide-reach darker hues prevailed, and more jagged outline, tufted here and there with yellow, where the lichen freckles spread. And the vault was framed of mountain fabric, massed with ponderous gray slabs.

All below was limpid water, or at any rate not very muddy, but as bright as need be for the time of year, and a sea which is not tropical. No one may hope to see the bottom through ten feet of water on the Yorkshire coast, toward the end of the month of November; but still it tries to look clear upon occasion; and here in the caves it settles down, after even a week free from churning. And perhaps the fog outside had helped it to look clearer inside; for the larger world has a share of the spirit of contrariety intensified in man.

Be that as it may, the water was too clear for any hope of sinking tubs deeper than Preventive eyes could go; and the very honest fellows who were laboring here had not brought any tubs to sink. All such coarse gear was shipped off inland, as they vigorously expressed it; and what they were concerned with now was the cream and the jewel of their enterprise.

The sea reserved exclusive right of way around the rocky sides, without even a niche for human foot, so far as a stranger could perceive. At the furthermost end of the cave, however, the craggy basin had a lip of flinty pebbles and shelly sand. This was no more than a very narrow shelf, just enough for a bather to plunge from; but it ran across the broad end of the cavern, and from its southern corner went a deep dry fissure mounting out of sight into the body of the cliff. And here the smugglers were merrily at work.

The nose of their boat was run high

upon the shingle; two men on board of her were passing out the bales, while the other four received them, and staggered with them up the cranny. Captain Lyth himself was in the stern-sheets, sitting calmly, but ordering everything, and jotting down the numbers. Now and then the gentle wash was lifting the brown timbers, and swelling with a sleepy gush of hushing murmurs out of sight. And now and then the heavy vault was echoing with some sailor's song.

There was only one more bale to land, and that the most precious of the whole, being all pure lace most closely packed in a water-proof inclosure. Robin Lyth himself was ready to indulge in a careless song. For this, as he had promised Mary, was to be his last illegal act. Henceforth, instead of defrauding the revenue, he would most loyally cheat the public, as every reputable tradesman must. How could any man serve his time more notably, toward shop-keeping, and pave fairer way into the corporation of a grandly corrupt old English town, than by long graduation of free trade? And Robin was yet too young and careless to know that he could not endure dull work. "How pleasant, how comfortable, how secure," he was saying to himself, "it will be! I shall hardly be able to believe that I ever lived in hardship."

But the great laws of human nature were not to be balked so. Robin Lyth, the prince of smugglers, and the type of hardihood, was never to wear a grocer's apron, was never to be "licensed to sell tea, coffee, tobacco, pepper, and snuff." For while he indulged in this vain dream, and was lifting his last most precious bale, a surge of neither wind nor tide, but of hostile invasion, washed the rocks, and broke beneath his feet.

In a moment all his wits returned, all his plenitude of resource, and unequalled vigor and coolness. With his left hand —for he was as ambidexter as a brave writer of this age requires—he caught up a handspike, and hurled it so truly along the line of torches that only two were left to blink; with his right he flung the last bale upon the shelf; then leaped out after it, and hurried it away. Then he sprang into the boat again, and held an oar in either hand.

"In the name of the king, surrender," shouted Carroway, standing, tall and grim, in the bow of the pinnace, which he had skillfully driven through the entrance, leaving the other boats outside. "We are three to one, we have muskets, and a cannon. In the name of the king, surrender."

"In the name of the devil, splash!" cried Robin, suiting the action to the word, striking the water with both broad blades, while his men snatched oars and did the same. A whirl of flashing water filled the cave, as if with a tempest, soaked poor Carroway, and drenched his sword, and deluged the priming of the hostile guns. All was uproar, turmoil, and confusion thrice confounded; no man could tell where he was, and the grappling boats reeled to and fro.

"Club your muskets, and at 'em!" cried the lieutenant, mad with rage, as the gunwale of his boat swung over. "Their blood be upon their own heads; draw your hangers, and at 'em!"

He never spoke another word, but furiously leaping at the smuggler chief, fell back into his own boat, and died, without a syllable, without a groan. The roar of a gun and the smoke of powder mingled with the watery hubbub, and hushed in a moment all the oaths of conflict.

The revenue men drew back and sheathed their cutlasses, and laid down their guns; some looked with terror at one another, and some at their dead commander. His body lay across the heel of the mast, which had been unstepped at his order; and a heavy drip of blood was weltering into a ring upon the floor.

For several moments no one spoke, nor moved, nor listened carefully; but the fall of the poor lieutenant's death-drops, like the ticking of a clock, went on. Until an old tar, who had seen a sight of battles, crooked his legs across a thwart, and propped up the limp head upon his doubled knee.

"Dead as a door-nail," he muttered, after laying his ear to the lips, and one hand on the too impetuous heart. "Who takes command? This is a hanging job, I'm thinking."

There was nobody to take command, not even a petty officer. The command fell to the readiest mind, as it must in such catastrophes. "Jem, you do it," whispered two or three; and being so elected, he was clear.

"Lay her broadside on to the mouth of the cave. Not a man stirs out without

killing me," old Jem shouted; and to hear a plain voice was sudden relief to most of them. In the wavering dimness they laid the pinnace across the narrow entrance, while the smugglers huddled all together in their boat. "Burn two blue-lights," cried old Jem; and it was done.

"I'm not going to speechify to any cursed murderers," the old sailor said, with a sense of authority which made him use mild language; "but take heed of one thing, I'll blow you all to pieces with this here four-pounder, without you strikes peremptory."

The brilliance of the blue-lights filled the cavern, throwing out everybody's attitude and features, especially those of the dead lieutenant. "A fine job you have made of it this time!" said Jem.

They were beaten, they surrendered, they could scarcely even speak to assert their own innocence of such a wicked job. They submitted to be bound, and cast down into their boat, imploring only that it might be there—that they might not be taken to the other boat and laid near the corpse of Carroway.

"Let the white-livered cowards have their way," the old sailor said, contemptuously. "Put their captain on the top of them. Now which is Robin Lyth?"

The lights were burned out, and the cave was dark again, except when a slant of moonlight came through a fissure upon the southern side. The smugglers muttered something, but they were not heeded.

"Never mind, make her fast, fetch her out, you lubbers. We shall see him well enough when we get outside."

But in spite of all their certainty, they failed of this. They had only six prisoners, and not one of them was Lyth.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LITTLE CARROWAYS.

Mrs. Carroway was always glad to be up quite early in the morning. But some few mornings seemed to slip in between whiles when, in accordance with human nature, and its operations in the baby stage, even Lauta Carroway failed to be about the world before the sun himself. Whenever this happened she was slightly cross, from the combat of conscience and self-assertion, which fly at one another worse than any dog and cat. Geraldine knew that her mother was put out if any one of the household durst go down the stairs before her. And yet if Geraldine herself held back, and followed the example of late minutes, she was sure "to catch it worse," as the poor child expressed it.

If any active youth with a very small income (such as an active youth is pretty sure to have) wants a good wife, and has the courage to set out with one, his proper course is to choose the eldest daughter of a numerous family. When the others come thickly, this daughter of the house gets worked down into a wonderful perfection of looking after others, while she overlooks herself. Such a course is even better for her than to have a step-mother—which also is a goodly thing, but sometimes leads to sourness. Whereas no girl of any decent staple can revolt against her duty to her own good mother, and the proud sense of fostering and working for the little ones. Now Geraldine was wise in all these ways, and pleased to be called the little woman of the house.

The baby had been troublous in the night, and scant of reason, as the rising race can be, even while so immature; and after being up with it, and herself producing a long series of noises—which lead to peace through the born desire of contradiction—the mother fell asleep at last, perhaps from simple sympathy, and slept beyond her usual hour. But instead of being grateful for this, she was angry and bitter to any one awake before her.

"I can not tell why it is," she said to Geraldine, who was toasting a herring for her brothers and sisters, and enjoying the smell (which was all that she would get), "but perpetually now you stand exactly like your father. There is every excuse for your father, because he is an officer, and has been knocked about, as he always is; but there is no excuse for you, miss. Put your heel decently under your dress. If we can afford nothing else, we can surely afford to behave well."

The child made no answer, but tucked her heel in, and went on toasting nobly, while she counted the waves on the side of the herring, where his ribs should have been if he were not too fat; and she mentally divided him into seven pieces, not one of which, alas! would be for hungry Geraldine. "Tom must have two, after being out all night," she was saying to herself; "and to grudge him would be greedy.

But the bit of skin upon the toasting-fork will be for me, I am almost sure."

"Geraldine, the least thing you can do, when I speak to you, is to answer. This morning you are in a most provoking temper, and giving yourself the most intolerable airs. And who gave you leave to do your hair like that? One would fancy that you were some rising court beauty, or a child of the nobility at the very least, instead of a plain little thing that has to work—or at any rate that ought to work—to help its poor mother! Oh, now you are going to cry, I suppose. Let me see a tear, and you shall go to bed again."

"Oh, mother, mother, now what do you think has happened?" little Tom shouted, as he rushed in from the beach. "Father has caught all the smugglers, every one, and the *Royal George* is coming home before a spanking breeze, with three boats behind her, and they can't be all ours; and one of them must belong to Robin Lyth himself; and I would almost bet a penny they have been and shot him; though everybody said that he never could be shot. Jerry, come and look—never mind the old fish. I never did see such a sight in all my life. They have got the jib-sail on him, so he must be dead at last; and instead of half a crown, I am sure to get a guinea. Come along, Jerry, and perhaps I'll give you some of it."

"Tommy," said his mother, "you are always so impetuous! I never will believe in such good luck until I see it. But you have been a wonderfully good brave boy, and your father may thank you for whatever he has done. I shall not allow Geraldine to go; for she is not a good child this morning. And of course I can not go myself, for your father will come home absolutely starving. And it would not be right for the little ones to go, if things are at all as you suppose. Now, if I let you go yourself, you are not to go beyond the flag-staff. Keep far away from the boats, remember; unless your father calls for you to run on any errand. All the rest of you go in here, with your bread and milk, and wait until I call you."

Mrs. Carroway locked all the little ones in a room from which they could see nothing of the beach, with orders to Cissy, the next girl, to feed them, and keep them all quiet till she came again. But while she was busy, with a very lively stir, to fetch out whatever could be found of fatness or grease that could be hoped to turn to gravy in the pan—for Carroway, being so lean, loved fat, and to put a fish before him was an insult to his bones—just at the moment when she had struck oil, in the shape of a very fat chop, from forth a stew, which had beaten all the children by *stearine inertia*—then at this moment, when she was rejoicing, the latch of the door clicked, and a man came in.

"Whoever you are, you seem to me to make yourself very much at home," the lady said, sharply, without turning round, because she supposed it to be a well-accustomed enemy, armed with that odious "little bill." The intruder made no answer, and she turned to rate him thoroughly; but the petulance of her eyes drew back before the sad stern gaze of his. "Who are you, and what do you want?" she asked, with a yellow dish in one hand, and a frying-pan in the other. "Geraldine, come here: that man looks wild."

Her visitor did look wild enough, but without any menace in his sorrowful dark eyes. "Can't the man speak?" she cried. "Are you mad, or starving? We are not very rich; but we can give you bread, poor fellow. Captain Carroway will be at home directly, and he will see what can be done for you."

"Have you not heard of the thing that has been done?" the young man asked her, word by word, and staying himself with one hand upon the dresser, because he was trembling dreadfully.

"Yes, I have heard of it all. They have shot the smuggler Robin Lyth at last. I am very sorry for him. But it was needful; and he had no family."

"Lady, I am Robin Lyth. I have not been shot; nor even shot at. The man that has been shot, I know not how, instead of me, was—was somebody quite different. With all my heart I wish it had been me; and no more trouble."

He looked at the mother and the little girl, and sobbed, and fell upon a salting stool, which was to have been used that morning. Then, while Mrs. Carroway stood bewildered, Geraldine ran up to him, and took his hand, and said: "Don't cry. My papa says that men never cry. And I am so glad that you were not shot."

"See me kiss her," said Robin Lyth, as he laid his lips upon the child's fair forehead. "If I had done it, could I do that?

Darling, you will remember this. Madam, I am hunted like a mad dog, and shall be hanged to your flag-staff if I am caught. I am here to tell you that, as God looks down from heaven upon you and me, I did not do it—I did not even know it."

The smuggler stood up, with his right hand on his heart, and tears rolling manifestly down his cheeks, but his eyes like crystal, clear with truth; and the woman, who knew not that she was a widow, but felt it already with a helpless wonder, answered, quietly: "You speak the truth, sir. But what difference can it make to me?" Lyth tried to answer with the same true look; but neither his eyes nor his tongue would serve.

"I shall just go and judge for myself," she said, as if it were a question of marketing (such bitter defiance came over her), and she took no more heed of him than if he were a chair; nor even half so much, for she was a great judge of a chair. "Geraldine, go and put your bonnet on. We are going to meet your father. Tell Cissy and all the rest to come but the baby. The baby can not do it, I suppose. In a minute and a half I shall expect you all —how many? Seven?—yes, seven of you."

"Seven, mother, yes. And the baby makes it eight; and yesterday you said that he was worth all us together."

Robin Lyth saw that he was no more wanted, or even heeded; and without delay he quitted such premises of danger. Why should he linger in a spot where he might have violent hands laid on him, and be sped to a premature end, without benefit even of trial by jury? Upon this train of reasoning he made off.

Without any manner of reasoning at all, but with fierceness of dread and stupidity of grief, the mother collected her children in silence, from the damsel of ten to the toddler of two. Then, leaving the baby tied down in the cradle, she pulled at the rest of them, on this side and on that, to get them into proper trim of dresses and of hats, as if they were going to be marched off to church. For that all the younger ones made up their minds, and put up their ears for the tinkle of the bell; but the elder children knew that it was worse than that, because their mother never looked at them.

"You will go by the way of the station," she said, for the boats were still out at sea, and no certainty could be made of them: "whatever it is, we may thank the station for it."

The poor little things looked up at her in wonder; and then, acting up to their discipline, set off, in lopsided pairs of a small and a big one, to save any tumbling and cutting of knees. The elder ones walked with discretion, and a strong sense of responsibility, hushed, moreover, by some inkling of a great black thing to meet. But the baby ones prattled, and skipped with their feet, and straggled away toward the flowers by the path. The mother of them all followed slowly and heavily, holding the youngest by the hand, because of its trouble in getting through the stones. Her heart was nearly choking, but her eyes free and reckless, wandering wildly over earth, and sea, and sky, in vain search of guidance from any or from all of them.

The pinnace came nearer, with its sad, cold freight. The men took off their hats, and rubbed their eyes, and some of them wanted to back off again; but Mrs. Carroway calmly said, "Please to let me have my husband."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MAIDS AND MERMAIDS.

DAY comes with climbing, night by falling; hence the night is so much swifter. Happiness takes years to build; but misery swoops like an avalanche. Such, and even more depressing, are the thoughts young folk give way to when their first great trouble rushes and sweeps them into a desert, trackless to the inexperienced hope.

When Mary Anerley heard, by the zealous offices of watchful friends, that Robin Lyth had murdered Captain Carroway ferociously, and had fled for his life across the seas, first wrath at such a lie was followed by persistent misery. She had too much faith in his manly valor and tender heart to accept the tale exactly as it was told to her; but still she could not resist the fear that in the whirl of conflict, with life against life, he had dealt the death. And she knew that even such a deed would brand him as a murderer, stamp out all love, and shatter every hope of quiet happiness. The blow to her pride was grievous also; for many a time had she told herself that a noble task lay before her—to rescue from un-

lawful ways and redeem to reputable life the man whose bravery and other gallant gifts had endeared him to the public and to her. But now, through force of wretched facts, he must be worse than ever.

Her father and mother said never a word upon the subject to her. Mrs. Anerley at first longed to open out, and shed upon the child a mother's sympathy, as well as a mother's scolding; but firmly believing, as she did, the darkest version of the late event, it was better that she should hold her peace, according to her husband's orders.

"Let the lass alone," he said; "a word against that fellow now would make a sight of mischief. Suppose I had shot George Tanfield, instead of hiding him soundly, when he stuck up to you, why you must have been sorry for me, Sophy. And Mary is sorry for that rogue, no doubt, and believes that he did it for her sake, I dare say. The womenkind always do think that. If a big thief gets swung for breaking open a cash-box, his lassie will swear he was looking for her thimble. If you was to go now for discoursing of this matter, you would never put up with poor Poppet's account of him, and she would run him higher up, every time you ran him down; ay, and believe it too: such is the ways of women."

"Why, Stephen, you make me open up my eyes. I never dreamed you were half so cunning, and of such low opinions."

"Well, I don't know, only from my own observance. I would scarcely trust myself not to abuse that fellow. And, Sophy, you know you can not stop your tongue, like me."

"Thank God for that same! He never meant us so to do. But, Stephen, I will follow your advice; because it is my own opinion."

Mary was puzzled by this behavior; for everything used to be so plain among them. She would even have tried for some comfort from Willie, whose mind was very large upon all social questions. But Willie had solved at last the problem of perpetual motion, according to his own conviction, and locked himself up with his model all day; and the world might stand still, so long as that went on. "Oh, what would I give for dear Jack!" cried Mary.

Worn out at length with lonely grief, she asked if she might go to Byrsa Cottage, for a change. Even that was refused, though her father's kind heart ached at the necessary denial. Sharp words again had passed between the farmer and the tanner concerning her, and the former believed that his brother-in-law would even encourage the outlaw still. And for Mary herself now the worst of it was that she had nothing to lay hold of in the way of complaint or grievance. It was not like that first estrangement, when her father showed how much he felt it in a hundred ways, and went about everything upside down, and comforted her by his want of comfort. Now it was ten times worse than that, for her father took everything quite easily!

Shocking as it may be, this was true. Stephen Anerley had been through a great many things since the violence of his love-time, and his views upon such tender subjects were not so tender as they used to be. With the eyes of wisdom he looked back, having had his own way in the matter, upon such young sensations as very laudable, but curable. In his own case he had cured them well, and, upon the whole, very happily, by a good long course of married life; but having tried that remedy alone, how could he say that there was no better? He remembered how his own miseries had soon subsided, or gone into other grooves, after matrimony. This showed that they were transient, but did not prove such a course to be the only cure for them. Recovering from illness, has any man been known to say that the doctor recovered him?

Mrs. Anerley's views upon the subject were much the same, though modified, of course, by the force of her own experience. She might have had a much richer man than Stephen; and when he was stingy, she reminded him of that, which, after a little disturbance, generally terminated in five guineas. And now she was clear that if Mary were not worried, condoled with, or cried over, she would take her own time, and come gradually round, and be satisfied with Harry Tanfield. Harry was a fine young fellow, and worshipped the ground that Mary walked upon; and it seemed a sort of equity that he should have her, as his father had been disappointed of her mother. Every Sunday morning he trimmed his whiskers, and put on a wonderful waistcoat; and now he did more, for he bought a new hat, and came to church to look at her.

Oftentimes now, by all these doings, the spirit of the girl was roused, and her courage made ready to fly out in words; but the calm look of the elders stopped her, and then true pride came to her aid. If they chose to say nothing of the matter which was in her heart continually, would she go whining to them about it, and scrape a grain of pity from a cartload of contempt? One day, as she stood before the swinging glass—that present from Aunt Popplewell which had moved her mother's wrath so—she threw back her shoulders, and smoothed the plaits of her nice little waist, and considered herself. The humor of the moment grew upon her, and crept into indulgence, as she saw what a very fair lass she was, and could not help being proud of it. She saw how the soft rich damask of her cheeks returned at being thought of, and the sparkle of her sweet blue eyes, and the merry delight of her lips, that made respectable people want to steal a kiss, from the pure enticement of good-will.

"I will cry no more in the nights," she said. "Why should I make such a figure of myself, with nobody to care for it? And here is my hair full of kinkles and neglect! I declare, if he ever came back, he would say, 'What a fright you are become, my Mary!' Where is that stuff of Aunt Deborah's, I wonder, that makes her hair like satin? It is high time to leave off being such a dreadful dowdy. I will look as nice as ever, just to let them know that their cruelty has not killed me."

Virtuous resolves commend themselves, and improve with being carried out. She put herself into her very best trim, as simple as a lily, and as perfect as a rose, though the flutter of a sigh or two enlarged her gentle breast. She donned a very graceful hat, adorned with sweet ribbon right skillfully smuggled; and she made up her mind to have the benefit of the air.

The prettiest part of all Anerley Farm, for those who are not farmers, is a soft little valley, where a brook comes down, and passes from voluntary ruffles into the quiet resignation of a sheltered lake. A pleasant and a friendly little water-spread is here, cheerful to the sunshine, and inviting to the moon, with a variety of gleamy streaks, according to the sky and breeze. Pasture-land and arable come sloping to the margin, which, instead of being rough and rocky, lips the pool with gentleness. Ins and outs of little bays afford a nice variety, while round the brink are certain trees of a modest and unpretentious bent. These having risen to a very fair distance toward the sky, come down again, scarcely so much from a doubt of their merits, as through affection to their native land. In summer they hang like a permanent shower of green to refresh the bright water; and in winter, like loose osier-work, or wattles curved for binding.

Under one of the largest of these willows the runaway Jack had made a seat, whereon to sit and watch his toy boat cruising on the inland wave. Often when Mary was tired of hoping for the return of her playmate, she came to this place to think about him, and wonder whether he thought of her. And now in the soft December evening (lonely and sad, but fair to look at, like herself) she was sitting here.

The keen east wind, which had set in as Captain Brown predicted, was over now, and succeeded by the gentler influence of the west. Nothing could be heard in this calm nook but the lingering touch of the dying breeze, and the long soft murmur of the distant sea, and the silvery plash of a pair of coots at play. Neither was much to be seen, except the wavering glisten and long shadows of the mere, the tracery of trees against the fading light, and the outline of the maiden as she leaned against the trunk. Generations of goat-moths in their early days of voracity had made a nice hollow for her hat to rest in, and some of the powdering willow dusted her bright luxuriant locks with gold. Her face was by no means wan or gloomy, and she added to the breezes not a single sigh. This happened without any hardness of heart, or shallow contempt of the nobler affections; simply from the hopefulness of healthful youth, and the trust a good will has in powers of good.

She was looking at those coots, who were full of an idea that the winter had spent itself in that east wind, that the gloss of spring plumage must be now upon their necks, and that they felt their toes growing warmer toward the downy tepefaction of a perfect nest. Improving a long and kind acquaintance with these birds, some of whom have confidence in human nature, Mary was beginning to be absent from her woes, and joyful in the pleasure of a thoughtless pair, when suddenly,

with one accord, they dived, and left a bright splash and a wrinkle. "Somebody is coming; they must have seen an enemy," said the damsel to herself. "I am sure I never moved. I will never have them shot by any wicked poacher." To watch the bank nicely, without being seen, she drew in her skirt and shrank behind the tree, not from any fear, but just to catch the fellow; for one of the laborers on the farm, who had run at his master with a pitchfork once, was shrewdly suspected of poaching with a gun. But keener eyes than those of any poacher were upon her, and the lightest of light steps approached.

"Oh, Robin, are you come, then, at last?" cried Mary.

"Three days I have been lurking, in the hope of this. Heart of my heart, are you glad to see me?"

"I should think that I was. It is worth a world of crying. Oh, where have you been this long, long time?"

"Let me have you in my arms, if it is but for a moment. You are not afraid of me?—you are not ashamed to love me?"

"I love you all the better for your many dreadful troubles. Not a word do I believe of all the wicked people say of you. Don't be afraid of me. You may kiss me, Robin."

"You are such a beautiful spick and span! And I am only fit to go into the pond. Oh, Mary, what a shame of me to take advantage of you!"

"Well, I think that it is time for you to leave off now. Though you must not suppose that I think twice about my things. When I look at you, it makes me long to give you my best cloak and a tidy hat. Oh, where is all your finery gone, poor Robin?"

"Endeavor not to be insolent, on the strength of your fine clothes. Remember that I have abandoned free trade; and the price of every article will rise at once."

Mary Anerley not only smiled, but laughed, with the pleasure of a great relief. She had always scorned the idea that her lover had even made a shot at Carroway, often though the brave lieutenant had done the like to him; and now she felt sure that he could clear himself; or how could he be so light-hearted?

"You see that I am scarcely fit to lead off a country-dance with you," said Robin, still holding both her hands, and watching the beauty of her clear bright eyes, which might gather big tears at any moment, as the deep blue sky is a sign of sudden rain; "and it will be a very long time, my darling, before you see me in gay togs again."

"I like you a great deal better so. You always look brave—but you look so honest now!"

"That is a most substantial saying, and worthy of the race of Anerley. How I wish that your father would like me, Mary! I suppose it is hopeless to wish for that?"

"No, not at all—if you could keep on looking shabby. My dear father has a most generous mind. If he only could be brought to see how you are ill-treated—"

"Alas! I shall have no chance of letting him see that. Before to-morrow morning I must say good-by to England. My last chance of seeing you was now this evening. I bless every star that is in the heaven now. I trusted to my luck, and it has not deceived me."

"Robin dear, I never wish to try to be too pious. But I think that you should rather trust in Providence than starlight."

"So I do. And it is Providence that has kept me out of sight—out of sight of enemies, and in sight of you, my Mary. The Lord looks down on every place where His lovely angels wander. You are one of His angels, Mary; and you have made a man of me. For years I shall not see you, darling; never more again, perhaps. But as long as I live you will be here; and the place shall be kept pure for you. If we only could have a shop together—oh, how honest I would be! I would give full weight, besides the paper; I would never sell an egg more than three weeks old; and I would not even adulterate! But that is a dream of the past, I fear. Oh, I never shall hoist the Royal Arms. But I mean to serve under them, and fight my way. My captain shall be Lord Nelson."

"That is the very thing that you were meant for. I will never forgive Dr. Upandown for not putting you into the navy. You could have done no smuggling then."

"I am not altogether sure of that. However, I will shun scandal, as behooves a man who gets so much. You have not asked me to clear myself of that horrible thing about poor Carroway. I love you the more for not asking me; it shows your faith so purely. But you have the right

to know all I know. There is no fear of any interruption here; so, Mary, I will tell you, if you are sure that you can bear it."

"Yes, oh yes! Do tell me all you know. It is so frightful that I must hear it."

"What I have to say will not frighten you, darling, because I did not even see the deed. But my escape was rather strange, and deserves telling better than I can tell it, even with you to encourage me by listening. When we were so suddenly caught in the cave, through treachery of some of our people, I saw in a moment that we must be taken, but resolved to have some fun for it, with a kind of whim which comes over me sometimes. So I knocked away the lights, and began myself to splash with might and main, and ordered the rest to do likewise. We did it so well that the place was like a fountain or a geyser; and I sent a great dollop of water into the face of the poor lieutenant—the only assault I have ever made upon him. There was just light enough for me to know him, because he was so tall and strange; but I doubt whether he knew me at all. He became excited, as he well might be; he dashed away the water from his eyes with one hand, and with the other made a wild sword-cut, rushing forward as if to have at me. Like a bird, I dived into the water from our gunwale, and under the keel of the other boat, and rose to the surface at the far side of the cave. In the very act of plunging, a quick flash came before me—or at least I believed so afterward—and a loud roar, as I struck the wave. It might have been only from my own eyes and ears receiving so suddenly the cleavage of the water. If I thought anything at all about it, it was that somebody had shot at me; but expecting to be followed, I swam rapidly away. I did not even look back, as I kept in the dark of the rocks, for it would have lost a stroke, and a stroke was more than I could spare. To my great surprise, I heard no sound of any boat coming after me, nor any shouts of Carroway, such as I am accustomed to. But swimming as I was, for my own poor life, like an otter with a pack of hounds after him, I assure you I did not look much after anything except my own run of the gauntlet."

"Of course not. How could you? It makes me draw my breath to think of you swimming in the dark like that, with deep water, and caverns, and guns, and all!"

"Mary, I thought that my time was come; and only one beautiful image sustained me, when I came to think of it afterward. I swam with my hands well under water, and not a breath that could be heard, and my cap tucked into my belt, and my sea-going pumps slipped away into a pocket. The water was cold, but it only seemed to freshen me, and I found myself able to breathe very pleasantly in the gentle rise and fall of waves. Yet I never expected to escape, with so many boats to come after me. For now I could see two boats outside, as well as old Carroway's pinnace in the cave; and if once they caught sight of me, I could never get away.

"When I saw those two boats upon the watch outside, I scarcely knew what to do for the best, whether to put my breast to it and swim out, or to hide in some niche with my body under water, and cover my face with oar-weed. Luckily I took the bolder course, remembering their port-fires, which would make the cave like day. Not everybody could have swum out through that entrance, against a spring-tide and the lollop of the sea; and one dash against the rocks would have settled me. But I trusted in the Lord, and tried a long, slow stroke.

"My enemies must have been lost in dismay, and panic, and utter confusion, or else they must have espied me, for twice or thrice, as I met the waves, my head and shoulders were thrown above the surface, do what I would; and I durst not dive, for I wanted my eyes every moment. I kept on the darkest side, of course, but the shadows were not half so deep as I could wish; and worst of all, outside there was a piece of moonlight, which I must cross within fifty yards of the bigger of the sentry boats.

"The mouth of that cave is two fathoms wide for a longish bit of channel; and, Mary dear, if I had not been supported by continual thoughts of you, I must have gone against the sides, or downright to the bottom, from the waves keeping knocking me about so. I may tell you that I felt that I should never care again, as my clothes began to bag about me, except to go down to the bottom and be quiet, but for the blessed thought of standing up some day, at the 'hymeneal altar,' as great people call it, with a certain lovely Mary."

"Oh, Robin, now you make me laugh,

when I ought to be quite crying. If such a thing should ever be, I shall expect to see you swimming."

"Such a thing will be, as sure as I stand here—though not at all in hymeneal garb just now. Whatever my whole heart is set upon, I do, and overcome all obstacles. Remember that, and hold fast, darling. However, I had now to overcome the sea, which is worse than any tide in the affairs of men. A long and hard tussle it was, I assure you, to fight against the indraught, and to drag my frame through the long hillocky gorge. At last, however, I managed it; and to see the open waves again put strength into my limbs, and vigor into my knocked-about brain. I suppose that you can not understand it, Mary, but I never enjoyed a thing more than the danger of crossing that strip of moonlight. I could see the very eyes and front teeth of the men who were sitting there to look out for me if I should slip their mates inside; and knowing the twist of every wave, and the vein of every tide-run, I rested in a smooth dark spot, and considered their manners quietly. They had not yet heard a word of any doings in the cavern, but their natures were up for some business to do, as generally happens with beholders. Having nothing to do, they were swearing at the rest.

"In the place where I was halting now the line of a jagged cliff seemed to cut the air, and fend off the light from its edges. You can only see such a thing from the level of the sea, and it looks very odd when you see it, as if the moon and you were a pair of playing children, feeling round a corner for a glimpse of one another. But plain enough it was, and far too plain, that the doubling of that little cape would treble my danger, by reason of the bold moonlight. I knew that my only refuge was another great hollow in the crags between the cave I had escaped from and the point—a place which is called the 'Church Cave,' from an old legend that it leads up to Flamborough church. To the best of my knowledge, it does nothing of the kind, at any rate now; but it has a narrow fissure, known to few except myself, up which a nimble man may climb; and this was what I hoped to do. Also it has a very narrow entrance, through which the sea flows into it, so that a large boat can not enter, and a small one would scarcely attempt it in the dark, unless it were one of my own, hard pressed. Now it seemed almost impossible for me to cross that moonlight without being seen by those fellows in the boat, who could pull, of course, four times as fast as I could swim, not to mention the chances of a musket-ball. However, I was just about to risk it, for my limbs were growing very cold, when I heard a loud shout from the cave which I had left, and knew that the men there were summoning their comrades. These at once lay out upon their oars, and turned their backs to me, and now was my good time. The boat came hissing through the water toward the Dovecote, while I stretched away for the other snug cave. Being all in a flurry, they kept no look-out; if the moon was against me, my good stars were in my favor. Nobody saw me, and I laughed in my wet sleeves as I thought of the rage of Carroway, little knowing that the fine old fellow was beyond all rage or pain."

"How wonderful your luck was, and your courage too!" cried Mary, who had listened with bright tears upon her cheeks. "Not one man in a thousand could have done so bold a thing. And how did you get away at last, poor Robin?"

"Exactly as I meant to do, from the time I formed my plan. The Church has ever been a real friend in need to me; I took the name for a lucky omen, and swam in with a brisker stroke. It is the prettiest of all the caves, to my mind, though the smallest, with a sweet round basin, and a playful little beach, and nothing very terrible about it. I landed, and rested with a thankful heart upon the shelly couch of the mermaids."

"Oh, Robin, I hope none of them came to you. They are so wonderfully beautiful. And no one that ever has seen them cares any more for—for dry people that wear dresses."

"Mary, you delight me much, by showing signs of jealousy. Fifty may have come, but I saw not one, for I fell into a deep calm sleep. If they had come, I would have spurned them all, not only from my constancy to you, my dear, but from having had too much drip already. Mary, I see a man on the other side of the mere, not opposite to us, but a good bit further down. You see those two swimming birds: look far away between them, you will see something moving."

"I see nothing, either standing still or moving. It is growing too dark for any

eyes not thoroughly trained in smuggling. But that reminds me to tell you, Robin, that a strange man—a gentleman they seemed to say—has been seen upon our land, and he wanted to see me, without my father knowing it. But only think! I have never even asked you whether you are hungry—perhaps even starving! How stupid, how selfish, how churlish of me! But the fault is yours, because I had so much to hear of."

"Darling, you may trust me not to starve. I can feed by-and-by. For the present I must talk, that you may know all about everything, and bear me harmless in your mind, when evil things are said of me. Have you heard that I went to see Widow Carroway, even before she had heard of her loss, but not before I was hunted? I knew that I must do so, now or never, before the whole world was up in arms against me; and I thank God that I saw her. A man might think nothing of such an act, or even might take it for hypocrisy; but a woman's heart is not so black. Though she did not even know what I meant, for she had not felt her awful blow, and I could not tell her of it, she did me justice afterward. In the thick of her terrible desolation, she stood beside her husband's grave, in Bridlington Priory Church yard, and she said to a hundred people there: 'Here lies my husband, foully murdered. The coroner's jury have brought their verdict against Robin Lyth the smuggler. Robin Lyth is as innocent as I am. I know who did it, and time will show. My curse is upon him; and my eyes are on him now.' Then she fell down in a fit, and the Preventive men, who were drawn up in a row, came and carried her away. Did anybody tell you, darling? Perhaps they keep such things from you."

"Part of it I heard; but not so clearly. I was told that she acquitted you; and I blessed her in my heart for it."

"Even more than that she did. As soon as she got home again, she wrote to Robin Cockscroft—a very few words, but as strong as could be, telling him that I should have no chance of justice if I were caught just now; that she must have time to carry out her plans; that the Lord would soon raise up good friends to help her; and as sure as there was a God in heaven, she would bring the man who did it to the gallows. Only that I must leave the land at once. And that is what I shall do this very night. Now I have told you almost all. Mary, we must say 'good-by.'"

"But surely I shall hear from you sometimes?" said Mary, striving to be brave, and to keep her voice from trembling. "Years and years, without a word—and the whole world bitter against you and me! Oh, Robin, I think that it will break my heart. And I must not even talk of you."

"Think of me, darling, while I think of you. Thinking is better than talking. I shall never talk of you, but be thinking all the more. Talking ruins thinking. Take this token of the time you saved me, and give me that bit of blue ribbon, my Mary; I shall think of your eyes every time I kiss it. Kiss it yourself before you give it to me."

Like a good girl, she did what she was told to do. She gave him the love-knot from her breast, and stored his little trinket in that pure shrine.

"But sometimes—sometimes, I shall hear of you?" she whispered, lingering, and trembling in the last embrace.

"To be sure, you shall hear of me from time to time, through Robin and Joan Cockscroft. I will not grieve you by saying, 'Be true to me,' my noble one, and my everlasting love."

Mary was comforted, and ceased to cry. She was proud of him thus in the depth of his trouble; and she prayed to God to bless him through the long sad time.

TO A BLUEBIRD.

O THOU that wear'st the livery of the sky
(And rightly robed for thy so hopeful song),
Would that I might thy spring-tide lay prolong;
Pour forth—as seemest thou—to Him on high
A breath as sweet! But, ah! too weak am I.
Plume as I may upon a rarer gift,
Watching the weird cloud-phantoms chasing drift,
And on the grass in shadow-waves flow by,
Or fed with fancies by the rustling firs,
The varied joy of which the mind partakes,
And still the greater boon whence faith awakes—
Yea, though I should attempt my very most,
'Twould be of song alone but as a ghost,
Compared with thine which now my breast so stirs.

Editor's Easy Chair.

NEW YORK loves a lion, and it is fortunate for the distinguished stranger when, upon his arrival, he finds no competing hero. Mr. Parnell came with the new year, but the press opened its batteries upon him, and the enthusiasm of a part of the population was not strong enough to sustain him against the general attack. When he left the city, little interest followed him. Indeed, it is the press that chiefly makes the "sensation." There may be sometimes interest in a person or a movement which has no adequate expression in the newspaper, but it is the constant and infinite reverberation of the press that makes a "boom." Mr. Parnell's name and speeches were still seen, however, in the papers when M. Lesseps arrived from Panama, and the city had at once another most satisfactory sensation.

"We are met to honor a man who has honored the century," said Dr. Storrs, in his eloquent speech at the Lesseps dinner. Yet it is but a very few years since the name of the man whom we honor was almost wholly unknown to Americans, excepting those who might have recalled that some thirty years ago, when they were upon their travels, there was a noted French diplomatist of the name of Lesseps. It was the same man. He is now seventy-five years old, and he made the Suez Canal. It is a very simple thing, and now that it is done, it is very much like the standing on end of Columbus's egg. There was nothing but a narrow neck of sand to cut through, and, *voilà!* you had abolished the long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope. Again, it was only a mountain to wind through, and you had abolished the weary journey around Cape Horn. Nothing is easier, said Columbus, than to stand an egg on one end. The wise men had tried it in a hundred ways, and failed. Columbus tapped the end, and the egg stood. Lesseps tapped the isthmus, and the Mediterranean and the Red Sea mingled. Any fool could do that, said the discomfited wise men to Columbus. If we could imagine the sad Columbus smiling, it would be at the wise men's verdict upon themselves.

It is plain enough, from a glance at a map of the world, that a waterway through the two narrow necks which connect the great continents would enable vessels to put a girdle round the earth in a comparatively short time, and bring nations close together. This has been seen long before our century. Within the last fifty years in this country there have been plans and projects and charters and surveys contemplating a Darien canal. Thirty years ago there was a great deal of talk and activity, and even excitement, about Nicaragua and Central America. A little before that time John L. Stephens's books of travel in Yucatan and other Gulf countries were exceedingly popular. Then Mr. Squiers went as Minister to Central America, and wrote a picturesque book about Nicaragua. Then the filibuster Walker, a newspaper "gray-eyed man of destiny," made a raid in those parts. Surveys were undertaken of various routes for canals. There was a vague promise or prospect of some shorter waterway to the gold coast of California and the isles of the Pacific. But the home trouble darkened over all, and for more than twenty years little had been thought of the canal, except perhaps by the holders of the charter of the Nicaragua route, when suddenly M. Lesseps, breaking through the isthmus of Suez, turned his eye across the ocean upon Darien, and cried, cheerily, "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!"

Many patriots thought that the American colonies might and should be separated from England; John Adams urged and carried independence. Many wise heads suspected that the earth moved around the sun; but Galileo proved it. Many engineers believed that the work at Suez might be done; M. Lesseps did it. There is just that distinction between great men, masters, leaders, in every kind, and other men. When M. Lesseps began his canal at Suez he was past sixty years of age, and that achieved, he comes at seventy-five, with fresh energy, across the ocean to begin the other task. There was therefore a great deal of genuine enthusiasm in the feeling with which he was received. Monroe doctrine or no Monroe doctrine, Americans like courage and tenacity, and they have themselves won too many victories over mountains and forests and all natural obstructions not to admire the Napoleonic energy of this Frenchman devoted to infinitely greater than Napoleonic objects. M. Lesseps was, in the best sense, the guest of the city, not, indeed, of the aldermen, but of the intelligence, the character, and the enterprise of New York. He was welcomed in every way, and whatever may be the opinion of his methods, or of the proper attitude of this government toward his plan under our national traditions, there was but one opinion of the great service he has already rendered to commerce, and of the desirability of the new work that he proposes.

The misfortune of his plan is that he had not begun it under American auspices. If the project be really feasible, American capital would not be reluctant to take the risk. To call it a commercial and not a political enterprise does not change the fact that a French protectorate of the state of Colombia would be not altogether unlike a French empire in Mexico. Monroe doctrine, again, or no Monroe doctrine, that would be intolerable to the United States, and not unreasonably so. Nor is it enough to disclaim a French protectorate;

it must be made impossible. Our gallant and good Revolutionary ally a hundred years ago, and our republican comrade now, we have no desire to offend her, and we must assume that she has the same disposition toward us. These, indeed, are themes beyond the Easy Chair, but they are inseparable from the text of M. Lesseps. Now that the President has made a quiet and complete statement of the attitude which our government holds toward the plan, let the books be opened and the money raised. If any man can prove that the canal would be profitable, as well as immensely serviceable to commerce and to civilization, M. Lesseps is the man. If any man can dig it, and, without locks, unite the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, M. Lesseps is the man. The most notable figure associated with the Isthmus hitherto is that of Cortez, immortal in the line of Keats,

"Silent upon a peak in Darien."

Let the canal be built, and Lesseps will be a greater figure, not silent, indeed, but surrounded with the rejoicing hum of the universal intercourse of nations.

Some recent remarks of the Easy Chair upon "favoritism" in editing have produced certain strictures which do not seem to touch the merits of the case. One dissenter asserts that if some rejected articles had been published, they would have been received with as much applause as many that are published, and he insists that many a prize essay has reached the light by stealth, like the early treatise of M. Thiers, and that "many an inferior article has gone to the press on the puff of somebody's applause." This dissenting friend says that he has no doubt that if an article of his own should be sent "to the editor of *Harper*," it would be declined, although it would probably be enjoyed by readers of experience and cultivation. He therefore begs the Easy Chair to remember that when an article is rejected, a certain number of readers are deprived of a great pleasure.

But this is the oldest and most familiar of pleas. It is only saying in another way that A's poem, which is returned with thanks, is a great deal better than B's, which was published last month, and paid for. This, however, is not a point which the editor decides. He does not say that A's poem is poor; he merely says that, in his judgment, it is unavailable. Now if his judgment constantly finds good poems unavailable, and poor poems available, he will soon cease to be available as an editor. All that we have said is that an editor desires the best possible contributions, and that he must be the judge, because somebody must decide. Papers and magazines can no more be edited by committees than ships can be sailed and battles fought by universal suffrage. There must be one head to all such enterprises. If it is a bad one, lop it off; but you can not lop off the condition of editorial efficiency. An editor must edit. Some one must decide. That one is then an autocrat. He gives orders, but he can not stop to give reasons. A's poem seems to him poor; B's seems to him suitable. Perhaps he will prove to be wrong; but we did not say that he was an infallible autocrat; and if he always puts his B's before his A's, he will pay the penalty.

The same dissenter remarks that he read long ago in "*Harper*"—for he adds that he has read it for a quarter of a century, and still (excellent man!) does not tire—an article upon sermonizing, which held that if a preacher prepared his sermons to suit himself instead of his audience, they would fail to touch his hearers. The same mischance, he thinks, may befall editors if they make their own taste the standard of their choice. To this we answer that the prime and essential quality of an editor of a popular magazine is an instinctive apprehension of the popular taste. Just as a great artist mixes upon his palette the very exquisite tint that he desires, and mixes it not by a recipe which he can impart, but by a tact which is incommunicable, so such an editor as we describe knows instinctively what he wants for his purpose, whether he can explain "the why and wherefore" or not. He does not assume to please every individual, but to suit the multitude, and in suiting them, as an editor, he pleases himself. This kind of perception Mr. Delane showed in his conduct of the London *Times*. This instinctive apprehension of the movement of the public mind Mr. Lincoln showed in his administration. It was the good genius of his statesmanship.

Now such an editor does not "come down" to his public. In fact, he is never so much himself as when he is discharging his editorial duty. To say that he must not make the mistake of trying to please himself is idle, because he pleases himself in selecting what is generally pleasing. It is his delight and ability in doing this that make him an editor. If it were not natural to him, it could not be done successfully. That is, if a man should distrust his own judgment, and try to imagine what people would probably like, he would drift forever upon a vague surmise. He could not be an editor, for an editor, like a general, knows just what he wants for his purpose. Like a general, too, he is, we repeat, an autocrat. Yet he is an autocrat who does not claim infallibility. He knows that there must be a certain dissent from his decisions, and that some persons, for instance, will prefer the poem that he declines to the one that he accepts. When this proves to be the general opinion, it is plain that he has not the true editorial instinct. But that is not shown by the kind of dissent which our correspondent mentions.

Of course we are speaking now only of the editorial function of selection, which is all that belongs to this discussion. There is another kind of editorship altogether, but in a different field from that of the magazine. We mean that kind which does not aim to follow,

but to lead; not to please opinion, but to form it. In the newspaper discussion of public questions, the general opinion of the moment, as nearly as it can be instinctively felt or skillfully surmised, may be merely reflected, or it may be reasoned with and moulded. These are the two great schools of editing. In this country Mr. Greeley and Mr. Bryant have been conspicuous illustrations of the one kind, Mr. Bennett of the other. Evidently in a country where the newspaper is the chief literature, and where everybody reads the paper, it is the leader rather than the follower who is the more valuable editor. Of two magic mirrors, in one of which we could see what we are, and in the other what we ought to be, if a choice must be made, who would not take the latter? Yet the plain view of what we are will often stimulate the resolution to become what we should be. Fortunately for us, the press supplies us with both of these mirrors.

One of the pleasantest events of the month was the view of the pictures from Mr. J. Abner Harper's collection previous to their sale at auction. They were mainly characteristic works of not less than a hundred of the most noted modern and living artists of every country, and they were arranged in the beautiful gallery of Mr. Leavitt, making a singularly delightful and instructive exhibition. There was a private view for ladies only in the afternoon, and the gallery was filled, as we were told, with a murmuring and brilliant throng, that gazed upon every form of its own charm perpetuated in many of the pictures, which seek to reproduce in art what the society around the artist shows him. A certain sumptuousness and delight in splendor and luxury are characteristic of the modern school, and the scene itself, could any masculine eyes have beheld it—the pretty gallery, the beautiful women beautifully dressed, the grace, the murmur, the various charm—would have illustrated the fidelity of the pictures. In the evening there were gentlemen only, connoisseurs, collectors, and critics, passing from work to work, and observing that none must be omitted where all had a peculiar interest.

Such an exhibition is very significant as a sudden glimpse of the unsuspected treasures of art in the country. The traveller in other lands would make long journeys to see so striking an illustration of the character of contemporary art as this collection afforded. It would be noted in the guide-books. It would be commemorated in the stories of travel. It would be included in the plans of travellers. Yet until it was quietly opened to the private view, this rich collection was hardly known beyond a circle of personal friends and of other collectors. How many more may there be? If some German Waagen could know what pictures are within the houses that he passes in the great commercial city alone, what revelations of "Art Treasures" might he not make in the United States, like those he made in Great Britain! Yet of how different a character! The famous pictures in England are, in great part, of the old masters. Those among us are of the new masters. Standing in the bright room, and looking at the fresh and glowing canvases in rich and exquisite frames, many of the works of an almost microscopic fineness and size, the spectator could not but recall his studies of the old pictures—huge canvases, discolored, often dark, dirty, in vast bleak or shabby halls, or among the fading magnificence and dingy splendors of old palaces. Or in fancy seeing Venice once more, he remembered the vast extent of single works of Titian or of Paul, the "Marriage at Cana," the "Presentation in the Temple," and turned to ask his neighbor if he could lend him a magnifying-glass to peer into the picture before him, six inches square.

The very size of the favorite works of to-day is suggestive of the character of the reigning art. There is a fond and delicate elaboration of details, a refinement and finish so careful and minute that the unity and breadth of the picture are in danger of being wrecked upon the perfect parts, and the sentiment of the scene to vanish in wonder and delight over the setting of the stage. In many of the characteristic works of the modern school the eye is caught and entangled in a net of *technique* so fine and bewildering that it becomes the chief pleasure. The mind and heart about to sympathize with the heroine of the picture suddenly pause, fascinated and dazzled with the rosy reality of her flesh, the symmetry of her form, the perfect pearl upon her arm, which your finger aches to touch, the gloss of silk, the sheen of satin, the flutter of ribbons, the gleam of the jewelled fan. It is paradise; but it is the paradise of Mohammed. Yonder figure, superbly draped, reclining under the heavily lustrous canopy upon a couch of Persian stuffs, her ruby-ringed fingers tapping idly the vase of lapis lazuli—it is a houri, a sultana, an odalisque, a bayadere; it is not a Madonna.

It does not pretend to be. It is an external art, perfect in its kind, and interesting; nor is it a criticism of a work to say that it is not something else. As the spectator passed along the brilliant line, he saw as clearly, perhaps, as it could be seen anywhere, the characteristic tendency of the art which is now most popular. It is not epical, but lyrical. It is Benvenuto rather than Michael Angelo. In the landscape, for instance, it is a mood, an effect, rather than the great general impression, which now arrests the artist. In the older Italian pictures, in Perugino, the trees and the lines of the landscape are merely indicative of natural objects which sympathize with the tender feeling of adoration that pervades the picture. In Salvator Rosa, in Claude—and Ruskin points it out as a fault—the trees are not individual, but there is a sense of sunny peace and idyllic pleasure, and, on the other hand, of vast gloomy

forests or mountains, a wild picturesqueness of solitude. Here are Diaz, Rousseau, Dupré, or, still later, Corot, and the others; a momentary effect is dashed upon the canvas with consummate skill and felicity, sometimes so curiously that you are more interested to know how it is done than quite sure that you know what it is. It is sometimes, if a bull may be permitted, an artificial nature—the scene of Watteau, the rusticity of Marie Antoinette and the Petit Trianon.

This piquant and interesting collection had no picture more attractive as a piece of pure sentiment than a negro boy—a sweep—by Eastman Johnson. The innocence, the characteristic beauty, the unconscious pathos, arrested the eye and mind first, and then the excellence of the execution. Finish without "niggling," breadth, firmness, purity of tone, depth of color, an effortless and harmonious blending as in a beautiful melody—these were all obvious, and through them all shone the human tenderness which makes the whole world kin. It was not a conceit, it was a picture. Long ago in Rome, sitting in the Café Greco, an artist said to the Easy Chair, "In art it is one part genius and nine parts mechanism." The student who diligently studies these modern pictures, as well as the great older works, will soon see that there are no shortcuts to success, and that the one part genius can not safely despise the other nine parts. Indeed, as the admiring eye follows the marvellous detail and execution of some of the works of painters now most in vogue, the amazed and delighted spectator finds himself wondering whether the nine parts have not done the work of the one.

THE musical winter has been full and pleasing, with a fine opera and admirable concerts, but with no signal event like the triumph of Gerster last year. Madame Marimon has charmed her audience, and Campanini has confirmed the impression of last winter, that he is one of the finest of "lyric artists" now upon the stage. But the most notable incident in a musical record of the season must be the return of Theodore Thomas from Cincinnati, whither he had gone, it was supposed, for five years. He had, however, under the terms of his arrangement, conducted several concerts during the season in New York and Brooklyn, renewing in many musical breasts the regret that he was not permanently settled in New York.

It is proverbial that the makers of harmony are given to discord, and that their quarrels divide "the town." Those who will not cry "one God, one Farinelli," must take all the consequences. There are those evidently who would gladly shout "one God, one Wagner," but they can not, quite yet, fill the air. The departure of Mr. Thomas from New York was deeply regretted by sincere lovers of good music, and both his excellence and his fame as a director were attested by the call to the new Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati. He had directed there the great musical festivals which recall those of Germany and England, and which made the musical mouth of New York water—more with desire, we ought to say, than envy. When Louis the Eighteenth returned to France and Paris in the arms of the allies, he was reported to have said—although it is also reported to have been an invention, of a kind always common upon such occasions —"There is only one Frenchman more." When Thomas left New York, there was only one New-Yorker less. But there was also one conductor less—which was another matter. There has been trouble, however, in the new musical kingdom at the West, and at last a kind of musical explosion. The president of the Musical College and Mr. Thomas differed. The president was charged with the business control of the college, and Mr. Thomas with the musical direction. Mr. Thomas was of opinion that musical measures which he deemed important were "ignored and willfully misunderstood." The president of the College held that he had tried only to discharge his duties as the business head. The directors alleged that they could not draw from Mr. Thomas any definite statement of grievances. Both the director and the president resigned, and there was great confusion and excitement in musical circles. The Cincinnati *Commercial*, commenting upon the subject on the day before the resignation, said that as there was no personal ill feeling between the gentlemen, and as musical genius is more uncommon than business capacity, it would be wiser to permit Mr. Thomas to have his own way, stay in the West, and "grow up with the country."

There can not be two heads; and since Mr. Thomas leaves Cincinnati, it will be a great gain for New York if he is added to the list of musical directors here. He has the kind of command, the "masterfulness," which we remember in the older Strauss, who in his way, and at the head of his orchestra, was a Napoleon. The gift of leadership is unique and exceptional. A man may even have all the qualities of a leader without the fusing element which makes them effective, as he may have the knowledge and disposition and desire and opportunity necessary for teaching, yet still be unable to teach. Mr. Thomas is—from the point of view of the audience—quiet, courteous, perfectly apprehensive, and inflexible. It is the first condition of a real mastery that it shall command confidence. It was plain that Strauss's orchestra depended upon him as wholly as an army in action upon its general. He led without apparent leading, and often when his impulse had penetrated every man and every instrument, he raised his own violin, and added his note to the resistless stream. He was a composer and player of waltzes; but how much he made of them! De Quincey might have written his prose dithy-

rambic upon the dance after hearing Strauss some happy day at the Belvedere in Vienna, or Kroll's Garten in Berlin. Certainly to read De Quincey's words is to recall the impression of the Strauss orchestra, with all its suggestions, its associations of youthful passion, the romance of youth, and its vague and exquisite melancholy, which throbbed and murmured and wailed in long, long cadences.

Among the other musical events of the winter, the production of the *Damnation of Faust*, by Hector Berlioz, and the *Streuensee* of Meyerbeer, must not be forgotten. In Meyerbeer's music there is always the consciousness of the nine parts mechanism of which we were speaking as we looked at the pictures, but there is seldom the suspicion of the presence of that other precious one part. The painful criticism upon his own speech which the orator involuntarily heard is applicable to the Meyerbeer music: "Good speaker; but tedious, tedious." The *Streuensee* was heard with intelligent interest: "Good music; but tedious, tedious." Berlioz's *Damnation* was a triumph. At the rehearsal and at two repetitions it was received with immense applause. There was also a fine performance of the Passion music of Sebastian Bach by the Sacred Music Society in the spacious church of St. George. The choruses were remarkable for the blending of voices and shading of sound, and we have heard no better choral singing. The music is of the old oratorio school, but it is very impressive.

But this is the field in which no one may dogmatize, although it has more stubborn frequenters than any other. "Love me, love my dog," is a mild necessity compared with, "Love me, love my composer." As when an irresistible body encounters an immovable body, so is it when the Wagnerian encounters the Beethovenian. As for an antediluvian Easy Chair, which recalls, and with pleasure, a waltz-playing Strauss, it is plain that it can not rise even to the pity of the contending hosts.

If the gentle reader will compare the earliest numbers of this Magazine with the latest, nothing will strike him more forcibly than the improvement in the wood-engraving. Indeed, the difference is so great that the present beautiful art seems to be less a development than a creation. Some of the recent illustrations in the Magazine, such, for instance, as those of a "Winter Idyl" in the March number, are so exquisite and poetic that the interest and discussion upon the general subject are not surprising. The "Symposium" of eminent wood-engravers in our issue for February shows the differing views of experts, and the contest of opinion is still exceedingly warm.

The public, to which all art appeals, enjoys often without knowing or caring why. The general and gentle reader opens this number of the Magazine, for instance; and if he is pleased with the pictures, as he is quite sure to be, he is not greatly interested in the methods by which the pleasure is produced. But the character of his pleasure persuades him that wood-engraving is not a mere trick or mechanical sleight of hand, but an art, and an art worthy to be pursued for its own sake. If so much be conceded—and it can hardly be denied—it must then be granted that its object is that of all art of the kind, namely, the reproduction of nature. That is to say, if the work to which the engraver is to address himself is a landscape or a figure, a flower or a fruit, his aim will be, within the resources of his means, to reproduce as nearly as possible the impression of the natural object. If this be so, must he not pursue this purpose regardless of the failure of the drawing or painting that he may be copying to achieve it? Thus, if the work to be done is an engraving of an elm-tree, and the design given to the engraver is so imperfect as to resemble all trees in general, but none in particular, what must he do? Must he carefully reproduce the failure, as the Chinese tailor reproduces the buttonless and rent coat which serves him for a model; or must he take care to make an elm-tree, and not an oak or a willow?

Wood-engraving, like all other, is, indeed, copying. But is it only the copy of a copy? Has the artist in wood no initiative like the artist of the crayon or the brush? If it is to be anything more than servile imitation, must not wood-engraving, within its necessary limits, aim at the representation of nature? The designer should remember that he is preparing a drawing which is to be made effective in a certain way, and he is bound to consider the conditions, and to co-operate so far as practicable with the engraver who is to complete the work. The closer this union of the two minds and hands, the finer the effect. "The plumage of Bewick's birds," writes a correspondent, himself an accomplished engraver, whose views singularly accord with our own —"the plumage of Bewick's birds, that has won almost universal admiration, is a characteristic example of the style I am advocating, and the immeasurable superiority of this over everything else that Bewick has left us is due solely to this faithfulness to nature's truth. In this case the artist and the engraver were united in the same person, and to produce successful work in this style, the two must work together in perfect harmony as one man, each adapting himself to the requirements of the other, and both exerting themselves to the uttermost for the attainment of their common object."

But if wood-engraving is thus to reproduce nature as faithfully as possible within the limits of its resources, it follows that if the object be not to represent an effect of nature, but a certain picture, as an illustration of a school or style, there must be the same fidelity. For instance, the object of the illustrations of our articles upon old painters or contemporary painters and their works is to show just what

those works are, with all their characteristics and all their imperfections. The same fidelity to nature upon which we have insisted requires that in these cases the failures be accurately reproduced. If Claude's clouds in his loveliest pictures look like cotton-wool, as Ruskin says, they must be made in the engraving to resemble cotton-wool. The engraver must not correct what he may see to be a plain fault, because the object is to show Claude's faulty presentation of nature, not to show the way in which he ought to have presented nature. But if Claude were designing for the engraver, the work would be common to both of them; each would be bound to make it true to nature, and so far as practicable each must supplement the eye and the hand of the other.

This is a very important distinction, because it affects the question whether it is the business of the engraver to imitate and reproduce as well as he can the peculiar process by which the designer may choose to work. The process may serve to indicate more plainly to the engraver the effect that he seeks to reproduce, but it does not follow that imitation in the engraving of the process of the designer will make the reproduction of the natural effect more truthful. The imitation of the process has often a bizarre and novel effect which is pleasing to the spectator. But the French general's criticism upon the charge at Balaklava—It is fine, but it is not war—is very applicable to such work. It may be "taking," but it is not art. If the engraver's object, for example, be to show Rembrandt's style of portraiture, which is a perfectly legitimate object, he must reproduce it as faithfully as he can. So if his purpose be to show the different processes of designers for wood-engraving, he must do it as accurately as possible. But if he and the designer wish to reproduce certain facts of nature, the engraver will regard the designer's process not as an ultimate object in itself, but only as a means of indicating the effect at which he aims, and which the engraver will endeavor to produce by the means at his command.

There remains the question for engravers of the comparative value of technical methods. But that is a professional question, like that among painters of the best way of mixing colors and of laying them on. The principle which we have asserted is that engraving, whether on steel or wood, is an art, not a mere mechanism, and that, like all art, it demands for its highest excellence not only technical skill, but imaginative and poetic insight. Certainly the fame of Bewick is as beautiful and desirable in its kind as that of any other artist. He was not a servile imitator; he was a poet. And now that the resources of his art have been so wonderfully increased, and the demand for fine wood-engraving has become so universal, is it not clear that the progress is largely due to the perception that it is essentially an art, and peculiarly the pictorial art which can do most for general enlightenment and refinement?

The normal ground of political party division in this country is said to be the rightful extent of national authority. That is a discussion which is foreign to this arena. But that a just State pride, like all other local public spirit, is a great advantage to the State, is plain enough. Nothing is more evident and more striking than the fact of States, not, of course, as political communities, but as distinctive neighborhoods. Not only is the New-Englander different from the New-Yorker, and the New-Yorker from the Pennsylvanian, and the Pennsylvanian from the Virginian and the Ohioan, but every State in New England has a certain local distinction. It has its own traditions, habits, reputations, and separate life, which in a degree make a difference like that between nations.

This diversity has its root in the colonial settlement, so that the States are not merely territories arbitrarily determined, mere geographical expressions, but they each represent a kind of homogeneous life. This homogeneity is the secret of the local vitality which is the strength of a true popular system, of which the conservative element is the defense of minorities. Its traditions are racy and charming, and nothing, therefore, is a more delightful and illustrative historical study than well-told local annals. In this State pride the greatest of States, the Imperial State, as we proudly call it, has been always deficient. Three years ago, at the centennial celebration of the formation of the first State government, and the inauguration of the first Governor of New York, George Clinton, although the day fell in the balmy summer weather, and the place was the pleasant and quaint old town of Kingston, there was, we believe, not one of the living ex-Governors of the State present, although ex-Governor Seymour, who was detained by illness, sent an admirable letter, which served very well for a speech. Later in the year, on a perfect day in October, when the centennial anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne was commemorated, although the spot was but about twenty miles from the capital, the Governor of the State did not appear. In a State full of genuine local pride such instances could not be cited.

It is pleasant to see the decided awakening of a generous spirit of this kind in New York. It has been much stimulated by the centennial celebrations of three years ago, and it was very fortunate that so many capital events in the Revolutionary history of the State occurred in the same year. It is now proposed to mark the spot in Wall Street where Washington took the oath of office, and the government of the United States was inaugurated; and the plan mentioned is a group of memorial statues of Washington and Robert R. Livingston

and Alexander Hamilton and De Witt Clinton. Such a suggestion is unfortunate because of an absence which is conspicuous. If Washington took the oath of office in New York as the first President, a son of New York was the first Chief Justice of the United States. Any group of statues commemorating the relation of New York to the beginning of the national government which should omit John Jay would omit one of the greatest of New-Yorkers and of the Revolutionary fathers.

Meanwhile students are diligently exploring the history of the State, and preparing themselves to take the aggressive in claiming for New York honors which have been generally conceded to other States. But there is one honor which will hardly be disputed with New York, and that is a wise and humane policy toward the Indians. It is a chapter of the early history of the State which may be profitably studied in Congress. Our general treatment of the Indians from the beginning has been a crime or a blunder. William Penn was wise and just with them; but the Indians with whom he dealt were, like himself, mild and peaceable. They were, indeed, as Mr. Douglass Campbell says, a kind of Quaker Indian. For Mr. Campbell, son of the author of the *Annals of Tryon County*, is one of the most diligent students of New York history, and is understood to be writing its colonial chapter. In some delightful papers which he has read before the New York and the Oneida Historical Societies, he has asserted the superiority of the Dutch Indian policy to that of the Puritans in a way which is sure to bring Dr. Dexter to his feet.

Mr. Campbell, indeed, criticises the Puritans with a zest which suggests pleasure, although of course it is the truth of history, not the Puritan, that he seeks. The Puritan policy toward the Indian, he insists, was merely that of the extirpation of the heathen. The Puritans, in their own conceit, he alleges, were the chosen people of God, and the Indians his enemies, whom the God-fearing Miles Standish was to smite hip and thigh. He describes the pitiless and ghastly tortures which were inflicted upon the Indians, and declares that it was the conduct of the Puritans which produced the inextinguishable hatred of the Indians for the whites. Mr. Campbell very wisely asserts that so long as the country is taught that the early Indian wars were due to the innate hatred of the red man for the white, a just and sound Indian policy is made more difficult; and his story of the humane and reasonable treatment of the Indians by colonial New York is a powerful plea for the treatment of them now upon the principle of the Dutch traders of Albany, and of Arent van Curler, to whom he pays a just tribute, that honesty is the best policy. The Dutch were traders, not missionaries. They never broke faith with the Indians, they did not steal nor lie, and they respected the Indian's religion. And they had their reward. The English in New York succeeded to the Dutch policy, and the Indians were faithful to the English crown, under which they had been well treated, throughout the Revolution. Such studies are not mere delving in antiquarian lore; they reveal the lights which should guide wise statesmanship.

Editor's Literary Record.

THERE is now passing through the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers a new library edition, in six luxurious octavo volumes, of Gibbon's great work, *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*,[1] which combines every requisite for the entertainment and instruction of the general reader, and for the convenience of the advanced historical scholar. The text followed by the industrious editor of this fine edition, of which three volumes are now published, is that of the last quarto edition as corrected by Gibbon himself. The original has been faithfully preserved, the editor not allowing himself to introduce any changes even in the orthography, except in the case of evident misprints, and of a few modern names, of which the more correct forms are now substituted for those employed by the author. The *notes*, which comprise a vast mass of references to original authorities, and are of great value to scholars, and which in all the former editions referred to old and generally inaccessible editions of ancient writers, whose divisions do not correspond with those now in common use, have been verified afresh by Dr. Smith; and the books and chapters of the best modern editions of the authors cited are given in brackets, side by side with Gibbon's original references. Dr. Smith has also revised the numerals accompanying Gibbon's references, correcting them where they were erroneous; and he has also uniformly applied the system finally adopted by Gibbon in the greater part of his work, of numbering the notes consecutively for each chapter, instead of for each page only. In addition to these editorial improvements, involving great labor and research, the notes contain, besides Gibbon's references, the annotations of his former commentators and editors, Guizot, Milman, and Wenck, and of the present editor, and embody the results of all the advances that have been made in historical knowledge through the researches of English and Continental historians, jurists, philologers,

[1] *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* By Edward Gibbon. With Notes by Dean Milman, M. Guizot, and Dr. William Smith. In Six Volumes. Vols. I., II., and III. 8vo, pp. 706, 715, and 714. New York: Harper and Brothers.

and Oriental scholars since the work was written. Nor is the superiority of this edition over all the former ones confined to these particulars. Dr. Smith's *arrangement* of the notes of Gibbon's editors conduces materially to the convenience and economy of time of the student. In the former editions these were thrown together in a body at the end of each volume, necessitating the frequent turning over of page after page in search of them, and interrupting the reasoning or philosophizing of the text, and breaking the thread of the historian's narratives and descriptions. They are now broken up into foot-notes, distinguishable by the initials of their respective authors, and are placed immediately beneath those of Gibbon, on the same page with the text of which they are expository, corrective, or supplementary. Many of these notes are contributed by Dr. Smith himself, the present editor, but the greater proportion of them are taken from Dean Milman's annotated edition, and include the remarks of himself, Guizot, and Wenck. Dr. Smith, however, in the exercise of an independent judgment as to the adoption or rejection of the labors of his predecessors, has omitted such of their notes as he deemed superfluous. But in those appended to the chapters relating to Christianity he has abstained from any observations of his own, and has reproduced in their entirety the valuable and satisfactory notes of Dean Milman. Another important and highly acceptable feature of this edition is its reproduction, in a prefix to the first volume, of the "Autobiography of Gibbon," one of the most charming specimens of that kind of composition in the language, and valuable for the large amount of information it supplies respecting the preparation of the *Decline and Fall*. It would be an impertinence to offer a critical estimate of this standard historical work at this late day. It is enough to say that it remains at this hour as indispensable to the student of history as Dean Milman declared it to be when he prepared his first annotated edition of it for the press in 1838. Nothing has occurred, in the nearly fifty years of unparalleled activity in historical investigation and criticism that have since ensued, to raise any serious question as to the rightfulness of "its undisputed possession of the vast period which it comprehends." It is still true that "however some subjects which it embraces may have undergone more complete investigation, on the general view of the whole period this history remains the sole undisputed authority to which all defer and from which few appeal." No work has secured a more solid and permanent place in our historical literature than it; and if Gibbon were now alive, he might safely repeat what he said of it, with his habitual ironical pleasantry, nearly a hundred years ago: "Upon the whole, the *History of the Decline and Fall* seems to have struck root both at home and abroad, and it may, perhaps, a hundred years hence, still continue to be abused." The three volumes now published bring the relation down to the total extinction of the Western Empire, and the reign of Odoacer, the first Barbarian King of Italy, A.D. 476–490.

ONE of the re-assuring signs of the times is the close and anxious attention that candid and patriotic thinkers are giving to the defects of our political system, especially as it relates to the exercise of the elective franchise for Presidential and other candidates. No more careful examination has been made of these defects, and no clearer statement of them formulated, than we find in a succinct treatise by Mr. D. C. McMillan, entitled *The Elective Franchise in the United States*.[2] Mr. McMillan first reproduces in detail the operation of the machinery of political parties, from the packed, or corrupt, or self-constituted primaries, representing and responsible to no one, but forcing their candidates for inferior positions upon the body of the people, to the equally corrupt and irresponsible State and national conventions, which foist their candidates for the most important public stations upon the unconsulted moiety of our people who are divided between the two great political parties, and frequently against both their preferences and their wills. Careful and minute consideration is given to third parties and their functions, to the dangers that lie in the election of candidates—more especially for President—by a minority vote, and to the operation of the overshadowing influence of party divisions on national issues to withdraw attention from State and local issues of prime importance to the general welfare. The author proposes, among other remedies, to modify the caucus. While recognizing the necessity for its existence, he aims to improve its mechanism by removing the obstacles which repel moderate, unbiassed, and peaceful citizens from it, and so give them an opportunity and an inducement to exercise a positive and direct influence in the councils of their party. Among the most important of the remedies suggested is the elevation of the primary from its present anomalous and corrupt form—without responsibility, and without legal direction or restraint—into a more dignified agency, existing and regulated by law, the same as the final election to which it is the initial step. Mr. McMillan's statement of the abuses of primaries, and of the remedies for them, is an episode of unusual gravity and interest. We can not follow his arguments as closely as we should wish, and must be content with saying that he suggests four requirements for remedying the defects of the system of primaries. These are—first, the employment in primaries of the registered list of voters, as at

[2] *The Elective Franchise in the United States*. A Review of the Effects of the Caucus System upon Civil Service, and upon the Principles and Policies of Political Parties. By D. C. McMillan. With a Preface by Hon. Horatio Seymour. 12mo, pp. 198. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

regular elections; second, the appointment for them of inspectors invested with authority to preserve order, and decide on the qualifications of voters; third, the participation of members of all parties in the same primary meeting, instead of having a different caucus for each; and fourth, the separate counting of the votes of the parties participating. Equally as salutary as either of the above would be a requirement that the polls of primaries should be held at places designated by law, and should be open to voters during the day for as many hours as the polls for regular elections. This would put an end to the hideous night orgies that convert the primary into a pandemonium, the resort of ruffians and hirelings. As to the higher forms of election machinery, Mr. McMillan proposes a system which substitutes direct nominations of candidates by members of the respective political parties, in place of nominations by delegates to conventions, and which contemplates a final election to be held between two candidates, each the representative of a political party, instead of being, as is now the case, the choice of a packed convention, of a ring, or of an adroit and unscrupulous clique. We agree with Governor Seymour that Mr. McMillan's book will be of value even if it does not lead to any immediate changes in our laws; for while it proves how much is brought about by the activity and organization of a few, it also shows how large a share of our public evils is chargeable to those who neglect their public duties.

The Interoceanic Canal and the Monroe Doctrine[3] is a brief and vigorous as well as timely discussion of a topic of present absorbing interest, from the outlook of one who believes that any attempt to construct such a work between the Atlantic and the Pacific, under European auspices and with European capital, must inevitably lead to a very serious invasion of the position, to a very serious assault upon the prestige, and to very mischievous consequences to the prosperity of the United States. The able anonymous writer is of the opinion that any such enterprise attempted by European capitalists in Spanish America will involve the virtual surrender to such capitalists, or to the governments of the countries to which they belong, of the independence of the state or states through which the canal is carried; and that it would re-open on this continent the European colonial experiments, which the United States have formally and solemnly declared forever closed. As it concerns the special enterprise with which M. De Lesseps is associated, the writer looks upon it as a step forward in the traditional policy of Louis Napoleon to curb Anglo-Saxon progress on this continent, and a revival of his plan, defeated under the unhappy Maximilian, to establish the power of the Latin race as a counterpoise to Anglo-Saxon dominion. And he argues that it will be completely under the control of France, and will be used for her political and commercial advantage. He further forecasts that if this enterprise is consummated, Colombia is destined to become a French province; that a transatlantic foreign power, established as a neighbor, will control the most important channel of our immense coastwise trade; and that thus a foreign nation will at any time, if hostile, be able to close that channel against us in case of war with any great power. He therefore advocates the effectual neutralization of the project by our government, whose policy it should be, as he conceives, not to prevent the construction of a canal at Panama or elsewhere, but to secure the control of any such canal beyond peradventure, and provide against foreign enterprise and capital being used to make American interests subject to foreign domination. It may not be necessary to this end to seize upon the territory to be pierced for the canal, but he thinks it is necessary to establish ourselves on such vantage-ground as shall secure our safety against local revolutions, broken treaties, foreign interventions, and all the complications sure to spring from the relations of a vast corporation to a weak and unstable government. This can be best done by planting our flag firmly and permanently on either side of the isthmus. The consideration of this interesting subject is expanded and illustrated by an essay on the commercial importance of an interoceanic canal, embodying the history of some of the schemes for constructing it; another essay on colonization and provincial possessions in America, considered in relation to the interests of the United States; and a historical résumé of the Monroe Doctrine, its author and origin, and of the general foreign policy of the United States from the administration of Washington until the present time.

Being of the opinion that the account which has been given of the feelings and emotions in our books of mental science is unsatisfactory, and also perceiving the liability of the prevalent vague idea concerning these mental properties to make an erroneous impression upon the common thought and literature of the times, as well as to favor the tendency on the part of the physiological psychology of the day to resolve all feeling and emotion into nervous action, and thus relegate an important province of our nature to materialism, Dr. McCosh has undertaken, in a volume on *The Emotions*,[4] to draw the line between the psychical acts involved in emotion and the physiological effects that accompany them, and also between the two mental properties themselves, separating the emotions from the feelings, and

[3] *The Interoceanic Canal and the Monroe Doctrine.* 12mo, pp. 118. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[4] *The Emotions.* By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 255. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

offering an analysis, a description, and a classification of them, as distinguished from other mental qualities. In his analysis of the emotions, Dr. McCosh reduces them to four elements, and shows that in order to produce emotion there is need—first, of some understanding or apprehension of that which causes it; second, that there must be an already existing affection of some kind in order to its manifestation; third, there must be a moved or excited mental state accompanying it; and last, there are the physical effects resulting from it, betraying themselves by the expression of the countenance, agitations of the body, etc. The first book of the treatise is appropriated to an examination of these four elements in motion, under the heads of "Appetences" (which are classed as either primary, secondary, derivative, conspiring, conflicting, dominant, undeveloped, etc.), "The Idea" (phantasm), "Excitement, with Attachment or Repugnance," and "The Organic Affection." Under the second of these heads the nature of the idea that calls forth emotion is analyzed, the effect of imaginary scenes upon the feelings is described, and the relation of the association of ideas and of the spontaneous flow of thought to emotion is traced. Under the other heads the state of the conscious soul under the action and reaction of feeling, and its influence on the body, are considered. In the second book of the treatise, after a brief chapter giving a succinct survey of the boundaries and provinces of the emotions, and a summary of the ideas and effects involved in them, the emotions are ranged under two general classes—those that are directed to animate objects, and those that are called forth by inanimate objects, the former again being subdivided into retrospective, immediate, and prospective emotions, and the latter being the subject of a series of interesting discussions of the feelings called forth by the beautiful, the picturesque, the ludicrous, the sublime, etc., covering the ground of æsthetics. The closing book is a discussion of the complex emotions—those which are continuous, such as the affections and passions, temper, temperament, prepossessions, prejudices, etc., and those which sway masses, and produce community of feeling, or cause a reaction of public sentiment. The treatise is an able effort to show that the emotions are true psychical acts, having, however, physiological concomitants and effects. Its propositions are stated with the clearness and precision that are characteristics of Dr. McCosh's style.

In his curious and entertaining work, *Man and Beast Here and Hereafter*, the Rev. J. G. Wood relates with a good deal of glee some of the penalties that he suffered for venturing to express the belief, also entertained by the Ettrick Shepherd and others, that "dowgs have sowls," and that consequently they and the other lower animals live after death. He was inundated, he tells us, with letters, some full of grave rebuke, and others couched in terms of sarcasm. In one of these, of twelve closely written pages, the writer declared that any one who cherished such ideas was unworthy of his position as a clergyman, and ought to be deprived of his university degrees, and expelled from the learned societies. Another correspondent informed him that whatever he might say, he "would never condescend to share immortality with a cheese-mite." To the last critic Mr. Wood replied, with gentle but pungent raillery, that in the first place it was not likely he would be consulted on the subject; and that in the second place, as he did condescend to share *mortality* with a good many cheese-mites, there could be no great harm in stretching his condescension a step further. Undismayed by Mr. Wood's experience, Dr. W. Lauder Lindsay has written an equally curious and interesting and more systematic and deliberate treatise on the related subject, *Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease*,[5] in which he lays himself much more open than did Mr. Wood to orthodox animadversion. Mr. Wood reasoned that because animals possessed like psychical faculties with man—faculties which he believes to be immaterial and indestructible—therefore they must be the sharers of the immortality that is man's heritage. On the contrary, Dr. Lindsay assumes that, as the lower animals, insects, and even the perishable vegetable creation, exhibit psychical faculties which differ in degree only, but not in kind, from those which are exhibited by man, these faculties make nothing for the immortality of their possessors of either class, being purely material in their nature. Dr. Lindsay's investigations have led him to the following conclusions: that the lower animals are subject to the same kinds of bodily disease as affect man; that they are subject to the same kinds of mental disorders, producible by the same causes, as in man; that they possess the highest mental faculties as they occur in man, or reason, as contradistinguished from instinct; that comparing one by one the negative qualities, intellectual and moral, of savage man with the positive qualities of the other animals, it is evident that psychical superiority pertains to the lower animals, and not to man; that the moral and intellectual differences that separate cultured and savage, or infantile and adult, man are the same in kind, though not in degree, as those which separate man from the lower animals; that man's claim to pre-eminence on the ground of the uniqueness of his mental constitution is absurd and fallacious; that the constant exercise of reason is absolutely necessary to many of the commonest actions of animals, it being obviously certain that they can and do engage in regular or irregular courses or trains of

[5] *Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease.* By W. Lauder Lindsay, M.D., etc. 2 Vols., 8vo, pp. 534 and 571. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

reasoning, and that their processes of reasoning are the same as in man; that the moral sense is not an instinct peculiar to man, is, in fact, often absent in him, while it is often conspicuously present and recognizable in the lower animals; that moral merit and demerit, along with the consciousness of virtue and vice in general, must be conceded to the lower animals in common with man, though the precise degree of this merit, or the reverse, can not be determined in regard to animals any more than in regard to man; and that the possession of these mental and moral faculties in the lower animals involves their moral responsibility also. By the application of the same methods which help the author to arrive at these conclusions, he also discovers the existence of religious feeling in the lower animals, together with a capacity for education, the ability to use and comprehend language, a faculty for adaptiveness, or, in other words, for accommodating themselves to new, unforeseen, accidental, and unusual conditions and circumstances, a power of organization, the capability of calculation, and the capacity to make and to obey laws and regulations—all of which prove the highest mental and moral faculties to be existent in them. Finally, the author dwells upon the fact of the liability of the lower animals to error and mistake, and their voluntary commission of acts of deception, as evincing the exercise of reason, and disproving that they are impelled by a blind, unerring, and infallible instinct. The second volume is confined to the exhibition of mind in the lower animals in its abnormal manifestations, as the first was devoted to the exhibition of its normal manifestations; and dealing with mind in disease, the author makes a comparison between the mental, moral, and physical disorders of man and the other animals, tracing the similarity of their nature, symptoms, and exciting causes, from the stand-point of the naturalist, the physiologist, the pathologist, and the psychologist. On the whole, while Dr. Lindsay's treatise may and ought to establish reasonable claims on behalf of the lower animals upon man's consideration and kindness, the general impression made by it is that he has been more successful in degrading man to the level of the brute than in raising the brute to the level of man: whatsoever of dignity he imparts to the former is at the cost of the dignity of the latter.

An engaging picture of one of the few remaining rural nooks—part village, part moor, and part forest—that are still to be found in England, and which have not yet been penetrated by railroads, or invaded by the new social and intellectual activities that accompany them, has been painted by the author of *Rachel's Secret* in a new romance, *A Sylvan Queen*.[6] The portions descriptive of village life in this primitive nook of the world, of the village "public" and its capable mistress, of the fine old parish church and its accessories, and of the adjacent billowy expanse of moor and heath, and of a grand outlying chase, are rich bits of sylvan coloring, with manifold delicate glintings of light and shade. The personages who are introduced amid these scenes, and whose fortunes hold the reader under the spell of a strong personal interest, belong to widely different ranks, and exhibit greatly varied gradations of social and moral character, but are thoroughly in keeping with the local surroundings, and heighten the general effect. Two love stories run side by side in the narrative, and the strong contrasts which they afford of passion and character, and also of personal characteristics and vicissitudes, stimulate the interest of the reader in the actors of the drama, while they satisfy the requirements of art.

The Return of the Princess[7] is a translation from the French of Jacques Vincent. Although it is styled a novel, it is rather an imaginary autobiographical sketch, comprised in a series of suppositious letters from a young Egyptian princess to a girl friend in France, in whose family she had been nurtured, and with whom she had been educated, describing her journey from France to her native land, her reception by her father and his numerous wives and children, and recording the impressions made upon her by the transition from European to Egyptian social life and manners, and especially by her indoctrination in the secrets and usages of the harem. The slight romance that is revealed in the course of the correspondence turns upon the plans of the princess's father for her marriage. These plans and her own assent to them are related by the princess with many misgivings, caused by an attachment that has insensibly sprung up in her heart for another. The result is a love intrigue, pure and womanly, but spiced with secrecy and adventure, accompanied by peril, and terminating in a tragic end. The love story is only moderately interesting, the chief attraction of the book being its revelations of social and female life in Egypt, and of the relations to each other of the inmates of the Egyptian harem.

Mr. James's *Confidence*[8] is brilliant but cold. As a series of studies of several imaginary persons to whom certain mental, moral, and intellectual qualities are imputed, and of the interplay of these persons upon each other, it is very clever. But it is utterly deficient in story-telling power, and fails completely to excite our personal interest in its several actors. The characters are intellectual abstractions rather

[6] *A Sylvan Queen.* A Novel. By the Author of *Rachel's Secret*, etc. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 73. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *The Return of the Princess.* A Novel. By Jacques Vincent. Translated by Laura E. Kendall. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 21. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *Confidence.* By Henry James, Jun. 12mo, pp. 347. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

than individual entities, and their influence upon each other is the result of purely intellectual and comparatively unemotional processes. Indeed, so little individuality has any of them that, *mutatis mutandis*, either may pass for the other. In the dialogue, the interlocutors might change places without violence to the neutral traits of either of them, and the phenomenally long monologues in which some of them indulge are as appropriate to one as to another. The narrative is without *body*, and fails strongly to enlist sympathy or excite interest. As an intellectual exercitation it has many attractions; but no reader will take it up a second time for the incidents of its story, or for any lingering interest he may have in either of its actors, whether as representatives of a class, or for their special traits and features.

At least half a dozen characters figure in Mr. Synge's earnest and straightforward novel, *Tom Singleton*,[9] for whom the solicitude of the reader is kept as actively alive, and whom he will come to regard with as genuine feelings of like or dislike, as if they were downright flesh and blood, instead of the mere coinages of fancy. The thought that they are such coinages never suggests itself to us, and we are carried along on the current of the fresh and vivacious narrative with all our sympathies and antipathies in full play. Several of the actors in the story—notably Miss Vavasour, who is an amusing spinster variety of Mrs. Malaprop, and her *fidus Achates*, bluff and testy but sound-hearted Admiral Haviland—are captivating creations, and the plot is ingeniously but not too tantalizingly intricate.

It was a happy thought of Sir George W. Cox and his collaborator, Mr. Eustace H. Jones, to make a collection of the *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages*,[10] reducing the inordinate length to which they have been spun out, weeding out the monotonous repetitions and superfluous details by which they have been adulterated, and presenting them in language which is sufficiently modernized to be read with satisfaction by the general reader. The tales that have been thus collected are those which form the great body of mediæval legend and folk-lore, and enter largely into our best poetical literature, from Chaucer and Spenser down to Tennyson. Among them are the romances of Arthur and his knights, of Merlin, Sir Tristram, Bevis of Hamtoun, Guy of Warwick, Havelok, Beowulf, Roland, Olger, and the most popular of the Scandinavian stories and lays. In general the execution of the work is tasteful and scholarly. The stories are told connectedly, and with grace and spirit; and although they are severely condensed, it is seldom that they are robbed of the poetic and imaginative qualities that are so full of charm in the originals. Occasionally, however, in the effort of condensation, the fine aroma of the old romancer is suffered to evaporate, and bald prose is substituted for his flowing poetic fancies. An instance of this impoverishment occurs in the version in this volume of the eulogium of Sir Ector over Sir Lancelot, upon the death of that hero, as follows: "Ah, Lancelot, thou wast head of all Christian knights, never matched of earthly hand, the courtliest that ever bare shield, the truest lover, the firmest friend, the kindest man." Here there is nothing of the garrulity of grief, and but little of its pathos. Far more tender and poetic is the following version of the eulogium, as literally transcribed from the "Morte Arthur" in Ellis's *Specimens of Early English Romances:* "And now I dare say," said Sir Ector, weeping, "that Sir Lancelot, ther thou lyest, thou that were never matched of none earthly knight's hands. And thou were the curtiest knight that ever bare shielde. And thou were the truest freende to thy lover that ever bestrode horse. And thou were the truest lover, of a synful man, that ever loved woman. And thou were the kindest man that ever stroke with sworde. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights. And thou were the meekest man and the gentillest that ever eate in hall among ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest."

It may be said without exaggeration that there is no book in the department of Biblical literature which is addressed to the tastes, the sympathies, and the understanding of so many readers as Dr. Thomson's elegant and comprehensive volume, *The Land and the Book*.[11] The child will turn over its richly pictorial pages, and linger over its stirring pen-pictures of Oriental life and scenery and manners; the pious adult will ponder it with lively sympathy and thoughtful veneration; the pastor and teacher will consult it with profit for the numberless illustrations it affords of the Book on which the Christian's creed and hopes are built; the poet and painter will study it for its graphic reproductions of the scenes and atmosphere amid which moved prophets and apostles, and Him of whom both prophets and apostles bare witness; and the antiquarian and archæologist will value it for its careful and authentic accounts of the remains of one of the most remarkable of ancient peoples. The volume is written in easy and familiar colloquial style, and gives the impressions of an observant

[9] *Tom Singleton: Dragoon and Dramatist.* A Novel. By W. W. Follett Synge. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 70. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages.* By Sir George W. Cox, M.A., Bart., and Eustace Hinton Jones. First American from the Second English Edition. 8vo, pp. 514. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[11] *The Land and the Book*, or Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery, of the Holy Land, Southern Palestine, and Jerusalem. By William M. Thomson, D.D. 140 Illustrations and Maps. Royal 8vo, pp. 592. New York: Harper and Brothers.

eye-witness and his companion, as they traverse and converse upon every portion of the Holy Land associated with the events or personages celebrated in Bible story.

THE second volume of the New Testament portion of *The Speaker's Commentary*,[12] just published, comprises the Gospel of St. John and the Acts of the Apostles. As in the former volumes, the text is that of the Authorized Version, and it is accompanied by critical and explanatory notes, which put the general reader in full possession of whatever information may be requisite to enable him to answer objections resting upon misrepresentations of the canon, and also furnish him with amended translations of passages that have been found incorrect in the accepted version. The introduction to St. John's Gospel, comprising dissertations upon the authorship, composition, characteristics, and history of the Gospel, and on its relation to the other apostolic writings, is from the pen of Canon Westcott, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, who also supplies the commentary and critical notes. The introduction to the Acts is by the editor, Canon Cook, and consists of brief sections discussing the title and contents of the book, its plan and object, the internal and external evidences of its authorship, its historical character, the authenticity of the discourses reported in it, the sources from whence its author derived his information, and the place and time of its first publication. The commentary and critical notes to this book were furnished by the Bishop of Chester, Dr. Jacobson.

IN seven lectures delivered before the Yale Divinity School in the course of Lectures on Preaching for 1879–80, Dr. Howard Crosby has drawn the portrait of a Christian preacher[13] in accordance with his conception of what a preacher ought to be, at the same time indicating very distinctly what he ought not to be. Although these lectures were primarily intended for theological students, they are affluent of criticisms, counsels, suggestions, and admonitions that may be profitably pondered by the pulpit veteran as well as by the novitiate. Dr. Crosby emphasizes those points of character which he esteems most important in one set apart to be a preacher of the Gospel of Christ and a standard-bearer of His truth among men, and he ranges them under the following heads: the physical prerequisites or qualifications of the preacher; his mental prerequisites and qualifications; his capital of general knowledge and of argumentative power; the dispositions, habits, and manners to be cultivated or avoided by him; the features of his spiritual life; his relation to public life and the activities of the world; and his special relation to the particular work of his holy calling. The lectures are noteworthy for their clear, keen, and practical common-sense, and for their manly and incisive, but sweet-tempered and wholesome, criticisms of prevalent defects among ministers and laymen.

THAT religion is a consistent and permanent growth, moulding, building, and toughening character, under the pressure of discipline and conflict, and through the exercise of an energetic living faith; that solid goodness and consistency of conduct are not necessarily evinced by emotional raptures, or by mere activity in church work; and that there is both dignity and sweetness in duty through its relation to the Saviour—are the fundamental thoughts which are announced with equal vigor and gentleness in a series of sermons by Dr. Vincent, now collected in a volume entitled *Faith and Character*.[14] Each of these sermons illustrates the relationship of faith and character, and emphasizes the thought that the principle of faith in the unseen is the only durable basis of character. The first three sermons are more especially lessons and aids to faith, and the others are devoted to a practical consideration of character in the several aspects of its integrity as a whole, its development, its risks, its independence, its attitude toward men, its active side, and its eternity.

MR. EUGENE LAWRENCE very appropriately closes his useful series of Literature Primers with an outline of the literature of our own country.[15] After a brief account of our early immigrants, an epitomized estimate of the effect of American landscape scenery upon the imagination, a concise biographical and critical review of the life and writings of the accomplished Anne Dudley, and terse essays on the Puritan authors and on the originality of American authors, the sketch proper opens with a review of the writers of the eighteenth and the present century who have enriched our literature as theologians, political and scientific investigators, poets, prose writers, orators, novelists, humorists, journalists, and historians. A large amount of useful and not generally accessible information is condensed within small compass, without sacrificing the clearness or impoverishing the interest of the relation. The criticisms are generally thoughtful and sensible. Besides this, Mr. Lawrence's unpretending little volume is pervaded by a tone of manly patriotism which makes it peculiarly suitable as a manual for popular enlightenment.

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[12] *The Holy Bible*, According to the Authorized Version. With an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation. By Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. COOK, M.A., Canon of Exeter, etc. New Testament. Vol. II.—St. John; The Acts of the Apostles. 8vo, pp. 534. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[13] *The Christian Preacher*. Yale Lectures for 1879-80. By HOWARD CROSBY. 12mo, pp. 195. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Co.

[14] *Faith and Character*. By MARVIN R. VINCENT, D.D. 12mo, pp. 376. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[15] *A Primer of American Literature*. By EUGENE LAWRENCE. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 136. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 23d of March. —The House Committee on the Electoral Count, February 25, submitted a joint resolution in favor of an amendment to the Constitution providing that the President shall be elected by the people of the several States. It prescribes that "the electoral votes and fractions thereof of each person voted for as President in any State shall be ascertained by multiplying his entire popular vote therein by the number of the State's electoral vote, and dividing by the sum of all the votes cast in the State, and the quotient will be the required number." When the returns have been sent to the President of the Senate, they are to be counted by that officer in the presence of both Houses sitting in the Hall of Representatives, and it shall require the concurrence of both Houses to reject.

The House, February 26, passed the Star Route Deficiency Bill, appropriating $1,070,000. The Senate, March 17, voted to make the sum $1,100,000, and the bill was sent to a conference committee.

A bill to enable Indians to become citizens was reported from the Senate Committee on Territories March 4.

A bill for the organization of Alaska as a Territory was reported in the Senate March 5.

President Hayes sent a message to Congress, March 8, in regard to the interoceanic canal, declaring that it is the duty of the United States to assert and maintain such supervision and authority over the enterprise as will protect our national interests.

The Senate, March 8, passed a bill so amending the smuggling laws as to prevent the forfeiture of a vessel when neither officer nor owner is privy to the offense.

A bill to appropriate $300,000 for the relief of Ireland was reported in the House March 10.

The House, March 19, passed the Special Deficiency Bill, with a clause appropriating $600,000 for the payment of United States marshals for the current fiscal year, and providing that special deputies appointed hereafter shall be appointed by the judges of the Circuit Courts, and chosen from both parties equally.

The Senate, March 12, passed the Fortification Appropriation Bill, making the sum $600,000 instead of $425,000, as provided by the House.

The New York Republican State Convention met at Utica February 25, and passed a resolution instructing delegates to the National Convention to use their most earnest and united efforts to secure the nomination of General Grant for President.

The Rhode Island Democratic Convention met at Providence March 22, appointed delegates to the National Convention, and nominated Horace M. Kimball for Governor.

The Iowa Legislature has adopted a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors, wine, or beer, except for medicinal purposes.

The Czar of Russia, February 25, appointed General Melikoff as head of the new Commission of Supreme Control, with powers virtually making him dictator. On the 3d of March the General was shot at by a man named Vladetsky, but was not hurt. The criminal was hanged two days afterward.

M. Jules Ferry's Education Bill passed the French Senate March 15, and the Chamber of Deputies the day after, with clause seven stricken out. A motion expressing confidence in the government, and relying on its firmness to enforce the laws against unauthorized congregations, was adopted by the Chamber by a vote of 330 to 147.

The British Parliament was dissolved March 23. The Irish Relief Bill passed both Houses. The budget shows a deficiency this year of £3,356,000.

The Chilian fleet has destroyed the guano launches and platforms of Viega Island, in Independencia Bay, and attacked Arica, an important Peruvian seaport. The commander of the iron-clad *Huascar* was killed.

The work of piercing Mont St. Gothard was completed on the morning of February 29.

The famine has killed many of the inhabitants of Armenia. Fifty-two persons have died from starvation in Van alone.

DISASTERS.

March 5.—Boiler explosion, Glasgow, Scotland. Thirty-three persons killed.

March 8.—Twenty-four persons burned to death and twenty-nine injured by fire in the weaving works, Moscow, Russia.

March 11.—Ten men killed by the explosion of a flax mill at Frankfort, Indiana.

OBITUARY.

February 20.—In Havana, Cuba, Mariano Riva Palacio, Mexican statesman.

February 28.—In Cincinnati, Ohio, Hon. Charles D. Coffin, member of the Twenty-fifth Congress, aged seventy-six years.

March 1.—At Owing's Mills, Maryland, Surgeon-General William Maxwell Wood, U.S.N., aged seventy-two years.

March 7.—In Paris, France, M. Adolphe Lemoine Montigny, dramatic author.

March 8.—In Newark, New Jersey, Rev. Dr. Robert L. Dashiell, Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, aged fifty-four years.

March 17.—In London, England, Thomas Bell, the English scientist, in his eighty-eighth year.

March 19.—In Philadelphia, Major-General Hector Tyndale, aged fifty-nine years.

Editor's Drawer.

AS a writer of testimonials, commend us to Gail Hamilton. Recently an Irish girl applied to the principal of the State Normal School, at Salem, Massachusetts, for a situation as cook, and exhibited with pride the following testimonial from G. H.:

"Margaret F—— has lived with me fourteen weeks. I have found her invariably good-tempered, *im munda* [dirty], cheerful, obliging, *exitiosa* [destructive], respectful, and incorrigible. She is a better cook than any Irish girl I have ever employed, and one of the best bread-makers I ever saw. With neatness and carefulness in economy, she would make an excellent servant. I heartily recommend her to all Christian philanthropists, and her employers to Divine mercy."

SPEAKING of Boston and Boston folk, how deftly Henry James, Jun., in *Confidence*, hits it off:

"He learned that Mrs. Vivian was of old New England stock, but he had not needed this information to perceive that Mrs. Vivian was animated by the genius of Boston. '*She has the Boston temperament*,' he said, using a phrase with which he had become familiar, and which evoked a train of associations. But then he immediately added that if Mrs. Vivian was a daughter of the Puritans, the Puritan strain in her disposition had been mingled with another element. 'It is the Boston temperament *sophisticated*,' he said; '*perverted a little—perhaps even corrupted. It is the local east wind, with an infusion from climates less tonic.*' It seemed to him that Mrs. Vivian was *a Puritan grown worldly—a Bostonian relaxed*," etc.

A Bostonian relaxed is good.

A FRIEND in Iowa sends us the following:

The Drawer will doubtless appreciate the compliment paid to it by a certain Dr. ——, who travels between several country towns in one of our Western States, looking after the health of the citizens thereof. He lately called on me, unofficially, at my room in the hotel where I was stopping. Taking up a copy of *Harper's Magazine* which was on my table, he perused its contents for some time, evidently with interest. Finally, laying down the book, he turned to me, with the following critical remark, "Well, Mr. Harper certainly *does* write wonderfully fine."

JUDGE CARTER, of Ohio, who has been contributing to the Cincinnati *Commercial* some reminiscences and anecdotes of the old-time members of the Cincinnati bar, speaks of Adam Riddle and Adam Hodge, who were on one occasion engaged on opposite sides in a land case, and in their legal discussions were both very learned and astute. They succeeded, both of them, in bothering the Court, each other, and themselves in their attempted analysis of the intricate legal questions and points involved in the obdurate land cases. At last Brother Hodge, in total despair of appreciation of the nice points of his adversary, exclaimed, "My brother opponent, Adam Riddle, I must be allowed to say, in the curious and cumbersome points which he has raised, is *a dam Riddle* to me, begging the indulgence of the Court for apparent profundity—I mean profanity." Whereupon Brother Riddle, immediately interrupting, arose and said, "I excuse the brother for not understanding me and my law points; but if the Court will permit, I pronounce him, in his land law points, *a dam Hodge-podge*, sir." Both were equally indulged, as being equally pointed.

A MINNESOTA correspondent, mindful of the pleasure the Drawer has given him, sends as a recognition the following:

We have had for many years in this county, as clerk of the District Court, an intelligent and careful German, who during the sessions of the court is very fastidious about violations of decorum. Recently in an important trial a somewhat "bumptious" young man from the rural districts was called as a witness, and took his place on the stand without removing his hat. He was told to hold up his hand, which he did, and the clerk proceeded to administer the customary oath, reading it from the statute. He had read about half way through, when, happening to glance up over his spectacles, he noticed that the witness had not removed his hat. The clerk slowly lowered the book, and gazing intently at the young man, said, "*Look here, sir, when you swear before me and Gott, take off your hat, sir!*"

IT may not be generally known even to Biblical students that St. Paul is accounted the patron saint of upholsterers. Such is the fact in England. His credentials are probably supplied by Acts, xviii. 3: he came unto Aquila and Priscilla at Corinth, "and because he was of the same craft, he abode with them, and wrought: for by their occupation they were tent-makers." This year the festival of the Apostle of the Gentiles occurred on January 25 (Sunday), and it was not professionally commemorated by the upholsterers of York, England, until the following evening, when they met and discussed "a capital dinner"; and a York paper assures us that "after the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been duly honored, the craft drank to the memory of St. Paul."

OLD soldier-man in Michigan sends this:

During the late unpleasantness the Connecticut Fifth was at one time stationed at Kelly's Ford, Virginia, and while there received some recruits, among whom was Jones, an ideal Yankee. Jones was not familiar with firearms, and when posted as a sentinel for the first time, deliberately sat down and dissected his musket. While thus engaged, the officer

of the day approached, expecting the usual recognition of his presence, instead of which the sentinel continued his investigations. The officer was naturally indignant. "What are you here for, sir?" he demanded.

"Wa'al," was the reply, "I expect I'm a kind of a sort of a guard here. Who be you?"

"Wa'al," said the officer, imitating him, "I expect I'm a kind of a sort of an officer of the day here."

"Wa'al," replied Jones, "you jest hold on till I git this musket together, and I'll give you a kind of a sort of a s'lute."

Officer didn't wait, but went off admiring the vivacity of the American character.

NOWHERE excepting in this free and beautiful country of ours could an incident combining the humorous and practical have occurred like the following. It was between Mr. Bliss, a conductor on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, whose height is five feet, and Mr. Henry, a passenger, who stood seven in his stockings. Mr. Henry put his ticket in his hatband, and stood himself up when the brief conductor came along. Mr. Bliss could not reach the ticket, even when standing on his toes, and his unavailing efforts to do so made all the passengers "laugh consumedly." But he rose to the occasion. Without changing countenance, he brought a step-ladder, leaned it against the elongated Henry, climbed up to and picked off the ticket, and went on as though nothing had happened. Rather good, and very American!

THE Drawer is again indebted to St. John, New Brunswick, for an anecdote:

During a trip down the River St. Lawrence, and just as the steamer was running the Grand Rapids, a Methodist clergyman on board and a Presbyterian minister were taking in the scene with great delight. "Truly," said the Methodist, addressing his clerical brother, "this is magnificent!"

"Yes, yes," answered the Presbyterian; and after a brief pause he continued, "I wish David had been here."

"Why so?"

"Ah! if he had been here, what a psalm he would have written about it!"

THE OLD NATIONAL PIKE.

WE have received the following letter from an Ohio correspondent:

Only a few days since the November number of *Harper's Monthly* fell into my hands. It was the time of evening to retire, but I took up the journal, and turned to the first article and the first picture—"Ben Bean's (Barton) House!" How odd to see that in print! Ben Bean, a name so fixed in early consciousness that I have no recollection when I first heard it pronounced! In those days, more than half a century ago, Ben was a character. His greatness was commensurate with the greatness of the old National Road. Be memories of him kind, and let his ashes rest in peace!

I turned over a leaf, and there stood the old house as natural-looking as in days of old. I again lived in the past, and forgot that it was time to retire.

Our school-house was half a mile from town; it stood on the rocks by Beerbower's mill. I was the messenger whom our teacher usually sent to the post-office for the neighborhood mail. Many a time, no doubt, I ran up in front of *that coach* to the post-office, and though the artist did not put it there, I egotistically and vainly imagined this to be shown in the picture!

That was the "age of stone." Men were constantly quarrying and breaking stone to keep up the travelling condition of the road, and I used, by way of juvenile enterprise, to walk on the new beds of broken stone, seething in the hot sun, just to test the temper of bare feet. It was a success—a triumph of the "stone age"!

In the spring of 1876 I stopped to see the old homestead near Hancock, from which my parents had moved to the West forty-three years before. I wanted dinner, and I made choice of the Barton House because the face of it looked so familiar. Before leaving, and speaking as a stranger thereabouts, I said, "This used to be a great old road when it carried so much freight, and Clay and Jackson and other great men had to travel over it to get to Washington." The landlord said it was. I continued: "General Jackson, I believe, sometimes stopped at this house, when the people thought it a grand thing to shake hands with him." I remembered once, during Jackson's first term, when my father, Scotch-Irish and Democratic, and in these respects akin to Jackson, came home from Hancock, and was in great glee, for he had seen the President, and shaken hands with him; but I did not tell the landlord this, lest it might lead to "Yankee questions." Gentleman that he was, he made not the least effort to draw me out of my shell, but reached for a register of the house for the year 1834, and turning to a page apparently easy to find, showed me the immortal name of Andrew Jackson!

The writer of "The Old National Pike" seems to have placed Sideling Hill on the wrong side of Hancock. It is a long, long ridge, running far into Pennsylvania, and by way of the pike it is about five miles west of Hancock. I was born in sight of it, and lived in sight of it for eleven years of my life. Every evening I came home from school I could see its eastern slope stretching away for miles, and when it was covered with snow, bringing into unusual clearness the course of the pike meandering up its side, the view was a pretty one, and not easily forgotten. This was the first ridge we passed over when we started for the West, having already, within half a mile of our old home, passed through the Tonoloma

Ridge by a gap which the Little Tonoloma Creek had torn away in geological times long past.

As I said, that was the "age of stone." First, the canal was completed to Hancock, and then the railroad just across the river; and now it is the "age of iron," or, maybe, the still more recent "age of steel." Changed the commerce of the place, changed the industries, changed by the touch of time the people; but the river flows by as beautiful as ever, and these everlasting hills stand round as firmly fixed, and by their changelessness assure the integrity of this little nook, which is something more to me than any other spot on earth, being forever clothed in romance by the memories of boyhood!

A YOUNG lady who resides in that part of Pennsylvania which is called "the Switzerland of America" has a Sunday-school class of rather bright boys, averaging between seven and nine years. Recently she requested each pupil to come on the following Sunday with some passage of Scripture bearing upon *love*. The lads heeded the request, and in turn recited their verses bearing upon that popular topic, such as, "Love your enemies," "Little children, love one another," etc. The teacher said to the boy whose turn came last, "Well, Robbie, what is your verse?"

Raising himself up, he responded, "Song of Solomon, second chapter, fifth verse: 'Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for *I* am sick of *love*.'"

Now what *could* be done with that style of boy?

THE best of the few stories introduced into the very interesting memoir of the wife and son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait, are of American origin, and were told to young Mr. Tait during his visits to Boston and New York.

"In Brooklyn," he writes, "Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, told a story of an old woman who stole a goose. The minister, meeting her on her way to holy communion, exhorted her to repentance for this evil deed. The old lady (who was no disciple of Zaccheus, for she had the goose at that moment safe in her cupboard) impressively replied, 'Do you think that I am going to let that goose stand between me and my Saviour?'"

A SHORT time ago a new and handsome Methodist Episcopal church was dedicated in ——, Indiana, by the good Bishop Thomas Bowman. The bishop knows just how to raise money to pay church debts; at least he was very successful in this case. In the afternoon the bishop talked to the children of the Sunday-school, told them that the house was now dedicated to the worship of God, and tried to impress upon their young minds the importance of dedicating their lives to God and good works. To ascertain if they understood the subject, he asked them, "Now how many can tell me what we were doing this morning?" Instantly little hands went up all about in token that their owners could tell him. "Well, now, what were we doing?" A chorus of young voices answered, "*Taking up a collection!*" The question lost its seriousness in the laugh which followed.

ANOTHER bishop, on one of his visitations, came to one of our State-prisons and offered to officiate. "No need of you here, sir," said the head jailer; "we have eight preachers safely locked up, who are brought out each Sabbath to minister to their fellow-prisoners."

WE are indebted to a "staff correspondent" for the following anecdote concerning the recent registration of female voters in Boston. Its accuracy is vouched for by an eminent artist—one of the most distinguished stone-cutters of the Hub.

Enter old lady of a certain age.

"I wish to register, sir."

"Your name, please?"

"Almira Jane Simpson."

"Your age?"

"Beg pardon."

"Your age?"

"Do I understand that I must give my age?"

"Yes, miss, the law requires it."

"Worlds, sir, would not tempt me to give it! Not that I care. *No;* I had as lief wear it on my bonnet, as a hackman does his number; *but I'm a twin,* and if my sister has a weakness, it is that she dislikes any reference made to her age; and I could not give my own, because I don't wish to *offend her.*"

MY friend H—— enlisted in a Pennsylvania regiment at the first call for troops on the breaking out of the late war. He was captured in an early engagement, and sent to Richmond. When exchanged his health was so delicate that he could not return to his regiment, and he was placed in the War Department at Washington as a clerk. In the fall of 1864, one evening when walking in front of the White House, he encountered a private soldier, who was holding forth in extraordinary language, addressing his remarks to the government and to the somewhat prominent building before him. H——, astonished at the singularity of a man thus shouting out in blasphemous terms, approached the soldier and asked what called for all this emphasis.

"Why, it's this," was the reply. "You see, I have a permit to go home—to New England. I want to vote at home. But I can't get transportation. I've tried and sworn, and sworn and tried again, but it's of no use. Transportation I can't get. And I'll tell you why—blank

'em! I'm going to vote for McClellan. I've come here to see the President; but I'm not going in, for he won't do anything for a Democrat."

Then he again broke out with a string of oaths.

When he had "exhausted the vocabulary" he became quiet, and then H—— said: "But why *not* see the President? He'll fix the thing all right for you. Come, don't curse him till you have reason for it."

The man considered for a moment—considered with a fresh assortment of expletives—and then said he was blanked if he wouldn't go in anyhow. Enter he did, and H—— took a seat to await the result. Presently he who had been so irate returned, the tears coursing down his cheeks.

"Well?" questioned H——.

"I'm blanked if he didn't do it!" exclaimed the soldier, with sobs, as he seated himself by H——'s side. "When I went in I told Old Abe all about it; that I was going to vote for McClellan. And what did he do? Says he, as kindly as if I had a few thousand votes to give to *him*, 'Let me see your leave.' I handed it to him, and he wrote this on the back of it."

H—— looked at the paper. On the back of it was written: "Please immediately provide transportation home for the bearer." Signed A. Lincoln.

"And now," the man fairly yelled, the tears still in his eyes, "blank me if I don't vote for Abe Lincoln, and I'll make every other blanked man I come across do the same."

And still swearing voluminously, but that President Lincoln should be re-elected, the convert strode away to look after his transportation.



MINE SCHILDHOOD.—[By the Author of "Leedle Yawcob Strauss."]

Der schiltren dhey vas poot in ped,
All tucked oup for der nighdt;
I dakes mine pipe der mantel off,
Und py der fireside pright
I dinks aboudt vhen I vas young—
Off moder, who vas tead,
Und how at nighdt—like I do Hans—
She tucked me oup in ped.

I mindt me off mine fader too,
Und how he yoost to say,
"Poor poy, you haf a hardt oldt row
To hoe, und leedle blay!"
I find me oudt dot id vas drue
Vot mine oldt fader said,
Vhile smoodhing down mine flaxen hair
Und tucking me in ped.

Der oldt folks! Id vas like a dhream
To shpeak off dhem like dot.
Gretchen und I vas "oldt folks" now,
Und haf two schiltren got.
Ve lofes dhem more as nefer vas,
Each leedle curly head,
Und efry nighdt vè dakes dhem oup
Und tucks dhem in dheir ped.

Budt dhen, somedimes, vhen I feels plue,
Und all dings lonesome seem,
I vish I vas dot poy again,
Und dis vas all a dhream.
I vant to kiss mine moder vonce,
Und vhen mine brayer vas said,
To haf mine fader dake me oup
Und tuck me in mine ped.

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